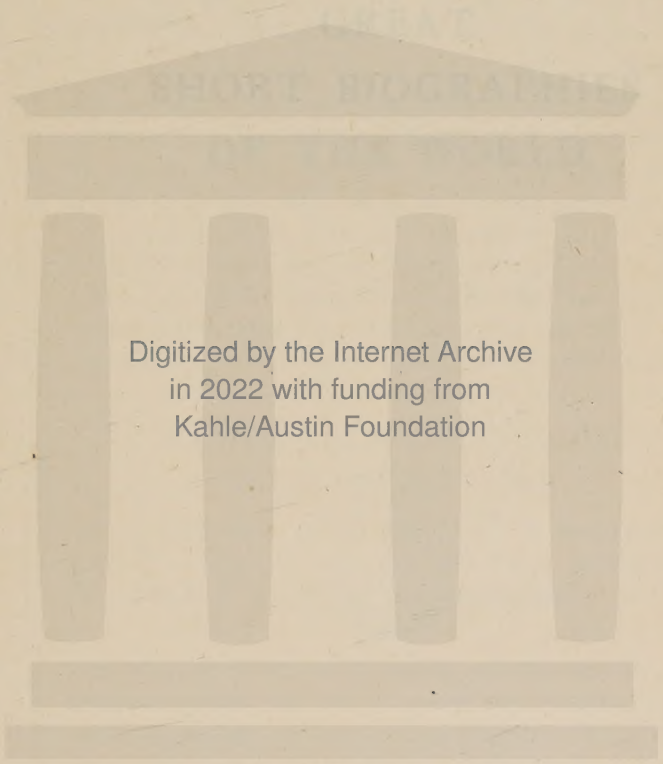
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Great Short Biographies of the World

A Collection of Short Biographies Literary Portraits, and Memoirs Chosen from the Literatures of the Ancient and Modern World

By
BARRETT H. CLARK



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To

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

who has added much
to the art of
biography

Preface

THE preparation of this book was a delightful adventure, which I was forced to bring to an end too soon: if it had not been for sober considerations of proportion, size, price, announced date of publication and the unreasonable demand of my publishers, I should at this moment be still in pursuit of more biographies. But even publishers are entitled to some consideration, and I have finally turned over to mine the MS of more than seven hundred thousand words, written by many hands, during a period of two thousand years.

During the past year and a half I have read some thousands of short biographies, and my wife has investigated almost as many for me. Together we have passed in review most of what seemed likely to prove suitable among the works written in English, French, and German, and a good part of what has been translated into those tongues from the Latin, Greek, Italian, and Spanish. I had at first intended to group my biographies according to a strict system of classification, according to countries, races, and periods. Such a system may have its uses, but I am inclined to think it misleading; for that reason I have adopted a very simple device, a convenience at most, to the reader who may wish to create his own background for the subject of any given biography.

Supposing I had attempted to subdivide my collection upon a basis of nationality? Should this be done by considering the author, or the subject? Where, for instance, should I have put Macaulay's *Frederick the Great,* under England, or under Germany? In the 18th, or in the 19th Century? Supposing I had solved this problem, would anyone be the gainer? The essay is a picture, description, history, interpretation, biography, of a man, set within the framework of his day and environment. If this is well done, is anything else very important?

I have brought together here what I call Short Biographies. Now, the short biography has not yet been so arbitrarily defined nor so closely analysed as the short story, let us say, or the drama. You may, if you like, subdivide all the biographies in this volume into as many types and species as you like, and call each by a separate name. There is no objection to classifying them as prefaces, essays, memoirs, reminiscences, sketches, poems, psychographs, portraits, or critical analyses. I have taken the word biography to mean something written about a person, and in selecting short biographies I have necessarily omitted books like Boswell's *Johnson,* Car-

lyle's *Cromwell*, and Lockhart's *Scott*. The short biography has at least one inestimable virtue: it is short. Though I don't entirely agree with Voltaire, there is something to be said of his contention that long biographies are often padded. He opens his little *Life of Molière* with the following words:

" The predilection of many readers for the frivolous, and the desire to make up a volume out of what ought to fill only a few pages, are the reasons why the biographies of celebrated men are nearly always ruined by the inclusion of useless details and popular fairy-tales, as false as they are insipid."

I am not prepared to argue in favour of Plutarch as against Boswell, but I confess that the *Life of Alexander* or of *Cato* has given me more pleasure than the *Life of Johnson;* Roper's *Sir Thomas More* is to me a more beautiful and, I feel, a truer picture of the man than Lockhart's *Scott* is of that writer's hero.

However, it is not my intention to plead in favour of one form as against another.

The ideal biography is a well-written story of a person's life, complete, true, and made by someone who knew him intimately. It contains everything that serves to throw light upon his character, his mind, his person, his work. It is written with passion, affection, imagination, understanding, yet without bias or personal prejudice. This is the sort of biography I have sought, but I have yet to find one that fulfilled all my requirements. Biographies appear to share the same imperfections as the subjects they treat of. When I began to gather material for this book I grew desperate on finding that some of my most readable lives were inexact and full of lies: it appears that nearly every biography written prior to the latest scientific study of it is " out of date," " one-sided," or " unreliable."

It was therefore necessary for me to give up trying to find the works of " reliable " biographers; of what use printing the very last word if that word were to be superceded by the last word of some scholar twenty years hence? Far better perpetuate the inexactitudes of Brantôme and Janin, Gozlan and Boccaccio than the less readable exactitudes of contemporary savants, since they will all be rejected in a few years?

Take, for instance, Brantôme's *Mary Queen of Scots* and Janin's *Deburau*. Both are full of personal bias; neither would be acceptable to the editor of a biographical dictionary. To rectify statements of alleged fact would require as many footnotes as there are paragraphs. Brantôme's biography is a beautiful document, call it what you will; it is possibly a fuller portrait of Brantôme than of the Queen he so pitied and loved. Janin's book is a tour de force, with some manufactured anecdotes and a very obvious intention to decry the fashionable theatres of the day. If you want the cold facts about Mary you will turn to the latest revised

edition of the *Britannica*. As for Deburau, well, he is not even mentioned there.

My collection, then, is not for those who seek the latest facts. For my part I cannot quite see how the purely scientific method applied to biography gives us a necessarily truer picture of a man than the personal and prejudiced account. A pretty paradox might be made on this subject: which gives us a better (and a truer) idea of Balzac the man, Gozlan's gossipy *Balzac en Pantoufles* (which has been especially translated for my volume), or all the latest articles on Balzac in the encyclopedias? Gozlan's occasional fictitious anecdotes are at least characteristic of the man, whereas two columns of scholarly doubt as to Gozlan's veracity give us a picture only of scholarly doubt.

I confess to a liking for the incomplete, the gossipy anecdotes of friends and foes, the biassed narratives not yet arranged into connected accounts. In other words, I like to construct my own biographies from many sources. In his little book on Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky has given us delightful glimpses of the aged novelist, and from these I have a far more friendly feeling for the author of *Anna Karenina* than I have ever gotten from the dozen formal tomes that overshadow the Gorky pamphlet on my library shelves. (I wanted to include this in my book, but alas —! Reprinting difficulties are elsewhere referred to in this Preface.)

In biography I believe that everything may be important, and for this reason I have not hesitated to include the most informal accounts I could lay hands on, provided they were otherwise interesting. Saint-Simon, surely one of the world's great biographers, tells us that he has recorded episodes about Louis XIV that will be condemned by his contemporaries as unworthy of an historian, but Saint-Simon is not writing for his day, and he thinks that an account of the Grand Monarch in the boudoir will prove more interesting to posterity, than a long description of an audience with the Turkish ambassador. And Saint-Simon is right.

John Milton sitting in an easy-chair smoking his pipe, described by Augustine Birrell, appeals to me more directly and tells me more about the man than the gaudy painting familiar to all school-children of the poet dictating *Paradise Lost* to his daughters. This last looks " posed," but the bit about the pipe sounds genuine. I wonder what sort of pipe it was, and what kind of tobacco Milton used?

A word here is perhaps necessary to explain why I have included no Oriental biographies. There are two reasons: first, Oriental literature offers us little of what we should call biography; second, I wished to confine my selections to records of those who have influenced or been a part of our Occidental civilization.

In glancing over my Table of Contents for the last time I see I have brought together records of almost every variety, devoted to some sort of description of men and women who have made their contributions to the

world we live in. That they were human beings, impressing and impressed by other human beings, is what strikes me most forcibly, and this is what I have aimed at.

That from the ranks of humanity there can emerge a Socrates, a Cato, a Jesus; a More, a Newton, a Mozart; a Balzac, a Deburau, a Napoleon, is in my eyes a thing more wonderful than all the miracles ever imagined by the makers of religions. A day may come when our religions of magic and fear will give way to a purer and more humanly genial religion, and our desire for an immortality of the soul shall be dedicated to the belief that the great wonder of creation is man and the infinite possibilities that lie not in the theologies of religious leaders, but within ourselves.

Note. — It is hardly necessary to state that I am under obligations of many kinds to the publishers, authors, and translators who have helped me in making this volume. While I was unable to include several biographies I had selected, because of demands which were in most cases utterly unreasonable, I still have to thank many publishers for their courtesy in permitting me to use copyright material. For assistance in many fields I have to thank my publishers, my translators, and several agents. Specific mention of these is made elsewhere. But in this place I wish to thank my wife, Cecile S. Clark, who has read for me several hundreds of volumes and often made the final selection of material herself.

A large part of the material in this book is reprinted. But there are some biographies which I believe are reprinted for the first time since their original appearance. Unless my bibliographical researches are incomplete, these include the biographies of Jesus (the Goodspeed translation), Columbus, Lope de Vega, The Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham; and Louis XIV.

I also believe that none of the following biographies have ever before been translated into English: Mary Queen of Scots (the particular version I translated), Molière; Charlotte Corday, Newton, Balzac, and Deburau.

B. H. C.

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GREAT
SHORT BIOGRAPHIES
OF THE WORLD

SOCRATES

469–399 B.C.

By DIOGENES LAERTIUS[1] (*Early 3rd Century* A.D.)

SOCRATES was the son of Sophroniscus, a sculptor, and of Phaenarete, a midwife, as we read in the *Theaetetus* of Plato; he was a citizen of Athens and belonged to the deme Alopece. It was thought that he helped Euripides to make his plays; hence Mnesimachus writes:

"This new play of Euripides is *The Phrygians;* and Socrates provides the wood for frying."

And again he calls Euripides "an engine riveted by Socrates." And Callias in *The Captives:*

A. Pray why so solemn, why this lofty air?
B. I've every right; I'm helped by Socrates.

Aristophanes in *The Clouds:*

'Tis he composes for Euripides
Those clever plays, much sound and little sense.

According to some authors he was a pupil of Anaxagoras, and also of Damon, as Alexander states in his *Successions of Philosophers.* When Anaxagoras was condemned, he became a pupil of Archelaus the physicist; Aristoxenus asserts that Archelaus was very fond of him. Duris makes him out to have been a slave and to have been employed on stonework, and the draped figures of the Graces on the Acropolis have by some been attributed to him. Hence the passage in Timon's *Silli:*

[1] Reprinted from *Diogenes Laertius, Lives of Eminent Philosophers,* translated by R. D. Hicks. Loeb edition, William Heinemann, London, 1925, by permission of the publisher.

Nothing is known of the author, except that he wrote in Greek, basing his biographies on a large number of works most of which are now lost. The biography here reprinted appears without the translator's notes.

"From these diverged the sculptor, a prater about laws, the enchanter of Greece, inventor of subtle arguments, the sneerer who mocked at fine speeches, half-Attic in his mock humility."

He was formidable in public speaking, according to Idomeneus; moreover, as Xenophon tells us, the Thirty forbade him to teach the art of words. And Aristophanes attacks him in his plays for making the word appear the better reason. For Favorinus in his *Miscellaneous History* says Socrates and his pupil Aeschines were the first to teach rhetoric; and this is confirmed by Idomeneus in his work on the Socratic circle. Again, he was the first who discoursed on the conduct of life, and the first philosopher who was tried and put to death. Aristoxenus, the son of Spintharus, says of him that he made money; he would at all events invest sums, collect the interest accruing, and then, when this was expended, put out the principal again.

Demetrius of Byzantium relates that Crito removed him from his workshop and educated him, being struck by his beauty of soul; that he discussed moral questions in the workshops and the market-place, being convinced that the study of nature is no concern of ours; and that he claimed that his inquiries embraced

Whatso'er is good or evil in an house;

that frequently, owing to his vehemence in argument, men set upon him with their fists or tore his hair out; and that for the most part he was despised and laughed at, yet bore all this ill-usage patiently. So much so that, when he had been kicked, and some one expressed surprise at his taking it so quietly, Socrates rejoined, "Should I have taken the law of a donkey, supposing that he had kicked me?" Thus far Demetrius.

Unlike most philosophers, he had no need to travel, except when required to go on an expedition. The rest of his life he stayed at home and engaged all the more keenly in argument with anyone who would converse with him, his aim being not to alter his opinion but to get at the truth. They relate that Euripides gave him the treatise of Heraclitus and asked his opinion upon it, and that his reply was, "The part I understand is excellent, and so too is, I dare say, the part I do not understand; but it needs a Delian diver to get to the bottom of it."

He took care to exercise his body and kept in good condition. At all events he served on the expedition to Amphipolis; and when in the battle of Delium Xenophon had fallen from his horse, he stepped in and saved his life. For in the general flight of the Athenians he personally retired at his ease, quietly turning round from time to time and ready to defend himself in case he were attacked. Again, he served at Potidaea, whither he had gone by sea, as land communications were interrupted by the war; and

while there he is said to have remained a whole night without changing his position, and to have won the prize of valour. But he resigned it to Alcibiades, for whom he cherished the tenderest affection, according to Aristippus in the fourth book of his treatise *On the Luxury of the Ancients*. Ion of Chios relates that in his youth he visited Samos in the company of Archelaus; and Aristotle that he went to Delphi; he went also to the Isthmus, according to Farovinus in the first book of his *Memorabilia*.

His strength of will and attachment to the democracy are evident from his refusal to yield to Critias and his colleagues when they ordered him to bring the wealthy Leon of Salamis before them for execution, and further from the fact that he alone voted for the acquittal of the ten generals; and again from the facts that when he had the opportunity to escape from the prison he declined to do so, and that he rebuked his friends for weeping over his fate, and addressed to them his most memorable discourses in the prison.

He was a man of great independence and dignity of character. Pamphila in the seventh book of her *Commentaries* tells how Alcibiades once offered him a large site on which to build a house; but he replied, "Suppose, then, I wanted shoes and you offered me a whole hide to make a pair with, would it not be ridiculous in me to take it?" Often when he looked at the multitude of wares exposed for sale, he would say to himself, "How many things I can do without!" And he would continually recite the lines:

The purple robe and silver's shine
More fits an actor's need than mine.

He showed his contempt for Archelaus of Macedon and Scopas of Cranon and Eurylochus of Larissa by refusing to accept their presents or to go to their court. He was so orderly in his way of life that on several occasions when pestilence broke out in Athens he was the only man who escaped infection.

Aristotle says that he married two wives: his first wife was Xanthippe, by whom he had a son, Lamprocles; his second wife was Myrto, the daughter of Aristides the Just, whom he took without a dowry. By her he had Sophroniscus and Menexenus. Others make Myrto his first wife; while some writers, including Satyrus and Hieronymus of Rhodes, affirm that they were both his wives at the same time. For they say that the Athenians were short of men and, wishing to increase the population, passed a decree permitting a citizen to marry one Athenian woman and have children by another; and that Socrates accordingly did so.

He could afford to despise those who scoffed at him. He prided himself on his plain living, and never asked a fee from anyone. He used to say that he most enjoyed the food which was least in need of condiment, and the drink which made him feel the least hankering for some other drink; and that he was nearest to the gods in that he had the fewest wants.

This may be seen from the Comic poets, who in the act of ridiculing him give him high praise. Thus Aristophanes:

"O man that justly desirest great wisdom, how blessed will be thy life amongst Athenians and Greeks, retentive of memory and thinker that thou art, with endurance of toil for thy character; never art thou weary whether standing or walking, never numb with cold, never hungry for breakfast; from wine and from gross feeding and all other frivolities thou dost turn away."

Ameipsias too, when he puts him on the stage wearing a cloak, says:

"A. You come to join us, Socrates, worthiest of a small band and emptiest by far! You are a robust fellow. Where can we get you a proper coat?

"B. Your sorry plight is an insult to the cobblers.

"A. And yet, hungry as he is, this man has never stooped to flatter."

This disdainful, lofty spirit of his is also noticed by Aristophanes when he says:

"Because you stalk along the streets, rolling your eyes, and endure, barefoot, many a hardship, and gaze up at us [the clouds]."

And yet at times he would even put on fine clothes to suit the occasion, as in Plato's *Symposium*, where he is on his way to Agathon's house.

He showed equal ability in both directions, in persuading and dissuading men; thus, after conversing with Theaetetus about knowledge, he sent him away, as Plato says, fired with a divine impulse; but when Euthyphro had indicted his father for manslaughter, Socrates, after some conversation with him upon piety, diverted him from his purpose. Lysis, again, he turned, by exhortation, into a most virtuous character. For he had the skill to draw his arguments from facts. And when his son Lamprocles was violently angry with his mother, Socrates made him feel ashamed of himself, as I believe Xenophon has told us. When Plato's brother Glaucon was desirous of entering upon politics, Socrates dissuaded him, as Xenophon relates, because of his want of experience; but on the contrary he encouraged Charmides to take up politics because he had a gift that way.

He roused Iphicrates the general to a martial spirit by showing him how the fighting cocks of Midias the barber flapped their wings in defiance of those of Callias. Glauconides demanded that he should be acquired for the state as if he were some pheasant or peacock.

He used to say it was strange that, if you asked a man how many sheep he had, he could easily tell you the precise number; whereas he could not name his friends or say how many he had, so slight was the value he set upon them. Seeing Euclides keenly interested in eristic arguments, he said to him: "You will be able to get on with sophists, Euclides, but with

men not at all." For he thought there was no use in this sort of hair-splitting, as Plato shows us in the *Euthydemus*.

Again, when Charmides offered him some slaves in order that he might derive an income from them, he declined the offer; and according to some he scorned the beauty of Alcibiades. He would extol leisure as the best of possessions, according to Xenophon in the *Symposium*. There is, he said, only one good, that is, knowledge, and only one evil, that is, ignorance; wealth and good birth bring their possessor no dignity, but on the contrary evil. At all events, when some one told him that Antisthenes' mother was a Thracian, he replied, "Nay, did you expect a man so noble to have been born of two Athenian parents?" He made Crito ransom Phaedo who, having been taken prisoner in the war, was kept in degrading slavery, and so won him for philosophy.

Moreover, in his old age he learnt to play the lyre, declaring that he saw no absurdity in learning a new accomplishment. As Xenophon relates in the *Symposium*, it was his regular habit to dance, thinking that such exercise helped to keep the body in good condition. He used to say that his supernatural sign warned him beforehand of the future; that to make a good start was no trifling advantage, but a trifle turned the scale; and that he knew nothing except just the fact of his ignorance. He said that, when people paid a high price for fruit which had ripened early, they must despair of seeing the fruit ripen at the proper season. And, being once asked in what consisted the virtue of a young man, he said, "In doing nothing to excess." He held that geometry should be studied to the point at which a man is able to measure the land which he acquires or parts with.

On hearing the line of Euripides' play *Auge* where the poet says of virtue:

'Tis best to let her roam at will,

he got up and left the theatre. For he said it was absurd to make a hue and cry about a slave who could not be found, and to allow virtue to perish in this way. Some one asked him whether he should marry or not, and received the reply, "Whichever you do you will repent it." He used to express his astonishment that the sculptors of marble statues should take pains to make the block of marble into a perfect likeness of a man, and should take no pains about themselves lest they should turn out mere blocks, not men. He recommended to the young the constant use of the mirror, to the end that handsome men might acquire a corresponding behaviour, and ugly men conceal their defects by education.

He had invited some rich men and, when Xanthippe said she felt ashamed of the dinner, "Never mind," said he, "for if they are reasonable they will put up with it, and if they are good for nothing, we shall not trouble ourselves about them." He would say that the rest of the world

lived to eat, while he himself ate to live. Of the mass of men who do not count he said it was as if some one should object to a single tetradrachm as counterfeit and at the same time let a whole heap made up of just such pieces pass as genuine. Aeschines said to him, "I am a poor man and have nothing else to give, but I offer you myself," and Socrates answered, "Nay, do you not see that you are offering me the greatest gift of all?" To one who complained that he was overlooked when the Thirty rose to power, he said, "You are not sorry for that, are you?" To one who said, "You are condemned by the Athenians to die," he made answer, "So are they, by nature." But some ascribe this to Anaxagoras. When his wife said, "You suffer unjustly," he retorted, "Why, would you have me suffer justly?" He had a dream that some one said to him:

"On the third day thou shalt come to the fertile fields of Phthia;"

and he told Aeschines, "On the third day I shall die." When he was about to drink the hemlock, Apollodorus offered him a beautiful garment to die in: "What," said he, "is my own good enough to live in but not to die in?" When he was told that So-and-so spoke ill of him, he replied, "True, for he has never learnt to speak well." When Antisthenes turned his cloak so that the tear in it came into view, "I see," said he, "your vanity through your cloak." To one who said, "Don't you find so-and-so very offensive?" his reply was, "No, for it takes two to make a quarrel." We ought not to object, he used to say, to be subjects for the Comic poets, for if they satirize our faults they will do us good, and if not they do not touch us. When Xanthippe first scolded him and then drenched him with water, his rejoinder was, "Did I not say that Xanthippe's thunder would end in rain?" When Alcibiades declared that the scolding of Xanthippe was intolerable, "Nay, I have got used to it," said he, "as to the continued rattle of a windlass. And you do not mind the cackle of geese." "No," replied Alcibiades, "but they furnish me with eggs and goslings." "And Xanthippe," said Socrates, "is the mother of my children." When she tore his coat off his back in the market-place and his acquaintances advised him to hit back, "Yes, by Zeus," said he, "in order that while we are sparring each of you may join in with 'Go it, Socrates!' 'Well done, Xanthippe!'" He said he lived with a shrew, as horsemen are fond of spirited horses, "but just as, when they have mastered these, they can easily cope with the rest, so I in the society of Xanthippe shall learn to adapt myself to the rest of the world."

These and the like were his words and deeds, to which the Pythian priestess bore testimony when she gave Chaerephon the famous reponse:

Of all men living Socrates most wise.

For this he was most envied; and especially because he would take to task those who thought highly of themselves, proving them to be fools, as to be

sure he treated Anytus, according to Plato's *Meno*. For Anytus could not endure to be ridiculed by Socrates, and so in the first place stirred up against him Aristophanes and his friends; then afterwards he helped to persuade Meletus to indict him on a charge of impiety and corrupting the youth.

The indictment was brought by Meletus, and the speech was delivered by Polyeuctus, according to Favorinus in his *Miscellaneous History*. The speech was written by Polycrates the sophist, according to Hermippus; but some say that it was by Anytus. Lycon the demagogue had made all the needful preparations.

Antisthenes in his *Successions of Philosophers*, and Plato in his *Apology*, say that there were three accusers, Anytus, Lycon and Meletus; that Anytus was roused to anger on behalf of the craftsmen and politicians, Lycon on behalf of the rhetoricians, Meletus of the poets, all three of which classes had felt the lash of Socrates. Favorinus in the first book of his *Memorabilia* declares that the speech of Polycrates against Socrates is not authentic; for he mentions the rebuilding of the walls by Conon, which did not take place till six years after the death of Socrates. And this is the case.

The affidavit in the case, which is still preserved, says Favorinus, in the *Metroön*, ran as follows: "This indictment and affidavit is sworn by Meletus, the son of Meletus of Pitthos, against Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of refusing to recognize the gods recognized by the state, and of introducing other new divinities. He is also guilty of corrupting the youth. The penalty demanded is death." The philosopher then, after Lysias had written a defence for him, read it through and said: "A fine speech, Lysias; it is not, however, suitable to me." For it was plainly more forensic than philosophical. Lysias said, "If it is a fine speech, how can it fail to suit you?" "Well," he replied, "would not fine raiment and fine shoes be just as unsuitable to me?"

Justus of Tiberias in his book entitled *The Wreath* says that in the course of the trial Plato mounted the platform and began: "Though I am the youngest, men of Athens, of all who ever rose to address you" — whereupon the judges shouted out, "Get down! Get down!" When therefore he was condemned by 281 votes more than those given for acquittal, and when the judges were assessing what he should suffer or what fine he should pay, he proposed to pay 25 drachmae. Eubulides indeed says he offered 100. When this caused an uproar among the judges, he said, "Considering my services, I assess the penalty at maintenance in the Prytaneum at the public expense."

Sentence of death was passed, with an accession of eighty fresh votes. He was put in prison, and a few days afterward drank the hemlock, after much noble discourse which Plato records in the *Phaedo*. Further, according to some, he composed a paean beginning:

All hail, Apollo, Delos' lord!
Hail Artemis, ye noble pair!

Dionysodorus denies that he wrote the paean. He also composed a fable of Aesop, not very skilfully, beginning:

"Judge not, ye men of Corinth," Aesop cried,
"Of virtue as the jury-courts decide."

So he was taken from among men; and not long afterwards the Athenians felt such remorse that they shut up the training grounds and gymnasia. They banished the other accusers but put Meletus to death; they honoured Socrates with a bronze statue, the work of Lysippus, which they placed in the hall of processions. And no sooner did Anytus visit Heraclea than the people of that town expelled him on that very day. Not only in the case of Socrates but in very many others the Athenians repented in this way. For they fined Homer (so says Heraclides) 50 drachmae for a madman, and said Tyrtaeus was beside himself, and they honoured Astydamas before Aeschylus and his brother poets with a bronze statue. Euripides upbraids them thus in his *Palamedes:* "Ye have slain, have slain, the all-wise, the innocent, the Muses' nightingale." This is one account; but Philochorus asserts that Euripides died before Socrates.

He was born, according to Apollodorus in his *Chronology,* in the archonship of Apsephion, in the fourth year of the 77th Olympiad, on the 6th day of the month of Thargelion, when the Athenians purify their city, which according to the Delians is the birthday of Artemis. He died in the first year of the 95th Olympiad at the age of seventy. With this Demetrius of Phalerum agrees; but some say he was sixty when he died.

Both were pupils of Anaxagoras, I mean Socrates and Euripides, who was born in the first year of the 75th Olympiad in the archonship of Calliades.

In my opinion Socrates discoursed on physics as well as on ethics, since he holds some conversations about providence, even according to Xenophon, who, however, declares that he only discussed ethics. But Plato, after mentioning Anaxagoras and certain other physicists in the *Apology,* treats for his own part themes which Socrates disowned, although he puts everything into the mouth of Socrates.

Aristotle relates that a magician came from Syria to Athens and, among other evils with which he threatened Socrates, predicted that he would come to a violent end.

I have written verses about him too, as follows:

"Drink then, being in Zeus's palace, O Socrates; for truly did the god pronounce thee wise, being wisdom himself; for when thou didst frankly take the hemlock at the hands of the Athenians, they themselves drained it as it passed thy lips."

He was sharply criticized, according to Aristotle in his third book *On Poetry*, by a certain Antilochus of Lemnos, and by Antiphon the soothsayer, just as Pythagoras was by Cylon of Croton, or as Homer was assailed in his lifetime by Syagrus, and after his death by Xenophanes of Colophon. So too Hesiod was criticized in his lifetime by Cecrops, and after his death by the aforesaid Xenophanes; Pindar by Amphimenes of Cos; Thales by Pherecydes; Bias by Salarus of Priene; Pittacus by Antimenidas and Alcaeus; Anaxagoras by Sosibius; and Simonides by Timocreon.

Of those who succeeded him and were called Socratics the chief were Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, and of ten names on the traditional list the most distinguished are Aeschines, Phaedo, Euclides, Aristippus. I must first speak of Xenophon; Antisthenes will come afterwards among the Cynics; after Xenophon I shall take the Socratics proper, and so pass on to Plato. With Plato the ten schools begin: he was himself the founder of the First Academy. This then is the order which I shall follow.

Of those who bear the name of Socrates there is one, a historian, who wrote a geographical work upon Argos; another, a Peripatetic philosopher of Bithynia; a third, a poet who wrote epigrams; lastly, Socrates of Cos, who wrote on the names of the gods.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

356–323 B.C.

By PLUTARCH[1] (*About* 50–120 A.D.)

IT BEING my purpose to write the lives of Alexander the king, and of Cæsar, by whom Pompey was destroyed, the multitude of their great actions affords so large a field that I were to blame if I should not by way of apology forewarn my reader that I have chosen rather to epitomise the most celebrated parts of their story, than to insist at large on every particular circumstance of it. It must be borne in mind that my design is not to write histories, but lives. And the most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men; sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations, than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men, and while I endeavour by these to portray their lives, may be free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated of by others.

It is agreed on by all hands, that on the father's side, Alexander descended from Hercules by Caranus, and from Æacus by Neoptolemus on the mother's side. His father Philip, being in Samothrace, when he was quite young, fell in love there with Olympias, in company with whom he was initiated in the religious ceremonies of the country, and her father and mother being both dead, soon after, with the consent of her brother, Arymbas, he married her. The night before the consummation of their marriage, she dreamed that a thunderbolt fell upon her body, which kindled a great fire, whose divided flames dispersed themselves all about, and then were extinguished. And Philip, some time after he was married, dreamt that he sealed up his wife's body with a seal, whose impression, as he fancied, was the figure of a lion. Some of the diviners interpreted this as a warning to Philip to look narrowly to his wife; but Aristander of Telmessus, considering how unusual it was to seal up anything that was

[1] Reprinted from *Plutarch's Lives*, translated by several hands (the so-called Dryden translation), edited and revised by A. H. Clough, London, 1864.

Plutarch's *Lives* were written in Greek and published toward the end of their author's life.

empty, assured him the meaning of his dream was that the queen was with child of a boy, who would one day prove as stout and courageous as a lion. Once, moreover, a serpent was found lying by Olympias as she slept, which more than anything else, it is said, abated Philip's passion for her; and whether he feared her as an enchantress, or thought she had commerce with some god, and so looked on himself as excluded, he was ever after less fond of her conversation. Others say, that the women of this country having always been extremely addicted to the enthusiastic Orphic rites, and the wild worship of Bacchus (upon which account they were called Clodones, and Mimallones), imitated in many things the practices of the Edonian and Thracian women about Mount Hæmus, from whom the word *threskeuein* seems to have been derived, as a special term for superfluous and over-curious forms of adoration; and that Olympias, zealously affecting these fanatical and enthusiastic inspirations, to perfom them with more barbaric dread, was wont in the dances proper to these ceremonies to have great tame serpents about her, which sometimes creeping out of the ivy in the mystic fans, sometimes winding themselves about the sacred spears, and the women's chaplets, made a spectacle which men could not look upon without terror.

Philip, after this vision, sent Chæron of Megalopolis to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, by which he was commanded to perform sacrifice, and henceforth pay particular honour, above all other gods, to Ammon; and was told he should one day lose that eye with which he presumed to peep through the chink of the door, when he saw the god, under the form of a serpent, in the company of his wife. Eratosthenes says that Olympias, when she attended Alexander on his way to the army in his first expedition, told him the secret of his birth, and bade him behave himself with courage suitable to his divine extraction. Others again affirm that she wholly disclaimed any pretensions of the kind, and was wont to say, "When will Alexander leave off slandering me to Juno?"

Alexander was born the sixth of Hecatombæon, which month the Macedonians call Lous, the same day that the temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt; which Hegesias of Magnesia makes the occasion of a conceit, frigid enough to have stopped the conflagration. The temple, he says, took fire and was burnt while its mistress was absent, assisting at the birth of Alexander. And all the Eastern soothsayers who happened to be then at Ephesus, looking upon the ruin of this temple to be the forerunner of some other calamity, ran about the town, beating their faces, and crying that this day had brought forth something that would prove fatal and destructive to all Asia.

Just after Philip had taken Potidæa, he received these three messages at one time, that Parmenio had overthrown the Illyrians in a great battle, that his race-horse had won the course at the Olympic games, and that his wife had given birth to Alexander; with which being naturally well pleased,

as an addition to his satisfaction, he was assured by the diviners that a son, whose birth was accompanied with three such successes, could not fail of being invincible.

The statues that gave the best representation of Alexander's person were those of Lysippus (by whom alone he would suffer his image to be made), those peculiarities which many of his successors afterwards and his friends used to affect to imitate, the inclination of his head a little on one side towards his left shoulder, and his melting eye, having been expressed by this artist with great exactness. But Apelles, who drew him with thunderbolts in his hand, made his complexion browner and darker than it was naturally; for he was fair and of a light colour, passing into ruddiness in his face and upon his breast. Aristoxenus in his Memoirs tells us that a most agreeable odour exhaled from his skin, and that his breath and body all over was so fragrant as to perfume the clothes which he wore next him; the cause of which might probably be the hot and adust temperament of his body. For sweet smells, Theophrastus conceives, are produced by the concoction of moist humours by heat, which is the reason that those parts of the world which are driest and most burnt up afford spices of the best kind and in the greatest quantity; for the heat of the sun exhausts all the superfluous moisture which lies in the surface of bodies, ready to generate putrefaction. And this hot constitution, it may be, rendered Alexander so addicted to drinking, and so choleric. His temperance, as to the pleasures of the body, was apparent in him in his very childhood, as he was with much difficulty incited to them, and always used them with great moderation; though in other things he was extremely eager and vehement, and in his love of glory, and the pursuit of it, he showed a solidity of high spirit and magnanimity far above his age. For he neither sought nor valued it upon every occasion, as his father Philip did (who affected to show his eloquence almost to a degree of pedantry, and took care to have the victories of his racing chariots at the Olympic games engraven on his coin), but when he was asked by some about him, whether he would run a race in the Olympic games, as he was very swift-footed, he answered, he would, if he might have kings to run with him. Indeed, he seems in general to have looked with indifference, if not with dislike, upon the professed athletes. He often appointed prizes, for which not only tragedians and musicians, pipers and harpers, but rhapsodists also, strove to outvie one another; and delighted in all manner of hunting and cudgel-playing, but never gave any encouragement to contests either of boxing or of the pancratium.

While he was yet very young, he entertained the ambassadors from the King of Persia, in the absence of his father, and entering much into conversation with them, gained so much upon them by his affability, and the questions he asked them, which were far from being childish or trifling (for he inquired of them the length of the ways, the nature of the road into

inner Asia, the character of their king, how he carried himself to his enemies, and what forces he was able to bring into the field), that they were struck with admiration of him, and looked upon the ability so much famed of Philip to be nothing in comparison with the forwardness and high purpose that appeared thus early in his son. Whenever he heard Philip had taken any town of importance, or won any signal victory, instead of rejoicing at it altogether, he would tell his companions that his father would anticipate everything, and leave him and them no opportunities of performing great and illustrious actions. For being more bent upon action and glory than either upon pleasure or riches, he esteemed all that he should receive from his father as a diminution and prevention of his own future achievements; and would have chosen rather to succeed to a kingdom involved in troubles and wars, which would have afforded him frequent exercise of his courage, and a large field of honour, than to one already flourishing and settled, where his inheritance would be an inactive life, and the mere enjoyment of wealth and luxury.

The care of his education, as it might be presumed, was committed to a great many attendants, preceptors, and teachers, over the whole of whom Leonidas, a near kinsman of Olympias, a man of an austere temper, presided, who did not indeed himself decline the name of what in reality is a noble and honourable office, but in general his dignity, and his near relationship, obtained him from other people the title of Alexander's foster-father and governor. But he who took upon him the actual place and style of his pedagogue was Lysimachus the Acarnanian, who, though he had nothing specially to recommend him, but his lucky fancy of calling himself Phœnix, Alexander Achilles, and Philip Peleus, was therefore well enough esteemed, and ranked in the next degree after Leonidas.

Philonicus the Thessalian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents; but when they went into the field to try him, they found him so very vicious and unmanageable, that he reared up when they endeavoured to mount him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of Philip's attendants. Upon which, as they were leading him away as wholly useless and untractable, Alexander, who stood by, said, "What an excellent horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of what he said; but when he heard him repeat the same thing several times, and saw he was much vexed to see the horse sent away, "Do you reproach," said he to him, "those who are older than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able to manage him than they?" "I could manage this horse," replied he, "better than others do." "And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?" "I will pay," answered Alexander, "the whole price of the horse." At this the whole company fell a-laughing; and as soon as the wager was settled amongst them, he immediately ran to the horse, and taking hold of the bridle, turned him directly

towards the sun, having, it seems, observed that he was disturbed at and afraid of the motion of his own shadow; then letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hands, and stroking him gently when he found him begin to grow eager and fiery, he let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap securely mounted him, and when he was seated, by little and little drew in the bridle, and curbed him without either striking or spurring him. Presently, when he found him free from all rebelliousness, and only impatient for the course, he let him go at full speed, inciting him now with a commanding voice, and urging him also with his heel. Philip and his friends looked on at first in silence and anxiety for the result, till seeing him turn at the end of his career, and come back rejoicing and triumphing for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause; and his father shedding tears, it is said, for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport said, "O my son, look thee out a kingdom equal to and worthy of thyself, for Macedonia is too little for thee."

After this, considering him to be of a temper easy to be led to his duty by reason, but by no means to be compelled, he always endeavoured to persuade rather than to command or force him to anything; and now looking upon the instruction and tuition of his youth to be of greater difficulty and importance than to be wholly trusted to the ordinary masters in music and poetry, and the common school subjects, and to require, as Sophocles says —

"The bridle and the rudder too,"

he sent for Aristotle, the most learned and most celebrated philosopher of his time, and rewarded him with a munificence proportionable to and becoming the care he took to instruct his son. For he repeopled his native city Stagira, which he had caused to be demolished a little before, and restored all the citizens, who were in exile or slavery, to their habitations. As a place for the pursuit of their studies and exercise, he assigned the temple of the Nymphs, near Mieza, where, to this very day, they show you Aristotle's stone seats, and the shady walks which he was wont to frequent. It would appear that Alexander received from him not only his doctrines of Morals and of Politics, but also something of those more abstruse and profound theories which these philosophers, by the very names they gave them, professed to reserve for oral communication to the initiated, and did not allow many to become acquainted with. For when he was in Asia, and heard Aristotle had published some treaties of that kind, he wrote to him, using very plain language to him in behalf of philosophy, the following letter. "Alexander to Aristotle, greeting. You have not done well to publish your books of oral doctrine; for what is there now that we excel others in, if those things which we have been particularly instructed in be laid open to all? For my part, I assure you, I had rather excel others

in the knowledge of what is excellent, than in the extent of my power and dominion. Farewell." And Aristotle, soothing this passion for pre-eminence, speaks, in his excuse for himself, of these doctrines as in fact both published and not published: as indeed, to say the truth, his books on metaphysics are written in a style which makes them useless for ordinary teaching, and instructive only, in the way of memoranda, for those who have been already conversant in that sort of learning.

Doubtless also it was to Aristotle that he owed the inclination he had, not to the theory only, but likewise to the practice of the art of medicine. For when any of his friends were sick, he would often prescribe them their course of diet, and medicines proper to their disease, as we may find in his epistles. He was naturally a great lover of all kinds of learning and reading; and Onesicritus informs us that he constantly laid Homer's Iliads, according to the copy corrected by Aristotle, called the casket copy, with his dagger under his pillow, declaring that he esteemed it a perfect portable treasure of all military virtue and knowledge. When he was in the upper Asia, being destitute of other books, he ordered Harpalus to send him some; who furnished him with Philistus's History, a great many of the plays of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, and some dithyrambic odes, composed by Telestes and Philoxenus. For a while he loved and cherished Aristotle no less, as he was wont to say himself, than if he had been his father, giving this reason for it, that as he had received life from the one, so the other had taught him to live well. But afterwards, upon some mistrust of him, yet not so great as to make him do him any hurt, his familiarity and friendly kindness to him abated so much of its former force and affectionateness, as to make it evident he was alienated from him. However, his violent thirst after and passion for learning, which were once implanted, still grew up with him, and never decayed; as appears by his veneration of Anaxarchus, by the present of fifty talents which he sent to Xenocrates, and his particular care and esteem of Dandamis and Calanus.

While Philip went on his expedition against the Byzantines, he left Alexander, then sixteen years old, his lieutenant in Macedonia, committing the charge of his seal to him; who, not to sit idle, reduced the rebellious Mædi, and having taken their chief town by storm, drove out the barbarous inhabitants, and planting a colony of several nations in their room, called the place after his own name, Alexandropolis. At the battle of Chæronea, which his father fought against the Grecians, he is said to have been the first man that charged the Thebans' sacred band. And even in my remembrance, there stood an old oak near the river Cephisus, which people called Alexander's oak, because his tent was pitched under it. And not far off are to be seen the graves of the Macedonians who fell in that battle. This early bravery made Philip so fond of him, that nothing pleased him more than to hear his subjects call himself their general and Alexander their king.

But the disorders of his family, chiefly caused by his new marriages and attachments (the troubles that began in the women's chambers spreading, so to say, to the whole kingdom), raised various complaints and differences between them, which the violence of Olympias, a woman of a jealous and implacable temper, made wider, by exasperating Alexander against his father. Among the rest, this accident contributed most to their falling out. At the wedding of Cleopatra, whom Philip fell in love with and married, she being much too young for him, her uncle Attalus in his drink desired the Macedonians would implore the gods to give them a lawful successor to the kingdom by his niece. This so irritated Alexander, that throwing one of the cups at his head, "You villain," said he, "what, am I then a bastard?" Then Philip, taking Attalus's part, rose up and would have run his son through; but by good fortune for them both, either his over-hasty rage, or the wine he had drunk, made his foot slip, so that he fell down on the floor. At which Alexander reproachfully insulted over him: "See there," said he, "the man who makes preparations to pass out of Europe into Asia, overturned in passing from one seat to another." After this debauch, he and his mother Olympias withdrew from Philip's company, and when he had placed her in Epirus, he himself retired into Illyria.

About this time, Demaratus the Corinthian, an old friend of the family, who had the freedom to say anything among them without offence, coming to visit Philip, after the first compliments and embraces were over, Philip asked him whether the Grecians were at amity with one another. "It ill becomes you," replied Demaratus, "to be so solicitous about Greece, when you have involved your own house in so many dissensions and calamities." He was so convinced by this seasonable reproach, that he immediately sent for his son home, and by Demaratus's mediation prevailed with him to return. But this reconciliation lasted not long; for when Pixodorus, viceroy of Caria, sent Aristocritus to treat for a match between his eldest daughter and Philip's son, Arrhidæus, hoping by this alliance to secure his assistance upon occasion, Alexander's mother, and some who pretended to be his friends, presently filled his head with tales and calumnies, as if Philip, by a splendid marriage and important alliance, were preparing the way for settling the kingdom upon Arrhidæus. In alarm at this, he despatched Thessalus, the tragic actor, into Caria, to dispose Pixodorus to slight Arrhidæus, both as illegitimate and a fool, and rather to accept of himself for his son-in-law. This proposition was much more agreeable to Pixodorus than the former. But Philip, as soon as he was made acquainted with this transaction, went to his son's apartment, taking with him Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of Alexander's intimate friends and companions, and there reproved him severely, and reproached him bitterly, that he should be so degenerate, and unworthy of the power he was to leave him, as to desire the alliance of a mean Carian, who was

at best but the slave of a barbarous prince. Nor did this satisfy his resentment, for he wrote to the Corinthians to send Thessalus to him in chains, and banished Harpalus, Nearchus, Erigyius, and Ptolemy, his son's friends and favourites, whom Alexander afterwards recalled and raised to great honour and preferment.

Not long after this, Pausanias, having had an outrage done to him at the instance of Attalus and Cleopatra, when he found he could get no reparation for his disgrace at Philip's hands, watched his opportunity and murdered him. The guilt of which fact was laid for the most part upon Olympias, who was said to have encouraged and exasperated the enraged youth to revenge; and some sort of suspicion attached even to Alexander himself, who, it was said, when Pausanias came and complained to him of the injury he had received, repeated the verse out of Euripides's Medea —

"On husband, and on father, and on bride."

However, he took care to find out and punish the accomplices of the conspiracy severely, and was very angry with Olympias for treating Cleopatra inhumanly in his absence.

Alexander was but twenty years old when his father was murdered, and succeeded to a kingdom, beset on all sides with great dangers and rancorous enemies. For not only the barbarous nations that bordered on Macedonia were impatient of being governed by any but their own native princes, but Philip likewise, though he had been victorious over the Grecians, yet, as the time had not been sufficient for him to complete his conquest and accustom them to his sway, had simply left all things in a general disorder and confusion. It seemed to the Macedonians a very critical time; and some would have persuaded Alexander to give up all thought of retaining the Grecians in subjection by force of arms, and rather to apply himself to win back by gentle means the allegiance of the tribes who were designing revolt, and try the effect of indulgence in arresting the first motions towards revolution. But he rejected this counsel as weak and timorous, and looked upon it to be more prudence to secure himself by resolution and magnanimity, than, by seeming to truckle to any, to encourage all to trample on him. In pursuit of this opinion, he reduced the barbarians to tranquillity, and put an end to all fear of war from them, by a rapid expedition into their country as far as the river Danube, where he gave Syrmus, King of the Triballians, an entire overthrow. And hearing the Thebans were in revolt, and the Athenians in correspondence with them, he immediately marched through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying that to Demosthenes, who had called him a child while he was in Illyria and in the country of the Triballians, and a youth when he was in Thessaly, he would appear a man before the walls of Athens.

When he came to Thebes, to show how willing he was to accept of

their repentance for what was past, he only demanded of them Phœnix and Prothytes, the authors of the rebellion, and proclaimed a general pardon to those who would come over to him. But when the Thebans merely retorted by demanding Philotas and Antipater to be delivered into their hands, and by a proclamation on their part invited all who would assert the liberty of Greece to come over to them, he presently applied himself to make them feel the last extremities of war. The Thebans indeed defended themselves with a zeal and courage beyond their strength, being much outnumbered by their enemies. But when the Macedonian garrison sallied out upon them from the citadel, they were so hemmed in on all sides that the greater part of them fell in the battle; the city itself being taken by storm, was sacked and razed. Alexander's hope being that so severe an example might terrify the rest of Greece into obedience, and also in order to gratify the hostility of his confederates, the Phocians and Platæans. So that, except the priests, and some few who had heretofore been friends and connections of the Macedonians, the family of the poet Pindar, and those who were known to have opposed the public vote for the war, all the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, were publicly sold for slaves; and it is computed that upwards of six thousand were put to the sword.

Among the other calamities that befell the city, it happened that some Thracian soldiers, having broken into the house of a matron of high character and repute, named Timoclea, their captain, after he had used violence with her, to satisfy his avarice as well as lust, asked her, if she knew of any money concealed; to which she readily answered she did, and bade him follow her into a garden, where she showed him a well, into which, she told him, upon the taking of the city, she had thrown what she had of most value. The greedy Thracian presently stooping down to view the place where he thought the treasure lay, she came behind him and pushed him into the well, and then flung great stones in upon him, till she had killed him. After which, when the soldiers led her away bound to Alexander, her very mien and gait showed her to be a woman of dignity, and of a mind no less elevated, not betraying the least sign of fear or astonishment. And when the king asked her who she was, "I am," said she, "the sister of Theagenes, who fought the battle of Chæronea with your father Philip, and fell there in command for the liberty of Greece." Alexander was so surprised, both at what she had done and what she said, that he could not choose but give her and her children their freedom to go whither they pleased.

After this he received the Athenians into favour, although they had shown themselves so much concerned at the calamity of Thebes that out of sorrow they omitted the celebration of the Mysteries, and entertained those who escaped with all possible humanity. Whether it were, like the lion, that his passion was now satisfied, or that, after an example of ex-

treme cruelty, he had a mind to appear merciful, it happened well for the Athenians; for he not only forgave them all past offences, but bade them look to their affairs with vigilance, remembering that if he should miscarry, they were likely to be the arbiters of Greece. Certain it is, too, that in aftertime he often repented of his severity to the Thebans, and his remorse had such influence on his temper as to make him ever after less rigorous to all others. He imputed also the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the unwillingness of the Macedonians to follow him against the Indians, by which his enterprise and glory was left imperfect, to the wrath and vengeance of Bacchus, the protector of Thebes. And it was observed that whatsoever any Theban, who had the good fortune to survive this victory, asked of him, he was sure to grant without the least difficulty.

Soon after, the Grecians, being assembled at the Isthmus, declared their resolution of joining with Alexander in the war against the Persians, and proclaimed him their general. While he stayed here, many public ministers and philosophers came from all parts to visit him and congratulated him on his election, but contrary to his expectation, Diogenes of Sinope, who then was living at Corinth, thought so little of him, that instead of coming to compliment him, he never so much as stirred out of the suburb called the Cranium, where Alexander found him lying along in the sun. When he saw so much company near him, he raised himself a little, and vouchsafed to look upon Alexander; and when he kindly asked him whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander was so struck at this answer, and surprised at the greatness of the man, who had taken so little notice of him, that as he went away he told his followers, who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher, that if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes.

Then he went to Delphi, to consult Apollo concerning the success of the war he had undertaken, and happening to come on one of the forbidden days, when it was esteemed improper to give any answer from the oracle, he sent messengers to desire the priestess to do her office; and when she refused, on the plea of a law to the contrary, he went up himself, and began to draw her by force into the temple, until tired and overcome with his importunity, "My son," said she, "thou art invincible." Alexander taking hold of what she spoke, declared he had received such an answer as he wished for, and that it was needless to consult the god any further. Among other prodigies that attended the departure of his army, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, made of cypress-wood, was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement of many. But Aristander told him that, far from presaging any ill to him, it signified he should perform acts so important and glorious as would make the poets and musicians of future ages labour and sweat to describe and celebrate them.

His army, by their computation who make the smallest amount, consisted of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horse; and those who make the most of it, speak but of forty-three thousand foot and three thousand horse. Aristobulus says, he had not a fund of above seventy talents for their pay, nor had he more than thirty days' provision, if we may believe Duris; Onesicritus tells us he was two hundred talents in debt. However narrow and disproportionable the beginnings of so vast an undertaking might seem to be, yet he would not embark his army until he had informed himself particularly what means his friends had to enable them to follow him, and supplied what they wanted, by giving good farms to some, a village to one, and the revenue of some hamlet or harbour-town to another. So that at last he had portioned out or engaged almost all the royal property; which giving Perdiccas an occasion to ask him what he would leave himself, he replied, his hopes. "Your soldiers," replied Perdiccas, "will be your partners in those," and refused to accept of the estate he had assigned him. Some others of his friends did the like, but to those who willingly received or desired assistance of him, he liberally granted it, as far as his patrimony in Macedonia would reach, the most part of which was spent in these donations.

With such vigorous resolutions, and his mind thus disposed, he passed the Hellespont, and at Troy sacrificed to Minerva, and honoured the memory of the heroes who were buried there, with solemn libations; especially Achilles, whose gravestone he anointed, and with his friends, as the ancient custom is, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crowned it with garlands, declaring how happy he esteemed him, in having while he lived so faithful a friend, and when he was dead, so famous a poet to proclaim his actions. While he was viewing the rest of the antiquities and curiosities of the place, being told he might see Paris's harp, if he pleased, he said he thought it not worth looking on, but he should be glad to see that of Achilles, to which he used to sing the glories and great actions of brave men.

In the meantime, Darius's captains, having collected large forces, were encamped on the further bank of the river Granicus, and it was necessary to fight, as it were, in the gate of Asia for an entrance into it. The depth of the river, with the unevenness and difficult ascent of the opposite bank, which was to be gained by main force, was apprehended by most, and some pronounced it an improper time to engage, because it was unusual for the kings of Macedonia to march with their forces in the month called Dæsius. But Alexander broke through these scruples, telling them they should call it a second Artemisius. And when Parmenio advised him not to attempt anything that day, because it was late, he told him that he should disgrace the Hellespont should he fear the Granicus. And so, without more saying, he immediately took the river with thirteen troops of horse, and advanced against whole showers of darts thrown from the steep opposite

side, which was covered with armed multitudes of the enemy's horse and foot, notwithstanding the disadvantage of the ground and the rapidity of the stream; so that the action seemed to have more frenzy and desperation in it, than of prudent conduct. However, he persisted obstinately to gain the passage, and at last with much ado making his way up the banks, which were extremely muddy and slippery, he had instantly to join in a mere confused hand-to-hand combat with the enemy, before he could draw up his men, who were still passing over, into any order. For the enemy pressed upon him with loud and warlike outcries; and charging horse against horse, with their lances, after they had broken and spent these, they fell to it with their swords. And Alexander, being easily known by his buckler, and a large plume of white feathers on each side of his helmet, was attacked on all sides, yet escaped wounding, though his cuirass was pierced by a javelin in one of the joinings. And Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two Persian commanders, falling upon him at once, he avoided one of them, and struck at Rhœsaces, who had a good cuirass on, with such force that, his spear breaking in his hand, he was glad to betake himself to his dagger. While they were thus engaged, Spithridates came up on one side of him, and raising himself upon his horse, gave him such a blow with his battle-axe on the helmet that he cut off the crest of it, with one of his plumes, and the helmet was only just so far strong enough to save him, that the edge of the weapon touched the hair of his head. But as he was about to repeat his stroke, Clitus, called the black Clitus, prevented him, by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time Alexander despatched Rhœsaces with his sword. While the horse were thus dangerously engaged, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and the foot on each side advanced to fight. But the enemy hardly sustaining the first onset, soon gave ground and fled, all but the mercenary Greeks, who, making a stand upon a rising ground, desired quarter, which Alexander, guided rather by passion than judgment, refused to grant, and charging them himself first, had his horse (not Bucephalus, but another) killed under him. And this obstinacy of his to cut off these experienced desperate men cost him the lives of more of his own soldiers than all the battle before, besides those who were wounded. The Persians lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse. On Alexander's side, Aristobulus says there were not wanting above four-and-thirty, of whom nine were foot-soldiers; and in memory of them he caused so many statues of brass, of Lysippus's making, to be erected. And that the Grecians might participate in the honour of his victory he sent a portion of the spoils home to them, particularly to the Athenians three hundred bucklers, and upon all the rest he ordered this inscription to be set: "Alexander the son of Philip, and the Grecians, except the Lacedæmonians, won these from the barbarians who inhabit Asia." All the plate and purple garments, and other things of the same kind that he took from the

Persians, except a very small quanity which he reserved for himself, he sent as a present to his mother.

This battle presently made a great change of affairs to Alexander's advantage. For Sardis itself, the chief seat of the barbarian's power in the maritime provinces, and many other considerable places, were surrendered to him; only Halicarnassus and Miletus stood out, which he took by force, together with the territory about them. After which he was a little unsettled in his opinion how to proceed. Sometimes he thought it best to find out Darius as soon as he could, and put all to the hazard of a battle; another while he looked upon it as a more prudent course to make an entire reduction of the sea-coast, and not to seek the enemy till he had first exercised his power here and made himself secure of the resources of these provinces. While he was thus deliberating what to do, it happened that a spring of water near the city of Xanthus in Lycia, of its own accord, swelled over its banks, and threw up a copper plate, upon the margin of which was engraven in ancient characters, that the time would come when the Persian empire should be destroyed by the Grecians. Encouraged by this accident, he proceeded to reduce the maritime parts of Cilicia and Phœnicia, and passed his army along the sea-coasts of Pamphylia with such expedition that many historians have described and extolled it with that height of admiration, as if it were no less than a miracle, and an extraordinary effect of divine favour, that the waves which usually come rolling in violently from the main, and hardly ever leave so much as a narrow beach under the steep, broken cliffs at any time uncovered, should on a sudden retire to afford him passage. Menander, in one of his comedies, alludes to this marvel when he says —

> *"Was Alexander ever favoured more?*
> *Each man I wish for meets me at my door,*
> *And should I ask for passage through the sea,*
> *The sea I doubt not would retire for me."*

But Alexander himself in his epistles mentions nothing unusual in this at all, but says he went from Phaselis, and passed through what they call the Ladders. At Phaselis he stayed some time, and finding the statue of Theodectes, who was a native of this town and was now dead, erected in the market-place, after he had supped, having drunk pretty plentifully, he went and danced about it, and crowned it with garlands, honouring not ungracefully, in his sport, the memory of a philosopher whose conversation he had formerly enjoyed when he was Aristotle's scholar.

Then he subdued the Pisidians who made head against him, and conquered the Phrygians, at whose chief city, Gordium, which is said to be the seat of the ancient Midas, he saw the famous chariot fastened with cords made of the rind of the cornel-tree, which whosoever should untie, the inhabitants had a tradition, that for him was reserved the empire of

the world. Most authors tell the story that Alexander finding himself unable to untie the knot, the ends of which were secretly twisted round and folded up within it, cut it asunder with his sword. But Aristobulus tells us it was easy for him to undo it, by only pulling the pin out of the pole, to which the yoke was tied, and afterwards drawing off the yoke itself from below. From hence he advanced into Paphlagonia and Cappadocia, both which countries he soon reduced to obedience, and then hearing of the death of Memnon, the best commander Darius had upon the sea-coasts, who, if he had lived, might, it was supposed, have put many impediments and difficulties in the way of the progress of his arms, he was the rather encouraged to carry the war into the upper provinces of Asia.

Darius was by this time upon his march from Susa, very confident, not only in the number of his men, which amounted to six hundred thousand, but likewise in a dream, which the Persian soothsayers interpreted rather in flattery to him than according to the natural probability. He dreamed that he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and Alexander waiting on him, clad in the same dress which he himself had been used to wear when he was courier to the late king; after which, going into the temple of Belus, he vanished out of his sight. The dream would appear to have supernaturally signified to him the illustrious actions the Macedonians were to perform, and that as he, from a courier's place, had risen to the throne, so Alexander should come to be master of Asia, and not long surviving his conquests, conclude his life with glory. Darius's confidence increased the more, because Alexander spent so much time in Cilicia, which he imputed to his cowardice. But it was sickness that detained him there, which some say he contracted from his fatigues, others from bathing in the river Cydnus, whose waters were exceedingly cold. However it happened, none of his physicians would venture to give him any remedies, they thought his case so desperate, and were so afraid of the suspicions and ill-will of the Macedonians if they should fail in the cure; till Philip, the Acarnanian, seeing how critical his case was, but relying on his own well-known friendship for him, resolved to try the last efforts of his art, and rather hazard his own credit and life than suffer him to perish for want of physic, which he confidently administered to him, encouraging him to take it boldly, if he desired a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war. At this very time, Parmenio wrote to Alexander from the camp, bidding him have a care of Philip, as one who was bribed by Darius to kill him, with great sums of money, and a promise of his daughter in marriage. When he had perused the letter, he put it under his pillow, without showing it so much as to any of his most intimate friends, and when Philip came in with the potion, he took it with great cheerfulness and assurance, giving him meantime the letter to read. This was a spectacle well worth being present at, to see Alexander take the draught and Philip read the letter at the same time, and then turn and look upon one another,

but with different sentiments; for Alexander's looks were cheerful and open, to show his kindness to and confidence in his physician, while the other was full of surprise and alarm at the accusation, appealing to the gods to witness his innocence, sometimes lifting up his hands to heaven, and then throwing himself down by the bedside, and beseeching Alexander to lay aside all fear, and follow his directions without apprehension. For the medicine at first worked so strongly as to drive, so to say, the vital forces into the interior; he lost his speech, and falling into a swoon, had scarce any sense or pulse left. However, in no long time, by Philip's means, his health and strength returned, and he showed himself in public to the Macedonians, who were in continual fear and dejection until they saw him abroad again.

There was at this time in Darius's army a Macedonian refugee, named Amyntas, one who was pretty well acquainted with Alexander's character. This man, when he saw Darius intended to fall upon the enemy in the passes and defiles, advised him earnestly to keep where he was, in the open and extensive plains, it being the advantage of a numerous army to have field-room enough when it engages with a lesser force. Darius, instead of taking his counsel, told him he was afraid the enemy would endeavour to run away, and so Alexander would escape out of his hands. "That fear," replied Amyntas, "is needless, for assure yourself that far from avoiding you, he will make all the speed he can to meet you, and is now most likely on his march toward you." But Amyntas's counsel was to no purpose, for Darius immediately decamping, marched into Cilicia at the same time that Alexander advanced into Syria to meet him; and missing one another in the night, they both turned back again. Alexander, greatly pleased with the event, made all the haste he could to fight in the defiles, and Darius to recover his former ground, and draw his army out of so disadvantageous a place. For now he began to perceive his error in engaging himself too far in a country in which the sea, the mountains, and the river Pinarus running through the midst of it, would necessitate him to divide his forces, render his horse almost unserviceable, and only cover and support the weakness of the enemy. Fortune was not kinder to Alexander in the choice of the ground, than he was careful to improve it to his advantage. For being much inferior in numbers, so far from allowing himself to be outflanked, he stretched his right wing much further out than the left wing of his enemies, and fighting there himself in the very foremost ranks, put the barbarians to flight. In this battle he was wounded in the thigh, Chares says, by Darius, with whom he fought hand to hand. But in the account which he gave Antipater of the battle, though indeed he owns he was wounded in the thigh with a sword, though not dangerously, yet he takes no notice who it was that wounded him.

Nothing was wanting to complete this victory, in which he overthrew above an hundred and ten thousand of his enemies, but the taking the

person of Darius, who escaped very narrowly by flight. However, having taken his chariot and his bow, he returned from pursuing him, and found his own men busy in pillaging the barbarians' camp, which (though to disburden themselves they had left most of their baggage at Damascus) was exceedingly rich. But Darius's tent, which was full of splendid furniture and quantities of gold and silver, they reserved for Alexander himself, who, after he had put off his arms, went to bathe himself, saying, "Let us now cleanse ourselves from the toils of war in the bath of Darius." "Not so," replied one of his followers, "but in Alexander's rather; for the property of the conquered is and should be called the conqueror's." Here, when he beheld the bathing vessels, the water-pots, the pans, and the ointment boxes, all of gold curiously wrought, and smelt the fragrant odours with which the whole place was exquisitely perfumed, and from thence passed into a pavilion of great size and height, where the couches and tables and preparations for an entertainment were perfectly magnificent, he turned to those about him and said, "This, it seems, is royalty."

But as he was going to supper, word was brought him that Darius's mother and wife and two unmarried daughters, being taken among the rest of the prisoners, upon the sight of his chariot and bow, were all in mourning and sorrow, imagining him to be dead. After a little pause, more lively affected with their affliction than with his own success, he sent Leonnatus to them, to let them know Darius was not dead, and that they need not fear any harm from Alexander, who made war upon him only for dominion; they should themselves be provided with everything they had been used to receive from Darius. This kind message could not but be very welcome to the captive ladies, especially being made good by actions no less humane and generous. For he gave them leave to bury whom they pleased of the Persians, and to make use for this purpose of what garments and furniture they thought fit out of the booty. He diminished nothing of their equipage, or of the attentions and respect formerly paid them, and allowed larger pensions for their maintenance than they had before. But the noblest and most royal part of their usage was, that he treated these illustrious prisoners according to their virtue and character, not suffering them to hear, or receive, or so much as to apprehend anything that was unbecoming. So that they seemed rather lodged in some temple, or some holy virgin chambers, where they enjoyed their privacy sacred and uninterrupted, than in the camp of an enemy. Nevertheless Darius's wife was accounted the most beautiful princess then living, as her husband the tallest and handsomest man of his time, and the daughters were not unworthy of their parents. But Alexander, esteeming it more kingly to govern himself than to conquer his enemies, sought no intimacy with any one of them, nor indeed with any other woman before marriage, except Barsine, Memnon's widow, who was taken prisoner at Damascus. She had been instructed in the Grecian learning, was of a gentle temper, and by

her father, Artabazus, royally descended, with good qualities, added to the solicitations and encouragement of Parmenio, as Aristobulus tells us, made him the more willing to attach himself to so agreeable and illustrious a woman. Of the rest of the female captives, though remarkably handsome and well proportioned, he took no further notice than to say jestingly that Persian women were terrible eyesores. And he himself, retaliating, as it were, by the display of the beauty of his own temperance and self-control, bade them be removed, as he would have done so many lifeless images. When Philoxenus, his lieutenant on the sea-coast, wrote to him to know if he would buy two young boys of great beauty, whom one Theodorus, a Tarentine, had to sell, he was so offended that he often expostulated with his friends what baseness Philoxenus had ever observed in him that he should presume to make him such a reproachful offer. And he immediately wrote him a very sharp letter, telling him Theodorus and his merchandise might go with his good-will to destruction. Nor was he less severe to Hagnon, who sent him word he would buy a Corinthian youth named Crobylus, as a present for him. And hearing that Damon and Timotheus, two of Parmenio's Macedonian soldiers, had abused the wives of some strangers who were in his pay, he wrote to Parmenio, charging him strictly, if he found them guilty, to put them to death, as wild beasts that were only made for the mischief of mankind. In the same letter he added, that he had not so much as seen or desired to see the wife of Darius, no, nor suffered anybody to speak of her beauty before him. He was wont to say that sleep and the act of generation chiefly made him sensible that he was mortal; as much as to say, that weariness and pleasure proceed both from the same frailty and imbecility of human nature.

In his diet, also, he was most temperate, as appears, omitting many other circumstances, by what he said to Ada, whom he adopted, with the title of mother, and afterwards created Queen of Caria. For when she, out of kindness, sent him every day many curious dishes and sweetmeats, and would have furnished him with some cooks and pastry-men, who were thought to have great skill, he told her he wanted none of them, his preceptor, Leonidas, having already given him the best, which were a night march to prepare for breakfast, and a moderate breakfast to create an appetite for supper. Leonidas also, he added, used to open and search the furniture of his chamber and his wardrobe, to see if his mother had left him anything that was delicate or superfluous. He was much less addicted to wine than was generally believed; that which gave people occasion to think so of him was, that when he had nothing else to do, he loved to sit long and talk, rather than drink, and over every cup hold a long conversation. For when his affairs called upon him, he would not be detained, as other generals often were, either by wine, or sleep, nuptial solemnities, spectacles, or any other diversion whatsoever; a convincing argument of which is, that in the short time he lived, he accomplished so many and so

great actions. When he was free from employment, after he was up, and had sacrificed to the gods, he used to sit down to breakfast, and then spend the rest of the day in hunting, or writing memoirs, giving decisions on some military questions, or reading. In marches that required no great haste, he would practise shooting as he went along, or to mount a chariot and alight from it in full speed. Sometimes, for sport's sake, as his journals tell us, he would hunt foxes and go fowling. When he came in for the evening, after he had bathed and was anointed, he would call for his bakers and chief cooks, to know if they had his dinner ready. He never cared to dine till it was pretty late and beginning to be dark, and was wonderfully circumspect at meals that every one who sat with him should be served alike and with proper attention; and his love of talking, as was said before, made him delight to sit long at his wine. And then, though otherwise no prince's conversation was ever so agreeable, he would fall into a temper of ostentation and soldierly boasting, which gave his flatterers a great advantage to ride him, and made his better friends very uneasy. For though they thought it too base to strive who should flatter him most, yet they found it hazardous not to do it; so that between the shame and the danger, they were in a great strait how to behave themselves. After such an entertainment, he was wont to bathe, and then perhaps he would sleep till noon, and sometimes all day long. He was so very temperate in his eating, that when any rare fish or fruits were sent him, he would distribute them among his friends, and often reserve nothing for himself. His table, however, was always magnificent, the expense of it still increasing with his good fortune, till it amounted to ten thousand drachmas a day, to which sum he limited it, and beyond this he would suffer none to lay out in any entertainment where he himself was the guest.

After the battle of Issus, he sent to Damascus to seize upon the money and baggage, the wives and children, of the Persians, of which spoil the Thessalian horsemen had the greatest share; for he had taken particular notice of their gallantry in the fight, and sent them thither on purpose to make their reward suitable to their courage. Not but that the rest of the army had so considerable a part of the booty as was sufficient to enrich them all. This first gave the Macedonians such a taste of the Persian wealth and women and barbaric splendour of living, that they were ready to pursue and follow upon it with all the eagerness of hounds upon a scent. But Alexander, before he proceeded any further, thought it necessary to assure himself of the sea-coast. Those who governed in Cyprus put that island into his possession, and Phœnicia, Tyre only excepted, was surrendered to him. During the siege of this city, which, with mounds of earth cast up, and battering engines, and two hundred galleys by sea, was carried on for seven months together, he dreamt that he saw Hercules upon the walls, reaching out his hands, and calling to him. And many of the Tyrians in their sleep fancied that Apollo told them he was displeased with

their actions, and was about to leave them and go over to Alexander. Upon which, as if the god had been a deserting soldier, they seized him, so to say, in the act, tied down the statue with ropes, and nailed it to the pedestal, reproaching him that he was a favourer of Alexander. Another time Alexander dreamed he saw a satyr mocking him at a distance, and when he endeavoured to catch him, he still escaped from him, till at last with much perseverance, and running about after him, he got him into his power. The soothsayers, making two words of *Satyrus*, assured him that Tyre should be his own. The inhabitants at this time show a spring of water, near which they say Alexander slept when he fancied the satyr appeared to him.

While the body of the army lay before Tyre, he made an excursion against the Arabians who inhabit the Mount Antilibanus, in which he hazarded his life extremely to bring off his master Lysimachus, who would needs go along with him, declaring he was neither older nor inferior in courage to Phœnix, Achilles's guardian. For when, quitting their horses, they began to march up the hills on foot, the rest of the soldiers outwent them a great deal, so that night drawing on, and the enemy near, Alexander was fain to stay behind so long, to encourage and help up the lagging and tired old man, that before he was aware he was left behind, a great way from his soldiers, with a slender attendance, and forced to pass an extremely cold night in the dark, and in a very inconvenient place; till seeing a great many scattered fires of the enemy at some distance, and trusting to his agility of body, and as he was always wont by undergoing toils and labours himself to cheer and support the Macedonians in any distress, he ran straight to one of the nearest fires, and with his dagger despatching two of the barbarians that sat by it, snatched up a lighted brand, and returned with it to his own men. They immediately made a great fire, which so alarmed the enemy that most of them fled, and those that assaulted them were soon routed, and thus they rested securely the remainder of the night. Thus Chares writes.

But to return to the siege, it had this issue. Alexander, that he might refresh his army, harassed with many former encounters, had led only a small party towards the walls, rather to keep the enemy busy than with any prospect of much advantage. It happened at this time that Aristander, the soothsayer, after he had sacrificed, upon view of the entrails, affirmed confidently to those who stood by that the city should be certainly taken that very month, upon which there was a laugh and some mockery among the soldiers, as this was the last day of it. The king, seeing him in perplexity, and always anxious to support the credit of the predictions, gave order that they should not count it as the thirtieth, but as the twenty-third of the month, and ordering the trumpets to sound, attacked the walls more seriously than he at first intended. The sharpness of the assault so inflamed the rest of his forces who were left in the camp,

that they could not hold from advancing to second it, which they performed with so much vigour that the Tyrians retired, and the town was carried that very day. The next place he sat down before was Gaza, one of the largest cities of Syria, when this accident befell him. A large bird flying over him let a clod of earth fall upon his shoulder, and then settling upon one of the battering engines, was suddenly entangled and caught in the nets, composed of sinews, which protected the ropes with which the machine was managed. This fell out exactly according to Aristander's prediction, which was, that Alexander should be wounded and the city reduced.

From hence he sent great part of the spoils to Olympias, Cleopatra, and the rest of his friends, not omitting his preceptor, Leonidas, on whom he bestowed five hundred talents' weight of frankincense and an hundred of myrrh, in remembrance of the hopes he had once expressed of him when he was but a child. For Leonidas, it seems, standing by him one day while he was sacrificing, and seeing him take both his hands full of incense to throw into the fire, told him it became him to be more sparing in his offerings, and not to be so profuse till he was master of the countries which those sweet gums and spices come from. So Alexander now wrote to him, saying, "We have sent you abundance of myrrh and frankincense, that for the future you may not be stingy to the gods." Among the treasures and other booty that was taken from Darius, there was a very precious casket, which being brought to Alexander for a great rarity, he asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it; and when they had delivered their various opinions, he told them he should keep Homer's Iliad in it. This is attested by many credible authors, and if what those of Alexandria tell us, relying upon the authority of Heraclides, be true, Homer was neither an idle nor an unprofitable companion to him in his expedition. For when he was master of Egypt, designing to settle a colony of Grecians there, he resolved to build a large and populous city, and give it his own name. In order to which, after he had measured and staked out the ground with the advice of the best architects, he chanced one night in his sleep to see a wonderful vision; a grey-headed old man, of a venerable aspect, appeared to stand by him, and pronounce these verses: —

> *"An Island lies, where loud the billows roar,*
> *Pharos they call it, on the Egyptian shore."*

Alexander upon this immediately rose up and went to Pharos, which, at that time, was an island lying a little above the Canobic mouth of the river Nile, though it has now been joined to the mainland by a mole. As soon as he saw the commodious situation of the place, it being a long neck of land, stretching like an isthmus between large lagoons and shallow waters one side and the sea on the other, the latter at the end of it making a spacious harbor, he said, Homer, besides his other excellences, was

a very good architect, and ordered the plan of a city to be drawn out answerable to the place. To do which, for want of chalk, the soil being black, they laid out their lines with flour, taking in a pretty large compass of ground in a semi-circular figure, and drawing into the inside of the circumference equal straight lines from each end, thus giving it something of the form of a cloak or cape; while he was pleasing himself with his design, on a sudden an infinite number of great birds of several kinds, rising like a black cloud out of the river and the lake, devoured every morsel of the flour that had been used in setting out the lines; at which omen even Alexander himself was troubled, till the augurs restored his confidence again by telling him it was a sign the city he was about to build would not only abound in all things within itself, but also be the nurse and feeder of many nations. He commanded the workmen to proceed, while he went to visit the temple of Ammon.

This was a long and painful, and, in two respects, a dangerous journey; first, if they should lose their provision of water, as for several days none could be obtained; and, secondly, if a violent south wind should rise upon them, while they were travelling through the wide extent of deep sands, as it is said to have done when Cambyses led his army that way, blowing the sand together in heaps, and raising, as it were, the whole desert like a sea upon them, till fifty thousand were swallowed up and destroyed by it. All these difficulties were weighed and represented to him; but Alexander was not easily to be diverted from anything he was bent upon. For fortune having hitherto seconded him in his designs, made him resolute and firm in his opinions, and the boldness of his temper raised a sort of passion in him for surmounting difficulties; as if it were not enough to be always victorious in the field, unless places and seasons and nature herself submitted to him. In this journey, the relief and assistance the gods afforded him in his distresses were more remarkable, and obtained greater belief than the oracles he received afterwards, which, however, were valued and credited the more on account of those occurrences. For first, plentiful rains that fell preserved them from any fear of perishing by drought, and, allaying the extreme dryness of the sand, which now became moist and firm to travel on, cleared and purified the air. Besides this, when they were out of their way, and were wandering up and down, because the marks which were wont to direct the guides were disordered and lost, they were set right again by some ravens, which flew before them when on their march, and waited for them when they lingered and fell behind; and the greatest miracle, as Callisthenes tells us, was that if any of the company went astray in the night, they never ceased croaking and making a noise till by that means they had brought them into the right way again. Having passed through the wilderness, they came to the place where the high priest, at the first salutation, bade Alexander welcome from his father Ammon. And being asked by him whether any of his father's murderers

had escaped punishment, he charged him to speak with more respect, since his was not a mortal father. Then Alexander, changing his expression, desired to know of him if any of those who murdered Philip were yet unpunished, and further concerning dominion, whether the empire of the world was reserved for him? This, the god answered, he should obtain, and that Philip's death was fully revenged, which gave him so much satisfaction that he made splendid offerings to Jupiter, and gave the priests very rich presents. This is what most authors write concerning the oracles. But Alexander, in a letter to his mother, tells her there were some secret answers, which at his return he would communicate to her only. Others say that the priest, desirous as a piece of courtesy to address him in Greek, "O Paidion," by a slip in pronunciation ended with the *s* instead of the *n*, and said "O Paidios," which mistake Alexander was well enough pleased with, and it went for current that the oracle had called him so.

Among the sayings of one Psammon, a philosopher, whom he heard in Egypt, he most approved of this, that all men are governed by God, because in everything, that which is chief and commands is divine. But what he pronounced himself upon this subject was even more like a philosopher, for he said, God was the common father of us all, but more particularly of the best of us. To the barbarians he carried himself very haughtily, as if he were fully persuaded of his divine birth and parentage; but to the Grecians more moderately, and with less affectation of divinity, except it were once in writing to the Athenians about Samos, when he tells them that he should not himself have bestowed upon them that free and glorious city; "You received it," he says, "from the bounty of him who at that time was called my lord and father," meaning Philip. However, afterwards being wounded with an arrow, and feeling much pain, he turned to those about him, and told them, "This, my friends, is real flowing blood, not Ichor —

"*Such as immortal gods are wont to shed.*"

And another time, when it thundered so much that everybody was afraid, and Anaxarchus, the sophist, asked him if he who was Jupiter's son could do anything like this, "Nay," said Alexander, laughing, "I have no desire to be formidable to my friends, as you would have me, who despised my table for being furnished with fish, and not with the heads of governors of provinces." For in fact it is related as true, that Anaxarchus, seeing a present of small fishes, which the king sent to Hephæstion, had used this expression, in a sort of irony, and disparagement of those who undergo vast labours and encounter great hazards in pursuit of magnificent objects which after all bring them little more pleasure or enjoyment than what others have. From what I have said upon this subject, it is apparent that Alexander in himself was not foolishly affected, or had the vanity to think himself really a god, but merely used his claims to divinity as a means of maintaining among other people the sense of his superiority.

At his return out of Egypt into Phœnicia, he sacrificed and made solemn processions, to which were added shows of lyric dances and tragedies, remarkable not merely for the splendour of the equipage and decorations, but for the competition among those who exhibited them. For the kings of Cyprus were here the exhibitors, just in the same manner as at Athens those who are chosen by lot out of the tribes. And, indeed, they showed the greatest emulation to outvie each other; expecially Nicocreon, King of Salamis, and Pasicrates of Soli, who furnished the chorus, and defrayed the expenses of the two most celebrated actors, Athenodorus and Thessalus, the former performing for Pasicrates, and the latter for Nicocrean. Thessalus was most favoured by Alexander, though it did not appear till Athenodorus was declared victor by the plurality of votes. For then at his going away, he said the judges deserved to be commended for what they had done, but that he would willingly have lost part of his kingdom rather than to have seen Thessalus overcome. However, when he understood Athenodorus was fined by the Athenians for being absent at the festivals of Bacchus, though he refused his request that he would write a letter in his behalf, he gave him a sufficient sum to satisfy the penalty. Another time, when Lycon of Scarphia happened to act with great applause in the theatre, and in a verse which he introduced into the comic part which he was acting, begged for a present of ten talents, he laughed and gave him the money.

Darius wrote him a letter, and sent friends to intercede with him, requesting him to accept as a ransom of his captives the sum of a thousand talents, and offering him in exchange for his amity and alliance all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, together with one of his daughters in marriage. These propositions he communicated to his friends, and when Parmenio told him that, for his part, if he were Alexander, he should readily embrace them, "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." Accordingly, his answer to Darius was, that if he would come and yield himself up into his power he would treat him with all possible kindness; if not, he was resolved immediately to go himself and seek him. But the death of Darius's wife in childbirth made him soon after regret one part of this answer, and he showed evident marks of grief at being thus deprived of a further opportunity of exercising his clemency and good nature, which he manifested, however, as far as he could, by giving her a most sumptuous funeral.

Among the eunuchs who waited in the queen's chamber, and were taken prisoners with the women, there was one Tireus, who, getting out of the camp, fled away on horseback to Darius, to inform him of his wife's death. He, when he heard it, beating his head, and bursting into tears and lamentations, said, "Alas! how great is the calamity of the Persians! Was it not enough that their king's consort and sister was a prisoner in her lifetime, but she must, now she is dead, also be but meanly and

obscurely buried?" "O king," replied the eunuch, "as to her funeral rites, or any respect or honour that should have been shown in them, you have not the least reason to accuse the ill fortune of your country; for to my knowledge neither your queen Statira when alive, nor your mother, nor children, wanted anything of their former happy condition, unless it were the light of your countenance, which I doubt not but the lord Oromasdes will yet restore to its former glory. And after her decease, I assure you, she had not only all due funeral ornaments, but was honoured also with the tears of your very enemies; for Alexander is as gentle after victory as he is terrible in the field." At the hearing of these words, such was the grief and emotion of Darius's mind, that they carried him into extravagant suspicions; and taking Tireus aside into a more private part of his tent, "Unless thou likewise," said he to him, "hast deserted me, together with the good fortune of Persia, and art become a Macedonian in thy heart; if thou yet ownest me for thy master Darius, tell me, I charge thee, by the veneration thou payest the light of Mithras, and this right hand of thy king, do I not lament the least of Statira's misfortunes in her captivity and death? Have I not suffered something more injurious and deplorable in her lifetime? And had I not been miserable with less dishonour if I had met with a more severe and inhuman enemy? For how is it possible a young man as he is should treat the wife of his opponent with so much distinction, were it not from some motive that does me disgrace?" Whilst he was yet speaking, Tireus threw himself at his feet, and besought him neither to wrong Alexander so much, nor his dead wife and sister, as to give utterance to any such thoughts, which deprived him of the greatest consolation left him in his adversity, the belief that he was overcome by a man whose virtues raised him above human nature; that he ought to look upon Alexander with love and admiration, who had given no less proofs of his continence towards the Persian women, than of his valour among the men. The eunuch confirmed all he said with solemn and dreadful oaths, and was further enlarging upon Alexander's moderation and magnanimity on other occasions, when Darius, breaking away from him into the other division of the tent, where his friends and courtiers were, lifted up his hands to heaven and uttered this prayer, "Ye gods," said he, "of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he has shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period to the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt that must be paid to the divine jealousy and the vicissitude of things, then I beseech you grant that no other man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." Such is the narrative given by the greater number of the historians.

But to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march a very ridiculous passage happened. The servants who followed the camp for sport's sake divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists, and at last, heated with contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that they had much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and armed him who bore his name himself, while Philotas did the same to him who represented Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes.

But the great battle of all that was fought with Darius was not, as most writers tell us, at Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the camel's house, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It came to pass that in the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, there was an eclipse of the moon, the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torchlight took a general review of them. But Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent with his diviner, Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the meanwhile the oldest of his commanders, and chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sounds of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others, however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune

again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?" And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honour. When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breast-piece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the King of the Citieans, and was of an admirable temper and lightness. The belt which he also wore in all engagements was of much richer workmanship than the rest

of his armour. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect to him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalus, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander, and directed his flight towards the enemy; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrunk back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life-guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses. Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beat back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frightened charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together, and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and

envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed King of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. Eager to gain honour with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Platæans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honour the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis, with a vessel set forth at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind of virtue, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

From hence he marched through the province of Babylon, which immediately submitted to him, and in Ecbatana was much surprised at the sight of the place where fire issues in a continuous stream, like a spring of water, out of a cleft in the earth, and the stream of naphtha, which, not far from this spot, flows out so abundantly as to form a sort of lake. This naphtha, in other respects resembling bitumen, is so subject to take fire, that before it touches the flame it will kindle at the very light that surrounds it, and often inflame the intermediate air also. The barbarians, to show the power and nature of it, sprinkled the street that led to the king's lodgings with little drops of it, and when it was almost night, stood at the further end with torches, which being applied to the moistened places, the first at once taking fire, instantly, as quick as a man could think of it, it caught from one end to another, in such a manner that the whole street was one continued flame. Among those who used to wait on the king and find occasion to amuse him when he anointed and washed himself, there was one Athenophanes, an Athenian, who desired him to make an experiment of the naphtha upon Stephanus, who stood by in the bathing place, a youth with a ridiculously ugly face, whose talent was singing well, "For," said he, "if it take hold of him and is not put out, it must undeniably be allowed to be of the most invincible strength." The youth, as it happened, readily consented to undergo the trial, and as soon as he was anointed and rubbed with it, his whole body broke out into such a flame,

and was so seized by the fire, that Alexander was in the greatest perplexity and alarm for him, and not without reason; for nothing could have prevented his being consumed by it, if by good chance there had not been people at hand with a great many vessels of water for the service of the bath, with all which they had much ado to extinguish the fire; and his body was so burned all over that he was not cured of it for a good while after. Thus it is not without some plausibility that they endeavour to reconcile the fable to truth, who say this was the drug in the tragedies with which Medea anointed the crown and veil which she gave to Creon's daughter. For neither the things themselves, nor the fire, could kindle of its own accord, but being prepared for it by the naphtha, they imperceptibly attracted and caught a flame which happened to be brought near them. For the rays and emanations of fire at a distance have no other effect upon some bodies than bare light and heat, but in others, where they meet with airy dryness, and also sufficient rich moisture, they collect themselves and soon kindle and create a transformation. The manner, however, of the production of naphtha admits of a diversity of opinion . . . or whether this liquid substance that feeds the flame does not rather proceed from a soil that is unctuous and productive of fire, as that of the province of Babylon is, where the ground is so very hot that oftentimes the grains of barley leap up and are thrown out, as if the violent inflammation had made the earth throb; and in the extreme heats the inhabitants are wont to sleep upon skins filled with water. Harpalus, who was left governor of this country, and was desirous to adorn the palace gardens and walks with Grecian plants, succeeded in raising all but ivy, which the earth would not bear, but constantly killed. For being a plant that loves a cold soil, the temper of this hot and fiery earth was improper for it. But such digressions as these the impatient reader will be more willing to pardon if they are kept within a moderate compass.

At the taking of Susa, Alexander found in the palace forty thousand talents in money ready coined, besides an unspeakable quantity of other furniture and treasure; amongst which was five thousand talents' worth of Hermionian purple, that had been laid up there an hundred and ninety years, and yet kept its colour as fresh and lively as at first. The reason of which, they say, is that in dyeing the purple they made use of honey, and of white oil in the white tincture, both which after the like space of time preserve the clearness and brightness of their lustre. Dinon also relates that the Persian kings had water fetched from the Nile and the Danube, which they laid up in their treasuries as a sort of testimony of the greatness of their power and universal empire.

The entrance into Persia was through a most difficult country, and was guarded by the noblest of the Persians, Darius himself having escaped further. Alexander, however, chanced to find a guide in exact correspondence with what the Pythia had foretold when he was a child, that a lycus

should conduct him into Persia. For by such an one, whose father was a Lycian, and his mother a Persian, and who spoke both languages, he was now led into the country, by a way something about, yet without fetching any considerable compass. Here a great many of the prisoners were put to the sword, of which himself gives this account, that he commanded them to be killed in the belief that it would be for his advantage. Nor was the money found here less, he says, than at Susa, besides other movables and treasure, as much as ten thousand pair of mules and five thousand camels could well carry away. Amongst other things he happened to observe a large statue of Xerxes thrown carelessly down to the ground in the confusion made by the multitude of soldiers pressing into the palace. He stood still, and accosting it as if it had been alive, "Shall we," said he, "neglectfully pass thee by, now thou art prostrate on the ground because thou once invadedst Greece, or shall we erect thee again in consideration of the greatness of thy mind and thy other virtues?" But at last, after he had paused some time, and silently considered with himself, he went on without taking any further notice of it. In this place he took up his winter quarters, and stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne of Persia under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence designing to march against Darius, before he set out he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let every one's mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards King of Egypt. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. But, she added, it would please her much better if, while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the court of that Xerxes who reduced the city of Athens to ashes, that it might be recorded to posterity that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the sufferings and affronts of Greece, than all the famed commanders had been able to do by sea or land. What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from

his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand, led them the way, while they went after him in a riotous manner, dancing and making loud cries about the place; which when the rest of the Macedonians perceived, they also in great delight ran thither with torches; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give their account of this action, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave order to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, accompanying what he gave with that courtesy and freedom which, to speak truth, is necessary to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances of this kind. Ariston, the captain of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that in his country such a present was recompensed with a cup of gold. "With an empty one," said Alexander, smiling, "but I drink to you in this, which I give you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander seeing the man so overcharged asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself." He was always more displeased with those who would not accept of what he gave than with those who begged of him. And therefore he wrote to Phocian, that he would not own him for his friend any longer if he refused his presents. He had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one day, it coming to Serapion's turn to play, he still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not direct it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said he; which answer pleased him so that he was very liberal to him afterwards. One Proteas, a pleasant, jesting, drinking fellow, having incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears, which at last prevailed, and Alexander declared he was friends with him. "I cannot believe it," said Proteas, "unless you first give me some pledge of it." The king understood his meaning, and presently ordered five talents to be given him. How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honour those about him in a more moderate way. "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the meantime you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose, and he

never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but then as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips. Mazæus, who was the most considerable man in Darius's court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander bestowed another upon him that was better; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders. To Parmenio he gave Bagoas's house, in which he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater, commanding him to keep a life-guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of state or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she fell out with him on this account, he bore her ill-humour very patiently. Nay more, when he read a long letter from Antipater full of accusations against her, "Antipater," he said, "does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these."

But when he perceived his favourites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses that Hagnon, the Teian, wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus employed several camels only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere with them to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many single battles did not know by experience, that those who labour sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are laboured for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to undergo pain and labour. He argued with them further, how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armour bright and in good order, who thought it much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body. "Are you still to learn," said he, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?" And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger, insomuch that a Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king. Craterus caused a representation to be made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming

in to his assistance, all expressed in figures of brass, some of which were by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Alexander exposed his person to danger in this manner, with the object both of inuring himself and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions.

But his followers, who were grown rich, and consequently proud, longed to indulge themselves in pleasure and idleness, and were weary of marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to censure and speak ill of him. All which at first he bore very patiently, saying it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of. Meantime, on the smallest occasions that called for a show of kindness to his friends, there was every indication on his part of tenderness and respect. Hearing Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephæstion, who was absent about some business, word how, while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas's javelin. And upon Peucestes's recovery from a fit of sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias, the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of an anxious concern for him, and partly to give him a caution how he used that medicine. He was so tender of his friends' reputation that he imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus's flight and withdrawal from his service, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, though he ailed nothing, which being discovered, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free courtesan, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "in your amour if your mistress be to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is free-born."

It is surprising to consider upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote one in which he gave order to search for a youth that belonged to Seleucus, who was run away into Cilicia; and in another thanked and commended Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a servant of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, concerning a slave that had taken sanctuary in a temple, gave direction that he should not meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is reported

of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom.

He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius — for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs — harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled an helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water; they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it. "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart." The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, but they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king they said they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavoured to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot, wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless

thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgement, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus's hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius's body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends.

And now with the flower of his army he marched into Hyrcania, where he saw a large bay of an open sea, apparently not much less than the Euxine, with water, however, sweeter than that of other seas, but could learn nothing of certainty concerning it, further than that in all probability it seemed to him to be an arm issuing from the lake of Mæotis. However, the naturalists were better informed of the truth, and had given an account of it many years before Alexander's expedition; that of four gulfs which out of the main sea enter into the continent, this, known indifferently as the Caspian and as the Hyrcanian Sea, is the most northern. Here the barbarians, unexpectedly meeting with those who led Bucephalus, took them prisoners, and carried the horse away with them, at which Alexander was so much vexed that he sent an herald to let them know he would put them all to the sword, men, women, and children, without mercy, if they did not restore him. But on their doing so, and at the same time surrendering their cities into his hands, he not only treated them kindly, but also paid a ransom for his horse to those who took him.

From hence he marched into Parthia, where not having much to do, he first put on the barbaric dress, perhaps with the view of making the work of civilising them the easier, as nothing gains more upon men than a conformity to their fashions and customs. Or it may have been as a first trial, whether the Macedonians might be brought to *adore* him as the Persians did their kings, by accustoming them by little and little to bear with the alteration of his rule and course of life in other things. However, he followed not the Median fashion, which was altogether foreign and uncouth and adopted neither the trousers nor the sleeved vest, nor the tiara for the head, but taking a middle way between the Persian mode and the Macedonian, so contrived his habit that it was not so flaunting as the one, and yet more pompous and magnificent than the other. At first he wore this habit only when he conversed with the barbarians, or within doors, among his intimate friends and companions, but afterwards he appeared in it abroad, when he rode out, and at public audiences, a sight which the Macedonians beheld with grief; but they so respected his other virtues

and good qualities that they felt it reasonable in some things to gratify his fancies and his passion of glory, in pursuit of which he hazarded himself so far, that, besides his other adventures, he had but lately been wounded in the leg by an arrow, which had so shattered the shank-bone that splinters were taken out. And on another occasion he received a violent blow with a stone upon the nape of the neck, which dimmed his sight for a good while afterwards. And yet all this could not hinder him from exposing himself freely to any dangers, insomuch that he passed the river Orexartes, which he took to be the Tanais, and putting the Scythians to flight, followed them above a hundred furlongs, though suffering all the time from a diarrhœa.

Here many affirm that the Amazon came to give him a visit. So Clitarchus, Polyclitus, Onesicritus, Antigenes, and Ister tell us. But Aristobulus and Chares, who held the office of reporter of requests, Ptolemy and Anticlides, Philon the Theban, Philip of Theangela, Hecatæus the Eretrian, Philip the Chalcidian, and Duris the Samian, say it is wholly a fiction. And truly Alexander himself seems to confirm the latter statement, for in a letter in which he gives Antipater an account of all that happened, he tells him that the King of Scythia offered him his daughter in marriage, but makes no mention at all of the Amazon. And many years after, when Onesicritus read this story in his fourth book to Lysimachus, who then reigned, the king laughed quietly and asked, "Where could I have been at that time?"

But it signifies little to Alexander whether this be credited or no. Certain it is, that apprehending the Macedonians would be weary of pursuing the war, he left the greater part of them in their quarters; and having with him in Hyrcania the choice of his men only, amounting to twenty thousand foot and three thousand horse, he spoke to them to this effect: That hitherto the barbarians had seen them no otherwise than as it were in a dream, and if they should think of returning when they had only alarmed Asia, and not conquered it, their enemies would set upon them as upon so many women. However he told them he would keep none of them with him against their will, they might go if they pleased; he should merely enter his protest, that when on his way to make the Macedonians the masters of the world, he was left alone with a few friends and volunteers. This is almost word for word, as he wrote in a letter to Antipater, where he adds, that when he had thus spoken to them, they all cried out, they would go along with him whithersoever it was his pleasure to lead them. After succeeding with these, it was no hard matter for him to bring over the multitude, which easily followed the example of their betters. Now, also, he more and more accommodated himself in his way of living to that of the natives, and tried to bring them also as near as he could to the Macedonian customs, wisely considering that whilst he was engaged in an expedition which would carry him far from thence, it would

be wiser to depend upon the good-will which might arise from intermixture and association as a means of maintaining tranquillity, than upon force and compulsion. In order to this, he chose out thirty thousand boys, whom he put under masters to teach them the Greek tongue, and to train them up to arms in the Macedonian discipline. As for his marriage with Roxana, whose youthfulness and beauty had charmed him at a drinking entertainment, where he first happened to see her taking part in a dance, it was, indeed, a love affair, yet it seemed at the same time to be conducive to the object he had in hand. For it gratified the conquered people to see him choose a wife from among themselves, and it made them feel the most lively affection for him, to find that in the only passion which he, the most temperate of men, was overcome by, he yet forebore till he could obtain her in a lawful and honourable way.

Noticing also that among his chief friends and favourites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the observation of the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the Persians, and the latter when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus; Hephæstion, as he used to say, being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend. And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarrelled openly, so much so that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him fool and madman, not to be sensible that without his favour he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus also in private, severely, and then causing them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death, or at least the aggressor. After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also next to Alexander himself the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate, then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man; and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so

much envy and ill-will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. Particularly when Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and an immense booty was taken at Damascus, among the rest of the prisoners who were brought into the camp, there was one Antigone of Pydna, a very handsome woman, who fell to Philotas's share. The young man one day in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, declared to his mistress, that all the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, the boy Alexander reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but discovered what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to the ears of Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king. When Alexander had heard what she had to say, he commanded her to continue her intrigue with Philotas, and give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him to this purpose. He, thus unwittingly caught in a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the king in Antigone's hearing, of which, though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their authority and interest in the army. But about this time, one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth whom he was fond of, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great moment to impart which very nearly concerned him. But he, for what reason is uncertain, went not with them, professing that the king was engaged with affairs of more importance. And when they had urged him a second time, and were still slighted by him, they applied themselves to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus's conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas's negligence appear who had twice disregarded their application to him. Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas began to appear, presently all his old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, the king was too easily imposed on, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring; that those

ought to be more strictly examined about the matter whose interest it was so much to conceal it. When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas, till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry to understand what passed. Where, when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner: "Are you so mean-spirited and effeminate, Philotas, and yet can engage in so desperate a design?" After his death, he presently sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done brave service under Philip, and was the only man of his older friends and counsellors who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two, and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their father's quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened, the deplorable end of Clitus, which, to those who barely hear the matter, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we consider the story with its circumstance of time, and weigh the cause, we shall find it to have occurred rather through a sort of mischance of the king's, whose anger and over-drinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the sea-coast, which was so fresh and beautiful, that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink-offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus's safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus all in mourning, sitting by Parmenio's sons who were dead. Clitus, however, stayed not to finish his devotions, but came straight to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company fell a-singing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say of Pierion, which were made upon those captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians, on purpose to disgrace and turn them to ridicule. This gave offence to the older men who

were there, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a froward and wilful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer, saying it was not well done to expose the Macedonians before the barbarians and their enemies, since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander remarked, that Clitus was pleading his own cause, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, Clitus started up: "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates's sword; it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon." "Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?" "We are sufficiently punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils, and we must esteem theirs a happy lot who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods and forced to sue to the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander, in the meantime turning about to Xenodochus, the Pardian, and Artemius, the Colophonian, asked them if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts. But Clitus for all this would not give over, desiring Alexander to speak out if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint to sup with him. He had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic. Which words so provoked Alexander that, not able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life-guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain; for, breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in him, and commanded a trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion. Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently

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and confidently singing the verses out of Euripides's Andromache, —

"In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!"

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber, where all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs. His friends apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes, the philosopher, who was the near friend of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the censure and reproach of men, to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and the like speeches, Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering him more audacious and lawless than he had been. Nor did he fail by these means to insinuate himself into his favour, and to make Callisthenes's company, which at all times, because of his austerity, was not very acceptable, more uneasy and disagreeable to him.

It happened that these two philosophers met at an entertainment where conversation turned on the subject of climate and the temperature of the air, Callisthenes joined with their opinion, who held that those countries were colder, and the winter sharper there than in Greece. Anaxarchus would by no means allow this, but argued against it with some heat. "Surely," said Callisthenes, "you cannot but admit this country to be colder than Greece, for there you used to have but one threadbare cloak to keep out the coldest winter, and here you have three good warm man-

tles one over another." This piece of raillery irritated Anaxarchus and the other pretenders to learning, and the crowd of flatterers in general could not endure to see Callisthenes so much admired and followed by the youth, and no less esteemed by the older men for his orderly life and his gravity, and for being contented with his condition; and confirming what he had professed about the object he had in his journey to Alexander, that it was only to get his countrymen recalled from banishment, and to rebuild and repeople his native town. Besides the envy which his great reputation raised, he also, by his own deportment, gave those who wished him ill opportunity to do him mischief. For when he was invited to public entertainments, he would most times refuse to come, of if he were present at any, he put a constraint upon the company by his austerity and silence, which seemed to intimate his disapproval of what he saw. So that Alexander himself said in application to him, —

"That vain pretence to wisdom I detest,
Where a man's blind to his own interest."

Being with many more invited to sup with the king, he was called upon when the cup came to him, to make an oration extempore in praise of the Macedonians; and he did it with such a flow of eloquence, that all who heard it rose from their seats to clap and applaud him, and threw their garland upon him; only Alexander told him out of Euripides, —

"I wonder not that you have spoke so well,
'Tis easy on good subjects to excel."

"Therefore," said he, "if you will show the force of your eloquence, tell my Macedonians their faults, and dispraise them, that by hearing their errors they may learn to be better for the future." Callisthenes presently obeyed him, retracting all he had said before, and, inveighing against the Macedonians with great freedom, added, that Philip thrived and grew powerful, chiefly by the discord of the Grecians, applying this verse to him, —

"In civil strife e'en villains rise to fame;"

which so offended the Macedonians, that he was odious to them ever after. And Alexander said, that instead of his eloquence, he had only made his ill-will appear in what he had spoken. Hermippus assures us that one Strœbus, a servant whom Callisthenes kept to read to him, gave this account of these passages afterwards to Aristotle; and that when he perceived the king grow more and more averse to him, two or three times, as he was going away, he repeated the verses, —

"Death seiz'd at last on great Patroclus too,
Though he in virtue far exceeded you."

Not without reason, therefore, did Aristotle give this character of Callisthenes, that he was, indeed, a powerful speaker, but had no judgment. He acted certainly a true philosopher's part in positively refusing, as he did, to pay adoration; and by speaking out openly against that which the best and gravest of the Macedonians only repined at in secret, he delivered the Grecians and Alexander himself from a great disgrace, when the practice was given up. But he ruined himself by it, because he went too roughly to work, as if he would have forced the king to that which he should have effected by reason and persuasion. Chares of Mitylene writes, that at a banquet Alexander, after he had drunk, reached the cup to one of his friends, who, on receiving it, rose up towards the domestic altar, and when he had drunk, first adored and then kissed Alexander, and afterwards laid himself down at the table with the rest. Which they all did one after another, till it came to Callisthenes's turn, who took the cup and drank, while the king, who was engaged in conversation with Hephæstion, was not observing, and then came and offered to kiss him. But Demetrius, surnamed Phidon, interposed, saying, "Sir, by no means let him kiss you, for he only of us all has refused to adore you;" upon which the king declined it, and all the concern Callisthenes showed was, that he said aloud, "Then I go away with a kiss less than the rest." The displeasure he incurred by this action procured credit for Hephæstion's declaration that he had broken his word to him in not paying the king the same veneration that others did, as he had faithfully promised to do. And at finish his disgrace, a number of such men as Lysimachus and Hagnon now came in with their asseverations that the sophist went about everywhere boasting of his resistance to arbitrary power, and that the young men all ran after him, and honoured him as the only man among so many thousands who had the courage to preserve his liberty. Therefore when Hermolaus's conspiracy came to be discovered, the charges which his enemies brought against him were the more easily believed, particularly that when the young man asked him what he should do to be the most illustrious person on earth, he told him the readiest way was to kill him who was already so, and that to incite him to commit the deed, he bade him not be awed by the golden couch, but remember Alexander was a man equally infirm and vulnerable as another. However, none of Hermolaus's accomplices, in the utmost extremity, made any mention of Callisthenes's being engaged in the design. Nay, Alexander himself, in the letters which he wrote soon after to Craterus, Attalus, and Alcetas, tells them that the young men who were put to the torture declared they had entered into the conspiracy of themselves, without any others being privy to or guilty of it. But yet afterwards, in a letter to Antipater, he accuses Callisthenes. "The young men," he says, "were stoned to death by the Macedonians, but for the sophist" (meaning Callisthenes), "I will take care to punish him with them too who sent him to me, and who harbour

those in their cities who conspire against my life," an unequivocal declaration against Aristotle, in whose house Callisthenes, for his relationship's sake, being his niece Hero's son, had been educated. His death is variously related. Some say he was hanged by Alexander's orders; others, that he died of sickness in prison; but Chares writes he was kept in chains seven months after he was apprehended, on purpose that he might be proceeded against in full council, when Aristotle should be present; and that growing very fat, and contracting a disease of vermin, he there died, about the time that Alexander was wounded in India, in the country of the Malli Oxydracæ, all which came to pass afterwards.

For to go on in order, Demaratus of Corinth, now quite an old man, had made a great effort, about this time, to pay Alexander a visit; and when he had seen him, said he pitied the misfortune of those Grecians, who were so unhappy as to die before they had beheld Alexander seated on the throne of Darius. But he did not long enjoy the benefit of the king's kindness for him, any otherwise than that soon after falling sick and dying, he had a magnificent funeral, and the army raised him a monument of earth fourscore cubits high, and of a vast circumference. His ashes were conveyed in a very rich chariot, drawn by four horses, to the seaside.

Alexander, now intent upon his expedition into India, took notice that his soldiers were so charged with booty that it hindered their marching. Therefore, at break of day, as soon as the baggage wagons were laden, first he set fire to his own, and to those of his friends, and then commanded those to be burnt which belonged to the rest of the army. An act which in the deliberation of it had seemed more dangerous and difficult than it proved in the execution, with which few were dissatisfied; for most of the soldiers, as if they had been inspired, uttering loud outcries and warlike shoutings, supplied one another with what was absolutely necessary, and burnt and destroyed all that was superfluous, the sight of which redoubled Alexander's zeal and eagerness for his design. And, indeed, he was now grown very severe and inexorable in punishing those who committed any fault. For he put Menander, one of his friends, to death for deserting a fortress where he had placed him in garrison, and shot Orsodates, one of the barbarians who revolted from him, with his own hand.

At this time a sheep happened to yean a lamb, with the perfect shape and colour of a tiara upon the head, and testicles on each side; which portent Alexander regarded with such dislike, that he immediately caused his Babylonian priests, whom he usually carried about with him for such purposes, to purify him, and told his friends he was not so much concerned for his own sake as for theirs, out of an apprehension that after his death the divine power might suffer his empire to fall into the hands of some degenerate, impotent person. But this fear was soon removed by a wonderful thing that happened not long after, and was thought to presage better. For Proxenus, a Macedonian, who was the chief of those who

looked to the king's furniture, as he was breaking up the ground near the river Oxus, to set up the royal pavilion, discovered a spring of a fat oily liquor, which, after the top was taken off, ran pure, clear oil, without any difference either of taste or smell, having exactly the same smoothness and brightness, and that, too, in a country where no olives grew. The water, indeed, of the river Oxus, is said to be the smoothest to the feeling of all waters, and to leave a gloss on the skins of those who bathe themselves in it. Whatever might be the cause, certain it is that Alexander was wonderfully pleased with it, as appears by his letters to Antipater, where he speaks of it as one of the most remarkable presages that God had ever favoured him with. The diviners told him it signified his expedition would be glorious in the event, but very painful, and attended with many difficulties; for oil, they said, was bestowed on mankind by God as a refreshment of their labours.

Nor did they judge amiss, for he exposed himself to many hazards in the battles which he fought, and received very severe wounds, but the greatest loss in his army was occasioned through the unwholesomeness of the air and the want of necessary provisions. But he still applied himself to overcome fortune and whatever opposed him, by resolution and virtue, and thought nothing impossible to true intrepidity, and on the other hand nothing secure or strong for cowardice. It is told of him that when he besieged Sisimithres, who held an inaccessible, impregnable rock against him, and his soldiers began to despair of taking it, he asked Oxyartes whether Sisimithres was a man of courage, who assuring him he was the greatest coward alive, "Then you tell me," said he, "that the place may easily be taken, since what is in command of it is weak." And in a little time he so terrified Sisimithres that he took it without any difficulty. At an attack which he made upon such another precipitous place with some of his Macedonian soldiers, he called to one whose name was Alexander, and told him he at any rate must fight bravely if it were but for his name's sake. The youth fought gallantly and was killed in the action, at which he was sensibly afflicted. Another time, seeing his men march slowly and unwillingly to the siege of the place called Nysa, because of a deep river between them and the town, he advanced before them, and standing upon the bank, "What a miserable man," said he, "am I, that I have not learned to swim!" and then was hardly dissuaded from endeavouring to pass it upon his shield. Here, after the assault was over, the ambassadors who from several towns which he had blocked up came to submit to him and make their peace, were surprised to find him still in his armour, without any one in waiting or attendance upon him, and when at last some one brought him a cushion, he made the eldest of them, named Acuphis, take it and sit down upon it. The old man, marvelling at his magnanimity and courtesy, asked him what his countrymen should do to merit his friendship. "I would have them," said Alexander, "choose you

to govern them, and send one hundred of the most worthy men among them to remain with me as hostages." Acuphis laughed and answered, "I shall govern them with more ease, sir, if I send you so many of the worst, rather than the best of my subjects."

The extent of King Taxiles's dominions in India was thought to be as large as Egypt, abounding in good pastures, and producing beautiful fruits. The king himself had the reputation of a wise man, and at his first interview with Alexander he spoke to him in these terms: "To what purpose," said he, "should we make war upon one another, if the design of your coming into these parts be not to rob us of our water or our necessary food, which are the only things that wise men are indispensably obliged to fight for? As for other riches and possessions, as they are accounted in the eye of the world, if I am better provided of them than you, I am ready to let you share with me; but if fortune has been more liberal to you than me, I have no objection to be obliged to you." This discourse pleased Alexander so much that, embracing him, "Do you think," said he to him, "your kind words and courteous behaviour will bring you off in this interview without a contest? No, you shall not escape so. I shall contend and do battle with you so far, that how obliging soever you are, you shall not have the better of me." Then receiving some presents from him, he returned him others of greater value, and to complete his bounty gave him in money ready coined one thousand talents; at which his old friends were much displeased, but it gained him the hearts of many of the barbarians. But the best soldiers of the Indians now entering into the pay of several of the cities, undertook to defend them, and did it so bravely, that they put Alexander to a great deal of trouble, till at last, after a capitulation, upon the surrender of the place, he fell upon them as they were marching away, and put them all to the sword. This one breach of his word remains as a blemish upon his achievements in war, which he otherwise had performed throughout with that justice and honour that became a king. Nor was he less incommoded by the Indian philosophers, who inveighed against those princes who joined his party, and solicited the free nations to oppose him. He took several of these also and caused them to be hanged.

Alexander, in his own letters, has given us an account of his war with Porus. He says the two armies were separated by the river Hydaspes, on whose opposite bank Porus continually kept his elephants in order of battle, with their heads towards their enemies, to guard the passage; that he, on the other hand, made every day a great noise and clamour in his camp, to dissipate the apprehensions of the barbarians; that one stormy dark night he passed the river, at a distance from the place where the enemy lay, into a little island, with part of his foot and the best of his horse. Here there fell a most violent storm of rain, accompanied with lightning and whirlwinds, and seeing some of his men burnt and dying

with the lightning, he nevertheless quitted the island and made over to the other side. The Hydaspes, he says, now after the storm, was so swollen and grown so rapid as to have made a breach in the bank, and a part of the river was now pouring in here, so that when he came across it was with difficulty he got a footing on the land, which was slippery and unsteady, and exposed to the force of the currents on both sides. This is the occasion when he is related to have said, "O ye Athenians, will ye believe what dangers I incur to merit your praise?" This, however, is Onesicritus's story. Alexander says, here the men left their boats, and passed the breach in their armour, up to the breast in water, and that then he advanced with his horse about twenty furlongs before his foot, concluding that if the enemy charged him with their cavalry he should be too strong for them; if with their foot, his own would come up time enough to his assistance. Nor did he judge amiss; for being charged by a thousand horse and sixty armed chariots, which advanced before their main body, he took all the chariots, and killed four hundred horse upon the place. Porus, by this time, guessing that Alexander himself had crossed over, came on with his whole army, except a party which he left behind, to hold the rest of the Macedonians in play, if they should attempt to pass the river. But he, apprehending the multitude of the enemy, and to avoid the shock of their elephants, dividing his forces, attacked their left wing himself, and commanded Cœnus to fall upon the right, which was performed with good success. For by this means both wings being broken, the enemies fell back in their retreat upon the centre, and crowded in upon their elephants. There rallying, they fought a hand-to-hand battle, and it was the eighth hour of the day before they were entirely defeated. This description the conqueror himself has left us in his own epistles.

Almost all the historians agree in relating that Porus was four cubits and a span high, and that when he was upon his elephant, which was of the largest size, his stature and bulk were so answerable, that he appeared to be proportionably mounted, as a horseman on his horse. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave many singular proofs of sagacity and of particular care of the king, whom as long as he was strong and in a condition to fight, he defended with great courage, repelling those who set upon him; and as soon as he perceived him overpowered with his numerous wounds and the multitude of darts that were thrown at him, to prevent his falling off, he softly knelt down and began to draw out the darts with his proboscis. When Porus was taken prisoner, and Alexander asked him how he expected to be used, he answered, "As a king." For that expression, he said, when the same question was put to him a second time, comprehended everything. And Alexander, accordingly, not only suffered him to govern his own kingdom as satrap under himself, but gave him also the additional territory of various independent tribes whom he subdued, a district which, it is said, contained fifteen several nations, and

five thousand considerable towns, besides abundance of villages. To another government, three times as large as this, he appointed Philip, one of his friends.

Some little time after the battle with Porus, Bucephalus died, as most of the authorities state, under cure of his wounds, or, as Onesicritus says, of fatigue and age, being thirty years old. Alexander was no less concerned at his death than if he had lost an old companion or an intimate friend, and built a city, which he named Bucephalia, in memory of him, on the bank of the river Hydaspes. He also, we are told, built another city, and called it after the name of a favourite dog, Peritas, which he had brought up himself. So Sotion assures us he was informed by Potamon of Lesbos.

But this last combat with Porus took off the edge of the Macedonians' courage, and stayed their further progress into India. For having found it hard enough to defeat an enemy who brought but twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field, they thought they had reason to oppose Alexander's design of leading them on to pass the Ganges, too, which they were told was thirty-two furlongs broad and a hundred fathoms deep, and the banks on the further side covered with multitudes of enemies. For they were told the kings of the Gandaritans and Præsians expected them there with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand armed chariots, and six thousand fighting elephants. Nor was this a mere vain report, spread to discourage them. For Androcottus, who not long after reigned in those parts, made a present of five hundred elephants at once to Seleucus, and with an army of six hundred thousand men subdued all India. Alexander at first was so grieved and enraged at his men's reluctancy that he shut himself up in his tent and threw himself upon the ground, declaring, if they would not pass the Ganges, he owed them no thanks for anything they had hitherto done, and that to retreat now was plainly to confess himself vanquished. But at last the reasonable persuasions of his friends and the cries and lamentations of his soldiers, who in a suppliant manner crowded about the entrance of his tent, prevailed with him to think of returning. Yet he could not refrain from leaving behind him various deceptive memorials of his expedition, to impose upon aftertimes, and to exaggerate his glory with posterity, such as arms larger than were really worn, and mangers for horses, with bits and bridles above the usual size, which he set up, and distributed in several places. He erected altars, also, to the gods, which the kings of the Præsians even in our time do honour to when they pass the river, and offer sacrifice upon them after the Grecian manner. Androcottus, then a boy, saw Alexander there, and is said often afterwards to have been heard to say, that he missed but little of making himself master of those countries; their king, who then reigned, was so hated and despised for the viciousness of his life and the meanness of his extraction.

Alexander was now eager to see the ocean. To which purpose he caused

a great many tow-boats and rafts to be built, in which he fell gently down the rivers at his leisure, yet so that his navigation was neither unprofitable nor inactive. For by several descents upon the bank, he made himself master of the fortified towns, and consequently of the country on both sides. But at a siege of a town of the Mallians, who have the repute of being the bravest people of India, he ran in great danger of his life. For having beaten off the defendants with showers of arrows, he was the first man that mounted the wall by a scaling-ladder, which, as soon as he was up, broke and left him almost alone, exposed to the darts which the barbarians threw at him in great numbers from below. In this distress, turning himself as well as he could, he leaped down in the midst of his enemies, and had the good fortune to light upon his feet. The brightness and clattering of his armour when he came to the ground made the barbarians think they saw rays of light, or some bright phantom playing before his body, which frightened them so at first that they ran away and dispersed. Till seeing him seconded but by two of his guards, they fell upon him hand to hand, and some, while he bravely defended himself, tried to wound him through his armour with their swords and spears. And one who stood further off drew a bow with such just strength that the arrow, finding its way through his cuirass, stuck in his ribs under the breast. This stroke was so violent that it made him give back, and set one knee to the ground, upon which the man ran up with his drawn scimitar, thinking to despatch him, and had done it, if Peucestes and Limnæus had not interposed, who were both wounded, Limnæus mortally, but Peucestes stood his ground, while Alexander killed the barbarians. But this did not free him from danger; for, besides many other wounds, at last he received so weighty a stroke of a club upon his neck that he was forced to lean his body against the wall, still, however, facing the enemy. At this extremity, the Macedonians made their way in and gathered round him. They took him up, just as he was fainting away, having lost all sense of what was done near him, and conveyed him to his tent, upon which it was presently reported all over the camp that he was dead. But when they had with great difficulty and pains sawed off the shaft of the arrow, which was of wood, and so with much trouble got off his cuirass, they came to cut the head of it, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. During the operation he was taken with almost mortal swoonings, but when it was out he came to himself again. Yet though all danger was past, he continued very weak, and confined himself a great while to a regular diet and the method of his cure, till one day hearing the Macedonians clamouring outside in their eagerness to see him, he took his cloak and went out. And having sacrificed to the gods, without more delay he went on board again, and as he coasted along subdued a great deal of the country on both sides, and several considerable cities.

In this voyage he took ten of the Indian philosophers prisoners who had been most active in persuading Sabbas to revolt, and had caused the Macedonians a great deal of trouble. These men, called Gymnosophists, were reputed to be extremely ready and succinct in their answers, which he made trial of, by putting difficult questions to them, letting them know that those whose answers were not pertinent should be put to death, of which he made the eldest of them judge. The first being asked which he thought the most numerous, the dead or the living, answered, "The living, because those who are dead are not at all." Of the second, he desired to know whether the earth or the sea produced the largest beasts; who told him, "The earth, for the sea is but a part of it." His question to the third was, Which is the cunningest of beasts? "That," said he, "which men have not yet found out." He bade the fourth tell him what argument he used to Sabbas to persuade him to revolt. "No other," said he, "than that he should either live or die nobly." Of the fifth he asked, Which was the eldest, night or day? The philosopher replied, "Day was eldest, by one day at least." But perceiving Alexander not well satisfied with that account, he added, that he ought not to wonder if strange questions had as strange answers made to them. Then he went on and inquired of the next, what a man should do to be exceedingly beloved. "He must be very powerful," said he, "without making himself too much feared." The answer of the seventh to his question, how a man might become a god, was, "By doing that which was impossible for men to do." The eighth told him, "Life is stronger than death, because it supports so many miseries." And the last being asked, how long he thought it decent for a man to live, said, "Till death appeared more desirable than life." Then Alexander turned to him whom he had made judge, and commanded him to give sentence. "All that I can determine," said he, "is, that they have every one answered worse than another." "Nay," said the king, "then you shall die first, for giving such a sentence." "Not so, O king," replied the gymnosophist, "unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer." In conclusion he gave them presents and dismissed them.

But to those who were in greatest reputation among them, and lived a private quiet life, he sent Onesicritus, one of Diogenes the Cynic's disciples, desiring them to come to him. Calanus, it is said, very arrogantly and roughly commanded him to strip himself and hear what he said naked, otherwise he would not speak a word to him, though he came from Jupiter himself. But Dandamis received him with more civility, and hearing him discourse of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Diogenes, told him he thought them men of great parts and to have erred in nothing so much as in having too great respect for the laws and customs of their country. Others say Dandamis only asked him the reason why Alexander undertook so long a journey to come into those parts. Taxiles, however,

persuaded Calanus to wait upon Alexander. His proper name was Sphines, but because he was wont to say *Cale,* which in the Indian tongue is a form of salutation, to those he met with anywhere, the Greeks called him Calanus. He is said to have shown Alexander an instructive emblem of government, which was this. He threw a dry shrivelled hide upon the ground, and trod upon the edges of it. The skin when it was pressed in one place still rose up in another, wheresoever he trod round about it, till he set his foot in the middle, which made all the parts lie even and quiet. The meaning of this similitude being that he ought to reside most in the middle of his empire, and not spend too much time on the borders of it.

His voyage down the rivers took up seven months' time, and when he came to the sea, he sailed to an island which he himself called Scillustis, others Psiltucis, where going ashore, he sacrificed, and made what observations he could as to the nature of the sea and the sea-coast. Then having besought the gods that no other man might ever go beyond the bounds of this expedition, he ordered his fleet, of which he made Nearchus admiral and Onesicritus pilot, to sail round about, keeping the Indian shore on the right hand, and returned himself by land through the country of the Orites, where he was reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and lost a vast number of his men, so that of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, he scarcely brought back above a fourth part out of India, they were so diminished by disease, ill diet, and the scorching heats, but most by famine. For their march was through an uncultivated country whose inhabitants fared hardly, possessing only a few sheep, and those of a wretched kind, whose flesh was rank and unsavoury, by their continual feeding upon sea-fish.

After sixty days' march he came into Gedrosia, where he found great plenty of all things, which the neighbouring kings and governors of provinces, hearing of his approach, had taken care to provide. When he had here refreshed his army, he continued his march through Carmania, feasting all the way for seven days together. He with his most intimate friends banqueted and revelled night and day upon a platform erected on a lofty, conspicuous scaffold, which was slowly drawn by eight horses. This was followed by a great many chariots, some covered with purple and embroidered canopies, and some with green boughs, which were continually supplied afresh, and in them the rest of his friends and commanders drinking, and crowned with garlands of flowers. Here was now no target or helmet or spear to be seen; instead of armour, the soldiers handled nothing but cups and goblets and Thericlean drinking vessels, which, along the whole way, they dipped into large bowls and jars, and drank healths to one another, some seating themselves to it, others as they went along. All places resounded with music of pipes and flutes, with harping and singing, and women dancing as in the rites of Bacchus. For this disorderly, wandering march, besides the drinking part of it, was accompanied with

all the sportiveness and insolence of bacchanals, as much as if the god himself had been there to countenance and lead the procession. As soon as he came to the royal palace of Gedrosia, he again refreshed and feasted his army; and one day after he had drunk pretty hard, it is said, he went to see a prize of dancing contended for, in which his favourite Bagoas, having gained the victory, crossed the theatre in his dancing habit, and sat down close by him, which so pleased the Macedonians that they made loud acclamations for him to kiss Bagoas, and never stopped clapping their hands and shouting till Alexander put his arms round him and kissed him.

Here his admiral, Nearchus, came to him, and delighted him so with the narrative of his voyage, that he resolved himself to sail out of the mouth of the Euphrates with a great fleet, with which he designed to go round by Arabia and Africa, and so by Hercules's Pillars into the Mediterranean; in order for which, he directed all sorts of vessels to be built at Thapsacus, and made great provisions everywhere of seamen and pilots. But the tidings of the difficulties he had gone through in his Indian expedition, the danger of his person among the Mallians, the reported loss of a considerable part of his forces, and a general doubt as to his own safety, had begun to give occasion for revolt among many of the conquered nations, and for acts of great injustice, avarice, and insolence on the part of the satraps and commanders in the provinces, so that there seemed to be an universal fluctuation and disposition to change. Even at home, Olympias and Cleopatra had raised a faction against Antipater, and divided his government between them, Olympias seizing upon Epirus, and Cleopatra upon Macedonia. When Alexander was told of it, he said his mother had made the best choice, for the Macedonians would never endure to be ruled by a woman. Upon this he despatched Nearchus again to his fleet, to carry the war into the maritime provinces, and as he marched that way himself he punished those commanders who had behaved ill, particularly Oxyartes, one of the sons of Abuletes, whom he killed with his own hand, thrusting him through the body with his spear. And when Abuletes, instead of the necessary provisions which he ought to have furnished, brought him three thousand talents in coined money, he ordered it to be thrown to his horses, and when they would not touch it, "What good," he said, "will this provision do us?" and sent him away to prison.

When he came into Persia, he distributed money among the women, as their own kings had been wont to do, who as often as they came thither gave every one of them a piece of gold; on account of which custom, some of them, it is said, had come but seldom, and Ochus was so sordidly covetous that, to avoid this expense, he never visited his native country once in all his reign. Then finding Cyrus's sepulchre opened and rifled, he put Polymachus, who did it, to death, though he was a man of

some distinction, a born Macedonian of Pella. And after he had read the inscription, he caused it to be cut again below the old one in Greek characters; the words being these: "O man, whosoever thou art, and from whencesoever thou comest (for I know thou wilt come), I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire; do not grudge me this little earth which covers my body." The reading of this sensibly touched Alexander, filling him with the thought of the uncertainty and mutability of human affairs. At the same time Calanus, having been a little while troubled with a disease in the bowels, requested that he might have a funeral pile erected, to which he came on horseback, and, after he had said some prayers and sprinkled himself and cut off some of his hair to throw into the fire, before he ascended it, he embraced and took leave of the Macedonians who stood by, desiring them to pass that day in mirth and good-fellowship with their king, whom in a little time, he said, he doubted not but to see again at Babylon. Having thus said, he lay down, and covering up his face, he stirred not when the fire came near him, but continued still in the same posture as at first, and so sacrificed himself, as it was the ancient custom of the philosophers in those countries to do. The same thing was done long after by another Indian who came with Cæsar to Athens, where they still show you, "the Indian's monument." At his return from the funeral pile, Alexander invited a great many of his friends and principal officers to supper, and proposed a drinking match, in which the victor should receive a crown. Promachus drank twelve quarts of wine, and won the prize, which was a talent from them all; but he survived his victory but three days, and was followed, as Chares says, by forty-one more, who died of the same debauch, some extremely cold weather having set in shortly after.

At Susa, he married Darius's daughter Statira, and celebrated also the nuptials of his friends, bestowing the noblest of the Persian ladies upon the worthiest of them, at the same time making it an entertainment in honour of the other Macedonians whose marriages had already taken place. At this magnificent festival, it is reported, there were no less than nine thousand guests, to each of whom he gave a golden cup for the libations. Not to mention other instances of his wonderful magnificence, he paid the debts of his army, which amounted to nine thousand eight hundred and seventy talents. But Antigenes, who had lost one of his eyes, though he owed nothing, got his name set down in the list of those who were in debt, and bringing one who pretended to be his creditor, and to have supplied him from the bank, received the money. But when the cheat was found out, the king was so incensed at it, that he banished him from court, and took away his command, though he was an excellent soldier and a man of great courage. For when he was but a youth, and served under Philip at the siege of Perinthus, where he was wounded in the eye by an arrow shot out of an engine, he would neither let the arrow be

taken out nor be persuaded to quit the field till he had bravely repulsed the enemy and forced them to retire into the town. Accordingly he was not able to support such a disgrace with any patience, and it was plain that grief and despair would have made him kill himself, but the king fearing it, not only pardoned him, but let him also enjoy the benefit of his deceit.

The thirty thousand boys whom he left behind him to be taught and disciplined were so improved at his return, both in strength and beauty, and performed their exercises with such dexterity and wonderful agility, that he was extremely pleased with them, which grieved the Macedonians, and made them fear he would have the less value for them. And when he proceeded to send down the infirm and maimed soldiers to the sea, they said they were injustly and infamously dealt with, after they were worn out in his service upon all occasions, now to be turned away with disgrace and sent home into their country among their friends and relations in a worse condition than when they came out; therefore they desired him to dismiss them one and all, and to account his Macedonians useless, now he was so well furnished with a set of dancing boys, with whom, if he pleased, he might go on and conquer the world. These speeches so incensed Alexander that, after he had given them a great deal of reproachful language in his passion, he drove them away, and committed the watch to Persians, out of whom he chose his guards and attendants. When the Macedonians saw him escorted by these men, and themselves excluded and shamefully disgraced, their high spirits fell, and conferring with one another, they found that jealousy and rage had almost distracted them. But at last coming to themselves again, they went without their arms, with only their under garments on, crying and weeping to offer themselves at his tent, and desired him to deal with them as their baseness and ingratitude deserved. However, this would not prevail; for though his anger was already something mollified, yet he would not admit them into his presence, nor would they stir from thence, but continued two days and nights before his tent, bewailing themselves, and imploring him as their lord to have compassion on them. But the third day he came out to them, and seeing them very humble and penitent, he wept himself a great while, after a gentle reproof spoke kindly to them, and dismissed those who were unserviceable with magnificent rewards, and with his recommendation to Antipater, that when they came home, at all public shows and in the theatres, they should sit on the best and foremost seats, crowned with chaplets of flowers. He ordered, also, that the children of those who had lost their lives in his service should have their father's pay continued to them.

When he came to Ecbatana in Media, and had despatched his most urgent affairs, he began to divert himself again with spectacles and public entertainments, to carry on which he had a supply of three thousand ac-

tors and artists, newly arrived out of Greece. But they were soon interrupted by Hephæstion's falling sick of a fever, in which, being a young man and a soldier, too, he could not confine himself to so exact a diet as was necessary; for whilst his physician, Glaucus, was gone to the theatre, he ate a fowl for his dinner, and drank a large draught of wine, upon which he became very ill, and shortly after died. At this misfortune, Alexander was so beyond all reason transported that, to express his sorrow, he immediately ordered the manes and tails of all his horses and mules to be cut, and threw down the battlements of the neighbouring cities. The poor physician he crucified, and forbade playing on the flute or any other musical instrument in the camp a great while, till directions came from the oracle of Ammon, and enjoined him to honour Hephæstion, and sacrifice to him as to a hero. Then seeking to alleviate his grief in war, he set out, as it were, to a hunt and chase of men, for he fell upon the Cossæans, and put the whole nation to the sword. This was called a sacrifice to Hephæstion's ghost. In his sepulchre and monument and the adorning of them he intended to bestow ten thousand talents; and designing that the excellence of the workmanship and the singularity of the design might outdo the expense, his wishes turned, above all other artists, to Stasicrates, because he always promised something very bold, unusual, and magnificent in his projects. Once when they had met before, he had told him that, of all the mountains he knew, that of Athos in Thrace was the most capable of being adapted to represent the shape and lineaments of a man; that if he pleased to command him, he would make it the noblest and most durable statue in the world, which in its left hand should hold a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and out of its right should pour a copious river into the sea. Though Alexander declined this proposal, yet now he spent a great deal of time with workmen to invent and contrive others even more extravagant and sumptuous.

As he was upon his way to Babylon, Nearchus, who had sailed back out of the ocean up the mouth of the river Euphrates, came to tell him he had met with some Chaldæan diviners, who had warned him against Alexander's going thither, Alexander, however, took no thought of it, and went on, and when he came near the walls of the place, he saw a great many crows fighting with one another, some of whom fell down just by him. After this, being privately informed that Apollodorus, the governor of Babylon, had sacrificed, to know what would become of him, he sent for Pythagoras, the soothsayer, and on his admitting the thing, asked him in what condition he found the victim; and when he told him the liver was defective in its lobe, "A great presage indeed!" said Alexander. However, he offered Pythagoras no injury, but was sorry that he had neglected Nearchus's advice, and stayed for the most part outside the town, removing his tent from place to place, and sailing up and down the Euphrates. Besides this, he was disturbed by many other prodigies. A tame ass fell

upon the biggest and handsomest lion that he kept, and killed him by a kick. And one day after he had undressed himself to be anointed, and was playing at ball, just as they were going to bring his clothes again, the young men who played with him perceived a man clad in the king's robes with a diadem upon his head, sitting silently upon his throne. They asked him who he was, to which he gave no answer a good while, till at last, coming to himself, he told them his name was Dionysius, that he was of Messenia, that for some crime of which he was accused he was brought thither from the seaside, and had been kept long in prison, that Serapis appeared to him, had freed him from his chains, conducted him to that place, and commanded him to put on the king's robe and diadem, and to sit where they found him, and to say nothing. Alexander, when he heard this, by the direction of his soothsayers, put the fellow to death, but he lost his spirits, and grew diffident of the protection and assistance of the gods, and suspicious of his friends. His greatest apprehension was of Antipater and his sons, one of whom, Iolaus, was his chief cupbearer; and Cassander, who had lately arrived, and had been bred up in Greek manners, the first time he saw some of the barbarians adore the king could not forbear laughing at it aloud, which so incensed Alexander that he took him by the hair with both hands and dashed his head against the wall. Another time, Cassander would have said something in defence of Antipater to those who accused him, but Alexander interrupting him, said, "What is it you say? Do you think people, if they had received no injury, would come such a journey only to calumniate your father?" To which when Cassander replied, that their coming so far from the evidence was a great proof of the falseness of their charges, Alexander smiled, and said those were some of Aristotle's sophisms, which would serve equally on both sides; and added, that both he and his father should be severely punished, if they were found guilty of the least injustice towards those who complained. All which made such a deep impression of terror in Cassander's mind that, long after, when he was King of Macedonia and master of Greece, as he was walking up and down at Delphi, and looking at the statues, at the sight of that of Alexander he was suddenly struck with alarm, and shook all over, his eyes rolled, his head grew dizzy, and it was long before he recovered himself.

When once Alexander had given way to fears of supernatural influence, his mind grew so disturbed and so easily alarmed that, if the least unusual or extraordinary thing happened, he thought it a prodigy or a presage, and his court was thronged with diviners and priests whose business was to sacrifice and purify and foretell the future. So miserable a thing is incredulity and contempt of divine power on the one hand, and so miserable, also, superstition on the other, which like water, where the level has been lowered, flowing in and never stopping, fills the mind with slavish fears and follies, as now in Alexander's case. But upon some answers

which were brought him from the oracle concerning Hephæstion, he laid aside his sorrow, and fell again to sacrificing and drinking; and having given Nearchus a splendid entertainment, after he had bathed, as was his custom, just as he was going to bed, at Medius's request he went to supper with him. Here he drank all the next day, and was attacked with a fever, which seized him, not as some write, after he had drunk of the bowl of Hercules, nor was he taken with any sudden pain in his back, as if he had been struck with a lance, for these are the inventions of some authors who thought it their duty to make the last scene of so great an action as tragical and moving as they could. Aristobulus tells us, that in the rage of his fever and a violent thirst, he took a draught of wine, upon which he fell into delirium, and died on the thirtieth day of the month Dæsius.

But the journals give the following record. On the eighteenth day of the month he slept in the bathing-room on account of his fever. The next day he bathed and removed into his chamber, and spent his time in playing at dice with Medius. In the evening he bathed and sacrificed, and ate freely, and had the fever on him through the night. On the twentieth, after the usual sacrifices and bathing, he lay in the bathing-room and heard Nearchus's narrative of his voyage, and the observations he had made in the great sea. The twenty-first he passed in the same manner, his fever still increasing, and suffered much during the night. The next day the fever was very violent, and he had himself removed and his bed set by the great bath, and discoursed with his principal officers about finding fit men to fill up the vacant places in the army. On the twenty-fourth he was much worse, and was carried out of his bed to assist at the sacrifices, and gave order that the general officers should wait within the court, whilst the inferior officers kept watch without doors. On the twenty-fifth he was removed to his palace on the other side the river, where he slept a little, but his fever did not abate, and when the generals came into his chamber, he was speechless and continued so the following day. The Macedonians, therefore, supposing he was dead, came with great clamours to the gates, and menaced his friends so that they were forced to admit them, and let them all pass through unarmed along by his bedside. The same day Python and Seleucus were despatched to the temple of Serapis to inquire if they should bring Alexander thither, and were answered by the god that they should not remove him. On the twenty-eighth, in the evening, he died. This account is most of it word for word as it is written in the diary.

At the time, nobody had any suspicion of his being poisoned, but upon some information given six years after, they say Olympias put many to death, and scattered the ashes of Iolaus, then dead, as if he had given it him. But those who affirm that Aristotle counselled Antipater to do it, and that by his means the poison was brought, adduce one Hagnothemis

as their authority, who, they say, heard King Antigonus speak of it, and tell us that the poison was water, deadly cold as ice, distilled from a rock in the district of Nonacris, which they gathered like a thin dew, and kept in an ass's hoof; for it was so very cold and penetrating that no other vessel would hold it. However, most are of opinion that all this is a mere made-up story, no slight evidence of which is, that during the dissensions among the commanders, which lasted several days, the body continued clear and fresh, without any sign of such taint or corruption, though it lay neglected in a close sultry place.

Roxana, who was now with child, and upon that account much honoured by the Macedonians, being jealous of Statira, sent for her by a counterfeit letter, as if Alexander had been still alive; and when she had her in her power, killed her and her sister, and threw their bodies into a well, which they filled up with earth, not without the privity and assistance of Perdiccas, who in the time immediately following the king's death, under cover of the name of Arrhidæus, whom he carried about him as a sort of guard to his person, exercised the chief authority. Arrhidæus, who was Philip's son by an obscure woman of the name of Philinna, was himself of weak intellect, not that he had been originally deficient either in body or mind, on the contrary, in his childhood, he had showed a happy and promising character enough. But a diseased habit of body, caused by drugs which Olympias gave him, had ruined, not only his health, but his understanding.

CATO THE YOUNGER

95–46 B.C.

By PLUTARCH [1] (*About* 50–120 A.D.)

THE family of Cato derived its first lustre from his great-grandfather Cato, whose virtue gained him such great reputation and authority among the Romans, as we have written in his life.

This Cato was, by the loss of both his parents, left an orphan, together with his brother Cæpio, and his sister Porcia. He had also a half-sister, Servilia, by the mother's side. As these lived together, and were bred up in the house of Livius Drusus, their uncle by the mother, who, at that time, had a great share in the government, being a very eloquent speaker, a man of the greatest temperance, and yielding in dignity to none of the Romans.

It is said of Cato that even from his infancy, in his speech, his countenance, and all his childish pastimes, he discovered an inflexible temper, unmoved by any passion, and firm in everything. He was resolute in his purposes, much beyond the strength of his age, to go through with whatever he undertook. He was rough and ungentle toward those that flattered him, and still more unyielding to those who threatened him. It was difficult to excite him to laughter, his countenance seldom relaxed even into a smile; he was not quickly or easily provoked to anger, but if once incensed, he was no less difficult to pacify.

When he began to learn, he proved dull, and slow to apprehend, but of what he once received, his memory was remarkably tenacious. And such, in fact, we find generally to be the course of nature; men of fine genius are readily reminded of things, but those who receive with most pains and difficulty, remember best; every new thing they learn, being, as it were, burnt and branded in on their minds. Cato's natural stubbornness and slowness to be persuaded may also have made it more difficult for him to be taught. For to learn is to submit to have something done to one; and persuasion comes soonest to those who have least strength to resist it. Hence young men are sooner persuaded than those that are more in years, and sick men, than those that are well in health. In fine, where

[1] Reprinted from *Plutarch's Lives*, translated by several hands (the so-called Dryden translation), edited and revised by A. H. Clough, London, 1864.

Plutarch's *Lives* were written in Greek and published toward the end of their author's life.

there is least previous doubt and difficulty, the new impression is most easily accepted. Yet Cato, they say, was very obedient to his preceptor, and would do whatever he was commanded; but he would also ask the reason, and inquire the cause of everything. And, indeed, his teacher was a very well-bred man, more ready to instruct than to beat his scholars. His name was Sarpedon.

When Cato was a child, the allies of the Romans sued to be made free citizens of Rome. Pompædius Silo, one of their deputies, a brave soldier and a man of great repute, who had contracted a friendship with Drusus, lodged at his house for several days, in which time being grown familiar with the children, "Well," said he to them, "will you entreat your uncle to befriend us in our business?" Cæpio, smiling, assented, but Cato made no answer, only he looked steadfastly and fiercely on the strangers. Then said Pompædius, "And you, young sir, what say you to us? will not you, as well as your brother, intercede with your uncle in our behalf?" And when Cato continued to give no answer, by his silence and his countenance seeming to deny their petition, Pompædius snatched him up to the window as if he would throw him out, and told him to consent, or he would fling him down, and, speaking in a harsher tone, held his body out of the window, and shook him several times. When Cato had suffered this a good while, unmoved and unalarmed, Pompædius, setting him down, said in an undervoice to his friend, "What a blessing for Italy that he is but a child! If he were a man, I believe we should not gain one voice among the people." Another time, one of his relations, on his birthday, invited Cato and some other children to supper, and some of the company diverted themselves in a separate part of the house, and were at play, the elder and the younger together, their sport being to act the pleadings before the judges, accusing one another, and carrying away the condemned to prison. Among these a very beautiful young child, being bound and carried by a bigger into prison, cried out to Cato, who seeing what was going on, presently ran to the door, and thrusting away those who stood there as a guard, took out the child, and went home in anger, followed by some of his companions.

Cato at length grew so famous among them, that when Sylla designed to exhibit the sacred game of young men riding courses on horseback, which they called Troy, having gotten together the youth of good birth, he appointed two for their leaders. One of them they accepted for his mother's sake, being the son of Metella, the wife of Sylla; but as for the other, Sextus, the nephew of Pompey, they would not be led by him, nor exercise under him. Then Sylla asking whom they would have, they all cried out, Cato; and Sextus willingly yielded the honour to him, as the more worthy.

Sylla, who was a friend of their family, sent at times for Cato and his brother to see them and talk with them; a favour which he showed to very

few, after gaining his great power and authority. Sarpedon, full of the advantage it would be, as well for the honour as the safety of his scholars, would often bring Cato to wait upon Sylla at his house, which, for the multitude of those that were being carried off in custody, and tormented there, looked like a place of execution. Cato was then in his fourteenth year, and seeing the heads of men said to be of great distinction brought thither, and observing the secret sighs of those that were present, he asked his preceptor, "Why does nobody kill this man?" "Because," said he, "they fear him, child, more than they hate him." "Why, then," replied Cato, "did you not give me a sword, that I might stab him, and free my country from this slavery?" Sarpedon hearing this, and at the same time seeing his countenance swelling with anger and determination, took care thenceforward to watch him strictly, lest he should hazard any desperate attempt.

While he was yet very young, to some that asked him whom he loved best, he answered, his brother. And being asked, whom next, he replied, his brother, again. So likewise the third time, and still the same, till they left off to ask any further. As he grew in age, this love to his brother grew yet the stronger. When he was about twenty years old, he never supped, never went out of town, nor into the forum, without Cæpio. But when his brother made use of precious ointments and perfumes, Cato declined them; and he was, in all his habits, very strict and austere, so that when Cæpio was admired for his moderation and temperance, he would acknowledge that indeed he might be accounted such, in comparison with some other men, "but," said he, "when I compare myself with Cato, I find myself scarcely different from Sippius," one at that time notorious for his luxurious and effeminate living.

Cato being made priest of Apollo, went to another house, took his portion of their paternal inheritance, amounting to a hundred and twenty talents, and began to live yet more strictly than before. Having gained the intimate acquaintance of Antipater the Tyrian, the Stoic philosopher, he devoted himself to the study, above everything, of moral and political doctrine. And though possessed, as it were, by a kind of inspiration for the pursuit of every virtue, yet what most of all virtue and excellence fixed his affection was that steady and inflexible justice which is not to be wrought upon by favour or compassion. He learned also the art of speaking and debating in public, thinking that political philosophy, like a great city, should maintain for its security the military and warlike element. But he would never recite his exercises before company, nor was he ever heard to declaim. And to one that told him men blamed his silence, "But I hope not my life," he replied, "I will begin to speak, when I have that to say which had not better be unsaid."

The great Porcian Hall, as it was called, had been built and dedicated to the public use by the old Cato, when ædile. Here the tribunes of the

people used to transact their business, and because one of the pillars was thought to interfere with the convenience of their seats, they deliberated whether it were best to remove it to another place, or to take it away. This occasion first drew Cato, much against his will, into the forum; for he opposed the demand of the tribunes, and in so doing gave a specimen both of his courage and his powers of speaking, which gained him great admiration. His speech had nothing youthful or refined in it, but was straightforward, full of matter, and rough, at the same time that there was a certain grace about his rough statements which won the attention; and the speaker's character, showing itself in all he said, added to his severe language something that excited feelings of natural pleasure and interest. His voice was full and sounding, and sufficient to be heard by so great a multitude, and its vigour and capacity of endurance quite indefatigable, for he often would speak a whole day and never stop.

When he had carried this cause, he betook himself again to study and retirement. He employed himself in inuring his body to labour and violent exercise; and habituated himself to go bareheaded in the hottest and the coldest weather, and to walk on foot at all seasons. When he went on a journey with any of his friends, though they were on horseback and he on foot, yet he would often join now one, then another, and converse with them on the way. In sickness the patience he showed in supporting, and the abstinence he used for curing, his distempers were admirable. When he had an ague, he would remain alone, and suffer nobody to see him, till he began to recover, and found the fit was over. At supper, when he threw dice for the choice of dishes, and lost, and the company offered him nevertheless his choice, he declined to dispute, as he said, the decision of Venus. At first, he was wont to drink only once after supper, and then go away; but in process of time he grew to drink more, insomuch that oftentimes he would continue till morning. This his friends explained by saying that state affairs and public business took him up all day, and being desirous of knowledge, he liked to pass the night at wine in the conversation of philosophers. Hence, upon one Memmius saying in public, that Cato spent whole nights in drinking, "You should add," replied Cicero, "that he spends whole days in gambling." And in general Cato esteemed the customs and manners of men at that time so corrupt, and a reformation in them so necessary, that he thought it requisite, in many things, to go contrary to the ordinary way of the world. Seeing the lightest and gayest purple was then most in fashion, he would always wear that which was the nearest black; and he would often go out of doors, after his morning meal, without either shoes or tunic; not that he sought vain-glory from such novelties, but he would accustom himself to be ashamed only of what deserves shame, and to despise all other sorts of disgrace.

The estate of one Cato, his cousin, which was worth one hundred talents, falling to him, he turned it all into ready money, which he kept by him

for any of his friends that should happen to want, to whom he would lend it without interest. And for some of them, he suffered his own land and his slaves to be mortgaged to the public treasury.

When he thought himself of an age fit to marry, having never before known any woman, he was contracted to Lepida, who had before been contracted to Metellus Scipio, but on Scipio's own withdrawal from it, the contract had been dissolved, and she left at liberty. Yet Scipio afterwards repenting himself, did all he could to regain her, before the marriage with Cato was completed, and succeeded in so doing. At which Cato was violently incensed, and resolved at first to go to law about it; but his friends persuaded him to the contrary. However, he was so moved by the heat of youth and passion that he wrote a quantity of iambic verses against Scipio, in the bitter, sarcastic style of Archilochus, without, however, his licence and scurrility. After this, he married Atilia, the daughter of Soranus, the first but not the only woman he ever knew, less happy thus far than Lælius, the friend of Scipio, who in the whole course of so long a life never knew but the one woman, to whom he was united in his first and only marriage.

In the war of the slaves, which took its name from Spartacus, their ringleader, Gellius was general, and Cato went a volunteer, for the sake of his brother Cæpio, who was a tribune in the army. Cato could find here no opportunity to show his zeal or exercise his valour, on account of the ill conduct of the general. However, amidst the corruption and disorders of that army, he showed such a love of discipline, so much bravery upon occasion, and so much courage and wisdom in everything, that it appeared he was in no way inferior to the old Cato. Gellius offered him great rewards, and would have decreed him the first honours; which, however, he refused, saying he had done nothing that deserved them. This made him be thought a man of strange and eccentric temper.

There was a law passed, moreover, that the candidates who stood for any office should not have prompters in their canvass, to tell them the names of the citizens; and Cato, when he sued to be elected tribune, was the only man that obeyed this law. He took great pains to learn by his own knowledge to salute those he had to speak with, and to call them by their names; yet even those who praised him for this, did not do so without some envy and jealousy, for the more they considered the excellence of what he did, the more they were grieved at the difficulty they found to do the like.

Being chosen tribune, he was sent into Macedon to join Rubrius, who was general there. It is said that his wife showing much concern, and weeping at his departure, Munatius, one of Cato's friends, said to her, "Do not trouble yourself, Atilia, I will engage to watch over him for you." "By all means," replied Cato; and when they had gone one day's journey together, "Now," said he to Munatius, after they had supped,

"that you may be sure to keep your promise to Atilia, you must not leave me day nor night," and from that time, he ordered two beds to be made in his own chamber, that Munatius might lie there. And so he continued to do, Cato making it his jest to see that he was always there. There went with him fifteen slaves, two freedmen, and four of his friends; these rode on horseback, but Cato always went on foot, yet would he keep by them, and talk with each of them in turn as they went.

When he came to the army, which consisted of several legions, the general gave him the command of one; and as he looked upon it as a small matter, and not worthy a commander, to give evidence of his own signal valour, he resolved to make his soldiers, as far as he could, like himself, not, however, in this relaxing the terrors of his office, but associating reason with his authority. He persuaded and instructed every one in particular, and bestowed rewards or punishments according to desert; and at length his men were so well disciplined, that it was hard to say whether they were more peaceable or more warlike, more valiant or more just; they were alike formidable to their enemies and courteous to their allies, fearful to do wrong, and forward to gain honour. And Cato himself acquired in the fullest measure, what it had been his least desire to seek, glory and good repute; he was highly esteemed by all men, and entirely beloved by the soldiers. Whatever he commanded to be done, he himself took part in the performing; in his apparel, his diet, and mode of travelling, he was more like a common soldier than an officer; but in character, high purpose, and wisdom, he far exceeded all that had the names and titles of commanders, and he made himself, without knowing it, the object of general affection. For the true love of virtue is in all men produced by the love and respect they bear to him that teaches it; and those who praise good men, yet do not love them, may respect their reputation, but do not really admire, and will never imitate their virtue.

There dwelt at that time in Pergamus, Athenodorus, surnamed Cordylio, a man of high repute for his knowledge of the Stoic philosophy, who was now grown old, and had always steadily refused the friendship and acquaintance of princes and great men. Cato understood this; so that imagining he should not be able to prevail with him by sending or writing, and being by the laws allowed two months' absence from the army, he resolved to go into Asia to see him in person, trusting to his own good qualities not to lose his labour. And when he had conversed with him, and succeeded in persuading him out of his former resolutions, he returned and brought him to the camp as joyful and as proud of this victory as if he had done some heroic exploit, greater than any of those of Pompey or Lucullus, who with their armies at that time were subduing so many nations and kingdoms.

While Cato was yet in the service, his brother, on a journey towards Asia, fell sick at Ænus in Thrace, letters with intelligence of which were

immediately despatched to him. The sea was very rough, and no convenient ship of any size to be had; so Cato getting into a small trading-vessel, with only two of his friends, and three servants, set sail from Thessalonica, and having very narrowly escaped drowning, he arrived at Ænus just as Cæpio expired. Upon this occasion, he was thought to have showed himself more a fond brother than a philosopher, not only in the excess of his grief, bewailing and embracing the dead body, but also in the extravagant expenses of the funeral, the vast quantity of rich perfumes and costly garments which were burnt with the corpse, and the monument of Thasian marble, which he erected, at the cost of eight talents, in the public place of the town of Ænus. For there were some who took upon them to cavil at all this, as not consistent with his usual calmness and moderation, not discerning that though he were steadfast, firm, and inflexible to pleasure, fear or foolish entreaties, yet he was full of natural tenderness and brotherly affection. Divers of the cities and princes of the country sent him many presents, to honour the funeral of his brother; but he took none of their money, only the perfumes and ornaments he received, and paid for them also. And afterwards, when the inheritance was divided between him and Cæpio's daughter, he did not require any portion of the funeral expenses to be discharged out of it. Notwithstanding this, it has been affirmed that he made his brother's ashes be passed through a sieve, to find the gold that was melted down when burnt with the body. But he who made this statement appears to have anticipated an exemption for his pen, as much as for his sword, from all question and criticism.

The time of Cato's service in the army being expired, he recieved, at his departure, not only the prayers and praises, but the tears and embraces of the soldiers, who spread their clothes at his feet and kissed his hand as he passed, an honour which the Romans at that time scarcely paid even to a very few of their generals and commanders-in-chief. Having left the army, he resolved, before he would return home and apply himself to state affairs, to travel in Asia, and observe the manners, the customs, and the strength of every province. He was also unwilling to refuse the kindness of Deiotarus, King of Galatia, who having had great familiarity and friendship with his father, was very desirous to receive a visit from him. Cato's arrangements in his journey were as follows. Early in the morning he sent out his baker and his cook towards the place where he designed to stay the next night; these went soberly and quietly into the town, in which, if there happened to be no friend or acquaintance of Cato or his family, they provided for him in an inn, and gave no disturbance to anybody; but if there were no inn, then and in this case only, they went to the magistrates, and desiring them to help them to lodgings, took without complaint whatever was allotted to them. His servants thus behaving themselves towards the magistrates, without

noise and threatening, were often discredited, or neglected by them, so that Cato many times arrived and found nothing provided for him. And it was all the worse when he appeared himself; still less account was taken of him. When they saw him sitting, without saying anything, on his baggage, they set him down at once as a person of no consequence, who did not venture to make any demand. Sometimes, on such occasions, he would call them to him and tell them, "Foolish people, lay aside this inhospitality. All your visitors will not be Catos. Use your courtesy, to take off the sharp edge of power. There are men enough who desire but a pretence, to take from you by force, what you give with such reluctance."

While he travelled in this manner, a diverting accident befell him in Syria. As he was going into Antioch, he saw a great multitude of people outside the gates, ranged in order on either side the way; here the young men with long cloaks, there the children decently dressed; others wore garlands and white garments who were the priests and magistrates. Cato imagining all this could mean nothing but a display in honour of his reception, began to be angry with his servants, who had been sent before, for suffering it to be done; then making his friends alight, he walked along with them on foot. As soon as he came near the gate, an elderly man, who seemed to be master of these ceremonies, with a wand and a garland in his hand, came up to Cato, and without saluting him, asked him where he had left Demetrius, and how soon he thought he would be there. This Demetrius was Pompey's servant, and as at this time the whole world, so to say, had its eyes fixed upon Pompey, this man also was highly honoured, on account of his influence with his master. Upon this Cato's friends fell into such violent laughter, that they could not restrain themselves while they passed through the crowd; and he himself, ashamed and distressed, uttered the words, "Unfortunate city!" and said no more. Afterwards, however, it always made him laugh, when he either told the story or was otherwise reminded of it.

Pompey himself shortly after made the people ashamed of their ignorance and folly in thus neglecting him, for Cato, coming in his journey to Ephesus, went to pay his respects to him, who was the elder man, had gained much honour, and was then general of a great army. Yet Pompey would not receive him sitting, but as soon as he saw him, rose up, and going to meet him, as the more honourable person, gave him his hand, and embraced him with great show of kindness. He said much in commendation of his virtue both at that time when receiving him, and also yet more after he had withdrawn. So that now all men began at once to display their respect for Cato, and discovered in him the very same things for which they despised him before, an admirable mildness of temper and greatness of spirit. And indeed the civility that Pompey himself showed him appeared to come from one that rather respected than loved him; and the general opinion was, that while Cato was there he paid him

admiration, but was not sorry when he was gone. For when other young men came to see him he usually urged and entreated them to continue with him. Now he did not at all invite Cato to stay, but as if his own power were lessened by the other's presence, he very willingly allowed him to take his leave. Yet to Cato alone, of all those who went for Rome, he recommended his children and his wife, who was indeed connected by relationship with Cato.

After this, all the cities through which he passed strove and emulated each other in showing him respect and honour. Feasts and entertainments were made for his reception, so that he bade his friends keep strict watch and take care of him, lest he should end by making good what was said by Curio, who though he were his familiar friend, yet disliking the austerity of his temper, asked him one day if, when he left the army, he designed to see Asia, and Cato answering, "Yes, by all means." "You do well," replied Curio, "you will bring back with you a better temper and pleasanter manners;" pretty nearly the very words he used.

Deiotarus, being now an old man, had sent for Cato, to recommend his children and family to his protection; and as soon as he came, brought him presents of all sorts of things, which he begged and entreated him to accept. And his importunities displeased Cato so much, that though he came but in the evening, he stayed only that night, and went away early the next morning. After he was gone one day's journey, he found at Pessinus a yet greater quantity of presents provided for him there, and also letters from Deiotarus entreating him to receive them, or at least to permit his friends to take them, who for his sake deserved some gratification, and could not have much done for them out of Cato's own means. Yet he would not suffer it, though he saw some of them very willing to receive such gifts, and ready to complain of his severity; but he answered, that corruption would never want pretence, and his friends should share with him in whatever he should justly and honestly obtain, and so returned the presents to Deiotarus.

When he took ship for Brundusium, his friends would have persuaded him to put his brother's ashes into another vessel; but he said he would sooner part with his life than leave them, and so set sail. And as it chanced, he, we are told, had a very dangerous passage, though others at the same time went over safely enough.

After he was returned to Rome, he spent his time for the most part either at home, in conversation with Athenodorus, or at the forum, in the service of his friends. Though it was now the time that he should become quæstor, he would not stand for the place till he had studied the laws relating to it, and by inquiry from persons of experience, had attained a distinct understanding of the duty and authority belonging to it. With this knowledge, as soon as he came into the office, he made a great reformation among the clerks and under-officers of the treasury, people

who had long practice and familiarity in all the public records and the laws, and, when new magistrates came in year by year so ignorant and unskilful as to be in absolute need of others to teach them what to do, did not submit and give way, but kept the power in their own hands, and were in effect the treasurers themselves. Till Cato, applying himself roundly to the work, showed that he possessed not only the title and honour of a quæstor, but the knowledge and understanding and full authority of his office. So that he used the clerks and under-officers like servants as they were, exposing their corrupt practices, and instructing their ignorance. Being bold, impudent fellows, they flattered the other quæstors his colleagues, and by their means endeavoured to maintain an opposition against him. But he convicted the chiefest of them of a breach of trust in the charge of an inheritance, and turned him out of his place. A second he brought to trial for dishonesty, who was defended by Lutatius Catulus, at that time censor, a man very considerable for his office, but yet more for his characrer, as he was eminent above all the Romans of that age for his reputed wisdom and integrity. He was also intimate with Cato, and much commended his way of living. So perceiving he could not bring off his client, if he stood a fair trial, he openly began to beg him off. Cato objected to his doing this. And when he continued still to be importunate, "It would be shameful, Catulus," he said, "that the censor, the judge of all our lives, should incur the dishonour of removal by our officers." At this expression, Catulus looked as if he would have made some answer; but he said nothing, and either through anger or shame went away silent, and out of countenance. Nevertheless, the man was not found guilty, for the voices that acquitted him were but one in number less than those that condemned him, and Marcus Lollius, one of Cato's colleagues, who was absent by reason of sickness, was sent for by Catulus, and entreated to come and save the man. So Lollius was brought into court in a chair, and gave his voice also for acquitting him. Yet Cato never after made use of that clerk, and never paid him his salary, nor would he make any account of the vote given by Lollius. Having thus humbled the clerks, and brought them to be at command, he made use of the books and registers as he thought fit, and in a little while gained the treasury a higher name than the senate house itself; and all men said, Cato had made the office of a quæstor equal to the dignity of a consul. When he found many indebted to the state upon old accounts, and the state also in debt to many private persons, he took care that the public might no longer either do or suffer wrong; he strictly and punctually exacted what was due to the treasury, and as freely and speedily paid all those to whom it was indebted. So that the people were filled with sentiments of awe and respect, on seeing those made to pay, who thought to have escaped with their plunder, and others receiving all their due, who despaired of getting anything. And whereas usually those

who brought false bills and pretended orders of the senate, could through favour get them accepted, Cato would never be so imposed upon; and in the case of one particular order, on the question arising whether it had passed the senate, he would not believe a great many witnesses that attested it, nor would admit of it, till the consuls came and affirmed it upon oath.

There were at that time a great many whom Sylla had made use of as his agents in the proscription, and to whom he had for their service in putting men to death, given twelve thousand drachmas apiece. These men everybody hated as wicked and polluted wretches, but nobody durst be revenged upon them. Cato called every one to account, as wrongfully possessed of the public money, and exacted it of them, and at the same time sharply reproved them for their unlawful and impious actions. After these proceedings they were presently accused of murder, and being already in a manner prejudged as guilty, they were easily found so, and accordingly suffered; at which the whole people rejoiced and thought themselves now to see the old tyranny finally abolished, and Sylla himself, so to say, brought to punishment.

Cato's assiduity also, and indefatigable diligence, won very much upon the people. He always came first of any of his colleagues to the treasury, and went away the last. He never missed any assembly of the people, or sitting of the senate; being always anxious and on the watch for those who lightly, or as a matter of interest, passed votes in favour of this or that person, for remitting debts or granting away customs that were owing to the state. And at length, having kept the exchequer pure and clear from base informers, and yet having filled it with treasure, he made it appear that the state might be rich without oppressing the people. At first he excited feelings of dislike and irritation in some of his colleagues, but after a while they were well contented with him, since he was perfectly willing that they should cast all the odium on him, when they declined to gratify their friends with the public money, or to give dishonest judgments in passing their accounts; and when hard-pressed by suitors, they could readily answer it was impossible to do anything unless Cato would consent. On the last day of his office, he was honourably attended to his house by almost all the people; but on the way he was informed that several powerful friends were in the treasury with Marcellus, using all their interest with him to pass a certain debt to the public revenue, as if it had been a gift. Marcellus had been one of Cato's friends from his childhood, and so long as Cato was with him, was one of the best of his colleagues in this office, but when alone, was unable to resist the importunity of suitors, and prone to do anybody a kindness. So Cato immediately turned back, and finding that Marcellus had yielded to pass the thing, he took the book, and while Marcellus silently stood by and looked on, struck it out. This done, he brought Marcellus out of the treasury, and took him home with

him; who for all this, neither then, nor ever after, complained of him, but always continued his friendship and familiarity with him.

Cato, after he had laid down his office, yet did not cease to keep a watch upon the treasury. He had his servants who continually wrote out the details of the expenditure, and he himself kept always by him certain books, which contained the accounts of the revenue from Sylla's time to his own quæstorship, which he had bought for five talents.

He was always first at the senate, and went out last; and often, while the others were slowly collecting, he would sit and read by himself, holding his gown before his book. He was never once out of town when the senate was to meet. And when afterwards Pompey and his party, finding that he could never be either persuaded or compelled to favour their unjust designs, endeavoured to keep him from the senate, by engaging him in business for his friends, to plead their causes, or arbitrate in their differences, or the like, he quickly discovered the trick, and to defeat it, fairly told all his acquaintance that he would never meddle in any private business when the senate was assembled. Since it was not in the hope of gaining honour or riches, nor out of mere impulse, or by chance that he engaged himself in politics, but he undertook the service of the state as the proper business of an honest man, and therefore he thought himself obliged to be as constant to his public duty as the bee to the honeycomb. To this end, he took care to have his friends and correspondents everywhere, to send him reports of the edicts, decrees, judgments, and all the important proceedings that passed in any of the provinces. Once when Clodius, the seditious orator, to promote his violent and revolutionary projects, traduced to the people some of the priests and priestesses (among whom Fabia, sister to Cicero's wife, Terentia, ran great danger), Cato having boldly interfered, and having made Clodius appear so infamous that he was forced to leave the town, was addressed, when it was over, by Cicero, who came to thank him for what he had done. "You must thank the commonwealth," said he, for whose sake alone he professed to do everything. Thus he gained a great and wonderful reputation; so that an advocate in a cause, where there was only one witness against him, told the judges they ought not to rely upon a single witness, though it were Cato himself. And it was a sort of proverb with many people, if any very unlikely and incredible thing were asserted, to say, they would not believe it, though Cato himself should affirm it. One day a debauched and sumptuous liver talking in the senate about frugality and temperance, Anæus standing up, cried, "Who can endure this, sir, to have you feast like Crassus, build like Lucullus, and talk like Cato." So likewise those who were vicious and dissolute in their manners, yet affected to be grave and severe in their language, were in derision called Catos.

At first, when his friends would have persuaded him to stand to be tribune of the people, he thought it undesirable; for that the power of so

great an office ought to be reserved, as the strongest medicines, for occasions of the last necessity. But afterwards in a vacation time, as he was going, accompanied with his books and philosophers, to Lucania, where he had lands with a pleasant residence, they met by the way a great many horses, carriages, and attendants, of whom they understood, that Metellus Nepos was going to Rome, to stand to be tribune of the people. Hereupon Cato stopped, and after a little pause, gave orders to return back immediately; at which the company seeming to wonder, "Don't you know," said he, "how dangerous of itself the madness of Metellus is? and now that he comes armed with the support of Pompey, he will fall like lightning on the state, and bring it to utter disorder; therefore this is no time for idleness and diversion, but we must go and prevent this man in his designs, or bravely die in defence of our liberty." Nevertheless, by the persuasion of his friends, he went first to his country-house, where he stayed but a very little time, and then returned to town.

He arrived in the evening, and went straight the next morning to the forum, where he began to solicit for the tribuneship, in opposition to Metellus. The power of this office consists rather in controlling than performing any business; for though all the rest except any one tribune should be agreed, yet his denial or intercession could put a stop to the whole matter. Cato, at first, had not many that appeared for him; but as soon as his design was known, all the good and distinguished persons of the city quickly came forward to encourage and support him, looking upon him, not as one that desired a favour of them, but one that proposed to do a great favour to his country and all honest men; who had many times refused the same office, when he might have had it without trouble, but now sought it with danger, that he might defend their liberty and their government. It is reported that so great a number flocked about him that he was like to be stifled amidst the press, and could scarce get through the crowd. He was declared tribune, with several others, among whom was Metellus.

When Cato was chosen into this office, observing that the election of consuls was become a matter of purchase, he sharply rebuked the people for this corruption, and in the conclusion of his speech protested he would bring to trial whomever he should find giving money, making an exception only in the case of Silanus, on account of their near connection, he having married Servilia, Cato's sister. He therefore did not prosecute him, but accused Lucius Murena, who had been chosen consul by corrupt means with Silanus. There was a law that the party accused might appoint a person to keep watch upon his accuser, that he might know fairly what means he took in preparing the accusation. He that was set upon Cato by Murena, at first followed and observed him strictly, yet never found him dealing any way unfairly or insidiously, but always generously and candidly going on in the just and open methods of proceeding. And he so

admired Cato's great spirit, and so entirely trusted to his integrity, that meeting him in the forum, or going to his house, he would ask him if he designed to do anything that day in order to the accusation, and if Cato said no, he went away, relying on his word. When the cause was pleaded, Cicero, who was then consul and defended Murena, took occasion to be extremely witty and jocose, in reference to Cato, upon the Stoic philosophers, and their paradoxes, as they call them, and so excited great laughter among the judges; upon which Cato, smiling, said to the standers-by, "What a pleasant consul we have, my friends." Murena was acquitted, and afterwards showed himself a man of no ill-feeling or want of sense; for when he was consul, he always took Cato's advice in the most weighty affairs and, during all the time of his office, paid him much honour and respect. Of which not only Murena's prudence, but also Cato's own behaviour, was the cause; for though he were terrible and severe as to matters of justice, in the senate, and at the bar, yet after the thing was over his manner to all men was perfectly friendly and humane.

Before he entered on the office of tribune, he assisted Cicero, at that time consul, in many contests that concerned his office, but most especially in his great and noble acts at the time of Catiline's conspiracy; which owed their last successful issue to Cato. Catiline had plotted a dreadful and entire subversion of the Roman state by sedition and open war, but being convicted by Cicero, was forced to fly the city. Yet Lentulus and Cethegus remained, with several others, to carry on the same plot; and blaming Catiline, as one that wanted courage, and had been timid and petty in his designs, they themselves resolved to set the whole town on fire, and utterly to overthrow the empire, rousing whole nations to revolt and exciting foreign wars. But the design was discovered by Cicero (as we have written in his life), and the matter brought before the senate. Silanus, who spoke first, delivered his opinion, that the conspirators ought to suffer the last of punishments, and was therein followed by all who spoke after him; till it came to Cæsar, who being an excellent speaker, and looking upon all changes and commotions in the state as materials useful for his own purposes, desired rather to increase than extinguish them, and standing up, he made a very merciful and persuasive speech, that they ought not to suffer death without fair trial according to law, and moved that they might be kept in prison. Thus was the house almost wholly turned by Cæsar, apprehending also the anger of the people; insomuch that even Silanus retracted, and said he did not mean to propose death, but imprisonment, for that was the utmost a Roman could suffer.

Upon this they were all inclined to the milder and more merciful opinion, when Cato, standing up, began at once with great passion and vehemence to reproach Silanus for his change of opinion, and to attack Cæsar, who would, he said, ruin the commonwealth by soft words and

popular speeches, and was endeavouring to frighten the senate, when he himself ought to fear, and be thankful, if he escaped unpunished or unsuspected, who thus openly and boldly dared to protect the enemies of the state, and while finding no compassion for his own native country, brought, with all its glories, so near to utter ruin, could yet be full of pity for those men who had better never have been born, and whose death must deliver the commonwealth from bloodshed and destruction. This only of all Cato's speeches, it is said, was preserved; for Cicero, the consul, had disposed in various parts of the senate-house, several of the most expert and rapid writers, whom he had taught to make figures comprising numerous words in a few short strokes; as up to that time they had not used those we call shorthand writers, who then, as it is said, established the first example of the art. Thus Cato carried it, and so turned the house again, that it was decreed the conspirators should be put to death.

Not to omit any small matters that may serve to show Cato's temper, and add something to the portraiture of his mind, it is reported, that while Cæsar and he were in the very heat, and the whole senate regarding them two, a little note was brought in to Cæsar which Cato declared to be suspicious, and urging that some seditious act was going on, bade the letter be read. Upon which Cæsar handed the paper to Cato; who, discovering it to be a love-letter from his sister Servilia to Cæsar, by whom she had been corrupted, threw it to him again, saying, "Take it, drunkard," and so went on with his discourse. And, indeed, it seems Cato had but ill-fortune in women; for this lady was ill-spoken of for her familiarity with Cæsar, and the other Servilia, Cato's sister also, was yet more ill-conducted; for being married to Lucullus, one of the greatest men in Rome, and having brought him a son, she was afterwards divorced for incontinency. But what was worst of all, Cato's own wife Atilia was not free from the same fault; and after she had borne him two children, he was forced to put her away for her misconduct. After that, he married Marcia, the daughter of Philippus, a woman of good reputation, who yet has occasioned much discourse; and the life of Cato, like a dramatic piece, has this one scene or passage full of perplexity and doubtful meaning.

It is thus related by Thrasea, who refers to the authority of Munatius, Cato's friend and constant companion. Among many that loved and admired Cato, some were more remarkable and conspicuous than others. Of these was Quintus Hortensius, a man of high repute and approved virtue, who desired not only to live in friendship and familiarity with Cato, but also to unite his whole house and family with him by some sort or other of alliance in marriage. Therefore he set himself to persuade Cato that his daughter Porcia, who was already married to Bibulus, and had borne him two children, might nevertheless be given to him, as a fair plot of land, to bear fruit also for him. "For," said he, "though this in the opinion of men may seem strange, yet in nature it is honest, and profit-

able for the public that a woman in the prime of her youth should not lie useless, and lose the fruit of her womb, nor, on the other side, should burden and impoverish one man, by bringing him too many children. Also by this communication of families among worthy men, virtue would increase, and be diffused through their posterity; and the commonwealth would be united and cemented by their alliances." Yet if Bibulus would not part with his wife altogether, he would restore her as soon as she had brought him a child, whereby he might be united to both their families. Cato answered, that he loved Hortensius very well, and much approved of uniting their houses, but he thought it strange to speak of marrying his daughter, when she was already given to another. Then Hortensius, turning the discourse, did not hesitate to speak openly and ask for Cato's own wife, for she was young and fruitful, and he had already children enough. Neither can it be thought that Hortensius did this, as imagining Cato did not care for Marcia; for, it is said, she was then with child. Cato, perceiving his earnest desire, did not deny his request, but said that Philippus, the father of Marcia, ought also to be consulted. Philippus, therefore, being sent for, came; and finding they were well agreed, gave his daughter Marcia to Hortensius in the presence of Cato, who himself also assisted at the marriage. This was done at a later time, but since I was speaking of women, I thought it well to mention it now.

Lentulus and the rest of the conspirators were put to death; but Cæsar, finding so much insinuated and charged against him in the senate, betook himself to the people, and proceeded to stir up the most corrupt and dissolute elements of the state to form a party in his support. Cato, apprehensive of what might ensue, persuaded the senate to win over the poor and unprovided-for multitude by a distribution of corn, the annual charge of which amounted to twelve hundred and fifty talents. This act of humanity and kindness unquestionably dissipated the present danger. But Metellus, coming into his office of tribune, began to hold tumultuous assemblies, and had prepared a decree, that Pompey the Great should presently be called into Italy, with all his forces, to preserve the city from the danger of Catiline's conspiracy. This was the fair pretence; but the true design was to deliver all into the hands of Pompey, and to give him an absolute power. Upon this the senate was assembled, and Cato did not fall sharply upon Metellus, as he often did, but urged his advice in the most reasonable and moderate tone. At last he descended even to entreaty, and extolled the house of Metellus as having always taken part with the nobility. At this Metellus grew the more insolent, and despising Cato, as if he yielded and were afraid, let himself proceed to the most audacious menaces, openly threatening to do whatever he pleased in spite of the senate. Upon this Cato changed his countenance, his voice, and his language; and after many sharp expressions, boldly concluded that, while he lived, Pompey should never come armed into the city. The senate

thought them both extravagant, and not well in their safe senses; for the design of Metellus seemed to be mere rage and frenzy, out of excess of mischief bringing all things to ruin and confusion, and Cato's virtue looked like a kind of ecstasy of contention in the cause of what was good and just.

But when the day came for the people to give their voices for the passing this decree, and Metellus beforehand occupied the forum with armed men, strangers, gladiators, amd slaves, those that in hopes of change followed Pompey were known to be no small part of the people, and besides, they had great assistance from Cæsar, who was then prætor; and though the best and chiefest men of the city were no less offended at these proceedings than Cato, they seemed rather likely to suffer with him than able to assist him. In the meantime Cato's whole family were in extreme fear and apprehension for him; some of his friends neither ate nor slept all the night, passing the whole time in debating and perplexity; his wife and sisters also bewailed and lamented him. But he himself, void of all fear, and full of assurance, comforted and encouraged them by his own words and conversation with them. After supper he went to rest at his usual hour, and was the next day waked out of a profound sleep by Minucius Thermus, one of his colleagues. So soon as he was up, they two went together into the forum, accompanied by very few, but met by a great many, who bade them have a care of themselves. Cato, therefore, when he saw the temple of Castor and Pollux encompassed with armed men, and the steps guarded by gladiators, and at the top Metellus and Cæsar seated together, turning to his friends, "Behold," said he, "this audacious coward, who has levied a regiment of soldiers against one unarmed naked man;" and so he went on with Thermus. Those who kept the passages gave way to these two only, and would not let anybody else pass. Yet Cato taking Munatius by the hand, with much difficulty pulled him through along with him. Then going directly to Metellus and Cæsar, he sat himself down between them, to prevent their talking to one another, at which they were both amazed and confounded. And those of the honest party, observing the countenance, and admiring the high spirit and boldness of Cato, went nearer, and cried out to him to have courage, exhorting also one another to stand together, and not betray their liberty nor the defender of it.

Then the clerk took out the bill, but Cato forbade him to read it, whereupon Metellus took it, and would have read it himself, but Cato snatched the book away. Yet Metellus, having the decree by heart, began to recite it without book; but Thermus put his hand to his mouth, and stopped his speech. Metellus seeing them fully bent to withstand him, and the people cowed, and inclining to the better side, sent to his house for armed men. And on their rushing in with great noise and terror, all the rest dispersed and ran away, except Cato, who alone stood still, while

the other party threw sticks and stones at him from above, until Murena, whom he had formerly accused, came up to protect him, and holding his gown before him, cried out to them to leave off throwing; and, in fine, persuading and pulling him along, he forced him into the temple of Castor and Pollux. Metellus, now seeing the place clear, and all the adverse party fled out of the forum, thought he might easily carry his point; so he commanded the soldiers to retire, and recommencing in an orderly manner, began to proceed to passing the decree. But the other side having recovered themselves, returned very boldly, and with loud shouting, insomuch that Metellus's adherents were seized with a panic, supposing them to be coming with a reinforcement of armed men, fled every one out of the place. They being thus dispersed, Cato came in again, and confirmed the courage, and commended the resolution of the people; so that now the majority were, by all means, for deposing Metellus from his office. The senate also being assembled, gave orders once more for supporting Cato, and resisting the motion, as of a nature to excite sedition and perhaps civil war in the city.

But Metellus continued still very bold and resolute; and seeing his party stood greatly in fear of Cato, whom they looked upon as invincible, he hurried out of the senate into the forum, and assembled the people, to whom he made a bitter and invidious speech against Cato, crying out, he was forced to fly from his tyranny, and this conspiracy against Pompey; that the city would soon repent their having dishonoured so great a man. And from hence he started to go to Asia, with the intention, as would be supposed, of laying before Pompey all the injuries that were done him. Cato was highly extolled for having delivered the state from this dangerous tribuneship, and having in some measure defeated, in the person of Metellus, the power of Pompey; but he was yet more commended when, upon the senate proceeding to disgrace Metellus and depose him from his office, he altogether opposed and at length diverted the design. The common people admired his moderation and humanity, in not trampling wantonly on an enemy whom he had overthrown, and wiser men acknowledged his prudence and policy in not exasperating Pompey.

Lucullus soon after returned from the war in Asia, the finishing of which, and thereby the glory of the whole, was thus, in all appearance, taken out of his hands by Pompey. And he was also not far from losing his triumph, for Caius Memmius traduced him to the people, and threatened to accuse him; rather, however, out of love to Pompey, than for any particular enmity to him. But Cato, being allied to Lucullus, who had married his sister Servilia, and also thinking it a great injustice, opposed Memmius, thereby exposing himself to much slander and misrepresentation, insomuch that they would have turned him out of his office, pretending that he used his power tyrannically. Yet at length Cato so far prevailed against Memmius that he was forced to let fall the accusations, and abandon the con-

test. And Lucullus having thus obtained his triumph, yet more sedulously cultivated Cato's friendship, which he looked upon as a great guard and defence for him against Pompey's power.

And now Pompey also returning with glory from the war, and confiding in the good-will of the people, shown in their splendid reception of him, thought he should be denied nothing, and sent therefore to the senate to put off the assembly for the election of consuls, till he could be present to assist Piso, who stood for that office. To this most of the senators were disposed to yield; Cato only not so much thinking that this delay would be of great importance, but, desiring to cut down at once Pompey's high expectations and designs, withstood his request, and so overruled the senate that it was carried against him. And this not a little disturbed Pompey, who found he should very often fail in his projects unless he could bring over Cato to his interest. He sent, therefore, for Munatius, his friend; and Cato having two nieces that were marriageable, he offered to marry the eldest himself, and take the youngest for his son. Some say they were not his nieces, but his daughters. Munatius proposed the matter to Cato, in presence of his wife and sisters; the women were full of joy at the prospect of an alliance with so great and important a person. But Cato, without delay or balancing, forming his decision at once, answered, "Go, Munatius, go and tell Pompey that Cato is not assailable on the side of the women's chamber; I am grateful indeed for the intended kindness, and so long as his actions are upright, I promise him a friendship more sure than any marriage alliance, but I will not give hostages to Pompey's glory against my country's safety." This answer was very much against the wishes of the women, and to all his friends it seemed somewhat harsh and haughty. But afterwards, when Pompey, endeavouring to get the consulship for one of his friends, gave pay to the people for their votes, and the bribery was notorious, the money being counted out in Pompey's own gardens, Cato then said to the women, they must necessarily have been concerned in the contamination of these misdeeds of Pompey, if they had been allied to his family; and they acknowledged that he did best in refusing it. Yet if we may judge by the event, Cato was much to blame in rejecting that alliance, which thereby fell to Cæsar. And then that match was made, which, uniting his and Pompey's power, had well-nigh ruined the Roman empire, and did destroy the commonwealth. Nothing of which, perhaps, had come to pass, but that Cato was too apprehensive of Pompey's least faults, and did not consider how he forced him into conferring on another man the opportunity of committing the greatest.

These things, however, were yet to come. Lucullus and Pompey, meantime, had a great dispute concerning their orders and arrangements in Pontus, each endeavouring that his own ordinances might stand. Cato took part with Lucullus, who was manifestly suffering wrong; and Pom-

pey, finding himself the weaker in the senate, had recourse to the people, and to gain votes he proposed a law for dividing the lands among the soldiers. Cato opposing him in this also made the bill be rejected. Upon this he joined himself with Clodius, at that time the most violent of all the demagogues, and entered also into friendship with Cæsar, upon an occasion of which also Cato was the cause. For Cæsar, returning from his government in Spain, at the same time sued to be chosen consul, and yet desired not to lose his triumph. Now the law requiring that those who stood for any office should be present, and yet that whoever expected a triumph should continue without the walls, Cæsar requested the senate that his friends might be permitted to canvass for him in his absence. Many of the senators were willing to consent to it, but Cato opposed it, and perceiving them inclined to favour Cæsar, spent the whole day in speaking, and so prevented the senate from coming to any conclusion. Cæsar, therefore, resolving to let fall his pretensions to the triumph, came into the town, and immediately made a friendship with Pompey, and stood for the consulship. As soon as he was declared consul elect, he married his daughter Julia to Pompey. And having thus combined themselves together against the commonwealth, the one proposed laws for dividing the lands among the poor people, and the other was present to support the proposals. Lucullus, Cicero, and their friends, joined with Bibulus, the other consul, to hinder their passing, and, foremost of them all, Cato, who already looked upon the friendship and alliance of Pompey and Cæsar as very dangerous, declared he did not so much dislike the advantage the people should get by this division of the lands, as he feared the reward these men would gain, by thus courting and cozening the people. And in this he gained over the senate to his opinion, as likewise many who were not senators, who were offended at Caesar's ill conduct, that he, in the office of consul, should thus basely and dishonourably flatter the people; practising, to win their favour, the same means that were wont to be used only by the most rash and rebellious tribunes. Cæsar, therefore, and his party, fearing they should not carry it by fair dealing, fell to open force. First a basket of dung was thrown upon Bibulus as he was going to the forum; then they set upon his lictors and broke their rods; at length several darts were thrown, and many men wounded; so that all that were against those laws fled out of the forum, the rest with what haste they could, and Cato, last of all, walking out slowly, often turning back and calling down vengeance upon them.

Thus the other party not only carried their point of dividing the lands, but also ordained that all the senate should swear to confirm this law, and to defend it against whoever should attempt to alter it, inflicting great penalties on those that should refuse the oath. All these senators, seeing the necessity they were in, took the oath, remembering the example of Metellus in old time, who, refusing to swear upon the like occasion,

was forced to leave Italy. As for Cato, his wife and children with tears besought him, his friends and familiars persuaded and entreated him, to yield and take the oath; but he that principally prevailed with him was Cicero, the orator, who urged upon him that it was perhaps not even right in itself, that a private man should oppose what the public had decreed; that the thing being already past altering, it were folly and madness to throw himself into danger without the chance of doing his country any good; it would be the greatest of all evils to embrace, as it were, the opportunity to abandon the commonwealth, for whose sake he did everything, and to let it fall into the hands of those who designed nothing but its ruin, as if he were glad to be saved from the trouble of defending it. "For," said he, "though Cato have no need of Rome, yet Rome has need of Cato, and so likewise have all his friends." Of whom Cicero professed he himself was the chief, being at that time aimed at by Clodius, who openly threatened to fall upon him, as soon as ever he should get to be tribune. Thus Cato, they say, moved by the entreaties and the arguments of his friends, went unwillingly to take the oath, which he did the last of all, except only Favonius, one of his intimate acquaintance.

Cæsar, exalted with this success, proposed another law, for dividing almost all the country of Campania among the poor and needy citizens. Nobody durst speak against it but Cato, whom Cæsar therefore pulled from the rostra and dragged to prison: yet Cato did not even thus remit his freedom of speech, but as he went along continued to speak against the law, and advised the people to put down all legislators who proposed the like. The senate and the best of the citizens followed him with sad and dejected looks, showing their grief and indignation by their silence, so that Cæsar could not be ignorant how much they were offended; but for contention's sake he still persisted, expecting Cato should either supplicate him, or make an appeal. But when he saw that he did not so much as think of doing either, ashamed of what he was doing and of what people thought of it, he himself privately bade one of the tribunes interpose and procure his release. However, having won the multitude by these laws and gratifications, they decreed that Cæsar should have the government of Illyricum, and all Gaul, with an army of four legions, for the space of five years, though Cato still cried out they were, by their own vote, placing a tyrant in their citadel. Publius Clodius, a patrician, who illegally became a plebeian, was declared tribune of the people, as he had promised to do all things according to their pleasure, on condition he might banish Cicero. And for consuls, they set up Calpurnius Piso, the father of Cæsar's wife, and Aulus Gabinius, one of Pompey's creatures, as they tell us, who best knew his life and manners.

Yet when they had thus firmly established all things, having mastered one part of the city by favour, and the other by fear, they themselves were still afraid of Cato, and remembered with vexation what pains and

trouble their success over him had cost them, and indeed what shame and disgrace, when at last they were driven to use violence to him. This made Clodius despair of driving Cicero out of Italy while Cato stayed at home. Therefore, having first laid his design, as soon as he came into his office, he sent for Cato, and told him that he looked upon him as the most incorrupt of all the Romans, and was ready to show he did so. "For whereas," said he, "many have applied to be sent to Cyprus on the commission in the case of Ptolemy and have solicited to have the appointment, I think you alone are deserving of it, and I desire to give you the favour of the appointment." Cato at once cried out it was a mere design upon him, and no favour, but an injury. Then Clodius proudly and fiercely answered, "If you will not take it as a kindness, you shall go, though never so unwillingly;" and immediately going into the assembly of the people he made them pass a decree, that Cato should be sent to Cyprus. But they ordered him neither ship, nor soldier, nor any attendant, except two secretaries, one of whom was a thief and a rascal, and the other a retainer to Clodius. Besides, as if Cyprus and Ptolemy were not work sufficient, he was ordered also to restore the refugees of Byzantium. For Clodius was resolved to keep him far enough off whilst himself continued tribune.

Cato, being in this necessity of going away, advised Cicero, who was next to be set upon, to make no resistance, lest he should throw the state into civil war and confusion, but to give way to the times, and thus become once more the preserver of his country. He himself sent forward Canidius, one of his friends, to Cyprus, to persuade Ptolemy to yield, without being forced; which if he did, he should want neither riches nor honour, for the Romans would give him the priesthood of the goddess at Paphos. He himself stayed at Rhodes, making some preparations, and expecting an answer from Cyprus. In the meantime, Ptolemy, King of Egypt, who had left Alexandria, upon some quarrel between him and his subjects, and was sailing for Rome, in hopes that Pompey and Cæsar would send troops to restore him, in his way thither desired to see Cato, to whom he sent, supposing he would come to him. Cato had taken purging medicine at the time when the messenger came, and made answer, that Ptolemy had better come to him, if he thought fit. And when he came, he neither went forward to meet him, nor so much as rose up to him, but saluting him as an ordinary person, bade him sit down. This at once threw Ptolemy into some confusion, who was surprised to see such stern and haughty manners in one who made so plain and unpretending an appearance; but afterwards, when he began to talk about his affairs, he was no less astonished at the wisdom and freedom of his discourse. For Cato blamed his conduct, and pointed out to him what honour and happiness he was abandoning, and what humiliations and troubles he would run himself into; what bribery he must resort to, and what cupidity

he would have to satisfy when he came to the leading men at Rome, whom all Egypt turned into silver would scarcely content. He therefore advised him to return home, and be reconciled to his subjects, offering to go along with him, and assist him in composing the differences. And by this language Ptolemy being brought to himself, as it might be out of a fit of madness or delirium, and discerning the truth and wisdom of what Cato said, resolved to follow his advice; but he was again over-persuaded by his friends to the contrary, and so, according to his first design, went to Rome. When he came there, and was forced to wait at the gate of one of the magistrates, he began to lament his folly in having rejected, rather, as it seemed to him, the oracle of a god than the advice merely of a good and wise man.

In the meantime, the other Ptolemy, in Cyprus, very luckily for Cato, poisoned himself. It was reported he had left great riches; therefore, Cato designing to go first to Byzantium, sent his nephew Brutus to Cyprus, as he would not wholly trust Canidius. Then, having reconciled the refugees and the people of Byzantium, he left the city in peace and quietness; and so sailed to Cyprus, where he found a royal treasure of plate, tables, precious stones and purple, all which was to be turned into ready money. And being determined to do everything with the greatest exactness, and to raise the price of everything to the utmost, to this end he was always present at selling the things, and went carefully into all the accounts. Nor would he trust to the usual customs of the market, but looked doubtfully upon all alike, the officers, criers, purchasers, and even his own friends; and so in fine he himself talked with the buyers, and urged them to bid high, and conducted in this manner the greatest part of the sales.

This mistrustfulness offended most of his friends, and in particular, Munatius, the most intimate of them all, became almost irreconcilable. And this afforded Cæsar the subject of his severest censures in the book he wrote against Cato. Yet Munatius himself relates, that the quarrel was not so much occasioned by Cato's mistrust, as by his neglect of him, and by his own jealousy of Canidius. For Munatius also wrote a book concerning Cato, which is the chief authority followed by Thrasea. Munatius says, that coming to Cyprus after the other, and having a very poor lodging provided for him, he went to Cato's house, but was not admitted, because he was engaged in private with Canidius; of which he afterwards complained in very gentle terms to Cato, but received a very harsh answer, that too much love, according to Theophrastus, often causes hatred; "and you," he said, "because you bear me much love, think you receive too little honour, and presently grow angry. I employ Canidius on account of his industry and his fidelity; he has been with me from the first, and I have found him to be trusted." These things were said in private between them two; but Cato afterwards told Canidius what had passed, on being informed of which, Munatius would no more go to sup with him,

and when he was invited to give his counsel, refused to come. Then Cato threatened to seize his goods, as was the custom in the case of those who were disobedient; but Munatius not regarding his threats, returned to Rome, and continued a long time thus discontented. But afterwards, when Cato was come back also, Marcia, who as yet lived with him, contrived to have them both invited to sup together at the house of one Barca; Cato came in last of all, when the rest were laid down, and asked, where he should be. Barca answered him, where he pleased; then looking about, he said he would be near Munatius, and went and placed himself next to him; yet he showed him no other mark of kindness all the time they were at table together. But another time, at the entreaty of Marcia, Cato wrote to Munatius that he desired to speak with him. Munatius went to his house in the morning, and was kept by Marcia till all the company was gone; then Cato came, threw both his arms about him, and embraced him very kindly, and they were reconciled. I have the more fully related this passage, for that I think the manners and tempers of men are more clearly discovered by things of this nature, than by great and conspicuous actions.

Cato got together little less than seven thousand talents of silver; but apprehensive of what might happen in so long a voyage by sea, he provided a great many coffers that held two talents and five hundred drachmas apiece; to each of these he fastened a long rope, and to the other end of the rope a piece of cork, so that if the ship should miscarry, it might be discovered whereabout the chests lay under water. Thus all the money, except a very little, was safely transported. But he had made two books, in which all the accounts of his commission were carefully written out, and neither of these was preserved. For his freedman Philargyrus, who had the charge of one of them, setting sail from Cenchreæ, was lost, together with the ship and all her freight. And the other Cato himself kept safe till he came to Corcyra, but there he set up his tent in the marketplace, and the sailors, being very cold in the night, made a great many fires, some of which caught the tents, so that they were burnt, and the book lost. And though he had brought with him several of Ptolemy's stewards, who could testify to his integrity, and stop the mouths of enemies and false accusers, yet the loss annoyed him, and he was vexed with himself about the matter, as he had designed them not so much for a proof of his own fidelity, as for a pattern of exactness to others.

The news did not fail to reach Rome that he was coming up the river. All the magistrates, the priests, and the whole senate, with great part of the people, went out to meet him; both the banks of the Tiber were covered with people; so that his entrance was in solemnity and honour not inferior to a triumph. But it was thought somewhat strange, and looked like wilfulness and pride, that when the consuls and prætors ap-

peared, he did not disembark, nor stay to salute them, but rowed up the stream in a royal galley of six banks of oars, and stopped not till he brought his vessels to the dock. However, when the money was carried through the streets, the people much wondered at the vast quantity of it, and the senate being assembled, decreed him in honourable terms an extraordinary prætorship, and also the privilege of appearing at the public spectacles in a robe faced with purple. Cato declined all these honours, but declaring what diligence and fidelity he had found in Nicias, the steward of Ptolemy, he requested the senate to give him his freedom.

Philippus, the father of Marcia, was that year consul, and the authority and power of the office rested in a manner in Cato; for the other consul paid him no less regard for his virtue's sake than Philippus did on account of the connection between them. And Cicero, now being returned from his banishment, into which he was driven by Clodius, and having again obtained great credit among the people, went, in the absence of Clodius, and by force took away the records of his tribuneship, which had been laid up in the capitol. Hereupon the senate was assembled and Clodius complained of Cicero, who answered, that Clodius was never legally tribune, and therefore whatever he had done was void, and of no authority. But Cato interrupted him while he spoke, and at last standing up said, that indeed he in no way justified or approved of Clodius's proceedings: but if they questioned the validity of what had been done in his tribuneship, they might also question what himself had done at Cyprus, for the expedition was unlawful, if he that sent him had no lawful authority: for himself, he thought Clodius was legally made tribune, who, by permission of the law, was from a patrician adopted into a plebeian family; if he had done ill in his office, he ought to be called to account for it; but the authority of the magistracy ought not to suffer for the faults of the magistrate. Cicero took this ill, and for a long time discontinued his friendship with Cato; but they were afterwards reconciled.

Pompey and Crassus, by agreement with Cæsar, who crossed the Alps to see them, had formed a design, that they two should stand to be chosen consuls a second time, and when they should be in their office, they would continue to Cæsar his government for five years more, and take to themselves the greatest provinces, with armies and money to maintain them. This seemed a plain conspiracy to subvert the constitution and parcel out the empire. Several men of high character had intended to stand to be consuls that year, but upon the appearance of these great competitors, they all desisted, except only Lucius Domitius, who had married Porcia, the sister of Cato, and was by him persuaded to stand it out, and not abandon such an undertaking, which, he said, was not merely to gain the consulship, but to save the liberty of Rome. In the meantime, it was the common topic among the more prudent part of the citizens, that they ought not to suffer the power of Pompey and Crassus to be united, which

would then be carried beyond all bounds, and become dangerous to the state; that therefore one of them must be denied. For these reasons they took part with Domitius, whom they exhorted and encouraged to go on, assuring him that many who feared openly to appear for him, would privately assist him. Pompey's party fearing this, laid wait for Domitius, and set upon him as he was going before daylight, with torches, into the Field. First, he that bore the light next before Domitius was knocked down and killed; then several others being wounded, all the rest fled, except Cato and Domitius, whom Cato held, though himself were wounded in the arm, and crying out, conjured the others to stay, and not, while they had any breath, forsake the defence of their liberty against those tyrants, who plainly showed with what moderation they were likely to use the power which they endeavoured to gain by such violence. But at length Domitius, also, no longer willing to face the danger, fled to his own house, and so Pompey and Crassus were declared elected.

Nevertheless, Cato would not give over, but resolved to stand himself to be prætor that year, which he thought would be some help to him in his design of opposing them; that he might not act as a private man, when he was to contend with public magistrates. Pompey and Crassus apprehended this; and fearing that the office of prætor in the person of Cato might be equal in authority to that of consul, they assembled the senate unexpectedly, without giving notice to a great many of the senators, and made an order, that those who were chosen prætors should immediately enter upon their office, without attending the usual time, in which, according to law, they might be accused, if they had corrupted the people with gifts. When by this order they had got leave to bribe freely, without being called to account, they set up their own friends and dependants to stand for the prætorship, giving money, and watching the people as they voted. Yet the virtue and reputation of Cato was like to triumph over all these stratagems; for the people generally felt it to be shameful that a price should be paid for the rejection of Cato, who ought rather to be paid himself to take upon him the office. So he carried it by the voices of the first tribe. Hereupon Pompey immediately framed a lie, crying out, it thundered; and straight broke up the assembly, for the Romans religiously observed this as a bad omen, and never concluded any matter after it had thundered. Before the next time, they had distributed larger bribes, and driving also the best men out of the Field, by these foul means they procured Vatinius to be chosen prætor, instead of Cato. It is said, that those who had thus corruptly and dishonestly given their voices hurried, as if it were in flight, out of the Field. The others staying together, and exclaiming at the event, one of the tribunes continued the assembly, and Cato standing up, as it were by inspiration, foretold all the miseries that afterwards befell the state, exhorted them to beware of Pompey and Crassus, who were guilty of such things, and had laid such designs, that they

might well fear to have Cato prætor. When he had ended this speech, he was followed to his house by a greater number of people than all the new prætors elect put together.

Caius Trebonius now proposed the law for allotting provinces to the consuls, one of whom was to have Spain and Africa, the other Egypt and Syria, with full power of making war, and carrying it on both by sea and land, as they should think fit. When this was proposed, all others despaired of putting any stop to it, and neither did nor said anything against it. But Cato, before the voting began, went up into the place of speaking, and desiring to be heard, was with much difficulty allowed two hours to speak. Having spent that time in informing them and reasoning with them, and in foretelling to them much that was to come, he was not suffered to speak any longer; but as he was going on, a serjeant came and pulled him down; yet when he was down, he still continued speaking in a loud voice, and finding many to listen to him, and join in his indignation. Then the serjeant took him, and forced him out of the forum; but as soon as he got loose, he returned again to the place of speaking, crying out to the people to stand by him. When he had done thus several times, Trebonius grew very angry, and commanded him to be carried to prison; but the multitude followed him, and listened to the speech which he made to them as he went along; so that Trebonius began to be afraid again, and ordered him to be released. Thus that day was expended, and the business staved off by Cato. But in the days succeeding, many of the citizens being overawed by fears and threats, and others won by gifts and favours, Aquillius, one of the tribunes, they kept by an armed force within the senate-house; Cato, who cried it thundered, they drove out of the forum; many were wounded, and some slain; and at length by open force they passed the law. At this many were so incensed that they got together and were going to throw down the statues of Pompey; but Cato went and diverted them from that design.

Again, another law was proposed, concerning the provinces and legions of Cæsar. Upon this occasion Cato did not apply himself to the people, but appealed to Pompey himself; and told him, he did not consider now that he was setting Cæsar upon his own shoulders, who would shortly grow too weighty for him; and at length, not able to lay down the burden, not yet to bear it any longer, he would precipitate both it and himself with it upon the commonwealth; and then he would remember Cato's advice, which was no less advantageous to him than just and honest in itself. Thus was Pompey often warned, but still disregarded and slighted it, never mistrusting Cæsar's change, and always confiding in his own power and good fortune.

Cato was made prætor the following year; but, it seems, he did not do more honour and credit to the office by his signal integrity than he disgraced and diminished it by his strange behaviour. For he would often

come to the court without his shoes, and sit upon the bench without any undergarment, and in this attire would give judgment in capital causes, and upon persons of the highest rank. It is said, also, he used to drink wine after his morning meal, and then transact the business of his office; but this was wrongfully reported of him. The people were at that time extremely corrupted by the gifts of those who sought offices, and most made a constant trade of selling their voices. Cato was eager utterly to root this corruption out of the commonwealth; he therefore persuaded the senate to make an order, that those who were chosen into any office, though nobody should accuse them, should be obliged to come into the court, and give account upon oath of their proceedings in their election. This was extremely obnoxious to those who stood for the offices, and yet more to those vast numbers who took the bribes. Insomuch that one morning, as Cato was going to the tribunal, a great multitude of people flocked together, and with loud cries and maledictions reviled him, and threw stones at him. Those that were about the tribunal presently fled, and Cato himself being forced thence, and jostled about in the throng, very narrowly escaped the stones that were thrown at him, and with much difficulty got hold of the rostra; where, standing up with a bold and undaunted countenance, he at once mastered the tumult, and silenced the clamour; and addressing them in fit terms for the occasion, was heard with great attention, and perfectly quelled the sedition. Afterwards, on the senate commending him for this, "But I," said he, "do not commend you for abandoning your prætor in danger, and bringing him no assistance."

In the meantime, the candidates were in great perplexity; for every one dreaded to give money himself, and yet feared lest his competitors should. At length they agreed to lay down one hundred and twenty-five thousand drachmas apiece, and then all of them to canvass fairly and honestly, on condition, that if any one was found to make use of bribery he should forfeit the money. Being thus agreed, they chose Cato to keep the stakes, and arbitrate the matter; to him they brought the sum concluded on, and before him subscribed the agreement. The money he did not choose to have paid for them, but took their securities who stood bound for them. Upon the day of election, he placed himself by the tribune who took the votes, and very watchfully observing all that passed, he discovered one who had broken the agreement, and immediately ordered him to pay his money to the rest. They, however, commending his justice highly, remitted the penalty, as thinking the discovery a sufficient punishment. It raised, however, as much envy against Cato as it gained him reputation, and many were offended at his thus taking upon himself the whole authority of the senate, the courts of judicature, and the magistracies. For there is no virtue, the honour and credit for which procures a man more odium than that of justice; and this, because more than any other, it acquires a man power and authority among the common people. For they

only honour the valiant and admire the wise, while in addition they also love just men, and put entire trust and confidence in them. They fear the bold man, and mistrust the clever man, and moreover think them rather beholding to their natural complexion, than to any goodness of their will, for these excellences; they look upon valour as a certain natural strength of the mind, and wisdom as a constitutional acuteness; whereas a man has it in his power to be just, if he have but the will to be so, and therefore injustice is thought the most dishonourable, because it is least excusable.

Cato upon this account was opposed by all the great men, who thought themselves reproved by his virtue. Pompey especially looked upon the increase of Cato's credit as the ruin of his own power, and therefore continually set up men to rail against him. Among these was the seditious Clodius, now again united to Pompey, who declared openly, that Cato had conveyed away a great deal of the treasure that was found in Cyprus; and that he hated Pompey only because he refused to marry his daughter. Cato answered, that although they had allowed him neither horse nor man, he had brought more treasure from Cyprus alone, than Pompey had, after so many wars and triumphs, from the ransacked world; that he never sought the alliance of Pompey; not that he thought him unworthy of being related to him, but because he differed so much from him in things that concerned the commonwealth. "For," said he, "I laid down the province that was given me, when I went out of my prætorship; Pompey, on the contrary, retains many provinces for himself, and he bestows many on others; and but now he sent Cæsar a force of six thousand men into Gaul, which Cæsar never asked the people for, nor had Pompey obtained their consent to give. Men, and horse, and arms, in any number, are become the mutual gifts of private men to one another; and Pompey, keeping the titles of commander and general, hands over the armies and provinces to others to govern, while he himself stays at home to preside at the contests of the canvass, and to stir up tumults at elections; out of the anarchy he thus creates amongst us, seeking, we see well enough, a monarchy for himself." Thus he retorted on Pompey.

He had an intimate friend and admirer of the name of Marcus Favonius, much the same to Cato as we are told Apollodorus, the Phalerian, was in old time to Socrates, whose words used to throw him into perfect transports and ecstasies, getting into his head, like strong wine, and intoxicating him to a sort of frenzy. This Favonius stood to be chosen ædile, and was like to lose it; but Cato, who was there to assist him, observed that all the votes were written in one hand, and discovering the cheat, appealed to the tribunes, who stopped the election. Favonius was afterwards chosen ædile, and Cato, who assisted him in all things that belonged to his office, also undertook the care of the spectacles that were exhibited in the theatre; giving the actors crowns, not of gold, but of wild olive, such as used to be given at the Olympic games; and instead of the magnificent

presents that were usually made, he offered the Greeks beet root, lettuces, radishes, and pears; and to the Romans earthen pots of wine, pork, figs, cucumbers, and little faggots of wood. Some ridiculed Cato for his economy, others looked with respect on this gentle relaxation of his usual rigour and austerity. In fine, Favonius himself mingled with the crowd, and sitting among the spectators, clapped and applauded Cato, bade him bestow rewards on those who did well, and called on the people to pay their honours to him, as for himself he had placed his whole authority in Cato's hands. At the same time, Curio, the colleague of Favonius, gave very magnificent entertainments in another theatre; but the people left his, and went to those of Favonius, which they much applauded, and joined heartily in the diversion, seeing him act the private man, and Cato the master of the shows, who, in fact, did all this in derision of the great expenses that others incurred, and to teach them, that in amusements men ought to seek amusement only, and the display of a decent cheerfulness, not great preparations and costly magnificence, demanding the expenditure of endless care and trouble about things of little concern.

After this, Scipio, Hypsæus, and Milo, stood to be consuls, and that not only with the usual and now recognised disorders of bribery and corruption, but with arms and slaughter, and every appearance of carrying their audacity and desperation to the length of actual civil war. Whereupon it was proposed that Pompey might be empowered to preside over that election. This Cato at first opposed, saying that the laws ought not to seek protection from Pompey, but Pompey from the laws. Yet the confusion lasting a long time, the forum continually, as it were, besieged with three armies, and no possibility appearing of a stop being put to these disorders, Cato at length agreed that, rather than fall into the last extremity, the senate should freely confer all on Pompey; since it was necessary to make use of a lesser illegality as a remedy against the greatest of all, and better to set up a monarchy themselves than to suffer a sedition to continue that must certainly end in one. Bibulus, therefore, a friend of Cato's, moved the senate to create Pompey sole consul; for that either he would re-establish the lawful government, or they should serve under the best master. Cato stood up, and, contrary to all expectation, seconded this motion, concluding that any government was better than mere confusion, and that he did not question but Pompey would deal honourably, and take care of the commonwealth thus committed to his charge. Pompey being hereupon declared consul, invited Cato to see him in the suburbs. When he came, he saluted and embraced him very kindly, acknowledged the favour he had done him, and desired his counsel and assistance, in the management of this office. Cato made answer, that what he had spoken on any former occasion was not out of hate to Pompey, nor what he had now done out of love to him, but all for the good of the commonwealth; that in private, if he asked him, he would freely give his advice; and in

public, though he asked him not, he would always speak his opinion. And he did accordingly. For first, when Pompey made severe laws, for punishing and laying great fines on those who had corrupted the people with gifts, Cato advised him to let alone what was already passed, and to provide for the future; for if he should look up past misdemeanours, it would be difficult to know where to stop; and if he would ordain new penalties, it would be unreasonable to punish men by a law, which at that time they had not the opportunity of breaking. Afterwards, when many considerable men, and some of Pompey's own relations, were accused, and he grew remiss, and disinclined to the prosecution, Cato sharply reproved him, and urged him to proceed. Pompey had made a law, also, to forbid the custom of making commendatory orations in behalf of those that were accused; yet he himself wrote one for Munatius Plancus, and sent it while the cause was pleading; upon which Cato, who was sitting as one of the judges, stopped his ears with his hands, and would not hear it read. Whereupon Plancus, before sentence was given, excepted against him, but was condemned notwithstanding. And indeed Cato was a great trouble and perplexity to almost all that were accused of anything, as they feared to have him one of their judges, yet did not dare to demand his exclusion. And many had been condemned because, by refusing him, they seemed to show that they could not trust to their own innocence; and it was a reproach thrown in the teeth of some by their enemies, that they had not accepted Cato for their judge.

In the meanwhile, Cæsar kept close with his forces in Gaul, and continued in arms; and at the same time employed his gifts, his riches, and his friends above all things, to increase his power in the city. And now Cato's old admonitions began to rouse Pompey out of the negligent security in which he lay, into a sort of imagination of danger at hand; but seeing him slow and unwilling, and timorous to undertake any measures of prevention against Cæsar, Cato resolved himself to stand for the consulship, and presently force Cæsar either to lay down his arms or discover his intentions. Both Cato's competitors were persons of good position; Sulpicius, who was one, owed much to Cato's credit and authority in the city, and it was thought unhandsome and ungratefully done, to stand against him; not that Cato himself took it ill, "For it is no wonder," said he, "if a man will not yield to another, in that which he esteems the greatest good." He had persuaded the senate to make an order, that those who stood for offices should themselves ask the people for their votes, and not solicit by others, not take others about with them to speak for them, in their canvass. And this made the common people very hostile to him, if they were to lose not only the means of receiving money, but also the opportunity of obliging several persons, and so to become by his means both poor and less regarded. Besides this, Cato himself was by nature altogether unfit for the business of canvassing, as he was more anxious to

sustain the dignity of his life and character than to obtain the office. Thus by following his own way of soliciting, and not suffering his friends to do those things which take away the multitude, he was rejected and lost the consulship.

But whereas, upon such occasions, not only those who missed the office, but even their friends and relations, used to feel themselves disgraced and humiliated, and observed a sort of mourning for several days after, Cato took it so unconcernedly that he anointed himself, and played at ball in the field, and after breakfasting, went into the forum, as he used to do, without his shoes or his tunic, and there walked about with his acquaintance. Cicero blames him, for that when affairs required such a consul, he would not take more pains, nor condescend to pay some court to the people, as also because that he afterwards neglected to try again; whereas he had stood a second time to be chosen prætor. Cato answered that he lost the prætorship the first time, not by the voice of the people, but by the violence and corrupt dealing of his adversaries; whereas in the election of consuls there had been no foul play. So that he plainly saw the people did not like his manners, which an honest man ought not to alter for their sake; nor yet would a wise man attempt the same thing again, while liable to the same prejudices.

Cæsar was at this time engaged with many warlike nations, and was subduing them at great hazards. Among the rest, if was believed he had set upon the Germans, in a time of truce, and had thus slain three hundred thousand of them. Upon which, some of his friends moved the senate for a public thanksgiving; but Cato declared they ought to deliver Cæsar into the hands of those who had been thus unjustly treated, and so expiate the offence and not bring a curse upon the city; "Yet we have reason," said he, "to thank the gods, for that they spared the commonwealth, and did not take vengeance upon the army, for the madness and folly of the general." Hereupon Cæsar wrote a letter to the senate which was read openly, and was full of reproachful language and accusations against Cato; who, standing up, seemed not at all concerned, and without any heat or passion, but in a calm and, as it were, premeditated discourse, made all Cæsar's charges against him show like mere common scolding and abuse, and in fact a sort of pleasantry and play on Cæsar's part; and proceeding then to go into all Cæsar's political courses, and to explain and reveal (as though he had been not his constant opponent, but his fellow-conspirator) his whole conduct and purpose from its commencement, he concluded by telling the senate, it was not the sons of the Britons or the Gauls they need fear, but Cæsar himself, if they were wise. And this discourse so moved and awakened the senate, that Cæsar's friends repented they had had a letter read, which had given Cato an opportunity of saying so many reasonable things, and such severe truths against him. However, nothing was then decided upon; it was merely said,

that it would be well to send him a successor. Upon that, Cæsar's friends required that Pompey also should lay down his arms, and resign his provinces, or else that Cæsar might not be obliged to either. Then Cato cried out, what he had foretold was come to pass; now it was manifest he was using his forces to compel their judgment, and was turning against the state those armies he had got from it by imposture and trickery. But out of the senate-house Cato could do but little, as the people were ever ready to magnify Cæsar; and the senate, though convinced by Cato, were afraid of the people.

But when the news was brought that Cæsar had seized Ariminum, and was marching with his army toward Rome, then all men, even Pompey, and the common people too, cast their eyes on Cato, who had alone foreseen and first clearly declared Cæsar's intentions. He therefore told them, "If you had believed me, or regarded my advice, you would not now have been reduced to stand in fear of one man, or to put all your hopes in one alone." Pompey acknowledged that Cato indeed had spoken most like a prophet, while he himself had acted too much like a friend. And Cato advised the senate to put all into the hands of Pompey; "For those who can raise up great evils," said he, "can best allay them."

Pompey, finding he had not sufficient forces, and that those he could raise were not very resolute, forsook the city. Cato, resolving to follow Pompey into exile, sent his younger son to Munatius, who was then in the country of Brutium, and took his eldest son with him; but wanting somebody to keep his house and take care of his daughters, he took Marcia again, who was now a rich widow, Hortensius being dead, and having left her all his estate. Cæsar afterward made use of this action also, to reproach him with covetousness, and a mercenary design in his marriage. "For," said he, "if he had need of a wife why did he part with her? And if he had not, why did he take her again? Unless he gave her only as a bait to Hortensius; and lent her when she was young, to have her again when she was rich." But in answer to this, we might fairly apply the saying of Euripides —

> *"To speak of mysteries — the chief of these*
> *Surely were cowardice in Hercules."*

For it is much the same thing to reproach Hercules for cowardice, and to accuse Cato of covetousness; though otherwise, whether he did altogether right in this marriage, might be disputed. As soon, however, as he had again taken Marcia, he committed his house and his daughters to her, and himself followed Pompey. And it is said, that from that day he never cut his hair, nor shaved his beard, nor wore a garland, but was always full of sadness, grief, and dejectedness for the calamities of his country, and continually showed the same feeling to the last, whatever party had misfortune or success.

The government of Sicily being allotted to him, he passed over to Syracuse; where, understanding that Asinius Pollio was arrived at Messena, with forces from the enemy, Cato sent to him, to know the reason of his coming thither: Pollio, on the other side, called upon him to show reason for the present convulsions. And being at the same time informed how Pompey had quite abandoned Italy, and lay encamped at Dyrrhachium, he spoke of the strangeness and incomprehensibility of the divine government of things; "Pompey, when he did nothing wisely nor honestly, was always successful; and now that he would preserve his country, and defend her liberty, he is altogether unfortunate." As for Asinius, he said, he could drive him out of Sicily, but as there were larger forces coming to his assistance, he would not engage the island in a war. He therefore advised the Syracusans to join the conquering party and provide for their own safety; and so set sail from thence.

When he came to Pompey, he uniformly gave advice to protract the war; as he always hoped to compose matters, and was by no means desirous that they should come to action; for the commonwealth would suffer extremely, and be the certain cause of its own ruin, whoever were conqueror by the sword. In like manner, he persuaded Pompey and the council to ordain that no city should be sacked that was subject to the people of Rome; and that no Roman should be killed but in the heat of battle; and hereby he got himself great honour, and brought over many to Pompey's party, whom his moderation and humanity attracted. Afterwards being sent into Asia, to assist those who were raising men and preparing ships in those parts, he took with him his sister Servilia, and a little boy whom she had by Lucullus. For since her widowhood, she had lived with her brother, and much recovered her reputation, having put herself under his care, followed him in his voyages, and complied with his severe way of living. Yet Cæsar did not fail to asperse him upon her account also.

Pompey's officers in Asia, it seems, had no great need of Cato; but he brought over the people of Rhodes by his persuasions, and leaving his sister Servilia and her child there, he returned to Pompey, who had now collected very great forces both by sea and land. And here Pompey, more than in any other act, betrayed his intentions. For at first he designed to give Cato the command of the navy, which consisted of no less than five hundred ships of war, besides a vast number of light galleys, scouts, and open boats. But presently bethinking himself, or put in mind by his friends, that Cato's principal and only aim being to free his country from all usurpation, if he were master of such great forces, as soon as ever Cæsar should be conquered, he would certainly call upon Pompey, also, to lay down his arms, and be subject to the laws, he changed his mind, and though he had already mentioned it to Cato, nevertheless made Bibulus admiral. Notwithstanding this, he had no reason to suppose that

Cato's zeal in the cause was in any way diminished. For before one of the battles at Dyrrhachium, when Pompey himself, we are told, made an address to the soldiers and bade the officers do the like, the men listened to them but coldly and with silence, until Cato, last of all, came forward, and in the language of philosophy, spoke to them, as the occasion required, concerning liberty, manly virtue, death, and a good name; upon all which he delivered himself with strong natural passion, and concluded with calling in the aid of the gods, to whom he directed his speech, as if they were present to behold them fight for their country. And at this the army gave such a shout and showed such excitement that their officers led them on full of hope and confidence to the danger. Cæsar's party were routed and put to flight; but his presiding fortune used the advantage of Pompey's cautiousness and diffidence to render the victory incomplete. But of this we have spoken in the life of Pompey. While, however, all the rest rejoiced, and magnified their success, Cato alone bewailed his country, and cursed that fatal ambition which made so many brave Romans murder one another.

After this Pompey, following Cæsar into Thessaly, left at Dyrrhachium a quantity of munitions, money, and stores, and many of his domestics and relations; the charge of all which he gave to Cato, with the command only of fifteen cohorts. For though he trusted him much, yet he was afraid of him too, knowing full well, that if he had bad success, Cato would be the last to forsake him, but if he conquered, would never let him use his victory at his pleasure. There were, likewise, many persons of high rank that stayed with Cato at Dyrrhachium. When they heard of the overthrow at Pharsalia, Cato resolved with himself, that if Pompey were slain, he would conduct those that were with him into Italy, and then retire as far from the tyranny of Cæsar as he could, and live in exile; but if Pompey were safe, he would keep the army together for him. With this resolution he passed over to Corcyra, where the navy lay; there he would have resigned his command to Cicero, because he had been consul, and himself only a prætor: but Cicero refused it, and was going for Italy. At which Pompey's son being incensed, would rashly and in heat have punished all those who were going away, and in the first place have laid hands on Cicero; but Cato spoke with him in private, and diverted him from that design. And thus he clearly saved the life of Cicero, and rescued several others also from ill-treatment.

Conjecturing that Pompey the Great was fled toward Egypt or Africa, Cato resolved to hasten after him; and having taken all his men aboard, he set sail; but first to those who were not zealous to continue the contest, he gave free liberty to depart. When they came to the coast of Africa they met with Sextus, Pompey's younger son, who told them of the death of his father in Egypt; at which they were all exceedingly grieved, and declared that after Pompey they would follow no other leader but Cato.

Out of compassion, therefore, to so many worthy persons, who had given such testimonies of their fidelity, and whom he could not for shame leave in a desert country, amidst so many difficulties, he took upon him the command, and marched toward the city of Cyrene, which presently received him, though not long before they had shut their gates against Labienus. Here he was informed that Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law, was received by King Juba, and that Attius Varus, whom Pompey had made governor of Africa, had joined them with his forces. Cato therefore resolved to march toward them by land, it being now winter; and got together a number of asses to carry water, and furnished himself likewise with plenty of all other provision, and a number of carriages. He took also with him some of those they call Psylli, who cure the biting of serpents, by sucking out the poison with their mouths, and have likewise certain charms, by which they stupefy and lay asleep the serpents.

Thus they marched seven days together, Cato all the time going on foot at the head of his men, and never making use of any horse or chariot. Ever since the battle of Pharsalia, he used to sit at table, and added this to his other ways of mourning, that he never lay down but to sleep.

Having passed the winter in Africa, Cato drew out his army, which amounted to little less than ten thousand. The affairs of Scipio and Varus went very ill, by reason of their dissensions and quarrels among themselves, and their submissions and flatteries to King Juba, who was insupportable for his vanity, and the pride he took in his strength and riches. The first time he came to a conference with Cato, he had ordered his own seat to be placed in the middle, between Scipio and Cato; which Cato observing, took up his chair and set himself on the other side of Scipio, to whom he thus gave the honour of sitting in the middle, though he were his enemy, and had formerly published some scandalous writing against him. There are people who speak as if this were quite an insignificant matter, and who, nevertheless, find fault with Cato, because in Sicily, walking one day with Philostratus, he gave him the middle place, to show his respect for philosophy. However, he now succeeded both in humbling the pride of Juba, who was treating Scipio and Varus much like a pair of satraps under his orders, and also in reconciling them to each other. All the troops desired him to be their leader; Scipio, likewise, and Varus gave way to it, and offered him the command; but he said he would not break those laws which he sought to defend, and he, being but proprietor, ought not to command in the presence of a proconsul (for Scipio had been created proconsul), besides that people took it as a good omen to see a Scipio command in Africa, and the very name inspired the soldiers with hopes of success.

Scipio, having taken upon him the command, presently resolved, at the instigation of Juba, to put all the inhabitants of Utica to the sword, and to raze the city, for having, as they professed, taken part with Cæsar. Cato

would by no means suffer this; but invoking the gods, exclaiming and protesting against it in the council of war, he with much difficulty delivered the poor people from this cruelty. And afterwards, upon the entreaty of the inhabitants, and at the instance of Scipio, Cato took upon himself the government of Utica, lest, one way or the other, it should fall into Cæsar's hands; for it was a strong place, and very advantageous for either party. And it was yet better provided and more strongly fortified by Cato, who brought in great store of corn, repaired the walls, erected towers, and made deep trenches and palisades around the town. The young men of Utica he lodged among these works, having first taken their arms from them; the rest of the inhabitants he kept within the town, and took the greatest care that no injury should be done nor affront offered them by the Romans. From hence he sent great quantity of arms, money, and provision to the camp, and made this city their chief magazine.

He advised Scipio, as he had before done Pompey, by no means to hazard a battle against a man experienced in war, and formidable in the field, but to use delay; for time would gradually abate the violence of the crises, which is the strength of usurpation. But Scipio out of pride rejected this counsel, and wrote a letter to Cato, in which he reproached him with cowardice; and that he could not be content to lie secure himself within walls and trenches, but he must hinder others from boldly using their own good sense to seize the right opportunity. In answer to this, Cato wrote word again, that he would take the horse and foot which he had brought into Africa, and go over into Italy, to make a diversion there, and draw Cæsar off from them. But Scipio derided this proposition also. Then Cato openly let it be seen that he was sorry he had yielded the command to Scipio, who he saw would not carry on the war with any wisdom, and if, contrary to all appearance, he should succeed, he would use his success as unjustly at home. For Cato had then made up his mind, and so he told his friends, that he could have but slender hopes in those generals that had so much boldness and so little conduct; yet if anything should happen beyond expectation, and Cæsar should be overthrown, for his part he would not stay at Rome, but would retire from the cruelty and inhumanity of Scipio, who had already uttered fierce and proud threats against many.

But what Cato had looked for, fell out sooner than he expected. Late in the evening came one from the army, whence he had been three days coming, who brought word there had been a great battle near Thapsus; that all was utterly lost; Cæsar had taken the camps, Scipio and Juba were fled with a few only, and all the rest of the army was lost. This news arriving in time of war, and in the night, so alarmed the people, that they were almost out of their wits, and could scarce keep themselves within the walls of the city. But Cato came forward, and meeting the people in this hurry and clamour, did all he could to comfort and en-

courage them, and somewhat appeased the fear and amazement they were in, telling them that very likely things were not so bad in truth, but much exaggerated in the report. And so he pacified the tumult for the present. The next morning he sent for the three hundred, whom he used as his council; these were Romans, who were in Africa upon business, in commerce and money-lending; there were also several senators and their sons. They were summoned to meet in the temple of Jupiter. While they were coming together, Cato walked about very quietly and unconcerned, as if nothing new had happened. He had a book in his hand, which he was reading; in this book was an account of what provision he had for war, armour, corn, ammunition, and soldiers.

When they were assembled, he began his discourse; first, as regarded the three hundred themselves, and very much commended the courage and fidelity they had shown, and their having very well served their country with their persons, money, and counsel. Then he entreated them by no means to separate, as if each single man could hope for any safety in forsaking his companions; on the contrary, while they kept together, Cæsar would have less reason to despise them, if they fought against him, and be more forward to pardon them, if they submitted to him. Therefore he advised them to consult among themselves, not should he find fault whichever course they adopted. If they thought fit to submit to fortune, he would impute their change to necessity; but if they resolved to stand firm, and undertake the danger for the sake of liberty, he should not only commend, but admire their courage, and would himself be their leader and companion too, till they had put to the proof the utmost fortune of their country; which was not Utica or Adrumetum but Rome, and she had often, by her own greatness, raised herself after worse disasters. Besides, as there were many things that would conduce to their safety, so chiefly this, that they were to fight against one whose affairs urgently claimed his presence in various quarters. Spain was already revolted to the younger Pompey; Rome was unaccustomed to the bridle, and impatient of it, and would therefore be ready to rise in insurrection upon any turn of affairs. As for themselves, they ought not to shrink from the danger; and in this might take example from their enemy, who so freely exposes his life to effect the most unrighteous disigns, yet never can hope for so happy a conclusion as they may promise themselves; for notwithstanding the uncertainty of war, they will be sure of a most happy life if they succeed, or a most glorious death if they miscarry. However, he said, they ought to deliberate among themselves; and he joined with them in praying the gods that in recompense of their former courage and good-will, they would prosper their present determinations. When Cato had thus spoken, many were moved and encouraged by his arguments, but the greatest part were so animated by the sense of his intrepidity, generosity, and goodness, that they forgot the present danger, and as if he were the only

invincible leader, and above all fortune, they entreated him to employ their persons, arms, and estates, as he thought fit; for they esteemed it far better to meet death in following his counsel, than to find their safety in betraying one of so great virtue. One of the assembly proposed the making a decree to set the slaves at liberty; and most of the rest approved the motion. Cato said that it ought not to be done, for it was neither just nor lawful; but if any of their masters would willingly set them free, those that were fit for service should be received. Many promised so to do, whose names he ordered to be enrolled, and then withdrew.

Presently after this he received letters from Juba and Scipio. Juba, with some few of his men, was retired to a mountain, where he waited to hear what Cato would resolve upon; and intended to stay there for him, if he thought fit to leave Utica, or to come to his aid with his troops, if he were besieged. Scipio was on shipboard, near a certain promontory, not far from Utica, expecting an answer upon the same account. But Cato thought fit to retain the messengers till the three hundred should come to some resolutlon.

As for the senators that were there, they showed great forwardness, and at once set free their slaves, and furnished them with arms. But the three hundred being men occupied in merchandise and money-lending, much of their substance also consisting in slaves, the enthusiasm that Cato's speech had raised in them did not long continue. As there are substances that easily admit heat, and as suddenly lose it, when the fire is removed, so these men were heated and inflamed while Cato was present; but when they began to reason among themselves, the fear they had of Cæsar soon overcame their reverence for Cato and for virtue. "For who are we," said they, "and who is it we refuse to obey? Is it not that Cæsar who is now invested with all the power of Rome? and which of us is a Scipio, a Pompey, or a Cato? But now that all men make their honour give way to their fear, shall we alone engage for the liberty of Rome, and in Utica declare war against him, before whom Cato and Pompey the Great fled out of Italy? Shall we set free our slaves against Cæsar, who have ourselves no more liberty than he is pleased to allow? No, let us, poor creatures, know ourselves, submit to the victor, and send deputies to implore his mercy." Thus said the most moderate of them; but the greatest part were for seizing the senators, that by securing them they might appease Cæsar's anger. Cato, though he perceived the change, took no notice of it; but wrote to Juba and Scipio to keep away from Utica, because he mistrusted the three hundred.

A considerable body of horse, which had escaped from the late fight, riding up towards Utica, sent three men before to Cato, who yet did not all bring the same message; for one party was for going to Juba, another for joining with Cato, and some again were afraid to go into Utica. When Cato heard this, he ordered Marcus Rubrius to attend upon the three

hundred, and quietly take the names of those who, of their own accord, set their slaves at liberty, but by no means to force anybody. Then taking with him the senators, he went out of the town, and met the principal officers of these horsemen, whom he entreated not to abandon so many Roman senators, not to prefer Juba for their commander before Cato, but consult the common safety, and to come into the city, which was impregnable, and well furnished with corn and other provision, sufficient for many years. The senators likewise with tears besought them to stay. Hereupon the officers went to consult their soldiers, and Cato with the senators sat down upon an embankment, expecting their resolution. In the meantime comes Rubrius in great disorder, crying out, the three hundred were all in commotion, and exciting revolt and tumult in the city. At this all the rest fell into despair, lamenting and bewailing their condition. Cato endeavoured to comfort them, and sent to the three hundred, desiring them to have patience. Then the officers of the horse returned with no very reasonable demands. They said, they did not desire to serve Juba for his pay, nor should they fear Cæsar, while they followed Cato, but they dreaded to be shut up with the Uticans, men of traitorous temper, and Carthaginian blood; for though they were quiet at present, yet as soon as Cæsar should appear, without doubt they would conspire together, and betray the Romans. Therefore, if he expected they should join with him, he must drive out of the town or destroy all the Uticans, that he might receive them into a place clear both of enemies and barbarians. This Cato thought utterly cruel and barbarous; but he mildly answered, he would consult the three hundred.

Then he returned to the city, where he found the men, not framing excuses, or dissembling out of reverence to him, but openly declaring that no one should compel them to make war against Cæsar; which, they said, they were neither able nor willing to do. And some there were who muttered words about retaining the senators till Cæsar's coming; but Cato seemed not to hear this, as indeed he had the excuse of being a little deaf. At the same time came one to him and told him the horse were going away. And now, fearing lest the three hundred should take some desperate resolution concerning the senators, he presently went out with some of his friends, and seeing they were gone some way, he took horse, and rode after them. They, when they saw him coming, were very glad, and received him very kindly, entreating him to save himself with them. At this time, it is said, Cato shed tears, while entreating them on behalf of the senators, and stretching out his hands in supplication. He turned some of their horses' heads, and laid hold of the men by their armour, till in fine he prevailed with them out of compassion, to stay only that one day, to procure a safe retreat for the senators. Having thus persuaded them to go along with him, some he placed at the gates of the town, and to others gave the charge of the citadel. The three hundred began to fear they

should suffer for their inconstancy, and sent to Cato, entreating him by all means to come to them; but the senators flocking about him, would not suffer him to go, and said they would not trust their guardian and saviour to the hands of perfidious traitors.

For there had never, perhaps, been a time when Cato's virtue appeared more manifestly; and every class of men in Utica could clearly see, with sorrow and admiration, how entirely free was everything that he was doing from any secret motives or any mixture of self-regard; he, namely, who had long before resolved on his own death, was taking such extreme pains, toil, and care, only for the sake of others, that when he had secured their lives, he might put an end to his own. For it was easily perceived that he had determined to die, though he did not let it appear.

Therefore, having pacified the senators, he complied with the request of the three hundred, and went to them alone without any attendance. They gave him many thanks, and entreated him to employ and trust them for the future; and if they were not Catos, and could not aspire to his greatness of mind, they begged he would pity their weakness; and told him they had determined to send to Cæsar and entreat him, chiefly and in the first place, for Cato, and if they could not prevail for him, they would not accept of pardon for themselves, but as long as they had breath, would fight in his defence. Cato commended their good intentions, and advised them to send speedily, for their own safety, but by no means to ask anything in his behalf; for those who are conquered, entreat, and those who have done wrong, beg pardon; for himself, he did not confess to any defeat in all his life, but rather, so far as he had thought fit, he had got the victory, and had conquered Cæsar in all points of justice and honesty. It was Cæsar that ought to be looked upon as one surprised and vanquished; for he was now convicted and found guilty of those designs against his country, which he had so long practised and so constantly denied. When he had thus spoken, he went out of the assembly, and being informed that Cæsar was coming with his whole army, "Ah," said he, "he expects to find us brave men." Then he went to the senators, and urged them to make no delay, but hasten to be gone, while the horsemen were yet in the city. So ordering all the gates to be shut, except one towards the sea, he assigned their several ships to those that were to depart, and gave money and provision to those that wanted; all which he did with great order and exactness, taking care to suppress all tumults, and that no wrong should be done to the people.

Marcus Octavius, coming with two legions, now encamped near Utica, sent to Cato to arrange about the chief command. Cato returned him no answer; but said to his friends, "Can we wonder all has gone ill with us, when our love of office survives even in our very ruin?" In the meantime, word was brought him, that the horse were going away, and were beginning to spoil and plunder the citizens. Cato ran to them, and from the

first he met, snatched what they had taken; the rest threw down all they had gotten, and went away silent and ashamed of what they had done. Then he called together all the people of Utica, and requested them, upon the behalf of the three hundred, not to exasperate Cæsar against them, but all to seek their common safety together with them. After that, he went again to the port to see those who were about to embark; and there he embraced and dismissed those of his friends and acquaintance whom he had persuaded to go. As for his son, he did not counsel him to be gone, nor did he think fit to persuade him to forsake his father. But there was one Statyllius, a young man, in the flower of his age, of a brave spirit, and very desirous to imitate the constancy of Cato. Cato entreated him to go away, as he was a noted enemy to Cæsar, but without success. Then Cato looked at Apollonides, the stoic philosopher, and Demetrius, the peripatetic; "It belongs to you to cool the fever of this young man's spirit, and to make him know what is good for him." And thus, in setting his friends upon their way, and in despatching the business of any that applied to him, he spent that night and the greatest part of the next day.

Lucius Cæsar, a kinsman of Cæsar's, being appointed to go deputy for the three hundred, came to Cato, and desired he would assist him to prepare a persuasive speech for them; "And as to you yourself," said he, "it will be an honour for me to kiss the hands and fall at the knees of Cæsar, in your behalf." But Cato would by no means permit him to do any such thing; "For as to myself," said he, "if I would be preserved by Cæsar's favour, I should myself go to him; but I would not be beholden to a tyrant for his acts of tyranny. For it is but usurpation in him to save, as their rightful lord, the lives of men over whom he has no title to reign. But if you please, let us consider what you had best say for the three hundred." And when they had continued some time together, as Lucius was going away, Cato recommended to him his son and the rest of his friends; and taking him by the hand bade him farewell.

Then he retired to his house again, and called together his son and his friends, to whom he conversed on various subjects; among the rest he forbade his son to engage himself in the affairs of state. For to act therein as became him was now impossible; and to do otherwise, would be dishonourable. Toward evening he went into his bath. As he was bathing, he remembered Statyllius and called out aloud, "Apollonides, have you tamed the high spirit of Statyllius, and is he gone without bidding us farewell?" "No," said Apollonides, "I have said much to him, but to little purpose; he is still resolute and unalterable, and declares he is determined to follow your example." At this, it is said, Cato smiled, and answered, "That will soon be tried."

After he had bathed, he went to supper, with a great deal of company; at which he sat up, as he had always used to do ever since the battle of Pharsalia; for since that time he never lay down but when he went to

sleep. There supped with him all his own friends and the magistrates of Utica.

After supper, the wine produced a great deal of lively and agreeable discourse, and a whole series of philosophical questions was discussed. At length they came to the strange dogmas of the stoics, called their Paradoxes; and to this in particular, That the good man only is free, and that all wicked men are slaves. The peripatetic, as was to be expected, opposing this, Cato fell upon him very warmly; and somewhat raising his voice, he argued the matter at great length, and urged the point with such vehemence, that it was apparent to everybody he was resolved to put an end to his life, and set himself at liberty. And so, when he had done speaking, there was a great silence and evident dejection. Cato, therefore, to divert them from any suspicion of his design, turned the conversation, and began again to talk of matters of present interest and expectation, showing great concern for those that were at sea, as also for the others, who, travelling by land, were to pass through a dry and barbarous desert.

When the company was broke up, he walked with his friends, as he used to do after supper, gave the necessary orders to the officers of the watch, and going into his chamber, he embraced his son and every one of his friends with more than usual warmth, which again renewed their suspicion of his design. Then laying himself down, he took into his hand Plato's dialogue concerning the soul. Having read more than half the book, he looked up, and missing his sword, which his son had taken away while he was at supper, he called his servant, and asked who had taken away his sword. The servant making no answer, he fell to reading again; and a little after, not seeming importunate, or hasty for it, but as if he would only know what had become of it, he bade it be brought. But having waited some time, when he had read through the book, and still nobody brought the sword, he called up all his servants, and in a louder tone demanded his sword. To one of them he gave such a blow in the mouth, that he hurt his own hand; and now grew more angry, exclaiming that he was betrayed and delivered naked to the enemy by his son and his servants. Then his son, with the rest of his friends, came running into the room, and falling at his feet, began to lament and beseech him. But Cato raising himself, and looking fiercely, "When," said he, "and how did I become deranged, and out of my senses, that thus no one tries to persuade me by reason, or show me what is better, if I am supposed to be ill-advised? Must I be disarmed, and hindered from using my own reason? And you, young man, why do you not bind your father's hands behind him that, when Cæsar comes, he may find me unable to defend myself? To despatch myself I want no sword; I need but hold my breath awhile, or strike my head against the wall."

When he had thus spoken, his son went weeping out of the chamber,

and with him all the rest, except Demetrius and Apollonides, to whom, being left alone with him, he began to speak more calmly. "And you," said he, "do you also think to keep a man of my age alive by force, and to sit here and silently watch me? Or do you bring me some reasons to prove, that it will not be base and unworthy for Cato, when he can find his safety no other way, to seek it from his enemy? If so, adduce your arguments, and show cause why we should now unlearn what we formerly were taught, in order that rejecting all the convictions in which we lived, we may now by Cæsar's help grow wiser, and be yet more obliged to him than for life only. Not that I have determined aught concerning myself, but I would have it in my power to perform what I shall think fit to resolve; and I shall not fail to take you as my advisers, in holding counsel, as I shall do, with the doctrines which your philosophy teaches; in the meantime, do not trouble yourselves, but go tell my son that he should not compel his father to what he cannot persuade him to." They made him no answer, but went weeping out of the chamber. Then the sword being brought in by a little boy, Cato took it, drew it out, and looked at it; and when he saw the point was good, "Now," said he, "I am master of myself;" and laying down the sword, he took his book again, which, it is related, he read twice over. After this he slept so soundly that he was heard to snore by those that were without.

About midnight, he called up two of his freedmen, Cleanthes, his physician, and Butas, whom he chiefly employed in public business. Him he sent to the port, to see if all his friends had sailed; to the physician he gave his hand to be dressed, as it was swollen with the blow he had struck one of his servants. At this they all rejoiced, hoping that now he designed to live.

Butas, after a while, returned, and brought word they were all gone except Crassus, who had stayed about some business, but was just ready to depart; he said, also, that the wind was high, and the sea very rough. Cato, on hearing this, sighed, out of compassion to those who were at sea, and sent Butas again to see if any of them should happen to return for anything they wanted, and to acquaint him therewith.

Now the birds began to sing, and he again fell into a little slumber. At length Butas came back, and told him all was quiet in the port. Then Cato, laying himself down, as if he would sleep out the rest of the night, bade him shut the door after him. But as soon as Butas was gone out, he took his sword, and stabbed it into his breast; yet not being able to use his hand so well, on account of the swelling, he did not immediately die of the wound; but struggling, fell off the bed, and throwing down a little mathematical table that stood by, made such a noise that the servants, hearing it, cried out. And immediately his son and all his friends came into the chamber, where, seeing him lie weltering in his blood, great part of his bowels out of his body, but himself still alive and able to look

at them, they all stood in horror. The physician went to him, and would have put in his bowels, which were not pierced, and sewed up the wound; but Cato, recovering himself, and understanding the intention, thrust away the physician, plucked out his own bowels, and tearing open the wound, immediately expired.

In less time than one would think his own family could have known this accident, all the three hundred were at the door. And a little after, the people of Utica flocked thither, crying out with one voice, he was their benefactor and their saviour, the only free and only undefeated man. At the very same time, they had news that Cæsar was coming; yet neither fear of the present danger, nor desire to flatter the conqueror, nor the commotions and discord among themselves, could divert them from doing honour to Cato. For they sumptuously set out his body, made him a magnificent funeral, and buried him by the seaside, where now stands his statue, holding a sword. And only when this had been done, they returned to consider of preserving themselves and their city.

Cæsar had been informed that Cato stayed at Utica, and did not seek to fly; that he had sent away the rest of the Romans, but himself, with his son and a few of his friends, continued there very unconcernedly, so that he could not imagine what might be his design. But having a great consideration for the man, he hastened thither with his army. When he heard of his death, it is related he said these words, "Cato, I grudge you your death, as you have grudged me the preservation of your life." And, indeed, if Cato would have suffered himself to owe his life to Cæsar, he would not so much impaired his own honour, as augmented the other's glory. What would have been done, of course, we cannot know, but from Cæsar's usual clemency, we may guess what was most likely.

Cato was forty-eight years old when he died. His son suffered no injury from Cæsar; but, it is said, he grew idle, and was thought to be dissipated among women. In Cappadocia, he stayed at the house of Marphadates, one of the royal family there, who had a very handsome wife; and continuing his visit longer than was suitable, he made himself the subject of various epigrams; such as, for example —

> "*To-morrow* (*being the thirtieth day*)
> *Cato, 'tis thought, will go away;*"

> "*Porcius and Marphadates, friends so true,*
> *One* Soul, *they say, suffices for the two,*"

that being the name of the woman, and so again, —

> "*To Cato's greatness every one confesses,*
> *A royal Soul he certainly possesses.*"

But all these stains were entirely wiped off by the bravery of his death.

For in the battle of Philippi, where he fought for his country's liberty against Cæsar and Antony, when the ranks were breaking, he, scorning to fly, or to escape unknown, called out to the enemy, showed himself to them in front, and encouraged those of his party who stayed; and at length fell, and left his enemies full of admiration of his valour.

Nor was the daughter of Cato inferior to the rest of her family for sober-living and greatness of spirit. She was married to Brutus, who killed Cæsar; was acquainted with the conspiracy, and ended her life as became one of her birth and virtue. All which is related in the life of Brutus.

Statyllius, who said he would imitate Cato, was at that time hindered by the philosophers, when he would have put an end to his life. He afterwards followed Brutus, to whom he was very faithful and very serviceable, and died in the field of Philippi.

TITUS POMPONIUS ATTICUS

109–32 B.C.

By CORNELIUS NEPOS [1] (*About* 94–24 B.C.)

TITUS POMPONIUS ATTICUS descended from a most ancient Roman family, held the equestrian rank received in uninterrupted succession from his ancestors. His father was active, indulgent, and, as times then were, wealthy, as well as eminently devoted to literature; and, as he loved learning himself, he instructed his son in all branches of knowledge with which youth ought to be made acquainted. In the boy, too, besides docility of disposition, there was great sweetness of voice, so that he not only imbibed rapidly what was taught him, but repeated it extremely well. He was in consequence distinguished among his companions in his boyhood, and shone forth with more lustre than his noble fellow-students could patiently bear; hence he stirred them all to new exertions by his application. In the number of them were Lucius Torquatus, Caius Marius the younger, and Marcus Cicero, whom he so attached to himself by his intercourse with them, that no one was ever more dear to them.

His father died at an early age. He himself, in his youth, on account of his connexion with Publius Sulpicius, who was killed when tribune of the people, was not unapprehensive of sharing in his danger; for Anicia, Pomponius's cousin, was married to Marcus Servius, the brother of Sulpicius. When he saw that the state, therefore, after the death of Sulpicius, was thrown into confusion by the disturbances of Cinna, and that no facility was allowed him of living suitably to his dignity without offending one side or the other (the feelings of the citizens being divided, as some favoured the party of Sylla and others that of Cinna) he thought it a proper time for devoting himself to his studies, and betook himself to Athens. He nevertheless, however, assisted young Marius, when declared an enemy, by such means as he could, and relieved him in his exile with money. And, lest his sojourn in a foreign country should cause any detriment to his estate, he transported thither a great portion of his fortune. Here he lived in such a manner, that he was deservedly much beloved by

[1] Reprinted from *Justin, Cornelius Nepos, and Eutropius*, translated by J. S. Watson, London, 1853.

Of the collection of *Lives* attributed to Nepos, the biography of his friend Atticus is beyond doubt his work. Part of it was published before the death of Atticus. The *Lives* were published before 32 B.C.

The translator's footnotes and paragraph numbers are here omitted.

all the Athenians; for, in addition to his interest, which was great for so young a man, he relieved their public exigencies from his own property; since, when the government was obliged to borrow money, and had no fair offer of it, he always came to their aid, and in such a way, that he never received any interest of them, and never allowed them to be indebted to him longer than had been agreed upon; both which modes of acting were for their advantage, for he neither suffered their debt to grow old upon them, nor to be increased by an accumulation of interest. He enhanced this kindness also by other instances of liberality; for he presented the whole of the people with such a supply of corn, that seven *modii* of wheat (a kind of measure which is called a *medimnus* at Athens) were allotted to each person.

He also conducted himself in such a way, that he appeared familiar with the lowest, though on a level with the highest. Hence it happened that they publicly bestowed upon him all the honours that they could, and offered to make him a citizen of Athens; an offer which he would not accept, because some are of opinion that the citizenship of Rome is forfeited by taking that of another city. As long as he was among them, he prevented any statue from being erected to him; but when absent, he could not hinder it; and they accordingly raised several statues both to him and Phidias, in the most sacred places, for, in their whole management of the state, they took him for their agent and adviser. It was the gift of fortune, then, in the first place, that he was born in that city, above all others, in which was the seat of the empire of the world, and had it not only for his native place but for his home; and, in the next, it was a proof of his wisdom, that when he betook himself to a city which excelled all others in antiquity, politeness, and learning, he became individually dear to it beyond other men.

When Sylla arrived at Athens in his journey from Asia, he kept Pomponius in his company as long as he remained there, being charmed with the young man's politeness and knowledge; for he spoke Greek so well that he might have been thought to have been born at Athens; while there was such agreeableness in his Latin style, as to make it evident that the graces of it were natural, not acquired. He also recited verses, both in Greek and Latin, in so pleasing a manner that nothing could have been added to its attractions. It was in consequence of these accomplishments that Sylla would never suffer him to be out of his company, and wanted to take him away with him to Rome. But when he tried to persuade him to go, "Do not desire, I entreat you," replied Pomponius, "to lead me with you *against those*, with whom, that I might not bear arms *against you*, I quitted Italy." Sylla, commending the good feeling of the young man, directed, at his departure, that all the presents which he had received at Athens should be carried to his house.

Though he resided at Athens many years, paying such attention to his

property as a not unthrifty father of a family ought to pay, and devoting all the rest of his time either to literature or to the public affairs of the Athenians, he nevertheless afforded his services to his friends at Rome; for he used to come to their elections, and whatever important business of theirs was brought forward, he was never found wanting on the occasion. Thus he showed a singular fidelity to Cicero in all his perils; and presented him, when he was banished from his country, with the sum of two hundred and fifty sestertia. And when the affairs of the Romans became tranquil, he returned to Rome, in the consulship, as I believe, of Lucius Cotta and Lucius Torquatus; and the whole city of Athens observed the day of his departure in such a manner, that they testified by their tears the regret which they would afterwards feel for him.

He had an uncle, Quintus Cæcilius, a Roman knight, an intimate friend of Lucius Lucullus, a rich man, but of a very morose temper, whose peevishness he bore so meekly, that he retained without interruption, to the extremity of old age, the good will of a person whom no one else could endure. In consequence, he reaped the fruit of his respectful conduct; for Cæcilius, at his death, adopted him by his will, and made him heir to three-fourths of his estate, from which bequest he received about ten thousand sestertia.

A sister of Atticus was married to Quintus Tullius Cicero; and Marcus Cicero had been the means of forming the connexion, a man with whom Atticus had lived in the closest intimacy from the time that they were fellow-students, in much greater intimacy, indeed, than with Quintus; whence it may be concluded that, in establishing friendship, similarity of manners has more influence than affinity. He was likewise so intimate with Quintus Hortensius, who, in those times, had the highest reputation for eloquence, that it could not be decided which of the two had the greater love for him, Cicero or Hortensius; and he succeeded in effecting what was most difficult, namely, that no enmity should occur between those between whom there was emulation for such eminence, and that he himself should be the bond of union between such great men.

He conducted himself in such a manner in political affairs, that he always was, and always was thought to be, on the best side; yet he did not mingle in civil tumults, because he thought that those who had plunged into them were not more under their own control than those who were tossed by the waves of the sea. He aimed at no offices (though they were open to him as well through his influence as through his high standing), since they could neither be sought in the ancient method, nor be gained without violating the laws in the midst of such unrestrained extravagance of bribery, nor be exercised for the good of the country without danger in so corrupt a state of the public morals. He never went to a public sale nor ever became surety or farmer in any department of the public revenue. He accused no one, either in his own name or as a subscriber to an accusa-

tion. He never went to law about property of his own, nor was ever concerned in a trial. Offers of places, under several consuls and prætors, he received in such a way as never to follow any one into his province, being content with the honour, and not solicitous to make any addition to his property; for he would not even go into Asia with Quintus Cicero, when he might have held the office of legate under him; for he did not think it became him, after he had declined to take the prætorship, to become the attendant on a prætor. In such conduct he consulted not only his dignity but his quiet; since he avoided even the suspicion of evil practices. Hence it happened that attentions received from him were more valued by all, as they saw that they were attributable to kindness, not to fear or hope.

When he was about sixty years old, the civil war with Cæsar broke out; but he availed himself of the privilege of his age, and went nowhere out of the city. Whatever was needful for his friends when going to Pompey, he supplied for them out of his own property. To Pompey himself, who was his intimate friend, he gave no offence; for he had accepted no distinction from him like others, who had gained honours or wealth by his means, and of whom some followed his camp most unwillingly, and some remained at home to his great disgust. But to Cæsar the neutrality of Atticus was so pleasing, that when he became conqueror, and desired money from several private persons by letter, he not only forebore to trouble Atticus, but even released, at his request, his sister's son and Quintus Cicero from Pompey's camp. Thus, by adhering to his old course of life, he avoided new dangers.

Then followed the time, when, on the assassination of Cæsar, the commonwealth seemed to be in the hands of the Bruti and Cassius, and the whole state turned towards them. Atticus, at that period, conducted himself towards Brutus in such a way, that that young man was not in more familiar intercourse with any one of his own age, than with him who was so advanced in years, and not only paid him the highest honour at the council, but also at his table. It was projected by some that a private fund should be formed by the Roman knights for the assassins of Cæsar; a scheme which they thought might easily be accomplished if even only the leading men of that order would furnish contributions. Atticus was accordingly solicited by Caius Flavius, an intimate friend of Brutus, to consent to become a promoter of the plan. But Atticus, who thought that services were to be done to friends without regard to party, and had always kept himself aloof from such schemes, replied that, "If Brutus wished to make use of any of his property, he might avail himself of it as far as it would allow; but that about that project he would never confer or join with any man." Thus that combination of a party was broken by his dissent alone. Not long after, Antony began to get the advantage; so that Brutus and Cassius, despairing of their fortune, went into exile, into

the provinces which had been given them for form's sake by the consuls. Atticus, who had refused to contribute with others to that party when it was prosperous, sent to Brutus, when he was cast down and retiring from Italy, a hundred sestertia as a present; and, when he was parted from him, he ordered three hundred to be sent to him in Epirus. Thus he neither paid greater court to Antony when in power, nor deserted those that were in desperate circumstances.

Next followed the war that was carried on at Mutina in which, if I were only to say that he was *wise*, I should say less of him than I ought; for he rather proved himself *divine*, if a constant goodness of nature, which is neither increased nor diminished by the events of fortune, may be called divinity. Antony, being declared an enemy, had quitted Italy, nor was there any hope of bringing him back. Not only his open enemies, who were then very powerful and numerous, but also such as had lent themselves to the party opposed to him, and hoped to gain some share of praise by doing him injury, persecuted his friends, sought to spoil his wife Fulvia of all her property, and endeavoured even to get his children put to death. Atticus, though he lived in intimate friendship with Cicero, and was very warmly attached to Brutus, yet would not only never give them his consent to act against Antony, but, on the contrary, protected, as much as he could, such of his friends as fled from the city, and supplied them with whatever they wanted. On Publius Volumnius, indeed, he conferred such obligations, that more could not have proceeded from a father. To Fulvia herself, too, when she was distracted with lawsuits, and troubled with great alarms, he gave his services with such constancy, that she never appeared to answer to bail without the attendance of Atticus. He was her surety in all cases, and even when she had bought an estate, in her prosperous circumstances, to be paid for by a certain day, and was unable after her reverse of fortune to borrow money to discharge the debt, he came to her aid, and lent her the money without interest, and without requiring any security for the repayment, thinking it the greatest gain to be found grateful and obliging, and to show, at the same time, that it was his practice to be a friend, not to fortune but to men; and when he acted in such a manner, no one could imagine that he acted for the sake of time-serving, for it entered into nobody's thoughts that Antony could regain his authority. But he gradually incurred blame from some of the nobles, because he did not seem to have sufficient hatred towards bad citizens.

Being under the guidance of his own judgment, however, he considered rather what it was right for him to do, than what others would commend. On a sudden fortune was changed. When Antony returned into Italy, every one thought that Atticus would be in great peril, on account of his close intercourse with Cicero and Brutus. He accordingly withdrew from the forum on the approach of the leaders, from dread of the proscription,

and lived in retirement at the house of Publius Volumnius, to whom, as we have said, he had not long before given assistance; (such were the vicissitudes of fortune in those days, that sometimes one party, and sometimes the other, was in the greatest exaltation or in the greatest peril;) and he had with him Quintus Gellius Canus, a man of the same age, and of a character very similar to his own; and this also may be given as an instance of the goodness of Atticus's disposition, that he lived in such close intimacy with him whom he had known when a boy at school, that their friendship increased even to the end of their lives. But Antony, though he was moved with such hatred towards Cicero, that he showed his enmity, not only to him, but to all his friends, and resolved to proscribe them, yet, at the instance of many, was mindful of the obliging conduct of Atticus; and, after ascertaining where he was, wrote to him with his own hand, that he need be under no apprehension, but might come to him immediately; as he had excepted him and Gellius Canus, for his sake, from the number of the proscribed; and that he might not fall into any danger, as the message was sent at night, he appointed him a guard. Thus Atticus, in a time of the greatest alarm, was able to save, not only himself, but him whom he held most dear; for he did not seek aid from any one for the sake of his own security only, but in conjunction with his friend; so that it might appear that he wished to endure no kind of fortune apart from him. But if a pilot is extolled with the greatest praise, who saves a ship from a tempest in the midst of a rocky sea, why should not his prudence be thought of the highest character, who arrives at safety through so many and so violent civil tumults?

When he had delivered himself from these troubles, he had no other care than to assist as many persons as possible, by whatever means he could. When the common people, in consequence of the rewards offered by the triumvirs, were searching for the proscribed, no one went into Epirus without finding a supply of everything; and to every one was given permission to reside there constantly. After the battle of Philippi, too, and the death of Caius Cassius and Marcus Brutus, he resolved on protecting Lucius Julius Mocilla, a man of prætorian rank, and his son, as well as Aulus Torquatus, and others involved in the same ill fortune, and caused supplies of everything to be sent them from Epirus to Samothrace.

To enumerate all such acts of his would be difficult; nor are they necessary to be particularized. One point we would wish to be understood, that his generosity was not time-serving or artful, as may be judged from the circumstances and period in which it was shown; for he did not make his court to the prosperous, but was always ready to succour the distressed. Servilia, for instance, the mother of Brutus, he treated with no less consideration after Brutus's death than when she was in the height of good fortune. Indulging his liberality in such a manner, he incurred no enmities, since he neither injured any one, nor was he, if he received any injury,

more willing to resent than to forget it. Kindnesses that he received he kept in perpetual remembrance; but such as he himself conferred, he remembered only so long as he who had received them was grateful. He accordingly made it appear to have been truly said, that "Every man's manners make his fortune." Yet he did not study his fortune before he formed himself, taking care that he might not justly suffer for any part of his conduct.

By such conduct, therefore, he brought it to pass, that Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, who was united in the closest intimacy with young Cæsar, though, through his own interest and Cæsar's influence, he had power to choose a wife from any rank whatever, fixed on a connexion with him rather than with any other, and preferred a marriage with the daughter of a Roman knight to an alliance with the most noble of women. The promoter of this match (for it is not to be concealed) was Mark Antony, when triumvir for settling the state; but though Atticus might have increased his property by the interest of Antony, he was so far from coveting money, that he never made use of that interest except to save his friends from danger or trouble; a fact which was eminently remarkable at the time of the proscription; for when the triumviri, according to the way in which things were then managed, had sold the property of Lucius Saufeius, a Roman knight, who was of the same age as Atticus, and who, induced by a love for the study of philosophy, had lived with him several years at Athens, and had valuable estates in Italy, it was effected by the efforts and perseverance of Atticus, that Saufeius was made acquainted by the same messenger, that "he had lost his property and had recovered it." He also bought off Lucius Julius Calidus, whom I think I may truly assert to have been the most elegant poet that our age has produced since the death of Lucretius and Catullus, as well as a man of high character, and distinguished by the best intellectual accomplishments, who, in his absence, after the proscription of the knights, had been enrolled in the number of the proscribed by Publius Volumnius, the captain of Antony's engineers, on account of his great possessions in Africa; an act on the part of Atticus, of which it was hard to judge at the time, whether it were more onerous or honourable. But it was well known that the friends of Atticus, in times of danger, were not less his care in their absence than when they were present.

Nor was he considered less deserving as a master of a family than as a member of the state; for though he was very rich, no man was less addicted to buying or building than he. Yet he lived in very good style, and had everything of the best; for he occupied the house that had belonged to Tamphilus on the Quirinal hill, which was bequeathed to him by his uncle, and the attractions of which consisted, not in the building itself, but in the wood by which it was surrounded; for the edifice, constructed after the ancient fashion, showed more regard to convenience than expense, and At-

ticus made no alteration in it except such as he was obliged to make by the effects of time. He kept an establishment of slaves of the best kind, if we were to judge of it by its utility, but if by its external show, scarcely coming up to mediocrity; for there were in it well-taught youths, excellent readers, and numerous transcribers of books, insomuch that there was not even a footman that could not act in either of those capacities extremely well. Other kinds of artificers, also, such as domestic necessities require, were very good there, yet he had no one among them that was not born and instructed in his house; all which particulars are proofs, not only of his self-restraint, but of his attention to his affairs; for not to desire inordinately what he sees desired by many, gives proof of a man's moderation; and to procure what he requires by labour rather than by purchase, manifests no small exertion. Atticus was elegant, not magnificent; polished, not extravagant; he studied, with all possible care, neatness, and not profusion. His household furniture was moderate, not superabundant, but so that it could not be considered as remarkable in either respect. Nor will I omit the following particular, though I may suppose that it will be unimportant to some: that though he was a hospitable Roman knight, and invited, with no want of liberality, men of all ranks to his house, we know that he was accustomed to reckon from his day-book, as laid out in current expenses, not more than three thousand asses a month, one month with another; and we relate this, not as hearsay, but as what we know, for we were often present, by reason of the intimacy between us, at his domestic arrangements.

At his banquets no one ever heard any other entertainment for the ears than a reader; an entertainment which we, for our parts, think in the highest degree pleasing; nor was there ever a supper at his house without reading of some kind, that the guests might find their intellect gratified no less than their appetite, for he used to invite people whose tastes were not at variance with his own. After a large addition, too, was made to his property, he made no change in his daily arrangements, or usual way of life, and exhibited such moderation, that he neither lived unhandsomely, with a fortune of two thousand sestertia, which he had inherited from his father, nor did he, when he had a fortune of a hundred thousand sestertia, adopt a more splendid mode of living than that with which he had commenced, but kept himself at an equal elevation in both states. He had no gardens, no expensive suburban or maritime villa, nor any farm except those at Ardea and Nomentum; and his whole revenue arose from his property in Epirus and at Rome. Hence it may be seen that he was accustomed to estimate the worth of money, not by the quantity of it, but by the mode in which it was used.

He would neither utter a falsehood himself, nor could he endure it in others. His courtesies, accordingly, were paid with a strict regard to veracity, just as his gravity was mingled with affability; so that it is hard

to determine whether his friends' reverence or love for him were the greater. Whatever he was asked to do, he did not promise without solemnity for he thought it the part, not of a liberal, but of a light-minded man, to promise what he would be unable to perform. But in striving to effect what he had once engaged to do, he used to take so much pains, that he seemed to be engaged, not in an affair entrusted to him, but in his own. Of a matter which he had once taken in hand, he was never weary; for he thought his reputation, than which he held nothing more dear, concerned in the accomplishment of it. Hence it happened that he managed all the commissions of the Ciceros, Cato, Marius, Quintus Hortensius, Aulus Torquatus, and of many Roman knights besides. It may therefore be thought certain that he declined business of state, not from indolence, but from judgment.

Of his kindness of disposition, I can give no greater proof than that, when he was young, he was greatly liked by Sylla, who was then old, and when he was old, he was much beloved by Marcus Brutus, then but young; and that with those friends of the same age as himself, Quintus Hortensius and Marcus Cicero, he lived in such a manner that it is hard to determine to which age his disposition was best adapted, though Marcus Cicero loved him above all men, so that not even his brother Quintus was dearer or more closely united to him. In testimony of this fact (besides the books in which Cicero mentions him, and which have been published to the world), there are sixteen books of letters, written to Atticus, which extend from his consulship to his latter days, and which he that reads will not much require a regular history of those times; for all particulars concerning the inclinations of leading men, the faults of the generals, and the revolutions in the government, are so fully stated in them that every thing is made clear; and it may be easily concluded that wisdom is in some degree divination, as Cicero not only predicted that those things would happen which took place during his life, but foretold, like a prophet, the things which are coming to pass at present.

Of the affectionate disposition of Atticus towards his relatives, why should I say much, since I myself heard him proudly assert, and with truth, at the funeral of his mother, whom he buried at the age of ninety, that "he had never had occasion to be reconciled to his mother," and that "he had never been at all at variance with his sister," who was nearly of the same age with himself; a proof that either no cause of complaint had happened between them, or that he was a person of such kind feelings towards his relatives, as to think it an impiety to be offended with those whom he ought to love. Nor did he act thus from nature alone, though we all obey her, but from knowledge; for he had fixed in his mind the precepts of the greatest philosophers, so as to use them for the direction of his life, and not merely for ostentation.

He was also a strict imitator of the customs of our ancestors, and a

lover of antiquity, of which he had so exact a knowledge, that he has illustrated it throughout in the book in which he has characterized the Roman magistrates; for there is no law, or peace, or war, or illustrious action of the Roman people, which is not recorded in it at its proper period, and, what was extremely difficult, he has so interwoven in it the origin of families, that we may ascertain from it the pedigrees of eminent men. He has given similar accounts too, separately, in other books; as, at the request of Marcus Brutus, he specified in order the members of the Junian family, from its origin to the present age, stating who each was, from whom sprung, what offices he held, and at what time. In like manner, at the request of Marcellus Claudius, he gave an account of the family of the Marcelli; at the request of Scipio Cornelius and Fabius Maximus, of that of the Fabii and Æmilii; than which books nothing can be more agreeable to those who have any desire for a knowledge of the actions of illustrious men.

He attempted also poetry, in order, we suppose, that he might not be without experience of the pleasure of writing it; for he has characterized in verse such men as excelled the rest of the Roman people in honour and the greatness of their achievements, so that he has narrated, under each of their effigies, their actions and offices, in not more than four or five lines; and it is almost inconceivable that such important matters could have been told in so small a space. There is also a book of his, written in Greek, on the consulship of Cicero.

These particulars, so far, were published by me whilst Atticus was alive.

Since fortune has chosen that we should outlive him, we will now proceed with the sequel, and will show our readers by example, as far as we can, that (as we have intimated above) "it is in general a man's manners that bring him his fortune." For Atticus, though content in the equestrian rank in which he was born, became united by marriage with the emperor Julius's son, whose friendship he had previously obtained by nothing else but his elegant mode of living, by which he had charmed also other eminent men in the state, of equal birth, but of lower fortune; for such prosperity attended Cæsar, that fortune gave him everything that she had previously bestowed upon any one, and secured for him what no citizen of Rome had ever been able to attain. Atticus had a granddaughter, the daughter of Agrippa, to whom he had married his daughter in her maidenhood; and Cæsar betrothed her, when she was scarcely a year old, to Tiberius Claudius Nero, son of Drusilla, and step-son to himself; an alliance which established their friendship, and rendered their intercourse more frequent.

Even before this connexion, however, Cæsar not only, when he was absent from the city, never despatched letters to any one of his friends without writing to Atticus what he was doing, what, above all, he was reading, in what place he was, and how long he was going to stay in it,

but even when he was in Rome, and through his numberless occupations enjoyed the society of Atticus less frequently than he wished, scarcely any day passed in which he did not write to him, sometimes asking him something relating to antiquity, sometimes proposing to him some poetical question, and sometimes, by a jest, drawing from him a longer letter than ordinary. Hence it was, that when the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, built in the Capitol by Romulus, was unroofed and falling down through age and neglect, Cæsar, on the suggestion of Atticus, took care that it should be repaired.

Nor was he less frequently, when absent, addressed in letters by Mark Antony; so that, from the remotest parts of the earth, he gave Atticus precise information what he was doing, and what cares he had upon him. How strong such attachment is, he will be easily able to judge, who can understand how much prudence is required to preserve the friendship and favour of those between whom there existed not only emulation in the highest matters, but such a mutual struggle to lessen one another as was sure to happen between Cæsar and Antony, when each of them desired to be chief, not merely of the city of Rome, but of the whole world.

After he had completed, in such a course of life, seventy-seven years, and had advanced, not less in dignity, than in favour and fortune (for he obtained many legacies on no other account than his goodness of disposition), and had also been in the enjoyment of so happy a state of health, that he had wanted no medicine for thirty years, he contracted a disorder of which at first both himself and the physicians thought lightly, for they supposed it to be a tenesmus, and speedy and easy remedies were proposed for it; but after he had passed three months under it without any pain, except what he suffered from the means adopted for his cure, such force of the disease fell into the one intestine, that at last a putrid ulcer broke out through his loins. Before this took place, and when he found that the pain was daily increasing, and that fever was superadded, he caused his son-in-law Agrippa to be called to him, and with him Lucius Cornelius Balbus and Sextus Peducæus. When he saw that they were come, he said, as he supported himself on his elbow, "How much care and diligence I have employed to restore my health on this occasion, there is no necessity for me to state at large, since I have yourselves as witnesses; and since I have, as I hope, satisfied you, that I have left nothing undone that seemed likely to cure me, it remains that I consult for myself. Of this feeling on my part I had no wish that you should be ignorant; for I have determined on ceasing to feed the disease; as, by the food and drink that I have taken during the last few days, I have prolonged life only so as to increase my pains, without hope of recovery. I therefore entreat you, in the first place, to give your approbation of my resolution, and in the next, not to labour in vain by endeavouring to dissuade me from executing it."

Having delivered this address with so much steadiness of voice and

countenance, that he seemed to be removing, not out of life, but out of one house into another, — when Agrippa, weeping over him and kissing him, entreated and conjured him "not to accelerate that which nature herself would bring, and, since he might live some time longer, to preserve his life for himself and his friends," — he put a stop to his prayers, by an obstinate silence. After he had accordingly abstained from food for two days, the fever suddenly left him, and the disease began to be less oppressive. He persisted, nevertheless, in executing his purpose; and in consequence, on the fifth day after he had fixed his resolution, and on the last day of February, in the consulship of Cnæus Domitius and Caius Sosius, he died. His body was carried out of his house on a small couch, as he himself had directed, without any funereal pomp, all the respectable portion of the people attending, and a vast crowd of the populace. He was buried close by the Appian way, at the fifth milestone from the city, in the sepulchre of his uncle Quintus Cæcilius.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR
[Octavius Cæsar Augustus]

(63 B.C.–14 A.D.)

By C. SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS [1] (*About* 75 A.D.–*Middle 2nd Century*)

THAT the family of the Octavii was of the first distinction in Velitræ, is rendered evident by many circumstances. For in the most frequented part of the town, there was, not long since, a street named The Octavian; and an altar was to be seen, consecrated to one Octavius, who being chosen general in a war with some neighbouring people, the enemy making a sudden attack, while he was sacrificing to Mars, he immediately snatched the entrails of the victim from off the fire, and offered them half raw upon the altar; after which, marching out to battle, he returned victorious. This incident gave rise to a law, by which it was enacted, that in all future times the entrails should be offered to Mars in the same manner; and the rest of the victim be carried to the Octavii.

This family, as well as several in Rome, was admitted into the senate by Tarquinius Priscus, and soon afterwards placed by Servius Tullius among the patricians; but in process of time it transferred itself to the plebeian order, and, after the lapse of a long interval, was restored by Julius Cæsar to the rank of patricians. The first person of the family raised by the suffrages of the people to the magistracy, was Caius Rufus. He obtained the quaestorship, and had two sons, Cneius and Caius; from whom are descended the two branches of the Octavian family, which have had very different fortunes. For Cneius, and his descendants in uninterrupted succession, held all the highest offices of the state; whilst Caius and his posterity, whether from their circumstances or their choice, remained in the equestrian order until the father of Augustus. The great-grandfather of Augustus served as a military tribune in the second Punic was in Sicily, under the command of Æmilius Pappus. His grandfather contented himself with bearing the public offices of his own municipality, and grew old in the tranquil enjoyment of an ample patrimony. Such is the account given by different authors. Augustus himself, however, tells us nothing more than that he was descended of an equestrian family, both

[1] Reprinted from *The Lives of the Twelve Cæsars by C. Suetonius Tranquillus*, etc., translated by Alexander Thomson, and revised by T. Forester, London, no date.
The *Lives* of Suetonius were written in Latin:
The translator's footnotes and paragraph numbers are here omitted.

ancient and rich, of which his father was the first who obtained the rank of senator. Mark Antony upbraidingly tells him that his great-grandfather was a freedman of the territory of Thurium, and a rope-maker, and his grandfather a usurer. This is all the information I have anywhere met with, respecting the ancestors of Augustus by the father's side.

His father Caius Octavius was, from his earliest years, a person both of opulence and distinction: for which reason I am surprised at those who say that he was a money-dealer, and was employed in scattering bribes, and canvassing for the candidates at elections, in the Campus Martius. For being bred up in all the affluence of a great estate, he attained with ease to honourable posts, and discharged the duties of them with much distinction. After his praetorship, he obtained by lot the province of Macedonia; in his way to which he cut off some banditti, the relics of the armies of Spartacus and Catiline, who had possessed themselves of the territory of Thurium; having received from the senate an extraordinary commission for that purpose. In his government of the province, he conducted himself with equal justice and resolution; for he defeated the Bessians and Thracians in a great battle, and treated the allies of the republic in such a manner, that there are extant letters from M. Tullius Cicero, in which he advises and exhorts his brother Quintus, who then held the proconsulship of Asia with no great reputation, to imitate the example of his neighbour Octavius, in gaining the affections of the allies of Rome.

After quitting Macedonia, before he could declare himself a candidate for the consulship, he died suddenly, leaving behind him a daughter, the elder Octavia, by Ancharia; and another daughter, Octavia the younger, as well as Augustus, by Atia, who was the daughter of Marcus Atius Balbus, and Julia, sister to Caius Julius Cæsar. Balbus was, by the father's side, of a family who were natives of Aricia, and many of whom had been in the senate. By the mother's side he was nearly related to Pompey the Great; and after he had borne the office of praetor, was one of the twenty commissioners appointed by the Julian law to divide the land in Campania among the people. But Mark Antony, treating with contempt Augustus's descent even by the mother's side, says that his great-grandfather was of African descent, and at one time kept a perfumer's shop, and at another, a bake-house, in Aricia. And Cassius of Parma, in a letter, taxes Augustus with being the son not only of a baker, but a usurer. These are his words: "Thou art a lump of thy mother's meal, which a money-changer of Nerulum, taking from the newest bake-house of Aricia, kneaded into some shape, with his hands all discoloured by the fingering of money."

Augustus was born in the consulship of Marcus Tullius Cicero and Caius Antonius, upon the ninth of the calends of October, a little before sunrise, in the quarter of the Palatine Hill, and the street called The Ox-Heads, where now stands a chapel dedicated to him, and built a little after his death. For, as it is recorded in the proceedings of the senate, when Caius

Lætorius, a young man of a patrician family, in pleading before the senators for a lighter sentence, upon his being convicted of adultery, alleged, besides his youth and quality, that he was the possessor, and as it were the guardian, of the ground which the Divine Augustus first touched upon his coming into the world; and entreated that he might find favour, for the sake of that deity, who was in a peculiar manner his; an act of the senate was passed, for the consecration of that part of his house in which Augustus was born.

His nursery is shown to this day, in a villa belonging to the family, in the suburbs of Velitræ; being a very small place, and much like a pantry. An opinion prevails in the neighbourhood, that he was also born there. Into this place no person presumes to enter, unless upon necessity, and with great devotion, from a belief, for a long time prevalent, that such as rashly enter it are seized with great horror and consternation, which a short while since was confirmed by a remarkable incident. For when a new inhabitant of the house had, either by mere chance, or to try the truth of the report, taken up his lodging in that apartment, in the course of the night, a few hours afterwards, he was thrown out by some sudden violence, he knew not how, and was found in a state of stupefaction, with the coverlid of his bed, before the door of the chamber.

While he was yet an infant, the surname of Thurinus was given him, in memory of the birth-place of his family, or because, soon after he was born, his father Octavius had been successful against the fugitive slaves, in the country near Thurium. That he was surnamed Thurinus, I can affirm upon good foundation, for when a boy, I had a small bronze statue of him, with that name upon it in iron letters, nearly effaced by age, which I presented to the emperor, by whom it is now revered amongst the other tutelary deities in his chamber. He is also often called Thurinus contemptuously, by Mark Antony in his letters; to which he makes only this reply: "I am surprised that my former name should be made a subject of reproach." He afterwards assumed the name of Caius Cæsar, and then of Augustus; the former in compliance with the will of his great-uncle, and the latter upon a motion of Munatius Plancus in the senate. For when some proposed to confer upon him the name of Romulus, as being, in a manner, a second founder of the city, it was resolved that he should rather be called Augustus, a surname not only new, but of more dignity, because places devoted to religion, and those in which anything is consecrated by augury, are denominated august, either from the word *auctus,* signifying augmentation, or *ab avium gestu, gustuve,* from the flight and feeding of birds; as appears from this verse of Ennius:

When glorious Rome by august augury was built.

He lost his father when he was only four years of age; and, in his twelfth year, pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia. Four years afterwards, having assumed the robe of manhood, he was

honoured with several military rewards by Cæsar in his African triumph, although he took no part in the war, on account of his youth. Upon his uncle's expedition to Spain against the sons of Pompey, he was followed by his nephew, although he was scarcely recovered from a dangerous sickness; and after being shipwrecked at sea, and travelling with very few attendants through roads that were infested with the enemy, he at last came up with him. This activity gave great satisfaction to his uncle, who soon conceived an increasing affection for him, on account of such indications of character. After the subjugation of Spain, while Cæsar was meditating an expedition against the Dacians and Parthians, he was sent before him to Apollonia, where he applied himself to his studies; until receiving intelligence that his uncle was murdered, and that he was appointed his heir, he hesitated for some time whether he should call to his aid the legions stationed in the neighbourhood; but he abandoned the design as rash and premature. However, returning to Rome, he took possession of his inheritance, although his mother was apprehensive that such a measure might be attended with danger, and his step-father, Marcius Philippus, a man of consular rank, very earnestly dissuaded him from it. From this time, collecting together a strong military force, he first held the government in conjunction with Mark Antony and Marcus Lepidus, then with Antony only, for nearly twelve years, and at last in his own hands during a period of four and forty.

Having thus given a very short summary of his life, I shall prosecute the several parts of it, not in order of time, but arranging his acts into distinct classes, for the sake of perspicuity. He was engaged in five civil wars, namely, those of Modena, Philippi, Perugia, Sicily, and Actium; the first and last of which were against Antony, and the second against Brutus and Cassius; the third against Lucius Antonius, the triumvir's brother, and the fourth against Sextus Pompeius, the son of Cneius Pompeius.

The motive which gave rise to all these wars was the opinion he entertained that both his honour and interest were concerned in revenging the murder of his uncle, and maintaining the state of affairs he had established. Immediately after his return from Apollonia, he formed the design of taking forcible and unexpected measures against Brutus and Cassius; but they having foreseen the danger and made their escape, he resolved to proceed against them by an appeal to the laws in their absence, and impeach them for the murder. In the mean time, those whose province it was to prepare the sports in honour of Cæsar's last victory in the civil war, not daring to do it, he undertook it himself. And that he might carry into effect his other designs with greater authority, he declared himself a candidate in the room of a tribune of the people who happened to die at that time, although he was of a patrician family, and had not yet been in the senate. But the consul, Mark Antony, from whom he had expected the greatest assistance, opposing him in his suit, and even refusing to do him

so much as common justice, unless gratified with a large bribe, he went over to the party of the nobles, to whom he perceived Sylla to be odious, chiefly for endeavouring to drive Decius Brutus, whom he besieged in the town of Modena, out of the province, which had been given him by Cæsar, and confirmed to him by the senate. At the instigation of persons about him, he engaged some ruffians to murder his antagonist; but the plot being discovered, and dreading a similar attempt upon himself, he gained over Cæsar's veteran soldiers, by distributing among them all the money he could collect. Being now commissioned by the senate to command the troops he had gathered, with the rank of praetor, and in conjunction with Hirtius and Pansa, who had accepted the consulship, to carry assistance to Decius Brutus, he put an end to the war by two battles in three months. Antony writes, that in the former of these he ran away, and two days afterwards made his appearance without his general's cloak and his horse. In the last battle, however, it is certain that he performed the part not only of a general, but a soldier; for, in the heat of the battle, when the standard-bearer of his legion was severely wounded, he took the eagle upon his shoulders, and carried it a long time.

In this war, Hirtius being slain in battle, and Pansa dying a short time afterwards of a wound, a report was circulated that they both were killed through his means, in order that, when Antony fled, the republic having lost its consuls, he might have the victorious armies entirely at his own command. The death of Pansa was so fully believed to have been caused by undue means, that Glyco, his surgeon, was placed in custody, on a suspicion of having poisoned his wound. And to this, Aquilius Niger adds, that he killed Hirtius, the other consul, in the confusion of the battle, with his own hands.

But upon intelligence that Antony, after his defeat, had been received by Marcus Lepidus, and that the rest of the generals and armies had all declared for the senate, he, without any hesitation, deserted from the party of the nobles; alleging as an excuse for his conduct, the actions and sayings of several amongst them; for some said, " he was a mere boy," and others threw out, " that he ought to be promoted to honours, and cut off," to avoid the making any suitable acknowledgment either to him or the veteran legions. And the more to testify his regret for having before attached himself to the other faction, he fined the Nursini in a large sum of money, which they were unable to pay, and then expelled them from the town, for having inscribed upon a monument, erected at the public charge to their countrymen who were slain in the battle of Modena, " That they fell in the cause of liberty."

Having entered into a confederacy with Antony and Lepidus, he brought the war at Philippi to an end in two battles, although he was at that time weak, and suffering from sickness. In the first battle he was driven from his camp, and with some difficulty made his escape to the wing of the army

commanded by Antony. And now, intoxicated with success, he sent the head of Brutus to be cast at the foot of Cæsar's statue, and treated the most illustrious of the prisoners not only with cruelty, but with abusive language; insomuch that he is said to have answered one of them who humbly entreated that at least he might not remain unburied, "That will be in the power of the birds." Two others, father and son, who begged for their lives, he ordered to cast lots which of them should live, or settle it between themselves by the sword; and was a spectator of both their deaths: for the father offering his life to save his son, and being accordingly executed, the son likewise killed himself upon the spot. On this account, the rest of the prisoners, and amongst them Marcus Favonius, Cato's rival, being led up in fetters, after they had saluted Antony, the general, with much respect, reviled Octavius in the foulest language. After this victory, dividing between them the offices of the state, Mark Antony undertook to restore order in the east, while Cæsar conducted the veteran soldiers back to Italy, and settled them in colonies on the lands belonging to the municipalities. But he had the misfortune to please neither the soldiers nor the owners of the lands; one party complaining of the injustice done them, in being violently ejected from their possessions, and the other, that they were not rewarded according to their merit.

At this time he obliged Lucius Antony, who, presuming upon his own authority as consul, and his brother's power, was raising new commotions, to fly to Perugia, and forced him, by famine, to surrender at last, although not without having been exposed to great hazards, both before the war and during its continuance. For a common soldier having got into the seats of the equestrian order in the theatre, at the public spectacles, Cæsar ordered him to be removed by an officer; and a rumour being thence spread by his enemies that he had put the man to death by torture, the soldiers flocked together so much enraged, that he narrowly escaped with his life. The only thing that saved him, was the sudden appearance of the man, safe and sound, no violence having been offered him. And whilst he was sacrificing under the walls of Perugia, he nearly fell into the hands of a body of gladiators, who sallied out of the town.

After the taking of Perugia, he sentenced a great number of the prisoners to death, making only one reply to all who implored pardon, or endeavoured to excuse themselves, "You must die." Some authors write, that three hundred of the two orders, selected from the rest, were slaughtered, like victims, before an altar raised to Julius Cæsar, upon the ides of March. Nay, there are some who relate, that he entered upon the war with no other view, than that his secret enemies, and those whom fear more than affection kept quiet, might be detected, by declaring themselves, now they had an opportunity, with Lucius Antony at their head; and that having defeated them, and confiscated their estates, he might be enabled to fulfil his promises to the veteran soldiers.

He soon commenced the Sicilian war, but it was protracted by various delays during a long period; at one time for the purpose of repairing his fleets, which he lost twice by storm, even in the summer; at another, while patching up a peace, to which he was forced by the clamours of the people, in consequence of a famine occasioned by Pompey's cutting off the supply of corn by sea. But at last, having built a new fleet, and obtained twenty thousand manumitted slaves, who were given him for the oar, he formed the Julian harbour at Baiæ, by letting the sea into the Lucrine and Avernian lakes; and having exercised his forces there during the whole winter, he defeated Pompey betwixt Mylæ and Naulochus; although just as the engagement commenced, he suddenly fell into such a profound sleep, that his friends were obliged to wake him to give the signal. This, I suppose, gave occasion for Antony's reproach: "You were not able to take a clear view of the fleet, when drawn up in line of battle, but lay stupidly upon your back, gazing at the sky; nor did you get up and let your men see you, until Marcus Agrippa had forced the enemies' ships to sheer off." Others imputed to him both a saying and an action which were indefensible; for, upon the loss of his fleets by storm, he is reported to have said: "I will conquer in spite of Neptune;" and at the next Circensian games, he would not suffer the statue of that god to be carried in procession as usual. Indeed he scarcely ever ran more or greater risks in any of his wars than in this. Having transported part of his army to Sicily, and being on his return for the rest, he was unexpectedly attacked by Democharés and Apollophanes, Pompey's admirals, from whom he escaped with great difficulty, and with one ship only. Likewise, as he was travelling on foot through the Locrian territory to Rhegium, seeing two of Pompey's vessels passing by that coast, and supposing them to be his own, he went down to the shore, and was very nearly taken prisoner. On this occasion, as he was making his escape by some by-ways, a slave belonging to Æmilius Paulus, who accompanied him, owing him a grudge for the proscription of Paulus, the father of Æmilius, and thinking he had now an opportunity of revenging it, attempted to assassinate him. After the defeat of Pompey, one of his colleagues, Marcus Lepidus, whom he had summoned to his aid from Africa, affecting great superiority, because he was at the head of twenty legions, and claiming for himself the principal management of affairs in a threatening manner, he divested him of his command, but, upon his humble submission, granted him his life, but banished him for life to Circeii.

The alliance between him and Antony, which had always been precarious, often interrupted, and ill cemented by repeated reconciliations, he at last entirely dissolved. And to make it known to the world how far Antony had degenerated from patriotic feelings, he caused a will of his, which had been left at Rome, and in which he had nominated Cleopatra's children, amongst others, as his heirs, to be opened and read in an assembly of the people. Yet upon his being declared an enemy, he sent to him all his relations and

friends, among whom were Caius Sosius and Titus Domitius, at that time consuls. He likewise spoke favourably in public of the people of Bologna, for joining in the association with the rest of Italy to support his cause, because they had, in former times, been under the protection of the family of the Antonii. And not long afterwards he defeated him in a naval engagement near Actium, which was prolonged to so late an hour, that, after the victory, he was obliged to sleep on board his ship. From Actium he went to the isle of Samos to winter; but being alarmed with the accounts of a mutiny amongst the soldiers he had selected from the main body of his army sent to Brundisium after the victory, who insisted on their being rewarded for their service and discharged, he returned to Italy. In his passage thither, he encountered two violent storms, the first between the promontories of Peloponnesus and Ætolia, and the other about the Ceraunian mountains; in both which a part of his Liburnian squadron was sunk, the spars and rigging of his own ship carried away, and the rudder broken in pieces. He remained only twenty-seven days at Brundisium, until the demands of the soldiers were settled, and then went, by way of Asia and Syria, to Egypt, where laying siege to Alexandria, whither Antony had fled with Cleopatra, he made himself master of it in a short time. He drove Antony to kill himself, after he had used every effort to obtain conditions of peace, and he saw his corpse. Cleopatra he anxiously wished to save for his triumph; and when she was supposed to have been bit to death by an asp, he sent for the Psylli to endeavour to suck out the poison. He allowed them to be buried together in the same grave, and ordered a mausoleum, begun by themselves, to be completed. The eldest of Antony's two sons by Fulvia he commanded to be taken by force from the statue of Julius Cæsar, to which he had fled, after many fruitless supplications for his life, and put him to death. The same fate attended Cæsario, Cleopatra's son by Cæsar, as he pretended, who had fled for his life, but was retaken. The children which Antony had by Cleopatra he saved, and brought up and cherished in a manner suitable to their rank, just as if they had been his own relations.

At this time he had a desire to see the sarcophagus and body of Alexander the Great, which, for that purpose, were taken out of the cell in which they rested; and after viewing them for some time, he paid honours to the memory of that prince, by offering a golden crown, and scattering flowers upon the body. Being asked if he wished to see the tombs of the Ptolemies also; he replied, "I wish to see a king, not dead men." He reduced Egypt into the form of a province; and to render it more fertile, and more capable of supplying Rome with corn, he employed his army to scour the canals, into which the Nile, upon its rise, discharges itself; but which during a long series of years had become nearly choked up with mud. To perpetuate the glory of his victory at Actium, he built the city of Nicopolis on that part of the coast, and established games to be celebrated

there every five years; enlarging likewise an old temple of Apollo, he ornamented with naval trophies the spot on which he had pitched his camp, and consecrated it to Neptune and Mars.

He afterwards quashed several tumults and insurrections, as well as several conspiracies against his life, which were discovered, by the confession of accomplices, before they were ripe for execution; and others subsequently. Such were those of the younger Lepidus, of Varro Muræna, and Fannius Cæpio; then that of Marcus Egnatius, afterwards that of Plautius Rufus, and of Lucius Paulus, his grand-daughter's husband; and besides these, another of Lucius Audasius, an old feeble man, who was under prosecution for forgery; as also of Asinius Epicadus, a Parthinian mongrel, and at last that of Telephus, a lady's prompter; for he was in danger of his life from the plots and conspiracies of some of the lowest of the people against him. Audasius and Epicadus had formed the design of carrying off to the armies his daughter Julia, and his grandson, Agrippa, from the islands in which they were confined. Telephus, wildly dreaming that the government was destined to him by the fates, proposed to fall both upon Octavius and the senate. Nay, once, a soldier's servant belonging to the army in Illyricum, having passed the porters unobserved, was found in the night-time standing before his chamber door, armed with a hunting-dagger. Whether the person was really disordered in the head, or only counterfeited madness, is uncertain; for no confession was obtained from him by torture.

He conducted in person only two foreign wars; the Dalmatian, whilst he was yet but a youth; and, after Antony's final defeat, the Cantabrian. He was wounded in the former of these wars; in one battle he received a contusion in the right knee from a stone — and in another, he was much hurt in one leg and both arms, by the fall of a bridge. His other wars he carried on by his lieutenants; but occasionally visited the army, in some of the wars of Pannonia and Germany, or remained at no great distance, proceeding from Rome as far as Ravenna, Milan, or Aquileia.

He conquered, however, partly in person, and partly by his lieutenants, Cantabria, Aquitania and Pannonia, Dalmatia, with all Illyricum and Rhætia, besides the two Alpine nations, the Vindelici and the Salassii. He also checked the incursions of the Dacians, by cutting off three of their generals with vast armies, and drove the Germans beyond the river Elbe; removing two other tribes who submitted, the Ubii and Sicambri, into Gaul, and settling them in the country bordering on the Rhine. Other nations also, which broke into revolt, he reduced to submission. But he never made war upon any nation without just and necessary cause; and was so far from being ambitious either to extend the empire, or advance his own military glory, that he obliged the chiefs of some barbarous tribes to swear in the temple of Mars the Avenger, that they would faithfully observe their engagements, and not violate the peace which they had

implored. Of some he demanded a new description of hostages, their women, having found from experience that they cared little for their men when given as hostages; but he always afforded them the means of getting back their hostages whenever they wished it. Even those who engaged most frequently and with the greatest perfidy in their rebellion, he never punished more severely than by selling their captives, on the terms of their not serving in any neighbouring country, nor being released from their slavery before the expiration of thirty years. By the character which he thus acquired, for virtue and moderation, he induced even the Indians and Scythians, nations before known to the Romans by report only, to solicit his friendship, and that of the Roman people, by ambassadors. The Parthians readily allowed his claim to Armenia; restoring at his demand, the standards which they had taken from Marcus Crassus and Mark Antony, and offering him hostages besides. Afterwards, when a contest arose between several pretenders to the crown of that kingdom, they refused to acknowledge any one who was not chosen by him.

The temple of Janus Quirinus, which had been shut twice only, from the era of the building of the city to his own time, he closed thrice in a much shorter period, having established universal peace both by sea and land. He twice entered the city with the honours of an Ovation, namely, after the war of Philippi, and again after that of Sicily. He had also three curule triumphs for his several victories in Dalmatia, at Actium, and Alexandria; each of which lasted three days.

In all his wars, he never received any signal or ignominious defeat, except twice in Germany, under his lieutenants Lollius and Varus. The former indeed had in it more of dishonour than disaster; but that of Varus threatened the security of the empire itself; three legions, with the commander, his lieutenants, and all the auxiliaries, being cut off. Upon receiving intelligence of this disaster, he gave orders for keeping a strict watch over the city, to prevent any public disturbance, and prolonged the appointments of the prefects in the provinces, that the allies might be kept in order by experience of persons to whom they were used. He made a vow to celebrate the great games in honour of Jupiter, Optimus, Maximus, "if he would be pleased to restore the state to more prosperous circumstances." This had formerly been resorted to in the Cimbrian and Marsian wars. In short, we are informed that he was in such consternation at this event, that he let the hair of his head and beard grow for several months, and sometimes knocked his head against the door-posts, crying out, "O, Quintilius Varus! Give me back my legions!" And ever after, he observed the anniversary of this calamity, as a day of sorrow and mourning.

In military affairs he made many alterations, introducing some practices entirely new, and reviving others, which had become obsolete. He maintained the strictest discipline among the troops; and would not allow even

his lieutenants the liberty to visit their wives, except reluctantly, and in the winter season only. A Roman knight having cut off the thumbs of his two young sons, to render them incapable of serving in the wars, he exposed both him and his estate to public sale. But upon observing the farmers of the revenue very greedy for the purchase, he assigned him to a freedman of his own, that he might send him into the country, and suffer him to retain his freedom. The tenth legion becoming mutinous, he disbanded it with ignominy; and did the same by some others which petulantly demanded their discharge; withholding from them the rewards usually bestowed on those who had served their stated time in the wars. The cohorts which yielded their ground in time of action, he decimated, and fed with barley. Centurions, as well as common sentinels, who deserted their posts when on guard, he punished with death. For other misdemeanors he inflicted upon them various kinds of disgrace; such as obliging them to stand all day before the praetorium, sometimes in their tunics only, and without their belts, sometimes to carry poles ten feet long, or sods of turf.

After the conclusion of the civil wars, he never, in any of his military harangues, or proclamations, addressed them by the title of "Fellow-soldiers," but as "Soldiers" only. Nor would he suffer them to be otherwise called by his sons or step-sons, when they were in command; judging the former epithet to convey the idea of a degree of condescension inconsistent with military discipline, the maintenance of order, and his own majesty, and that of his house. Unless at Rome, in case of incendiary fires, or under the apprehension of public disturbances during a scarcity of provisions, he never employed in his army slaves who had been made freedmen, except upon two occasions; on one, for the security of the colonies bordering upon Illyricum, and on the other, to guard the banks of the river Rhine. Although he obliged persons of fortune, both male and female, to give up their slaves, and they received their manumission at once, yet he kept them together under their own standard, unmixed with soldiers who were better born, and armed likewise after different fashion. Military rewards, such as trappings, collars, and other decorations of gold and silver, he distributed more readily than camp or mural crowns, which were reckoned more honourable than the former. These he bestowed sparingly, without partiality, and frequently even on common soldiers. He presented M. Agrippa, after the naval engagement in the Sicilian war, with a sea-green banner. Those who shared in the honours of a triumph, although they had attended him in his expeditions, and taken part in his victories, he judged it improper to distinguish by the usual rewards for service, because they had a right themselves to grant such rewards to whom they pleased. He thought nothing more derogatory to the character of an accomplished general than precipitancy and rashness; on which account he had frequently in his mouth those proverbs:

Σπεῦδε βραδέως,

Hasten slowly,

And

Ἀσφαλὴς γὰρ ἐστ' ἀμείνων, ἡ θράσυς στρατηλάτης.

The cautious captain's better than the bold.

And " That is done fast enough, which is done well enough."

He was wont to say also, that " a battle or a war ought never to be undertaken, unless the prospect of gain overbalanced the fear of loss. For," said he, " men who pursue small advantages with no small hazard, resemble those who fish with a golden hook, the loss of which, if the line should happen to break, could never be compensated by all the fish they might take."

He was advanced to public offices before the age at which he was legally qualified for them; and to some, also, of a new kind, and for life. He seized the consulship in the twentieth year of his age, quartering his legions in a threatening manner near the city, and sending deputies to demand it for him in the name of the army. When the senate demurred, a centurion, named Cornelius, who was at the head of the chief deputation, throwing back his cloak, and showing the hilt of his sword, had the presumption to say in the senate-house, " This will make him consul, if ye will not." His second consulship he filled nine years afterwards; his third, after the interval of only one year, and held the same office every year successively until the eleventh. From this period, although the consulship was frequently offered him, he always declined it, until, after a long interval, not less than seventeen years, he voluntarily stood for the twelfth, and two years after that, for a thirteenth; that he might successively introduce into the forum, on their entering public life, his two sons, Caius and Lucius, while he was invested with the highest office in the state. In his five consulships from the sixth to the eleventh, he continued in office throughout the year; but in the rest, during only nine, six, four, or three months, and in his second no more than a few hours. For having sat for a short time in the morning, upon the calends of January, in his curule chair, before the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, he abdicated the office, and substituted another in his room. Nor did he enter upon them all at Rome, but upon the fourth in Asia, the fifth in the Isle of Samos, and the eighth and ninth at Tarragona.

During ten years he acted as one of the triumvirate for settling the commonwealth, in which office he for some time opposed his colleagues in their design of a proscription; but after it was begun, he prosecuted it with more determined rigour than either of them. For whilst they were often prevailed upon, by the interest and intercession of friends, to show mercy, he alone strongly insisted that no one should be spared, and even

proscribed Caius Toranius, his guardian, who had been formerly the colleague of his father Octavius in the edileship. Junius Saturnius adds this further account of him: that when, after the proscription was over, Marcus Lepidus made an apology in the senate for their past proceedings, and gave them hopes of a more mild administration for the future, because they had now sufficiently crushed their enemies; he, on the other hand, declared that the only limit he had fixed to the proscription was, that he should be free to act as he pleased. Afterwards, however, repenting of his severity, he advanced T. Vinius Philopœmen to the equestrian rank, for having concealed his patron at the time he was proscribed. In this same office he incurred great odium upon many accounts. For as he was one day making an harangue, observing among the soldiers Pinarius, a Roman knight, admit some private citizens, and engaged in taking notes, he ordered him to be stabbed before his eyes, as a busy-body and a spy upon him. He so terrified with his menaces Tedius Afer, the consul elect, for having reflected upon some action of his, that he threw himself from a great height, and died on the spot. And when Quintus Gallius, the praetor, came to compliment him with a double tablet under his cloak, suspecting that it was a sword he had concealed, and yet not venturing to make a search, lest it should be found to be something else, he caused him to be dragged from his tribunal by centurions and soldiers, and tortured like a slave: and although he made no confession, ordered him to be put to death, after he had, with his own hands, plucked out his eyes. His own account of the matter, however, is, that Quintus Gallius sought a private conference with him, for the purpose of assassinating him; that he therefore put him in prison, but afterwards released him, and banished him the city; when he perished either in a storm at sea, or by falling into the hands of robbers.

He accepted of the tribunitian power for life, but more than once chose a colleague in that office for two *lustra* successively. He also had the supervision of morality and observance of the laws, for life, but without the title of censor; yet he thrice took a census of the people, the first and third time with a colleague, but the second by himself.

He twice entertained thoughts of restoring the republic; first, immediately after he had crushed Antony, remembering that he had often charged him with being the obstacle to its restoration. The second time was in consequence of a long illness, when he sent for the magistrates and the senate to his own house, and delivered them a particular account of the state of the empire. But reflecting at the same time that it would be both hazardous to himself to return to the condition of a private person, and might be dangerous to the public to have the government placed again under the control of the people, he resolved to keep it in his own hands, whether with the better event or intention, is hard to say. His good intentions he often affirmed in private discourse, and also published

an edict, in which it was declared in the following terms: "May it be permitted me to have the happiness of establishing the commonwealth on a safe and sound basis, and thus enjoy the reward of which I am ambitious, that of being celebrated for moulding it into the form best adapted to present circumstances; so that, on my leaving the world, I may carry with me the hope that the foundations which I have laid for its future government, will stand firm and stable."

The city, which was not built in a manner suitable to the grandeur of the empire, and was liable to inundations of the Tiber, as well as to fires, was so much improved under his administration, that he boasted, not without reason, that he "found it of brick, but left it of marble." He also rendered it secure for the time to come against such disasters, as far as could be effected by human foresight. A great number of public buildings were erected by him, the most considerable of which were a forum, containing the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill, and the temple of Jupiter Tonans in the capitol. The reason of his building a new forum was the vast increase in the population, and the number of causes to be tried in the courts, for which, the two already existing not affording sufficient space, it was thought necessary to have a third. It was therefore opened for public use before the temple of Mars was completely finished; and a law was passed, that causes should be tried, and judges chosen by lot, in that place. The temple of Mars was built in fulfilment of a vow made during the war of Philippi, undertaken by him to avenge his father's murder. He ordained that the senate should always assemble there when they met to deliberate respecting wars and triumphs; that thence should be despatched all those who were sent into the provinces in the command of armies; and that in it those who returned victorious from the wars, should lodge the trophies of their triumphs. He erected the temple of Apollo in that part of his house on the Palatine hill which had been struck with lightning, and which, on that account, the soothsayers declared the God to have chosen. He added porticos to it, with a library of Latin and Greek authors; and when advanced in years, used frequently there to hold the senate, and examine the rolls of the judges.

He dedicated the temple of Apollo Tonans, in acknowledgment of his escape from a great danger in his Cantabrian expedition; when, as he was travelling in the night, his litter was struck by lightning, which killed the slave who carried a torch before him. He likewise constructed some public buildings in the name of others; for instance, his grandsons, his wife, and sister. Thus he built the portico and basilica of Lucius and Caius, and the porticos of Livia and Octavia, and the theatre of Marcellus. He also often exhorted other persons of rank to embellish the city by new buildings, or repairing and improving the old, according to their means. In consequence of this recommendation, many were raised; such as the temple of Hercules and the Muses, by Marcius Philippus; a temple of

Diana by Lucius Cornificius; the Court of Freedom by Asinius Pollio; a temple of Saturn by Munatius Plancus; a theatre by Cornelius Balbus; an amphitheatre by Statilius Taurus; and several other noble edifices by Marcus Agrippa.

He divided the city into regions and districts, ordaining that the annual magistrates should take by lot the charge of the former; and that the latter should be superintended by wardens chosen out of the people of each neighbourhood. He appointed a nightly watch to be on their guard against accidents from fire; and, to prevent the frequent inundations, he widened and cleansed the bed of the Tiber, which had in the course of years been almost dammed up with rubbish, and the channel narrowed by the ruins of houses. To render the approaches to the city more commodious, he took upon himself the charge of repairing the Flaminian way as far as Ariminum, and distributed the repairs of the other roads amongst several persons who had obtained the honour of a triumph; to be defrayed out of the money arising from the spoils of war. Temples decayed by time, or destroyed by fire, he either repaired or rebuilt; and enriched them, as well as many others, with splendid offerings. On a single occasion, he deposited in the cell of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, sixteen thousand pounds of gold, with jewels and pearls to the amount of fifty millions of sesterces.

The office of Pontifex Maximus, of which he could not decently deprive Lepidus as long as he lived, he assumed as soon as he was dead. He then caused all prophetical books, both in Latin and Greek, the authors of which were either unknown, or of no great authority, to be brought in; and the whole collection, amounting to upwards of two thousand volumes, he committed to the flames, preserving only the Sibylline oracles; but not even those without a strict examination, to ascertain which were genuine. This being done, he deposited them in two gilt coffers, under the pedestal of the statue of the Palatine Apollo. He restored the calendar which had been corrected by Julius Cæsar, but through negligence was again fallen into confusion, to its former regularity; and upon that occasion, called the month Sextilis, by his own name, August, rather than September, in which he was born; because in it he had obtained his first consulship, and all his most considerable victories. He increased the number, dignity, and revenues of the priests, and especially those of the Vestal Virgins. And when, upon the death of one of them, a new one was to be taken, and many persons made interest that their daughters' names might be omitted in the lists for election, he replied with an oath, "If either of my own granddaughters were old enough, I would have proposed her."

He likewise revived some old religious customs, which had become obsolete; as the augury of public health, the office of high priest of Jupiter, the religious solemnity of the Lupercalia, with the Secular, and Compitalian games. He prohibited young boys from running in the Lupercalia;

and, in respect of the Secular Games, issued an order that no young persons of either sex should appear at any public diversions in the night-time, unless in the company of some elderly relation. He ordered the household gods to be decked twice a year with spring and summer flowers, in the Compitalian festival.

Next to the immortal gods, he paid the highest honours to the memory of those generals who had raised the Roman state from its low origin to the highest pitch of grandeur. He accordingly repaired or rebuilt the public edifices erected by them; preserving the former inscriptions, and placing statues of them all, with triumphal emblems, in both the porticos of his forum, issuing an edict on the occasion, in which he made the following declaration: " My design in so doing is, that the Roman people may require from me, and all succeeding princes, a conformity to those illustrious examples." He likewise removed the statue of Pompey from the senate-house, in which Caius Cæsar had been killed, and placed it under a marble arch, fronting the palace attached to Pompey's theatre.

He corrected many ill practices, which, to the detriment of the public, had either survived the licentious habits of the late civil wars, or else originated in the long peace. Bands of robbers showed themselves openly, completely armed, under colour of self-defense; and in different parts of the country, travellers, freemen and slaves without distinction, were forcibly carried off, and kept to work in the houses of correction. Several associations were formed under the specious name of a new college, which banded together for the perpetration of all kinds of villainy. The banditti he quelled by establishing posts of soldiers in suitable stations for the purpose; the houses of correction were subjected to a strict superintendence; all associations, those only excepted which were of ancient standing, and recognized by the laws, were dissolved. He burnt all the notes of those who had been a long time in arrear with the treasury, as being the principal source of vexatious suits and prosecutions. Places in the city claimed by the public, where the right was doubtful, he adjudged to the actual possessors. He struck out of the list of criminals the names of those over whom prosecutions had been long impending, where nothing further was intended by the informers than to gratify their own malice, by seeing their enemies humiliated; laying it down as a rule, that if any one chose to renew a prosecution, he should incur the risk of the punishment which he sought to inflict. And that crimes might not escape punishment, nor business be neglected by delay, he ordered the courts to sit during the thirty days which were spent in celebrating honorary games. To the three classes of judges then existing, he added a fourth, consisting of persons of inferior order, who were called *Ducenarii,* and decided all litigations about trifling sums. He chose judges from the age of thirty years and upwards; that is five years younger than had been usual before. And a great many declining the office, he was with much difficulty prevailed upon to allow each class of

judges a twelve-month's vacation in turn; and the courts to be shut during the months of November and December.

He was himself assiduous in his functions as a judge, and would sometimes prolong his sittings even into the night: if he were indisposed, his litter was placed before the tribunal, or he administered justice reclining on his couch at home; displaying always not only the greatest attention, but extreme lenity. To save a culprit, who evidently appeared guilty of parricide, from the extreme penalty of being sewn up in a sack, because none were punished in that manner but such as confessed the fact, he is said to have interrogated him thus: "Surely you did not kill your father, did you?" And when, in a trial of a cause about a forged will, all those who had signed it were liable to the penalty of the Cornelian law, he ordered that his colleagues on the tribunal should not only be furnished with the two tablets by which they decided, "guilty or not guilty," but with a third likewise, ignoring the offense of those who should appear to have given their signatures through any deception or mistake. All appeals in causes between inhabitants of Rome, he assigned every year to the praetor of the city; and where provincials were concerned, to men of consular rank, to one of whom the business of each province was referred.

Some laws he abrogated, and he made some new ones; such as the sumptuary law, that relating to adultery and the violation of chastity, the law against bribery in elections, and likewise that for the encouragement of marriage. Having been more severe in his reform of this law than the rest, he found the people utterly averse to submit to it, unless the penalties were abolished or mitigated, besides allowing an interval of three years after a wife's death, and increasing the premiums on marriage. The equestrian order clamoured loudly, at a spectacle in the theatre, for its total repeal; whereupon he sent for the children of Germanicus, and showed them partly sitting upon his own lap, and partly on their father's; intimating by his looks and gestures, that they ought not to think it a grievance to follow the example of that young man. But finding that the force of the law was eluded, by marrying girls under the age of puberty, and by frequent change of wives, he limited the time for consummation after espousals, and imposed restrictions on divorce.

By two separate scrutinies he reduced to their former number and splendour the senate, which had been swamped by a disorderly crowd; for they were now more than a thousand and some of them very mean persons, who, after Cæsar's death, had been chosen by dint of interest and bribery, so that they had the nickname of Orcini among the people. The first of these scrutinies was left to themselves, each senator naming another; but the last was conducted by himself and Agrippa. On this occasion he is believed to have taken his seat as he presided, with a coat of mail under his tunic, and a sword by his side, and with ten of the stoutest men of senatorial rank, who were his friends, standing round his chair. Cordus

Cremutius relates that no senator was suffered to approach him, except singly, and after having his bosom searched [for secreted daggers]. Some he obliged to have the grace of declining the office; these he allowed to retain the privileges of wearing the distinguishing dress, occupying the seats at the solemn spectacles, and of feasting publicly, reserved to the senatorial order. That those who were chosen and approved of might perform their functions under more solemn obligations, and with less inconvenience, he ordered that every senator, before he took his seat in the house, should pay his devotions, with an offering of frankincense and wine, at the altar of that God in whose temple the senate then assembled, and that their stated meetings should be only twice in the month, namely, on the calends and ides; and that in the months of September and October, a certain number only, chosen by lot, such as the law required to give validity to a decree, should be required to attend. For himself, he resolved to choose every six months a new council, with whom he might consult previously upon such affairs as he judged proper at any time to lay before the full senate. He also took the votes of the senators upon any subject of importance, not according to custom, nor in regular order, but as he pleased; that every one might hold himself ready to give his opinion, rather than a mere vote of assent.

He also made several other alterations in the management of public affairs, among which were these following: that the acts of the senate should not be published; that the magistrates should not be sent into the provinces immediately after the expiration of their office; that the proconsuls should have a certain sum assigned them out of the treasury for mules and tents, which used before to be contracted for by the government with private persons; that the management of the treasury should be transferred from the city-quaestors to the praetors, or those who had already served in the latter office; and that the decemviri should call together the court of One Hundred, which had been formerly summoned by those who had filled the office of quaestor.

To augment the number of persons employed in the administration of the state, he devised several new offices; such as surveyors of the public buildings, of the roads, the aqueducts, and the bed of the Tiber; for the distribution of corn to the people; the praefecture of the city; a triumvirate for the election of the senators; and another for inspecting the several troops of the equestrian order, as often as it was necessary. He revived the office of censor, which had been long disused, and increased the number of praetors. He likewise required that whenever the consulship was conferred on him, he should have two colleagues instead of one; but his proposal was rejected, all the senators declaring by acclamation that he abated his high majesty quite enough in not filling the office alone, and consenting to share it with another.

He was unsparing in the reward of military merit, having granted to

above thirty generals the honour of the greater triumph; besides which, he took care to have triumphal decorations voted by the senate for more than that number. That the sons of senators might become early acquainted with the administration of affairs, he permitted them, at the age when they took the garb of manhood, to assume also the distinction of the senatorian robe, with its broad border, and to be present at the debates in the senate-house. When they entered the military service, he not only gave them the rank of military tribunes in the legions, but likewise the command of the auxiliary horse. And that all might have an opportunity of acquiring military experience, he commonly joined two sons of senators in command of each troop of horse. He frequently reviewed the troops of the equestrian order, reviving the ancient custom of a cavalcade, which had been long laid aside. But he did not suffer any one to be obliged by an accuser to dismount while he passed in review, as had formerly been the practice. As for such as were infirm with age, or any way deformed, he allowed them to send their horses before them, coming on foot to answer to their names, when the muster roll was called over soon afterwards. He permitted those who had attained the age of thirty-five years, and desired not to keep their horse any longer, to have the privilege of giving it up.

With the assistance of ten senators, he obliged each of the Roman knights to give an account of his life: in regard to those who fell under his displeasure, some were punished; others had a mark of infamy set against their names. The most part he only reprimanded, but not in the same terms. The mildest mode of reproof was by delivering them tablets, the contents of which, confined to themselves, they were to read on the spot. Some he disgraced for borrowing money at low interest, and letting it out again upon usurious profit.

In the election of tribunes of the people, if there was not a sufficient number of senatorian candidates, he nominated others from the equestrian order; granting them the liberty, after the expiration of their office, to continue in whichsoever of the two orders they pleased. As most of the knights had been much reduced in their estates by the civil wars, and therefore durst not sit to see the public games in the theatre in the seats allotted to their order, for fear of the penalty provided by the law in that case, he enacted, that none were liable to it, who had themselves, or whose parents had ever, possessed a knight's estate. He took the census of the Roman people street by street: and that the people might not be too often taken from their business to receive the distribution of corn, it was his intention to deliver tickets three times a year for four months respectively; but at their request, he continued the former regulation, that they should receive their share monthly. He revived the former law of elections, endeavouring, by various penalties, to suppress the practice of bribery. Upon the day of election, he distributed to the freemen of the Fabian and Scaptian tribes, in which he himself was enrolled, a thousand sesterces each, that they might

look for nothing from any of the candidates. Considering it of extreme importance to preserve the Roman people pure, and untainted with a mixture of foreign or servile blood, he not only bestowed the freedom of the city with a sparing hand, but laid some restriction upon the practice of manumitting slaves. When Tiberius interceded with him for the freedom of Rome in behalf of a Greek client of his, he wrote to him for answer, "I shall not grant it, unless he comes himself, and satisfies me that he has just grounds for the application." And when Livia begged the freedom of the city for a tributary Gaul, he refused it, but offered to release him from payment of taxes, saying, "I shall sooner suffer some loss in my exchequer, than that the citizenship of Rome be rendered too common." Not content with interposing many obstacles to either the partial or complete emancipation of slaves, by quibbles respecting the number, condition and difference of those who were to be manumitted; he likewise enacted that none who had been put in chains or tortured, should ever obtain the freedom of the city in any degree. He endeavoured also to restore the old habit and dress of the Romans; and upon seeing once, in an assembly of the people, a crowd in grey cloaks, he exclaimed with indignation, "See there,

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatem."

Rome's conquering sons, lords of the wide-spread globe,
Stalk proudly in the toga's graceful robe.

And he gave orders to the ediles not to permit, in future, any Roman to be present in the forum or circus unless they took off their short coats, and wore the toga.

He displayed his munificence to all ranks of the people on various occasions. Moreover, upon his bringing the treasure belonging to the kings of Egypt into the city, in his Alexandrian triumph, he made money so plentiful, that interest fell, and the price of land rose considerably. And afterwards, as often as large sums of money came into his possession by means of confiscations, he would lend it free of interest, for a fixed term, to such as could give security for the double of what was borrowed. The estate necessary to qualify a senator, instead of eight hundred thousand sesterces, the former standard, he ordered, for the future, to be twelve hundred thousand; and to those who had not so much, he made good the deficiency. He often made donations to the people, but generally of different sums; sometimes four hundred, sometimes three hundred, or two hundred and fifty sesterces: upon which occasions, he extended his bounty even to young boys, who before were not used to receive anything, until they arrived at eleven years of age. In a scarcity of corn, he would frequently let them have it at a very low price, or none at all; and doubled the number of the money tickets.

But to show that he was a prince who regarded more the good of his people than their applause, he reprimanded them very severely, upon

their complaining of the scarcity and dearness of wine. " My son-in-law, Agrippa," he said, " has sufficiently provided for quenching your thirst, by the great plenty of water with which he has supplied the town." Upon their demanding a gift which he had promised them, he said, " I am a man of my word." But upon their importuning him for one which he had not promised, he issued a proclamation upbraiding them for their scandalous impudence; at the same time telling them, " I shall now give you nothing, whatever I may have intended to do." With the same strict firmness, when, upon a promise he had made of a donative, he found many slaves had been emancipated and enrolled amongst the citizens, he declared that no one should receive anything who was not included in the promise, and he gave the rest less than he had promised them, in order that the amount he had set apart might hold out. On one occasion, in a season of great scarcity, which it was difficult to remedy, he ordered out of the city the troops of slaves brought for sale, the gladiators belonging to the masters of defense, and all foreigners, excepting physicians and the teachers of the liberal sciences. Part of the domestic slaves were likewise ordered to be dismissed. When, at last, plenty was restored, he writes thus: " I was much inclined to abolish for ever the practice of allowing the people corn at the public expense, because they trust so much to it, that they are too lazy to till their lands; but I did not persevere in my design, as I felt sure that the practice would some time or other be revived by some one ambitious of popular favour." However, he so managed the affair ever afterwards, that as much account was taken of husbandmen and traders, as of the idle populace.

In the number, variety, and magnificence of his public spectacles, he surpassed all former example. Four-and-twenty times, he says, he treated the people with games upon his own account, and three-and-twenty times for such magistrates as were either absent, or not able to afford the expense. The performances took place sometimes in the different streets of the city and upon several stages, by players in all languages. The same he did not only in the forum and amphitheatre, but in the circus likewise, and in the septa; and sometimes he exhibited only the hunting of wild beasts. He entertained the people with wrestlers in the Campus Martius, where wooden seats were erected for the purpose; and also with a naval fight, for which he excavated the ground near the Tiber, where there is now the grove of the Cæsars. During these two entertainments he stationed guards in the city, lest, by robbers taking advantage of the small number of people left at home, it might be exposed to depredations. In the circus he exhibited chariot and foot races, and combats with wild beasts, in which the performers were often youths of the highest rank. His favourite spectacle was the Trojan game, acted by a select number of boys, in parties differing in age and station; thinking that it was a practice both excellent in itself, and sanctioned by ancient usage, that the spirit of the young nobles should

be displayed in such exercises. Caius Nonius Asprenas, who was lamed by a fall in this diversion, he presented with a gold collar, and allowed him and his posterity to bear the surname of Torquati. But soon afterwards he gave up the exhibition of this game, in consequence of a severe and bitter speech made in the senate by Asinius Pollio, the orator, in which he complained bitterly of the misfortune of Æserninus, his grandson, who likewise broke his leg in the same diversion.

Sometimes he engaged Roman knights to act upon the stage, or to fight as gladiators; but only before the practice was prohibited by a decree of the senate. Thenceforth, the only exhibition he made of that kind, was that of a young man named Lucius, of a good family, who was not quite two feet in height, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but had a stentorian voice. In one of his public spectacles, he brought the hostages of the Parthians, the first ever sent to Rome from that nation, through the middle of the amphitheatre, and placed them in the second tier of seats above him. He used likewise, at times when there were no public entertainments, if any thing was brought to Rome which was uncommon, and might gratify curiosity, to expose it to public view, in any place whatever; as he did a rhinoceros in the Septa, a tiger upon a stage, and a snake fifty cubits long in the Comitium. It happened in the Circensian games, which he performed in consequence of a vow, that he was taken ill, and obliged to attend the Thensæ, reclining on a litter. Another time, in the games celebrated for the opening of the theatre of Marcellus, the joints of his curule chair happening to give way, he fell on his back. And in the games exhibited by his grandsons, when the people were in such consternation, by an alarm raised that the theatre was falling, that all his efforts to reassure them and keep them quiet, failed, he moved from his place, and seated himself in that part of the theatre which was thought to be exposed to most danger.

He corrected the confusion and disorder with which the spectators took their seats at the public games, after an affront which was offered to a senator at Puteoli, for whom, in a crowded theatre, no one would make room. He therefore procured a decree of the senate, that in all public spectacles of any sort, and in any place whatever, the first tier of benches should be left empty for the accommodation of senators. He would not even permit the ambassadors of free nations, nor of those which were allies of Rome, to sit in the orchestra; having found that some manumitted slaves had been sent under that character. He separated the soldiery from the rest of the people, and assigned to married plebeians their particular rows of seats. To the boys he assigned their own benches, and to their tutors the seats which were nearest it; ordering that none clothed in black should sit in the centre of the circle. Nor would he allow any women to witness the combats of gladiators, except from the upper part of the theatre, although they formerly used to take their places promiscuously with the rest of the spectators. To the Vestal Virgins he granted seats in the theatre, reserved

for them only, opposite the praetor's bench. He excluded, however, the whole female sex from seeing the wrestlers: so that in the games which he exhibited upon his accession to the office of high-priest, he deferred producing a pair of combatants which the people called for, until the next morning; and intimated by proclamation, "his pleasure that no woman should appear in the theatre before five o'clock."

He generally viewed the Circensian games himself, from the upper rooms of the houses of his friends or freedmen; sometimes from the place appointed for the statues of the gods, and sitting in company with his wife and children. He occasionally absented himself from the spectacles for several hours, and sometimes for whole days; but not without first making an apology, and appointing substitutes to preside in his stead. When present, he never attended to anything else; either to avoid the reflections which he used to say were commonly made upon his father, Cæsar, for perusing letters and memorials, and making rescripts during the spectacles; or from the real pleasure he took in attending those exhibitions; of which he made no secret, he often candidly owning it. This he manifested frequently by presenting honorary crowns and handsome rewards to the best performers, in the games exhibited by others; and he never was present at any performance of the Greeks, without rewarding the most deserving, according to their merit. He took particular pleasure in witnessing pugilistic contests, especially those of the Latins, not only between combatants who had been trained scientifically, whom he used often to match with the Greek champions; but even between mobs of the lower classes fighting in streets, and tilting at random, without any knowledge of the art. In short, he honoured with his patronage all sorts of people who contributed in any way to the success of the public entertainments. He not only maintained, but enlarged, the privileges of the wrestlers. He prohibited combats of gladiators where no quarter was given. He deprived the magistrates of the power of correcting the stage-players, which by an ancient law was allowed them at all times, and in all places; restricting their jurisdiction entirely to the time of performance and misdemeanours in the theatres. He would, however, admit of no abatement, and exacted with the utmost rigour the greatest exertions of the wrestlers and gladiators in their several encounters. He went so far in restraining the licentiousness of stage-players, that upon discovering that Stephanio, a performer of the highest class, had a married woman with her hair cropped, and dressed in boy's clothes, to wait upon him at table, he ordered him to be whipped through all the three theatres, and then banished him. Hylas, an actor of pantomimes, upon a complaint against him by the praetor, he commanded to be scourged in the court of his own house, which, however, was open to the public. And Pylades he not only banished from the city, but from Italy also, for pointing with his finger at a spectator by whom he was hissed, and turning the eyes of the audience upon him.

Having thus regulated the city and its concerns, he augmented the population of Italy by planting in it no less than twenty-eight colonies, and greatly improved it by public works, and a beneficial application of the revenues. In rights and privileges, he rendered it in a measure equal to the city itself, by inventing a new kind of suffrage, which the principal officers and magistrates of the colonies might take at home, and forward under seal to the city, against the time of the elections. To increase the number of persons of condition, and of children among the lower ranks, he granted the petitions of all those who requested the honour of doing military service on horseback as knights, provided their demands were seconded by the recommendation of the town in which they lived; and when he visited the several districts of Italy, he distributed a thousand sesterces a head to such of the lower class as presented him with sons or daughters.

The more important provinces, which could not with ease or safety be entrusted to the government of annual magistrates, he reserved for his own administration: the rest he distributed by lot amongst the proconsuls; but sometimes he made exchanges, and frequently visited most of both kinds in person. Some cities in alliance with Rome, but which by their great licentiousness were hastening to ruin, he deprived of their independence. Others, which were much in debt, he relieved, and rebuilt such as had been destroyed by earthquakes. To those that could produce any instance of their having deserved well of the Roman people, he presented the freedom of Latium, or even that of the City. There is not, I believe, a province, except Africa and Sardinia, which he did not visit. After forcing Sextus Pompeius to take refuge in those provinces, he was indeed preparing to cross over from Sicily to them, but was prevented by continual and violent storms, and afterwards there was no occasion or call for such a voyage.

Kingdoms, of which he had made himself master by the right of conquest, a few only excepted, he either restored to their former possessors, or conferred upon aliens. Between kings in alliance with Rome, he encouraged most intimate union; being always ready to promote or favour any proposal of marriage or friendship amongst them; and, indeed, treated them all with the same consideration, as if they were members and parts of the empire. To such of them as were minors or lunatics he appointed guardians, until they arrived at age, or recovered their senses; and the sons of many of them he brought up and educated with his own.

With respect to the army, he distributed the legions and auxiliary troops throughout the several provinces. He stationed a fleet at Misenum, and another at Ravenna, for the protection of the Upper and Lower Seas. A certain number of the forces were selected, to occupy the posts in the city, and partly for his own bodyguard; but he dismissed the Spanish guard, which he retained about him till the fall of Antony; and also the Germans, whom he had amongst his guards, until the defeat of Varus. Yet he never permitted a greater force than three cohorts in the city, and had no

(praetorian) camps. The rest he quartered in the neighbourhood of the nearest towns, in winter and summer camps. All the troops throughout the empire he reduced to one fixed model with regard to their pay and their pensions; determining these according to their rank in the army, the time they had served, and their private means; so that after their discharge, they might not be tempted by age or necessities to join the agitators for a revolution. For the purpose of providing a fund always ready to meet their pay and pensions, he instituted a military exchequer, and appropriated new taxes to that object. In order to obtain the earliest intelligence of what was passing in the provinces, he established posts, consisting at first of young men stationed at moderate distances along the military roads, and afterwards of regular couriers with fast vehicles; which appeared to him the most commodious, because the persons who were the bearers of dispatches, written on the spot, might then be questioned about the business, as occasion occurred.

In sealing letters-patent, rescripts, or epistles, he at first used the figure of a sphinx, afterwards the head of Alexander the Great, and at last his own, engraved by the hand of Dioscorides; which practice was retained by the succeeding emperors. He was extremely precise in dating his letters, putting down exactly the time of the day or night at which they were dispatched.

Of his clemency and moderation there are abundant and signal instances. For, not to enumerate how many and what persons of the adverse party he pardoned, received into favour, and suffered to rise to the highest eminence in the state; he thought it sufficient to punish Junius Novatus and Cassius Patavinus, who were both plebeians, one of them with a fine, and the other with an easy banishment; although the former had published, in the name of young Agrippa, a very scurrilous letter against him, and the other declared openly, at an entertainment where there was a great deal of company, " that he neither wanted inclination nor courage to stab him." In the trial of Æmilius Ælianus, of Cordova, when, among other charges exhibited against him, it was particularly insisted upon, that he used to calumniate Cæsar, he turned round to the accuser, and said, with an air and tone of passion, " I wish you could make that appear; I shall let Ælianus know that I have a tongue too, and shall speak sharper of him than he ever did of me." Nor did he, either then or afterwards, make any further inquiry into the affair. And when Tiberius, in a letter, complained of the affront with great earnestness, he returned him an answer in the following terms: " Do not, my dear Tiberius, give way to the ardour of youth in this affair; nor be so indignant that any person should speak ill of me. It is enough, for us, if we can prevent any one from really doing us mischief."

Although he knew that it had been customary to decree temples in honour of the proconsuls, yet he would not permit them to be erected in

any of the provinces, unless in the joint names of himself and Rome. Within the limits of the city, he positively refused any honour of that kind. He melted down all the silver statues which had been erected to him, and converted the whole into tripods, which he consecrated to the Palatine Apollo. And when the people importuned him to accept the dictatorship, he bent down on one knee, with his toga thrown over his shoulders, and his breast exposed to view, begging to be excused.

He always abhorred the title of *Lord,* as ill-omened and offensive. And when, in a play, performed at the theatre, at which he was present, these words were introduced, "O just and gracious lord," and the whole company, with joyful acclamations, testified their approbation of them, as applied to him, he instantly put a stop to their indecent flattery, by waving his hand, and frowning sternly, and next day publicly declared his displeasure, in a proclamation. He never afterwards would suffer himself to be addressed in that manner, even by his own children or grand-children, either in jest or earnest and forbad them the use of all such complimentary expressions to one another. He rarely entered any city or town, or departed from it, except in the evening or the night, to avoid giving any person the trouble of complimenting him. During his consulships, he commonly walked the streets on foot; but at other times, rode in a close carriage. He admitted to court even plebeians, in common with people of the higher ranks; receiving the petitions of those who approached him with so much affability, that he once jocosely rebuked a man, by telling him, "You present your memorial with as much hesitation as if you were offering money to an elephant." On senate days, he used to pay his respects to the Conscript Fathers only in the house, addressing them each by name as they sat, without any prompter; and on his departure, he bade each of them farewell, while they retained their seats. In the same manner, he maintained with many of them a constant intercourse of mutual civilities, giving them his company upon occasions of any particular festivity in their families; until he became advanced in years, and was incommoded by the crowd at a wedding. Being informed that Gallus Terrinius, a senator, with whom he had only a slight acquaintance, had suddenly lost his sight, and under that privation had resolved to starve himself to death, he paid him a visit, and by his consolatory admonitions diverted him from his purpose.

On his speaking in the senate, he has been told by one of the members, "I did not understand you," and by another, "I would contradict you, could I do it with safety." And sometimes, upon his being so much offended at the heat with which the debates were conducted in the senate, as to quit the house in anger, some of the members have repeatedly exclaimed: "Surely, the senators ought to have liberty of speech on matters of government." Antistius Labeo, in the election of a new senate, when each, as he was named, chose another, nominated Marcus Lepidus, who had formerly been Augustus's enemy, and was then in banishment; and being asked by

the latter, " Is there no other person more deserving? " he replied, " Every man has his own opinion." Nor was any one ever molested for his freedom of speech, although it was carried to the extent of insolence.

Even when some infamous libels against him were dispersed in the senate-house, he was neither disturbed, nor did he give himself much trouble to refute them. He would not so much as order an enquiry to be made after the authors; but only proposed, that, for the future, those who published libels or lampoons, in a borrowed name, against any person, should be called to account.

Being provoked by some petulant jests, which were designed to render him odious, he answered them by a proclamation; and yet he prevented the senate from passing an act, to restrain the liberties which were taken with others in people's wills. Whenever he attended at the election of magistrates, he went round the tribes, with the candidates of his nomination, and begged the votes of the people in the usual manner. He likewise gave his own vote in his tribe, as one of the people. He suffered himself to be summoned as a witness upon trials, and not only to be questioned, but to be cross-examined, with the utmost patience. In building his Forum, he restricted himself in the site, not presuming to compel the owners of the neighbouring houses to give up their property. He never recommended his sons to the people, without adding these words, " If they deserve it." And upon the audience rising on their entering the theatre, while they were yet minors, and giving them applause in a standing position, he made it a matter of serious complaint.

He was desirous that his friends should be great and powerful in the state, but have no exclusive privileges, or be exempt from the laws which governed others. When Asprenas Nonius, an intimate friend of his, was tried upon a charge of administering poison at the instance of Cassius Severus, he consulted the senate for their opinion what was his duty under the circumstances: " For," said he, " I am afraid, lest, if I should stand by him in the cause, I may be supposed to screen a guilty man; and if I do not, to desert and prejudge a friend." With the unanimous concurrence, therefore, of the senate, he took his seat amongst his advocates for several hours, but without giving him the benefit of speaking to character, as was usual. He likewise appeared for his clients; as on behalf of Scutarius, an old soldier of his, who brought an action for slander. He never relieved any one from prosecution but in a single instance, in the case of a man who had given information of the conspiracy of Muræna; and that he did only by prevailing upon the accuser, in open court, to drop his prosecution.

How much he was beloved for his worthy conduct in all these respects, it is easy to imagine. I say nothing of the decrees of the senate in his honour, which may seem to have resulted from compulsion or deference. The Roman knights voluntarily, and with one accord, always celebrated his birth for two days together; and all ranks of the people, yearly, in per-

formance of a vow they had made, threw a piece of money into the Curtian lake, as an offering for his welfare. They likewise, on the calends [first] of January, presented for his acceptance new-year's gifts in the capitol, though he was not present: with which donations he purchased some costly images of the Gods, which he erected in several streets of the city; as that of Apollo Sandaliarius, Jupiter Tragœdus, and others. When his house on the Palatine hill was accidentally destroyed by fire, the veteran soldiers, the judges, the tribes, and even the people, individually, contributed, according to the ability of each, for rebuilding it; but he would accept only of some small portion out of the several sums collected, and refused to take from any one person more than a single denarius. Upon his return home from any of the provinces, they attended him not only with joyful acclamations, but with songs. It is also remarked, that as often as he entered the city, the infliction of punishment was suspended for the time.

The whole body of the people, upon a sudden impulse, and with unanimous consent, offered him the title of Father of His Country. It was announced to him first at Antium, by a deputation from the people, and upon his declining the honour, they repeated their offer on his return to Rome, in a full theatre, when they were crowned with laurel. The senate soon afterwards adopted the proposal, not in the way of acclamation or decree, but by commissioning M. Messala, in an unanimous vote, to compliment him with it in the following terms: "With hearty wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and your family, Cæsar Augustus, (for we think we thus most effectually pray for the lasting welfare of the state), the senate, in agreement with the Roman people, salute you by the title of Father of your Country." To this compliment Augustus replied, with tears in his eyes, in these words (for I give them exactly as I have done those of Messala): "Having now arrived at the summit of my wishes, O Conscript Fathers, what else have I to beg of the Immortal Gods, but the continuance of this your affection for me to the last moments of my life?"

To the physician Antonius Musa, who had cured him of a dangerous illness, they erected a statue near that of Æsculapius, by a general subscription. Some heads of families ordered in their wills, that their heirs should lead victims to the capitol, with a tablet carried before them, and pay their vows, "Because Augustus still survived." Some Italian cities appointed the day upon which he first visited them, to be thenceforth the beginning of their year. And most of the provinces, besides erecting temples and altars, instituted games, to be celebrated to his honour, in most towns, every five years.

The kings, his friends and allies, built cities in their respective kingdoms, to which they gave the name of Cæsarea; and all with one consent resolved to finish, at their common expense, the temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, which had been begun long before, and consecrate it to his Genius. They frequently also left their kingdoms, laid aside the badges of royalty,

and assuming the toga, attended and paid their respects to him daily, in the manner of clients to their patrons; not only at Rome, but when he was travelling through the provinces.

Having thus given an account of the manner in which he filled his public offices both civil and military, and his conduct in the government of the empire, both in peace and war; I shall now describe his private and domestic life, his habits at home and among his friends and dependents, and the fortune attending him in those scenes of retirement, from his youth to the day of his death. He lost his mother in his first consulship, and his sister Octavia, when he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He behaved towards them both with the utmost kindness whilst living, and after their decease paid the highest honours to their memory.

He was contracted when very young to the daughter of Publius Servilius Isauricus; but upon his reconciliation with Antony after their first rupture, the armies on both sides insisting on a family alliance between them, he married Antony's step-daughter Claudia, the daughter of Fulvia by Publius Claudius, although at that time she was scarcely marriageable; and upon a difference arising with his mother-in-law Fulvia, he divorced her untouched, and a pure virgin. Soon afterwards he took to wife Scribonia, who had before been twice married to men of consular rank, and was a mother by one of them. With her likewise he parted, being quite tired out, as he himself writes, with the perverseness of her temper; and immediately took Livia Drusilla, though then pregnant, from her husband Tiberius Nero; and she had never any rival in his love and esteem.

By Scribonia he had a daughter named Julia, but no children by Livia, although extremely desirous of issue. She, indeed, conceived once, but miscarried. He gave his daughter Julia in the first instance to Marcellus, his sister's son, who had just completed his minority; and, after his death, to Marcus Agrippa, having prevailed with his sister to yield her son-in-law to his wishes; for at that time Agrippa was married to one of the Marcellas, and had children by her. Agrippa dying also, he for a long time thought of several matches for Julia in even the equestrian order, and at last resolved upon selecting Tiberius for his step-son; and he obliged him to part with his wife at that time pregnant, and who had already brought him a child. Mark Antony writes, " That he first contracted Julia to his son, and afterwards to Cotiso, king of the Getæ, demanding at the same time the king's daughter in marriage for himself."

He had three grandsons by Agrippa and Julia, namely, Caius, Lucius, and Agrippa; and two grand-daughters, Julia and Agrippina. Julia he married to Lucius Paulus, the censor's son, and Agrippina to Germanicus, his sister's grandson. Caius and Lucius he adopted at home, by the ceremony of purchase from their father, advanced them, while yet very young, to offices in the state, and when they were consuls-elect, sent them to visit the provinces and armies. In bringing up his daughter and grand-

daughters, he accustomed them to domestic employments, and even spinning, and obliged them to speak and act every thing openly before the family, that it might be put down in the diary. He so strictly prohibited them from all converse with strangers, that he once wrote a letter to Lucius Vinicius, a handsome young man of a good family, in which he told him, "You have not behaved very modestly, in making a visit to my daughter at Baiæ." He usually instructed his grandsons himself in reading, swimming, and other rudiments of knowledge; and he laboured nothing more than to perfect them in the imitation of his handwriting. He never supped but he had them sitting at the foot of his couch; nor ever travelled but with them in a chariot before him, or riding beside him.

But in the midst of all his joy and hopes in his numerous and well-regulated family, his fortune failed him. The two Julias, his daughter and grand-daughter, abandoned themselves to such courses of lewdness and debauchery, that he banished them both. Caius and Lucius he lost within the space of eighteen months; the former dying in Lycia, and the latter at Marseilles. His third grandson Agrippa, with his step-son Tiberius, he adopted in the forum, by a law passed for the purpose by the sections; but he soon afterwards discarded Agrippa for his coarse and unruly temper, and confined him at Surrentum. He bore the death of his relations with more patience than he did their disgrace; for he was not overwhelmed by the loss of Caius and Lucius; but in the case of his daughter, he stated the facts to the senate in a message read to them by the quaestor, not having the heart to be present himself; indeed, he was so much ashamed of her infamous conduct, that for some time he avoided all company, and had thoughts of putting her to death. It is certain that when one Phœbe, a freed-woman and confidante of hers, hanged herself about the same time, he said, "I had rather be the father of Phœbe than of Julia." In her banishment he would not allow her the use of wine, nor any luxury in dress; nor would he suffer her to be waited upon by any male servant, either freeman or slave, without his permission, and having received an exact account of his age, stature, complexion, and what marks or scars he had about him. At the end of five years he removed her from the island [where she was confined] to the continent, and treated her with less severity, but could never be prevailed upon to recall her. When the Roman people interposed on her behalf several times with much importunity, all the reply he gave was: "I wish you had all such daughters and wives as she is." He likewise forbad a child, of which his grand-daughter Julia was delivered after sentence had passed against her, to be either owned as a relation, or brought up. Agrippa, who was equally intractable, and whose folly increased every day, he transported to an island, and placed a guard of soldiers about him; procuring at the same time an act of the senate for his confinement there during life. Upon any mention of him and the two Julias, he would say, with a heavy sigh,

"Αιθ' ὄφελον ἄγαμός τ'ἔμεναι, ἄγονος τ' ἀπολέθαι.
Would I were wifeless, or had childless died!

nor did he usually call them by any other name than that of his "three imposthumes or cancers."

He was cautious in forming friendships, but clung to them with great constancy; not only rewarding the virtues and merits of his friends according to their deserts, but bearing likewise with their faults and vices, provided that they were of a venial kind. For amongst all his friends, we scarcely find any who fell into disgrace with him, except Salvidienus Rufus, whom he raised to the consulship, and Cornelius Gallus, whom he made prefect of Egypt; both of them men of the lowest extraction. One of these, being engaged in plotting a rebellion, he delivered over to the senate, for condemnation; and the other, on account of his ungrateful and malicious temper, he forbad his house, and his living in any of the provinces. When, however, Gallus, being denounced by his accusers, and sentenced by the senate, was driven to the desperate extremity of laying violent hands upon himself, he commended, indeed, the attachment to his person of those who manifested so much indignation, but he shed tears, and lamented his unhappy condition, "That I alone," said he, "cannot be allowed to resent the misconduct of my friends in such a way only as I would wish." The rest of his friends of all orders flourished during their whole lives, both in power and wealth, in the highest ranks of their several orders, notwithstanding some occasional lapses. For, to say nothing of others, he sometimes complained that Agrippa was hasty, and Mecænas a tattler; the former having thrown up all his employments and retired to Mitylene, on suspicion of some slight coolness, and from jealousy that Marcellus received greater marks of favour; and the latter having confidentially imparted to his wife Terentia the discovery of Muræna's conspiracy.

He likewise expected from his friends, at their deaths as well as during their lives, some proofs of their reciprocal attachment. For though he was far from coveting their property, and indeed would never accept of any legacy left him by a stranger, yet he pondered in a melancholy mood over their last words; not being able to conceal his chagrin, if in their wills they made but a slight, or no very honourable mention of him, nor his joy, on the other hand, if they expressed a grateful sense of his favours, and a hearty affection for him. And whatever legacies or shares of their property were left him by such as were parents, he used to restore to their children, either immediately, or if they were under age, upon the day of their assuming the manly dress, or of their marriage; with interest.

As a patron and master, his behaviour in general was mild and conciliating; but when occasion required it, he could be severe. He advanced many of his freedmen to posts of honour and great importance, as Licinus, Enceladus, and others; and when his slave, Cosmus, had reflected bitterly

upon him, he resented the injury no further than by putting him in fetters. When his steward, Diomedes, left him to the mercy of a wild boar, which suddenly attacked them while they were walking together, he considered it rather a cowardice than a breach of duty; and turned an occurrence of no small hazard into a jest, because there was no knavery in his steward's conduct. He put to death Proculus, one of his most favourite freedmen, for maintaining a criminal commerce with other men's wives. He broke the legs of his secretary, Thallus, for taking a bribe of five hundred denarii to discover the contents of one of his letters. And the tutor and other attendants of his son Caius, having taken advantage of his sickness and death, to give loose to their insolence and rapacity in the province he governed, he caused heavy weights to be tied about their necks, and had them thrown into a river.

In his early youth various aspersions of an infamous character were heaped upon him. Sextus Pompey reproached him with being an effeminate fellow; and M. Antony, with earning his adoption from his uncle by prostitution. Lucius Antony, likewise Mark's brother, charges him with pollution by Cæsar; and that, for a gratification of three hundred thousand sesterces, he had submitted to Aulus Hirtius in the same way, in Spain; adding, that he used to singe his legs with burnt nutshells, to make the hair become softer. Nay, the whole concourse of the people, at some public diversions in the theatre, when the following sentence was recited, alluding to the Gallic priest of the mother of the gods, beating a drum,

Videsne ut cinædus orbem digito temperet?
See with his orb the wanton's finger play!

applied the passage to him, with great applause.

That he was guilty of various acts of adultery, is not denied even by his friends; but they allege in excuse for it, that he engaged in those intrigues not from lewdness, but from policy, in order to discover more easily the designs of his enemies, through their wives. Mark Antony, besides the precipitate marriage of Livia, charges him with taking the wife of a man of consular rank from table, in the presence of her husband, into a bed-chamber, and bringing her again to the entertainment, with her ears very red, and her hair in great disorder: that he had divorced Scribonia, for resenting too freely the excessive influence which one of his mistresses had gained over him: that his friends were employed to pimp for him, and accordingly obliged both matrons and ripe virgins to strip, for a complete examination of their persons, in the same manner as if Thoranius, the dealer in slaves, had them under sale. And before they came to an open rupture, he writes to him in a familiar manner, thus: "Why are you changed towards me? Because I lie with a queen? She is my wife. Is this a new thing with me, or have I not done so for these nine years? And do you take freedoms with Drusilla only? May health and happiness so attend

you, as when you read this letter, you are not in dalliance with Tertulla, Terentilla, Rufilla, or Salvia Titiscenia, or all of them. What matters it to you where, or upon whom, you spend your manly vigour? "

A private entertainment which he gave, commonly called the Supper of the Twelve Gods, and at which the guests were dressed in the habit of gods and goddesses, while he personated Apollo himself, afforded subject of much conversation, and was imputed to him not only by Antony in his letters, who likewise names all the parties concerned, but in the following well-known anonymous verses: —

Cum primum istorum conduxit mensa choragum,
Sexque deos vidit Mallia, sexque deas
Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
Dum nova divorum cœnat adulteria:
Omnia se a terris tunc numina declinârunt:
Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.

When Mallia late beheld, in mingled train,
Twelve mortals ape twelve deities in vain;
Cæsar assumed what was Apollo's due,
And wine and lust inflamed the motley crew.
At the foul sight the gods avert their eyes,
And from his throne great Jove indignant flies.

What rendered this supper more obnoxious to public censure, was, that it happened at a time when there was a great scarcity, and almost a famine, in the city. The day after, there was a cry current among the people, " that the gods had eaten up all the corn; and that Cæsar was indeed Apollo, but Apollo the Tormentor "; under which title that god was worshipped in some quarter of the city. He was likewise charged with being excessively fond of fine furniture, and Corinthian vessels, as well as with being addicted to gaming. For, during the time of the proscription, the following line was written upon his statue: —

Pater argentarius, ego Corinthiarius;

My father was a silversmith, my dealings are in brass;

because it was believed, that he had put some persons upon the list of the proscribed, only to obtain the Corinthian vessels in their possession. And afterwards, in the Sicilian war, the following epigram was published: —

Postquam bis classe victus naves perdidit,
Aliquando ut vincat, ludit assidue aleam.

Twice having lost a fleet in luckless fight,
To win at last, he games both day and night.

With respect to the charge or imputation of loathsome impurity beforementioned, he very easily refuted it by the chastity of his life, at the very

time when it was made, as well as ever afterwards. His conduct likewise gave the lie to that of luxurious extravagance in his furniture, when, upon the taking of Alexandria, he reserved for himself nothing of the royal treasures but a porcelain cup, and soon afterwards melted down all the vessels of gold, even such as were intended for common use. But his amorous propensities never left him, and, as he grew older, as is reported, he was in the habit of debauching young girls, who were procured for him, from all quarters, even by his own wife. To the observations on his gaming, he paid not the smallest regard; but played in public, but purely for his diversion, even when he was advanced in years; and not only in the month of December, but at other times, and upon all days, whether festivals or not. This evidently appears from a letter under his own hand, in which he says, "I supped, my dear Tiberius, with the same company. We had, besides, Vinicius, and Silvius the father. We gamed at supper like old fellows, both yesterday and today. And as any one threw upon the *tali* aces or sixes, he put down for every *talus* a denarius; all which was gained by him who threw a Venus." In another letter, he says, "We had, my dear Tiberius, a pleasant time of it during the festival of Minerva: for we played every day, and kept the gaming-board warm. Your brother uttered many exclamations at a desperate run of ill-fortune; but recovering by degrees, and unexpectedly, he in the end lost not much. I lost twenty thousand sesterces for my part; but then I was profusely generous in my play, as I commonly am; for had I insisted upon the stakes which I declined, or kept what I gave away, I should have won about fifty thousand. But this I like better: for it will raise my character for generosity to the skies." In a letter to his daughter, he writes thus: "I have sent you two hundred and fifty denarii, which I gave to every one of my guests; in case they were inclined at supper to divert themselves with the *Tali,* or at the game of Even-or-Odd."

In other matters, it appears that he was moderate in his habits, and free from suspicion of any kind of vice. He lived at first near the Roman Forum, above the Ring-maker's Stairs, in a house which had once been occupied by Calvus the orator. He afterwards moved to the Palatine Hill, where he resided in a small house belonging to Hortensius, no way remarkable either for size or ornament; the piazzas being but small, the pillars of Alban stone, and the rooms without any thing of marble, or fine paving. He continued to use the same bed-chamber, both winter and summer, during forty years: for though he was sensible that the city did not agree with his health in the winter, he nevertheless resided constantly in it during that season. If at any time he wished to be perfectly retired, and secure from interruption, he shut himself up in an apartment at the top of this house, which he called his Syracuse or Τεχνόφυον, or he went to some villa belonging to his freedmen near the city. But when he was indisposed, he commonly took up his residence in the house of Mecænas. Of all

the places of retirement from the city, he chiefly frequented those upon the sea coast, and the islands of Campania, or the towns nearest the city, such as Lanuvium, Præneste, and Tibur, where he often used to sit for the administration of justice, in the porticos of the temple of Hercules. He had a particular aversion to large and sumptuous palaces; and some which had been raised at a vast expense by his grand-daughter, Julia, he levelled to the ground. Those of his own, which were far from being spacious, he adorned, not so much with statues and pictures, as with walks and groves, and things which were curious either for their antiquity or rarity; such as, at Capri, the huge limbs of sea-monsters and wild beasts, which some affect to call the bones of giants; and also the arms of ancient heroes.

His frugality in the furniture of his house appears even at this day, from some beds and tables still remaining, most of which are scarcely elegant enough for a private family. It is reported that he never lay upon a bed, but such as was low, and meanly furnished. He seldom wore any garment but what was made by the hands of his wife, sister, daughter, and grand-daughters. His togas were neither scanty nor full; and the *clavus* was neither remarkably broad or narrow. His shoes were a little higher than common, to make him appear taller than he was. He had always clothes and shoes, fit to appear in public, ready in his bed-chamber for any sudden occasion.

At his table, which was always plentiful and elegant, he constantly entertained company; but was very scrupulous in the choice of them, both as to rank and character. Valerius Messala informs us, that he never admitted any freedman to his table, except Menas, when rewarded with the privilege of citizenship, for betraying Pompey's fleet. He writes, himself, that he invited to his table a person in whose villa he lodged, and who had formerly been employed by him as a spy. He often came late to table, and withdrew early; so that the company began supper before his arrival, and continued at table after his departure. His entertainments consisted of three entries, or at most of only six. But if his fare was moderate, his courtesy was extreme. For those who were silent, or talked in whispers, he encouraged to join in the general conversation; and introduced buffoons and stage players, or even low performers from the circus, and very often itinerant humourists, to enliven the company.

Festivals and holidays he usually celebrated very expensively, but sometimes only with merriment. In the Saturnalia, or at any other time when the fancy took him, he distributed to his company clothes, gold, and silver; sometimes coins of all sorts, even of the ancient kings of Rome and of foreign nations; sometimes nothing but towels, sponges, rakes, and tweezers, and other things of that kind, with tickets on them, which were enigmatical, and had a double meaning. He used likewise to sell by lot among his guests articles of very unequal value, and pictures with their fronts reversed; and so, by the unknown quality of the lot, disappoint or

gratify the expectation of the purchasers. This sort of traffic went round the whole company, every one being obliged to buy something, and to run the chance of loss or gain with the rest.

He ate sparingly (for I must not omit even this), and commonly used a plain diet. He was particularly fond of coarse bread, small fishes, new cheese made of cow's milk, and green figs of the sort which bear fruit twice a year. He did not wait for supper, but took food at any time, and in any place, when he had an appetite. The following passages relative to this subject, I have transcribed from his letters. "I ate a little bread and some small dates, in my carriage." Again. "In returning home from the palace in my litter, I ate an ounce of bread, and a few raisins." Again. "No Jew, my dear Tiberius, ever keeps such strict fast upon the Sabbath, as I have today; for while in the bath, and after the first hour of the night, I only ate two biscuits, before I began to be rubbed with oil." From this great indifference about his diet, he sometimes supped by himself, before his company began, or after they had finished, and would not touch a morsel at the table with his guests.

He was by nature extremely sparing in the use of wine. Cornelius Nepos says that he used to drink only three times at supper in the camp at Modena; and when he indulged himself the most, he never exceeded a pint; or if he did, his stomach rejected it. Of all wines, he gave the preference to the Rhætian, but scarcely ever drank any in the day-time. Instead of drinking, he used to take a piece of bread dipped in cold water, or a slice of cucumber, or some leaves of lettuce, or a green, sharp, juicy apple.

After a slight repast at noon, he used to seek repose, dressed as he was, and with his shoes on, his feet covered, and his hand held before his eyes. After supper he commonly withdrew to his study, a small closet, where he sat late, until he had put down in his diary all or most of the remaining transactions of the day, which he had not before registered. He would then go to bed, but never slept above seven hours at most, and that not without interruption; for he would wake three or four times during that time. If he could not again fall asleep, as sometimes happened, he called for some one to read or tell stories to him, until he became drowsy, and then his sleep was usually protracted till after day-break. He never liked to lie awake in the dark, without somebody to sit by him. Very early rising was apt to disagree with him. On which account, if he was obliged to rise betimes, for any civil or religious functions, in order to guard as much as possible against the inconvenience resulting from it, he used to lodge in some apartment near the spot, belonging to any of his attendants. If at any time a fit of drowsiness seized him in passing along the streets, his litter was set down while he snatched a few moments' sleep.

In person he was handsome and graceful, through every period of his life. But he was negligent in his dress; and so careless about dressing his hair, that he usually had it done in great haste, by several barbers at a time.

His beard he sometimes clipped, and sometimes shaved; and either read or wrote during the operation. His countenance, either when discoursing or silent, was so calm and serene, that a Gaul of the first rank declared amongst his friends, that he was so softened by it, as to be restrained from throwing him down a precipice, in his passage over the Alps, when he had been admitted to approach him, under pretence of conferring with him. His eyes were bright and piercing; and he was willing it should be thought that there was something of a divine vigour in them. He was likewise not a little pleased to see people, upon his looking steadfastly at them, lower their countenances, as if the sun shone in their eyes. But in his old age, he saw very imperfectly with his left eye. His teeth were thin set, small and scaly, his hair a little curled, and inclining to a yellow colour. His eyebrows met; his ears were small, and he had an aquiline nose. His complexion was betwixt brown and fair; his stature but low; though Julius Marathus, his freedman, says he was five feet and nine inches in height. This, however, was so much concealed by the just proportion of his limbs, that it was only perceivable upon comparison with some taller person standing by him.

He is said to have been born with many spots upon his breast and belly, answering to the figure, order, and number of the stars in the constellation of the Bear. He had besides several callosities resembling scars, occasioned by an itching in his body, and the constant and violent use of the strigil in being rubbed. He had a weakness in his left hip, thigh, and leg, insomuch that he often halted on that side; but he received much benefit from the use of sand and reeds. He likewise sometimes found the forefinger of his right hand so weak, that when it was benumbed and contracted with cold, to use it in writing, he was obliged to have recourse to a circular piece of horn. He had occasionally a complaint in the bladder; but upon voiding some stones in his urine, he was relieved from that pain.

During the whole course of his life, he suffered, at times, dangerous fits of sickness, especially after the conquest of Cantabria; when his liver being injured by a defluxion upon it, he was reduced to such a condition, that he was obliged to undergo a desperate and doubtful method of cure: for warm applications having no effect, Antonius Musa directed the use of those which were cold. He was likewise subject to fits of sickness at stated times every year; for about his birthday he was commonly a little indisposed. In the beginning of spring, he was attacked with an inflation of the midriff; and when the wind was southerly, with a cold in his head. By all these complaints, his constitution was so shattered, that he could not easily bear either heat or cold.

In winter, he was protected against the inclemency of the weather by a thick toga, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and swathings upon his legs and thighs. In summer, he lay with the doors of his bed-chamber open, and frequently in a piazza, refreshed by a bubbling fountain, and a

person standing by to fan him. He could not bear even the winter's sun; and at home, never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head. He usually travelled in a litter, and by night; and so slow, that he was two days in going to Præneste or Tibur. And if he could go to any place by sea, he preferred that mode of travelling. He carefully nourished his health against his many infirmities, avoiding chiefly the free use of the bath; but he was often rubbed with oil, and sweated in a stove; after which he was washed with tepid water, warmed either by a fire, or by being exposed to the heat of the sun. When, upon account of his nerves, he was obliged to have recourse to sea-water, or the waters of Albula, he was contented with sitting over a wooden tub, which he called by a Spanish name, *Dureta,* and plunging his hands and feet in the water by turns.

As soon as the civil war was ended, he gave up riding and other military exercises in the Campus Martius, and took to playing at ball, or football; but soon afterwards used no other exercise than that of going abroad in his litter, or walking. Towards the end of his walk, he would run leaping, wrapped up in a short cloak or cape. For amusement he would sometimes angle, or play with dice, pebbles, or nuts, with little boys, collected from various countries, and particularly Moors and Syrians, for their beauty or amusing talk. But dwarfs, and such as were in any way deformed, he held in abhorrence, as *lusus naturæ* (nature's abortions), and of evil omen.

From early youth he devoted himself with great diligence and application to the study of eloquence, and the other liberal arts. In the war of Modena, notwithstanding the weighty affairs in which he was engaged, he is said to have read, written, and declaimed every day. He never addressed the senate, the people, or the army, but in a premeditated speech, though he did not want the talent of speaking extempore on the spur of the occasion. And lest his memory should fail him, as well as to prevent the loss of time in getting up his speeches, it was his general practice to recite them. In his intercourse with individuals, and even with his wife Livia, upon subjects of importance he wrote on his tablets all he wished to express, lest, if he spoke extempore, he should say more or less than was proper. He delivered himself in a sweet and peculiar tone, in which he was diligently instructed by a master of elocution. But when he had a cold, he sometimes employed a herald to deliver his speeches to the people.

He composed many tracts in prose on various subjects, some of which he read occasionally in the circle of his friends, as to an auditory. Among these was his "Rescript to Brutus respecting Cato." Most of the pages he read himself, although he was advanced in years, but becoming fatigued, he gave the rest to Tiberius to finish. He likewise read over to his friends his "Exhortations to Philosophy," and the "History of his own Life," which he continued in thirteen books, as far as the Cantabrian war, but no farther. He likewise made some attempts at poetry. There is extant one book written by him in hexameter verse, of which both the subject and

title is " Sicily." There is also a book of Epigrams, no larger than the last, which he composed almost entirely while he was in the bath. These are all his poetical compositions; for though he begun a tragedy with great zest, becoming dissatisfied with the style, he obliterated the whole; and his friends saying to him, " What is your Ajax doing? " he answered, " My Ajax has met with a sponge."

He cultivated a style which was neat and chaste, avoiding frivolous or harsh language, as well as obsolete words, which he calls disgusting. His chief object was to deliver his thoughts with all possible perspicuity. To attain this end, and that he might nowhere perplex, or retard the reader or hearer, he made no scruple to add prepositions to his verbs, or to repeat the same conjunction several times; which, when omitted, occasion some little obscurity, but give a grace to the style. Those who used affected language, or adopted obsolete words, he despised, as equally faulty, though in different ways. He sometimes indulged himself in jesting, particularly with his friend Mecænas, whom he rallied upon all occasions for his fine phrases, and bantered by imitating his way of talking. Nor did he spare Tiberius, who was fond of obsolete and far-fetched expressions. He charges Mark Antony with insanity, writing rather to make men stare, than to be understood; and by way of sarcasm upon his depraved and fickle taste in the choice of words, he writes to him thus: " And are you yet in doubt, whether Cimber Annius or Veranius Flaccus be more proper for your imitation? Whether you will adopt words which Sallustius Crispus has borrowed from the ' Origines ' of Cato? Or do you think that the verbose empty bombast of Asiatic orators is fit to be transfused into our language? " And in a letter where he commends the talent of his grand-daughter, Agrippina, he says, " But you must be particularly careful, both in writing and speaking, to avoid affectation."

In ordinary conversation, he made use of several peculiar expressions, as appears from letters in his own handwriting; in which, now and then, when he means to intimate that some persons would never pay their debts, he says, " They will pay at the Greek Calends." And when he advised patience in the present posture of affairs, he would say, " Let us be content with our Cato." To describe anything in haste, he said, " It was sooner done than asparagus is cooked." He constantly puts *baceolus* for *stultus, pullejaceus* for *pullus, vacerrosus* for *cerritus, vapide se habere* for *male,* and *betizare* for *languere,* which is commonly called *lachanizare.* Likewise *simus* for *sumus, domos* for *domus* in the genitive singular. With respect to the last two peculiarities, lest any person should imagine that they were only slips of his pen, and not customary with him, he never varies. I have likewise remarked this singularity in his handwriting; he never divides his words, so as to carry the letters which cannot be inserted at the end of a line to the next, but puts them below the other, enclosed by a bracket.

He did not adhere strictly to orthography as laid down by the grammarians, but seems to have been of the opinion of those who think, that we ought to write as we speak; for as to his changing and omitting not only letters but whole syllables, it is a vulgar mistake. Nor should I have taken notice of it, but that it appears strange to me, that any person should have told us, that he sent a successor to a consular lieutenant of a province, as an ignorant, illiterate fellow, upon his observing that he had written *ixi* for *ipsi*. When he had occasion to write in cipher, he put *b* for *a*, *c* for *b*, and so forth; and instead of *z*, *aa*.

He was no less fond of the Greek literature, in which he made considerable proficiency; having had Apollodorus of Pergamus, for his master in rhetoric; whom, though much advanced in years, he took with him from the City, when he was himself very young, to Apollonia. Afterwards, being instructed in philology by Sephærus, he received into his family Areus the philosopher, and his sons Dionysius and Nicanor; but he never could speak the Greek tongue readily, nor ever ventured to compose in it. For if there was occasion for him to deliver his sentiments in that language, he always expressed what he had to say in Latin, and gave it another to translate. He was evidently not unacquainted with the poetry of the Greeks, and had a great taste for the ancient comedy, which he often brought upon the stage, in his public spectacles. In reading the Greek and Latin authors, he paid particular attention to precepts and examples which might be useful in public or private life. Those he used to extract verbatim, and give to his domestics, or send to the commanders of the armies, the governors of the provinces, or the magistrates of the city, when any of them seemed to stand in need of admonition. He likewise read whole books to the senate, and frequently made them known to the people by his edicts; such as the orations of Quintus Metellus "for the Encouragement of Marriage," and those of Rutilius "On the Style of Building"; to show the people that he was not the first who had promoted those objects, but that the ancients likewise had thought them worthy their attention. He patronized the men of genius of that age in every possible way. He would hear them read their works with a great deal of patience and good nature; and not only poetry and history, but orations and dialogues. He was displeased, however, that anything should be written upon himself, except in a grave manner, and by men of the most eminent abilities: and he enjoined the praetors not to suffer his name to be made too common in the contests amongst orators and poets in the theatres.

We have the following account of him respecting his belief in omens and such like. He had so great a dread of thunder and lightning that he always carried about him a seal's skin, by way of preservation. And upon any apprehension of a violent storm, he would retire to some place of concealment in a vault under ground; having formerly been terrified by a flash of lightning, while travelling in the night, as we have already mentioned.

He neither slighted his own dreams nor those of other people relating to himself. At the battle of Philippi, although he had resolved not to stir out of his tent, on account of his being indisposed, yet, being warned by a dream of one of his friends, he changed his mind; and well it was that he did so, for in the enemy's attack, his couch was pierced and cut to pieces, on the supposition of his being in it. He had many frivolous and frightful dreams during the spring; but in the other parts of the year, they were less frequent and more significative. Upon his frequently visiting a temple near the Capitol, which he had dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, he dreamt that Jupiter Capitolinus complained that his worshippers were taken from him, and that upon this he replied, he had only given him The Thunderer for his porter. He therefore immediately suspended little bells round the summit of the temple; because such commonly hung at the gates of great houses. In consequence of a dream, too, he always, on a certain day of the year, begged alms of the people, reaching out his hand to receive the dole which they offered him.

Some signs and omens he regarded as infallible. If in the morning his shoe was put on wrong, the left instead of the right, that boded some disaster. If when he commenced a long journey, by sea or land, there happened to fall a mizzling rain, he held it to be a good sign of a speedy and happy return. He was much affected likewise with any thing out of the common course of nature. A palm-tree which chanced to grow up between some stones in the court of his house, he transplanted into a court where the images of the Household Gods were placed, and took all possible care to make it thrive. In the island of Capri, some decayed branches of an old ilex, which hung drooping to the ground, recovered themselves upon his arrival; at which he was so delighted, that he made an exchange with the Republic of Naples, of the Island of Œnaria, for that of Capri. He likewise observed certain days; as never to go from home the day after the Nundinæ, nor to begin any serious business upon the nones; avoiding nothing else in it, as he writes to Tiberius, than its unlucky name.

With regard to the religious ceremonies of foreign nations, he was a strict observer of those which had been established by ancient custom; but others he held in no esteem. For, having been initiated at Athens, and coming afterwards to hear a cause at Rome, relative to the privileges of the priests of the Attic Ceres, when some of the mysteries of their sacred rites were to be introduced in the pleadings, he dismissed those who sat upon the bench as judges with him, as well as the bystanders, and heard the argument upon those points himself. But, on the other hand, he not only declined, in his progress through Egypt, to go out of his way to pay a visit to Apis, but he likewise commended his grandson Caius for not paying his devotions at Jerusalem in his passage through Judea.

Since we are upon this subject, it may not be improper to give an account

of the omens, before and at his birth, as well as afterwards, which gave hopes of his future greatness, and the good fortune that constantly attended him. A part of the wall of Velletri having in former times been struck with thunder, the response of the soothsayers was, that a native of that town would some time or other arrive at supreme power; relying on which prediction, the Velletrians both then, and several times afterwards, made war upon the Roman people, to their own ruin. At last it appeared by the event, that the omen had portended the elevation of Augustus.

Julius Marathus informs us, that a few months before his birth, there happened at Rome a prodigy, by which was signified that Nature was in travail with a king for the Roman people; and that the senate, in alarm, came to the resolution that no child born that year should be brought up; but that those amongst them, whose wives were pregnant, to secure to themselves a chance of that dignity, took care that the decree of the senate should not be registered in the treasury.

I find in the theological books of Asclepiades the Mendesian, that Atia, upon attending at midnight a religious solemnity in honour of Apollo, when the rest of the matrons retired home, fell asleep on her couch in the temple, and that a serpent immediately crept to her, and soon after withdrew. She awaking upon it, purified herself, as usual after the embraces of her husband; and instantly there appeared upon her body a mark in the form of a serpent, which she never after could efface, and which obliged her, during the subsequent part of her life, to decline the use of the public baths. Augustus, it was added, was born in the tenth month after, and for that reason was thought to be the son of Apollo. The same Atia, before her delivery, dreamed that her bowels stretched to the stars, and expanded through the whole circuit of heaven and earth. His father Octavius, likewise, dreamt that a sun-beam issued from his wife's womb.

Upon the day he was born, the senate being engaged in a debate on Catiline's conspiracy, and Octavius, in consequence of his wife's being in childbirth, coming late into the house, it is a well-known fact, that Publius Nigidius, upon hearing the occasion of his coming so late, and the hour of his wife's delivery, declared that the world had got a master. Afterwards, when Octavius, upon marching with his army through the deserts of Thrace, consulted the oracle in the grove of father Bacchus, with barbarous rites, concerning his son, he received from the priests an answer to the same purpose; because, when they poured wine upon the altar, there burst out so prodigious a flame, that it ascended above the roof of the temple, and reached up to the heavens; a circumstance which had never happened to any one but Alexander the Great, upon his sacrificing at the same altars. And next night he dreamt that he saw his son under a more than human appearance, with thunder and a sceptre, and the other insignia of Jupiter, Optimus, Maximus, having on his head a radiant crown, mounted upon a chariot decked with laurel, and drawn by six pair of milk-white horses.

Whilst he was yet an infant, as Caius Drusus relates, being laid in his cradle by his nurse, and in a low place, the next day he was not to be found, and after he had been sought for a long time, he was at last discovered upon a lofty tower, lying with his face towards the rising sun. When he first began to speak, he ordered the frogs that happened to make a troublesome noise, upon an estate belonging to the family near the town, to be silent; and there goes a report that frogs never croaked there since that time. As he was dining in a grove at the fourth milestone on the Campanian road, an eagle suddenly snatched a piece of bread out of his hand, and, soaring to a prodigious height, after hovering, came down most unexpectedly, and returned it to him.

Quintus Catulus had a dream, for two nights successively after his dedication of the Capitol. The first night he dreamt that Jupiter, out of several boys of the order of the nobility who were playing about his altar, selected one, into whose bosom he put the public seal of the commonwealth, which he held in his hand; but in his vision the next night, he saw in the bosom of Jupiter Capitolinus, the same boy, whom he ordered to be removed, but it was forbidden by the God, who declared that it must be brought up to become the guardian of the state. The next day, meeting Augustus, with whom till that hour he had not the least acquaintance, and looking at him with admiration, he said he was extremely like the boy he had seen in his dream. Some give a different account of Catulus's first dream, namely, that Jupiter, upon several noble lads requesting of him that they might have a guardian, had pointed to one amongst them, to whom they were to prefer their requests; and putting his fingers to the boy's mouth to kiss, he afterwards applied them to his own.

Marcus Cicero, as he was attending Caius Cæsar to the Capitol, happened to be telling some of his friends a dream which he had the preceding night, in which he saw a comely youth, let down from heaven by a golden chain, who stood at the door of the Capitol, and had a whip put into his hands by Jupiter. And immediately upon sight of Augustus, who had been sent for by his uncle Cæsar to the sacrifice, and was as yet perfectly unknown to most of the company, he affirmed that it was the very boy he had seen in his dream. When he assumed the manly toga, his senatorian tunic becoming loose in the seam on each side, fell at his feet. Some would have this to forbode, that the order, of which that was the badge of distinction, would some time or other be subject to him.

Julius Cæsar, in cutting down a wood to make room for his camp near Munda, happened to light upon a palm-tree, and ordered it to be preserved as an omen of victory. From the root of this tree there put out immediately a sucker, which, in a few days, grew to such a height as not only to equal, but overshadow it, and afford room for many nests of wild pigeons which built in it, though that species of bird particularly avoids a hard and rough leaf. It is likewise reported, that Cæsar was chiefly influenced

by this prodigy, to prefer his sister's grandson before all others for his successor.

In his retirement at Apollonia, he went with his friend Agrippa to visit Theogenes, the astrologer, in his gallery on the roof. Agrippa, who first consulted the Fates, having great and almost incredible fortunes predicted of him, Augustus did not choose to make known his nativity, and persisted for some time in the refusal, from a mixture of shame and fear, lest his fortunes should be predicted as inferior to those of Agrippa. Being persuaded, however, after much importunity, to declare it, Theogenes started up from his seat, and paid him adoration. Not long afterwards, Augustus was so confident of the greatness of his destiny, that he published his horoscope, and struck a silver coin, bearing upon it the sign of Capricorn, under the influence of which he was born.

After the death of Cæsar, upon his return from Apollonia, as he was entering the city, on a sudden, in a clear and bright sky, a circle resembling the rainbow surrounded the body of the sun; and, immediately afterwards, the tomb of Julia, Cæsar's daughter, was struck by lightning. In his first consulship, whilst he was observing the auguries, twelve vultures presented themselves, as they had done to Romulus. And when he offered sacrifice, the livers of all the victims were folded inward in the lower part; a circumstance which was regarded by those present, who had skill in things of that nature, as an indubitable prognostic of great and wonderful fortune.

He certainly had a presentiment of the issue of all his wars. When the troops of the Triumviri were collected about Bologna, an eagle, which sat upon his tent, and was attacked by two crows, beat them both, and struck them to the ground, in the view of the whole army; who thence inferred that discord would arise between the three colleagues, which would be attended with the like event: and it accordingly happened. At Philippi, he was assured of success by a Thessalian, upon the authority, as he pretended, of the Divine Cæsar himself, who had appeared to him while he was travelling in a by-road. At Perugia, the sacrifice not presenting any favourable intimations, but the contrary, he ordered fresh victims; the enemy, however, carrying off the sacred things in a sudden sally, it was agreed amongst the augurs, that all the dangers and misfortunes which had threatened the sacrificer, would fall upon the heads of those who had got possession of the entrails. And, accordingly, so it happened. The day before the sea-fight near Sicily, as he was walking upon the shore, a fish leaped out of the sea, and laid itself at his feet. At Actium, while he was going down to his fleet to engage the enemy, he was met by an ass with a fellow driving it. The name of the man was Eutychus, and that of the animal, Nichon. After the victory, he erected a brazen statue to each, in a temple built upon the spot where he had encamped.

His death, of which I shall now speak, and his subsequent deification,

were intimated by divers manifest prodigies. As he was finishing the census amidst a great crowd of people in the Campus Martius, an eagle hovered round him several times, and then directed its course to a neighbouring temple, where it settled upon the name of Agrippa, and at the first letter. Upon observing this, he ordered his colleague Tiberius to put up the vows, which it is usual to make on such occasions, for the succeeding Lustrum. For he declared he would not meddle with what it was probable he should never accomplish, though the tables were ready drawn for it. About the same time, the first letter of his name, in an inscription upon one of his statues, was struck out by lightning; which was interpreted as a presage that he would live only a hundred days longer, the letter C denoting that number; and that he would be placed amongst the Gods, as Æsar, which is the remaining part of the word Cæsar, signifies, in the Tuscan language, a God. Being, therefore, about dispatching Tiberius to Illyricum, and designing to go with him as far as Beneventum, but being detained by several persons who applied to him respecting causes they had depending, he cried out (and it was afterwards regarded as an omen of his death), "Not all the business in the world shall detain me at Rome one moment longer"; and setting out upon his journey, he went as far as Astura; whence, contrary to his custom, he put to sea in the night-time, as there was a favourable wind.

His malady proceeded from diarrhoea; notwithstanding which, he went round the coast of Campania, and the adjacent islands, and spent four days in that of Capri; where he gave himself up entirely to repose and relaxation. Happening to sail by the bay of Puteoli, the passengers and mariners aboard a ship of Alexandria, just then arrived, clad all in white, with chaplets upon their heads, and offering incense, loaded him with praises and joyful acclamations, crying out, "By you we live, by you we sail securely, by you enjoy our liberty and our fortunes." At which being greatly pleased, he distributed to each of those who attended him, forty gold pieces, requiring from them an assurance on oath, not to employ the sum given them in any other way, than the purchase of Alexandrian merchandise. And during several days afterwards, he distributed Togæ and Pallia, among other gifts, on condition that the Romans should use the Greek, and the Greeks the Roman dress and language. He likewise constantly attended to see the boys perform their exercises, according to an ancient custom still continued at Capri. He gave them likewise an entertainment in his presence, and not only permitted, but required from them the utmost freedom in jesting, and scrambling for fruit, victuals, and other things which he threw amongst them. In a word, he indulged himself in all the ways of amusement he could contrive.

He called an island near Capri, Ἀπραγόπολις, "The City of the *Do-littles*," from the indolent life which several of his party led there. A favourite of his, one Masgabas, he used to call Κτιστὴς, as if he had been

the planter of the island. And observing from his room a great company of people with torches, assembled at the tomb of this Masgabas, who died the year before, he uttered very distinctly this verse, which he made extempore.

Κτιστου δὲ τύμζο', οισορῶ πυρόυμενον.

Blazing with lights I see the founder's tomb.

Then turning to Thrasyllus, a companion of Tiberius, who reclined on the other side of the table, he asked him, who knew nothing about the matter, what poet he thought was the author of that verse; and on his hesitating to reply, he added another:

'Ορᾷς θάεσσι Μασγάζαν τιμώμενον.

Honour'd with torches Masgabas you see;

and put the same question to him concerning that likewise. The latter replying, that, whoever might be the author, they were excellent verses, he set up a great laugh, and fell into an extraordinary vein of jesting upon it. Soon afterwards, passing over to Naples, although at that time greatly disordered in his bowels by the frequent returns of his disease, he sat out the exhibition of the gymnastic games which were performed in his honour every five years, and proceeded with Tiberius to the place intended. But on his return, his disorder increasing, he stopped at Nola, sent for Tiberius back again, and had a long discourse with him in private; after which, he gave no further attention to business of any importance.

Upon the day of his death, he now and then inquired, if there was any disturbance in the town on his account; and calling for a mirror, he ordered his hair to be combed, and his shrunk cheeks to be adjusted. Then asking his friends who were admitted into the room, " Do ye think that I have acted my part on the stage of life well? " he immediately subjoined,

'Ει δὲ πᾶν ἔχει καλῶς, τῳ παιγνίῳ

Δότε κρότον, καὶ παντες ὑμεῖς μετὰ χαξᾶς κτυπήσατε.

If all be right, with joy your voices raise,
In loud applauses to the actor's praise.

After which, having dismissed them all, whilst he was inquiring of some persons who were just arrived from Rome, concerning Drusus's daughter, who was in a bad state of health, he expired suddenly, amidst the kisses of Livia, and with these words: " Livia! live mindful of our union; and now, farewell! " dying a very easy death, and such as he himself had always wished for. For as often as he heard that any person had died quickly and without pain, he wished for himself and his friends the like ἐυθανασίαν (an easy death), for that was the word he made use of. He betrayed but one symptom, before he breathed his last, of being delirious, which was this:

he was all on a sudden much frightened, and complained that he was carried away by forty men. But this was rather a presage, than any delirium: for precisely that number of soldiers belonging to the praetorian cohort, carried out his corpse.

He expired in the same room in which his father Octavius had died, when the two Sextus's, Pompey and Apuleius, were consuls, upon the fourteenth of the calends of September at the ninth hour of the day, being seventy-six years of age, wanting only thirty-five days. His remains were carried by the magistrates of the municipal towns and colonies, from Nola to Bovillæ, and in the night-time, because of the season of the year. During the intervals, the body lay in some basilica, or great temple, of each town. At Bovillæ it was met by the Equestrian Order, who carried it to the city, and deposited it in the vestibule of his own house. The senate proceeded with so much zeal in the arrangement of his funeral, and paying honour to his memory, that, amongst several other proposals, some were for having the funeral procession made through the triumphal gate, preceded by the image of Victory which is in the senate-house, and the children of highest rank and of both sexes singing the funeral dirge. Others proposed, that on the day of the funeral, they should lay aside their gold rings, and wear rings of iron; and others, that his bones should be collected by the priests of the principal colleges. One likewise proposed to transfer the name of August to September, because he was born in the latter, but died in the former. Another moved, that the whole period of time, from his birth to his death, should be called the Augustan age, and be inserted in the calendar under that title. But at last it was judged proper to be moderate in the honours paid to his memory. Two funeral orations were pronounced in his praise, one before the temple of Julius, by Tiberius; and the other before the rostra, under the old shops, by Drusus, Tiberius's son. The body was then carried upon the shoulders of senators into the Campus Martius, and there burnt. A man of praetorian rank affirmed upon oath, that he saw his spirit ascend from the funeral pile to heaven. The most distinguished persons of the Equestrian Order, bare-footed, and with their tunics loose, gathered up his relics, and deposited them in the mausoleum, which had been built in his sixth consulship between the Flaminian Way and the bank of the Tiber; at which time likewise he gave the groves and walks about it for the use of the people.

He had made a will a year and four months before his death, upon the third of the nones of April in the consulship of Lucius Plancus, and Caius Silius. It consisted of two skins of parchment, written partly in his own hand, and partly by his freedmen Polybius and Hilarian; and had been committed to the custody of the Vestal Virgins, by whom it was now produced, with three codicils under seal, as well as the will: all these were opened and read in the senate. He appointed as his direct heirs, Tiberius for two thirds of his estate, and Livia for the other third, both of whom he

desired to assume his name. The heirs in remainder were Drusus, Tiberius's son, for one third, and Germanicus with his three sons for the residue. In the third place, failing them, were his relations, and several of his friends. He left in legacies to the Roman people forty millions of sesterces; to the tribes, three million five hundred thousand; to the praetorian troops a thousand each man; to the city cohorts, five hundred; and to the legions and soldiers, three hundred each; which several sums he ordered to be paid immediately after his death, having taken due care that the money should be ready in his exchequer. For the rest he ordered different times of payment. In some of his bequests he went as far as twenty thousand sesterces, for the payment of which he allowed a twelvemonth; alleging for this procrastination the scantiness of his estate; and declaring that not more than a hundred and fifty millions of sesterces would come to his heirs: notwithstanding that during the twenty preceding years, he had received, in legacies from his friends, the sum of fourteen hundred millions; almost the whole of which, with his two paternal estates, and others which had been left him, he had spent in the service of the state. He left orders that the two Julias, his daughter and grand-daughter, if anything happened to them, should not be buried in his tomb. With regard to the three codicils before-mentioned, in one of them he gave orders about his funeral; another contained a summary of his acts, which he intended should be inscribed on brazen plates, and placed in front of his mausoleum; in the third he had drawn up a concise account of the state of the empire; the number of troops enrolled, what money there was in the treasury, the revenue, and arrears of taxes; to which were added the names of the freedmen and slaves from whom the several accounts might be taken.

CNÆUS JULIUS AGRICOLA

37–93 A.D.

By CORNELIUS TACITUS [1] (*About* 54–117 A.D.)

TO TRANSMIT to posterity the lives and characters of illustrious men, was an office frequently performed in ancient times. Even in the present age, incurious as it is about its own concerns, the same good custom has prevailed, whenever a great and splendid virtue has been able to surmount those two pernicious vices, which not only infest small communities, but are likewise the bane of large and flourishing cities; I mean the vices of insensibility to merit, on the one hand, and envy, on the other. With regard to the usage of antiquity, it is further observable, that, in those early seasons of virtue, men were led by the impulse of a generous spirit to a course of action worthy of being recorded; and, in like manner, the writer of genius undertook to perpetuate the memory of honourable deeds, without any motives of flattery, and without views of private ambition, influenced only by the conscious pleasure of doing justice to departed merit. Many have been their own historians, persuaded that in speaking of themselves they should display an honest confidence in their morals, not a spirit of arrogance or vainglory. Rutilius and Scaurus left an account of their own lives, and the integrity of the narrative has never been called in question; so true it is, that the age, which is most fertile in bright examples, is the best qualified to make a fair estimate of them. For the present undertaking, which professes to review the life of a great man now no more, I judged it necessary to premise an apology, led as I am, by the nature of my subject, to encounter an evil period, in which every virtue struggled with adversity and oppression.

We have it upon record, that Arulenus Rusticus, for the panegyric of Pæus Thrasea, and Herennius Senecio, for that of Helvidius Priscus, were both capitally convicted. Nor was it enough that those excellent authors fell a sacrifice to the tyrant's power; persecution raged against their books, and, by an order of the triumvirs, in the forum and the place of popular convention, the monuments of genius perished in the flames. The policy

[1] Reprinted from *The Works of Cornelius Tacitus*, translated by Arthur Murphy. Revised, Philadelphia, 1842.

The Life of Agricola was written in Latin in the year 97 A.D.

The translation here reprinted offers without the translator's notes or paragraph numbers.

of the times, no doubt, intended that in the same fire the voice of the Roman people should be stifled, the freedom of the senate destroyed, and the sentiments of the human heart suppressed for ever. To complete the work, all sound philosophy was proscribed, every liberal art was driven into banishment, and nothing fair and honourable was suffered to remain. Of our passive temper we gave ample proof; and as former times had tasted of liberty even to a degree of licentiousness, so we exhausted the bitter cup of slavery to the very dregs. Restrained by the terrors of a merciless inquisition from the commerce of hearing and speaking, and, by consequence, deprived of all exchange of sentiment, we should have resigned our memory with our other faculties, if to forget had been as easy as to submit in silence.

At length, indeed, we begin to revive from our lethargy; but we revive by slow degrees, though the Emperor Nerva, in the beginning of this glorious era, found means to reconcile two things, till then deemed incompatible; namely, civil liberty and the prerogative of the prince; though his successor Trajan continues to heal our wounds, and by a just and wise administration to diffuse the blessings of peace and good order through every part of the empire; and though it is apparent, that hopes of the constitution are now conceived by all orders of men, and not only conceived, but rising every hour into confidence and public security. And yet, such is the infirmity of the human mind, that, even in this juncture, the remedy operates more slowly than the disease. For as the body natural is tardy in its growth, and rapid in decay, so the powers of genius are more easily extinguished than promoted to their full maturity. There is a charm in indolence that works by imperceptible degrees; and that listless inactivity, which at first is irksome, grows delightful in the end.

Need I mention that in the course of fifteen years, a large portion of human life! many fell by unavoidable accidents, and the most illustrious men in Rome were cut off by the insatiate cruelty of the prince? A few of us, it is true, have survived the slaughter of our fellow-citizens; I had almost said, we have survived ourselves: for in that chasm, which slavery made in our existence, we cannot be said to have lived, but rather to have crawled in silence, the young towards the decrepitude of age, and the old to dishonourable graves. And yet I shall not regret the time I have spent in reviewing those days of despotism; on the contrary, it is my intention, even in such weak colouring as mine, to give a memorial of our slavery, that it may stand in contrast to the felicity of the present period.

In the meantime, the following tract is dedicated to the memory of Agricola, my father-in-law. The design, as it springs from filial piety, may merit a degree of approbation; it will, at least, be received with candour.

Cnæus Julius Agricola was born at the ancient and respectable colony of Forojulium. His grandfather, by the maternal as well as the paternal line, served the office of imperial procurator; a trust of importance, which

always confers the equestrian dignity. His father, Julius Græcinus, was a member of the senate, distinguished by his eloquence and philosophy. His merit gave umbrage to Caligula. Being commanded by that emperor to undertake the prosecution of Marcus Silanus, he refused to comply, and was put to death. Julia Procilla, Agricola's mother, was respected for the purity of her manners. Under her care, and as it were in her bosom, the tender mind of the son was trained to science and every liberal accomplishment. His own ingenuous disposition guarded him against the seductions of pleasure. To that happy temperament was added the advantage of pursuing his studies at Marseilles, that seat of learning, where the refinements of Greece were happily blended with the sober manners of provincial economy.

He has often declared in my hearing, that in the first career of youth he felt himself addicted to philosophical speculations with more ardour than consisted with the duties of a Roman and a senator; but his taste was soon reformed by the admonitions of his mother. In fact, it cannot be matter of wonder, that a sublime and warm imagination, struck with the forms of moral beauty and the love of science, should aspire to reach the glory of the philosophic character. As he grew up to manhood, his riper judgment weaned him from vain pursuits, and during the rest of his life he preserved what is difficult to attain, that temperate judgment which knows where to fix the bounds even of wisdom itself.

His first rudiments of military knowledge were acquired in Britain, under the conduct of Suetonius Paulinus, that experienced officer; active, vigilant, yet mild in command. Agricola was soon distinguished by his general, and selected to live with him at headquarters. Honoured in this manner, he did not, as is usual with young men, mix riot and dissipation with actual service; nor did he avail himself of his rank of military tribune to obtain leave of absence, in order to pass his time in idle pleasures and ignorance of his duty. To know the province, and make himself known to the army; to learn from men of experience, and emulate the best examples; to seek no enterprise with a forward spirit, and to decline none with timid caution, were the rules he laid down to himself; prudent with valour, and brave without ostentation.

A more active campaign had never been known, nor was Britain at any time so fiercely disputed. Our veteran forces were put to the sword; our colonies smoked on the ground; and the legions were intercepted on their march. The struggle was then for life; we fought afterwards for fame and victory. In a juncture so big with danger, though the conduct of the war was in other hands, and the glory of recovering the province was justly ascribed to the commander-in-chief, yet so fair an opportunity did not fail to improve a young officer, and plant in his mind the early seeds of military ambition. The love of fame took possession of him, that principle of noble minds, but out of season in an evil period, when virtue suffered by

sinister constructions, and from an illustrious name the danger was as great as from the most pernicious character.

He returned from Britain to enter on the gradations of the civil magistracy, and married Domitia Decidiana, a lady of high rank and splendid descent. By that alliance he gained an accession of strength and credit, that served to forward him in the road to public honours. The conjugal state proved a source of domestic happiness. They lived in perfect harmony, endeared by the tenderest affection, and each ascribing to the other the felicity which they enjoyed. But the merit of Decidiana could not be too much acknowledged. The praise of a valuable wife should always rise in proportion to the weight of censure, that falls on such as violate the nuptial union.

Agricola obtained the office of quaestor; and the province of Asia, of which Salvius Titianus was proconsul, fell to his lot. Neither the place nor the governor could warp his integrity. The wealth of the inhabitants invited the hand of rapacity; and Titianus by the bias of his nature prone to acts of avarice, was ready, on terms of mutual connivance, to co-operate in any scheme of guilt and plunder; but Agricola maintained his honour and his principles. During his stay in Asia his family was increased by the birth of a daughter, who proved soon after, when he lost his infant son, a source of consolation. The intermediate space between the expiration of his quaestorship and his advancement to the post of tribune of the people, he had the prudence to pass in calm tranquillity. Even during the year of his tribuneship he acted with the same reserve, aware of those disastrous times, when, under the tyranny of Nero's reign, the want of exertion was the truest wisdom. He discharged the office of praetor with the same moderation and silent dignity, having no occasion, as his good fortune would have it, to sit in judicature. That branch of the magistrate's business did not fall to his share. The pageantry of public spectacles, which belonged to his department, he conducted with economy and magnificence, short of profusion, yet with due regard to popularity. In the following reign, being appointed by Galba one of the commissioners to inspect the state of oblations to the several temples, he managed the inquiry with so much skill and well-tempered judgment, that no species of sacrilegious rapine, except the plunder committed by Nero, was suffered to pass without redress.

In the course of the following year a dreadful misfortune happened in his family, and proved to him a severe stroke of affliction. A descent, from Otho's fleet, which roved about in quest of depredations, was made on the coast of Liguria. The freebooters plundered the city of Intemelium, and in their fury murdered Agricola's mother, then residing upon her own estate. They laid waste her lands, and went off with a considerable booty. Agricola set out immediately to pay the last tribute of filial piety, and being informed on his way, that Vespasian aspired to the imperial dignity, he declared at once in favour of that party.

In the beginning of the new reign, the government of Rome, and the whole administration, centred in Mucianus, Domitian being, at that time, too young for business, and from the elevation of his father claiming no other privilege than that of being debauched and profligate without control. Agricola was despatched to raise new levies. He executed that commission with so much zeal and credit to himself, that Mucianus advanced him to the command of the twentieth legion, then quartered in Britain, and for some time unwilling to swear fidelity to Vespasian. The officer, who had the command of that corps, was suspected of seditious practices, and the men had carried their insolence to such a pitch, that they were even formidable to the consular generals. Their commander was of praetorian rank; but either on account of his own disaffection, or the turbulent spirit of the soldiers, his authority was too feeble. Agricola succeeded to the command of the legion, and to the task of punishing the guilty. He acquitted himself with consummate address, and singular moderation, wishing that the men should have the merit of voluntary compliance, and not seem to have yielded, with sullen submission, to the authority of their general.

The government of Britain was at that time committed to Vettius Bolanus, a man of milder disposition than consisted with the genius of those ferocious islanders. Agricola, that he might not seem to eclipse his superior officer, restrained his martial ardour, submitting with deference to his commander-in-chief, and, in every part of his conduct, uniting to his love of glory, a due regard for the service. Bolanus was soon recalled, and Petilius Cerealis, an officer of consular rank, succeeded to the command. The field of warlike enterprise was laid open to Agricola. Under the new commander, he was, at first, no more than a common sharer in the dangers of the campaign; but in a short time his talents had their free career. The general to make his experiment, sent him at the head of detached parties, and afterwards, encouraged by the event, employed him in more important operations. Agricola never betrayed a symptom of vainglory. From the issue of his expeditions, however successful, he assumed no merit. It was the general that planned the measure, and he himself was no more than the hand that executed. By this conduct, vigorous in action, but modest in the report of his exploits, he gained a brilliant reputation, secure from the envy that attends it.

On his return to Rome, Vespasian advanced him to the patrician rank, and soon after to the government of the province of Aquitania; an appointment of the first importance, leading directly to the honours of the consulship, to which he then aspired with the concurrence of the prince. The military mind, trained up in the school of war, is generally supposed to want the power of nice discrimination. The jurisdiction of the camp is little solicitous about forms and subtle reasoning; military law is blunt and summary, and where the sword resolves all difficulties, the refined discussions of the forum are never practised. Agricola, however, indebted to

nature for a certain rectitude of understanding, was not out of his sphere even among men versed in questions of jurisprudence. His hours of business and relaxation had their stated periods. In the council of the province, or on the tribunal of justice, he discharged the duties of his station with awful gravity, intent to inquire, often severe, but more inclined to soften the rigour of the law. The functions of the magistrate being dispatched, he divested himself of his public character; the man in authority was no longer seen. In his actions no tincture of arrogance, no spleen, no avarice was ever seen. Uncommon as it may appear, the sweetness of his manners took nothing from his authority, nor was the impression made by his amiable qualities lessened by the inflexibility of the judge.

To say of a character truly great, that integrity and a spirit above corruption made a part of it, were mere tautology, as injurious to his virtues, as it is unnecessary. Even the love of fame, that fine incentive of generous minds, could neither betray him into an ostentatious display of virtue, nor induce him to practise those specious arts, that court applause, and often supply the place of merit. The little ambition of rising above his colleagues was foreign to his heart. He avoided all contention with the procurators of the prince. In struggles of that nature he knew that victory may be obtained without glory, and a defeat is certain disgrace. In less than three years he was recalled from his province, to take upon him the consular dignity. The voice of fame marked him out, at the same time, for the government of Britain: the report was current, but neither contrived nor cultivated by himself. He was mentioned because he was worthy. Common fame does not always err: it often takes the lead, and determines the choice. During his consulship, though I was then very young, he agreed to a marriage between me and his daughter, who certainly might have looked for a prouder connexion. The nuptial ceremony was not performed till the term of his consulship expired. In a short time after he was appointed governor of Britain, with the additional honour of a seat in the pontifical college.

If I here presume to offer a description of Britain and the manners of the people, it is not my intention to dispute with the number of authors, who have gone before me, either the fame of genius, or diligence in the research. The fact is, Britain was subdued under the conduct of Agricola, and that circumstance may justify the present attempt. Antecedent writers adorned conjecture with all the graces of language: what I have to offer will have nothing but the plain truth to recommend it.

Britain, of all the islands known to the Romans, is the largest. On the east, it extends towards Germany; on the west, towards Spain; and on the south, it lies opposite to the coast of Gaul. The northern extremity is lashed by the billows of a prodigious sea, and no land is known beyond it. The form of the island has been compared by two eloquent writers (Livy among the ancients, and Fabius Rusticus among the moderns) to an

oblong shield, or a two-edged axe. The comparison, if we except Caledonia, may be allowed to be just, and hence the shape of a part has been, by vulgar error, ascribed to the whole. Caledonia stretches a vast length of way towards the north. The promontories, that jut out into the sea, render the form of the country broken and irregular, but it sharpens to a point at the extremity, and terminates in the shape of a wedge.

By Agricola's order the Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain is an island. The cluster of isles called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman Empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators. The sea in those parts is said to be a sluggish mass of stagnated water, hardly yielding to the stroke of the oar, and never agitated by winds and tempests. The natural cause may be, that high lands and mountains, which occasion commotions in the air, are deficient in those regions; not to mention that such a prodigious body of water, in a vast and boundless ocean, is heaved and impelled with difficulty. But a philosophical account of the ocean and its periodical motions is not the design of this essay; the subject has employed the pen of others. To what they have said I shall only add, that there is not in any other part of the world an expanse of water that rages with such uncontrollable dominion, now receiving the discharge of various rivers, and, at times, driving their currents back to their source. Nor is it on the coast only that the flux and reflux of the tide are perceived: the swell of the sea forces its way into the recesses of the land, forming bays and islands in the heart of the country, and foaming amidst hills and mountains, as in its natural channel.

Whether the first inhabitants of Britain were natives of the island, or adventitious settlers, is a question lost in the mists of antiquity. The Britons, like other barbarous nations, have no monuments of their history. They differ in the make and habit of their bodies, and hence various inferences concerning their origin. The ruddy hair and lusty limbs of the Caledonians indicate a German extraction. That the Silures were at first a colony of Iberians is concluded, not without probability, from the olive tincture of the skin, the natural curl of the hair, and the situation of the country, so convenient to the coast of Spain. On the side opposite to Gaul the inhabitants resemble their neighbours on the continent; but whether that resemblance is the effect of one common origin, or of the climate in contiguous nations operating on the make and temperament of the human body, is a point not easy to be decided. All circumstances considered, it is rather probable that a colony from Gaul took possession of a country so inviting by its proximity. You will find in both nations the same religious rites, and the same superstition. The two languages differ but little. In provoking danger they discover the same ferocity, and in the encounter, the same timidity. The Britons, however, not yet enfeebled by a long peace, are

possessed of superior courage. The Gauls, we learn from history, were formerly a warlike people; but sloth, the consequence of inactive times, has debased their genius, and virtue died with expiring liberty. Among such of the Britons, as have been for some time subdued, the same degeneracy is observable. The free and unconquered part of the nation retains at this hour the ferocity of the ancient Gauls.

The strength of their armies consists in infantry, though some of their warriors take the field in chariots. The person of highest distinction guides the reins, while his martial followers, mounted in the same vehicle, annoy the enemy. The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings: at present they are divided into factions under various chieftains; and this disunion, which prevents their acting in concert for a public interest, is a circumstance highly favourable to the Roman arms against a warlike people, independent, fierce, and obstinate. A confederation of two or more states to repel the common danger is seldom known: they fight in parties, and the nation is subdued.

The climate is unfavourable; always damp with rains, and overcast with clouds. Intense cold is never felt. The days are longer than in our southern regions; the nights remarkably bright, and, towards the extremity of the island, so very short, that between the last gleam of day and the returning dawn the interval is scarce perceptible. In a serene sky, when no clouds intervene to obstruct the sight, the sun, we are told, appears all night long, neither setting in the west, nor rising in the east, but always moving above the horizon. The cause of this phenomenon may be, that the surface of the earth, towards the northern extremities, being flat and level, the shade never rises to any considerable height, and, the sky still retaining the rays of the sun, the heavenly bodies continue visible.

The soil does not afford either the vine, the olive, or the fruits of warmer climates; but it is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in great plenty. Vegetation is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause, the constant moisture of the atmosphere and the dampness of the soil. Britain contains, to reward the conqueror, mines of gold and silver, and other metals. The sea produces pearls, but of a dark and livid colour. This defect is ascribed by some to want of skill in this kind of fishery: the people employed in gathering, content themselves in gleaning what happens to be thrown upon the shore, whereas in the Red Sea the shell-fish are found clinging to the rocks, and taken alive. For my part, I am inclined to think that the British pearl is of an inferior quality. I cannot impute to avarice a neglect of its interest.

The Britons are willing to supply our armies with new levies; they pay their tribute, without a murmur; and they perform all the services of government with alacrity, provided they have no reason to complain of oppression. When injured, their resentment is quick, sudden, and impatient; they are conquered, not broken-hearted; reduced to obedience, not sub-

dued to slavery. Even Julius Cæsar, the first of the Romans who set his foot in Britain at the head of an army, can only be said by a prosperous battle to have struck the natives with terror, and to have made himself master of the sea-shore. The discoverer, not the conqueror of the island, he did no more than show it to posterity. Rome could not boast of a conquest. The civil wars broke out soon after, and in that scene of distraction, when the swords of the leading men were drawn against their country, it was natural to lose sight of Britain. During the peace that followed, the same neglect continued: Augustus called it the wisdom of his counsels, and Tiberius made it a rule of state-policy.

That Caligula meditated an invasion of Britain is a fact well known; but the expedition, like his mighty preparations against Germany, was rendered abortive by the capricious temper of the man, resolving always without consideration and repenting without experiment. The grand enterprise was reserved for the emperor Claudius, who transported into Britain an army composed of regular legions, besides a large body of auxiliaries. With the officers, appointed to conduct the war, he joined Vespasian, who there laid the foundation of that success which afterwards attended him. Several states were conquered, kings were led in captivity, and the Fates beheld Vespasian giving an earnest of his future glory.

The first officer of consular rank, that commanded in Britain, was Aulus Plautius. To him succeeded Ostorius Scapula; both eminent for their military character. Under their auspices the southern part of Britain took the form of a province, and received a colony of veterans. Certain districts were assigned to Cogidunus, a king who reigned over part of the country. He lived within our own memory, preserving always his faith unviolated, and exhibiting a striking proof of that refined policy, with which it has ever been the practice of Rome to make even kings accomplices in the servitude of mankind.

The next governor was Didius Gallus. He preserved the acquisitions made by his predecessors, without aiming at an extension of territory, and without any advantage, except a few forts, which he built on the remote borders of the province, in hopes of gaining some pretension to the fame of having enlarged the frontier. Veranius succeeded to the command, but died within the year. Suetonius Paulinus was the next in succession. That officer pushed on the war in one continued series of prosperity for two years together. In that time he subdued several states, and secured his conquest by a chain of posts and garrisons. Confiding in the strength which he had thus established, he formed the plan of reducing the isle of Mona, the grand resource from which the malcontents drew their supplies. But having, in that expedition, turned his back on the conquered provinces, he gave an opportunity for a general revolt.

The Britons, relieved from their fears by the absence of the commander-in-chief, began to descant on the horrors of slavery. They stated their

grievances, and, to inflame resentment, painted everything in the most glaring colours. "What was now the consequence of their passive spirit? The hand of oppression falls on the tame and abject with greater weight. Each state was formerly subject to a single king, but now two masters rule with an iron rod. The general gluts himself with the blood of the vanquished, and the imperial procurator devours our property. Those haughty tyrants may act in concert, or they may be at variance; but in either case the lot of the Britons is the same. The centurions of the general, and the followers of the tax-gatherer, add pride and insolence to injustice and rapacity. Nothing is safe from avarice, nothing by lust unviolated. In the field of battle, the booty is for the brave and warlike: at present, cowards and abject wretches seize the possessions of the natives; to them the Britons tamely yield up their children; for them they make new levies, and, in short, the good of his country is the only cause in which a Briton has forgot to die. Compute the number of men born in freedom, who inhabit the island, and the Roman invaders are but a handful. It was thus the Germans argued, and they shook off the yoke. No ocean rolled between them and the invader: they were separated by a river only. The Britons have every motive to excite their valour. They have their country to defend, and they have their liberty to assert; they have wives and children to urge them on; and they have parents, who sue to them for protection. On the part of the Romans, if we except luxury and avarice, what incentives are there to draw them to the field? Let British valour emulate the virtue of ancient times, and the invaders, like their own deified Cæsar, will abandon the island. The loss of a single battle, and even a second, cannot decide the fate of a whole people. Many advantages list on the side of misery. To attack with fury and persevere with constancy, belongs to men who groan under oppression. The gods, at length, behold the Britons with an eye of compassion: they have removed the Roman general from his station; they detain him and his army in another island. The oppressed have gained an advantage, too often difficult to obtain; they can now deliberate: they are met in council. In designs like these, the whole danger lies in being detected: act like men, and success will be the issue of the war."

Inflamed by these and such like topics, the spirit of revolt was diffused through the country. With one consent they took up arms, under the conduct of Boadicea, a queen descended from a race of royal ancestors. In Britain there is no rule of distinction to exclude the female line from the throne, or the command of armies. The insurgents rushed to the attack with headlong fury; they found the Romans dispersed in their garrisons; they put all to the sword; they stormed the forts; they attacked the capital of the colony, which they considered as the seat of oppression, and with fire and sword laid it level with the ground. Whatever revenge could prompt, or victory inspire, was executed with unrelenting cruelty; and if

Suetonius, on the first intelligence, had not hastened back by rapid marches, Britain had been lost. By the event of a single battle the province was recovered, though the embers of rebellion were not quite extinguished. Numbers of the malcontents, conscious of their share in the revolt, and dreading the vengeance of Suetonius, still continued under arms.

The truth is, notwithstanding the excellent qualities that distinguished the Roman general, it was the blemish of his character, that he proceeded always against the vanquished, even after they surrendered, with excessive rigour. Justice under his administration, had frequently the air of revenge for a personal injury. In his public proceedings he mingled too much of his own passions, and was therefore recalled, to make way for Petronius Turpilianus, a man of less asperity, new to the Britons, and, having no resentments, likely to be satisfied on moderate terms. He restored the tranquillity of the island, and, without attempting anything further, resigned the province to Trebellius Maximus, an officer of no experience, by nature indolent and inactive, but possessed of certain popular arts that reconciled the minds of men to his administration. The Barbarians, at this time, had acquired a taste for elegant and alluring vices. The civil wars, which soon after convulsed the empire, were a fair apology for the pacific temper of the general. His army, however, was not free from intestine discord. The soldiers, formerly inured to discipline, grew wanton in idleness, and broke out into open sedition. To avoid the fury of his men, Trebellius was obliged to save himself by flight. Having lain for some time in a place of concealment, he returned with an awkward air to take upon him the command. His dignity was impaired, and his spirit humbled. From that time his authority was feeble and precarious. It seemed to be a compromise between the parties: the general remained unmolested, the soldiers uncontrolled, and on these terms the mutiny ended without bloodshed. Vettius Bolanus was the next commander; but the distractions of the civil war still continuing, he did not think it advisable to introduce a plan of regular discipline. The same inactive disposition on the part of the general, and the same mutinous spirit among the soldiers, still prevailed. The only difference was, that the character of Bolanus was without a blemish. If he did not establish his authority, he lived on good terms with all; beloved, though not respected.

When Britain, with the rest of the Roman world, fell to the lot of Vespasian, the ablest officers were sent to reduce the island; powerful armies were set in motion, and the spirit of the natives began to droop. In order to spread a general terror, Petilius Cerealis fell with sudden fury on the Brigantes, in point of numbers the most considerable state in the whole province. Various battles were fought, with alternate success, and great effusion of blood. At length the greatest part of that extensive country was either subdued, or involved in all the calamities of war. The fame of Cerealis grew to a size that might discourage the ablest successor; and yet

under that disadvantage Julius Frontinus undertook the command. His talents did not suffer by the comparison. He was a man truly great, and sure to signalize himself, whenever a fair opportunity called forth his abilities. He reduced to subjection the powerful and warlike state of the Silures, and, though in that expedition he had to cope not only with a fierce and obstinate enemy, but with the difficulties of a country almost impracticable, it was his glory that he surmounted every obstacle.

Such was the state of Britain, and such the events of war, when Agricola arrived about the middle of summer to take upon him the command. He found an army lulled in indolence and security, as if the campaign was at an end, while the enemy was on the watch to seize the first opportunity. The Ordivicians, not long before his arrival, had fallen upon a party of horse, that happened to be quartered in their district, and put them almost all to the sword. By this blow the courage of the Britons was once more revived: the bold and resolute declared for open war, while others, less sanguine, were against unsheathing the sword, till the character and genius of the new governor should be better known.

Many things conspired to embarrass Agricola: the summer was far advanced; the troops were stationed at different quarters, expecting a cessation of arms during the remainder of the year: and to act on the defensive, content with strengthening the weakest stations, was in the opinion of the best officers the most prudent measure. These were circumstances unfavourable to a spirit of enterprise; but the general resolved to put his army in motion, and face the danger without delay. For this purpose, he drew together various detachments from the legions, and, with the addition of a body of auxiliaries, marched against the enemy. The Ordovicians continuing to decline an engagement on the open plain, he determined to seek them on their heights, and, to animate his men by his own example, he advanced at the head of the line. A battle ensued, and the issue was the destruction of the Ordovician state. Knowing of what moment it is to follow the first impressions of fame, and little doubting but that everything would fall before an army flushed with victory, Agricola formed a plan for the reduction of the isle of Mona, from which Paulinus had been recalled by the general insurrection of the province, as already mentioned.

For the execution of an enterprise so sudden and important, no measures had been concerted, and by consequence no vessels were ready to transport the troops. The genius and resolution of the general supplied all deficiencies. He drafted from the auxiliaries a chosen band, well acquainted with the fordable places, and, inured to the national practice of swimming across lakes and rivers with such dexterity, that they could manage their arms and guide their horses at the same time. This select corps, free from the incumbrance of their baggage, dashed into the water, and made their way with vigour towards the island. This mode of attack astonished the enemy, who expected nothing less than a fleet of transports, and a regular embarka-

tion. Struck with consternation, they thought nothing impregnable to men who waged so unusual a war. In despair they sued for peace, and surrendered the island. The event added new lustre to the name of Agricola, who had thus set out with a spirit of enterprise, and crowded so much glory into that part of the year, which is usually trifled away in vain parade and the homage of flatteries. The moderation with which he enjoyed his victory was remarkable. He had reduced the vanquished to obedience, and the act, he said, did not deserve the name of victory, nor even of an expedition. In his despatches to Rome he assumed no merit, nor were his letters, according to custom, decorated with sprigs of laurel: but this self-denial served only to enhance his fame. From the modesty of a commander who could undervalue such important services, men inferred that projects of vast extent were even then in his contemplation.

Agricola was well acquainted with the manners and national character of the Britons: he knew by the experience of past events, that conquest, while it loads the vanquished with injury and oppression, can never be secure and permanent. He determined, therefore, to suppress the seeds of future hostility. He began a reform in his own household; a necessary work, but attended often with no less difficulty than the administration of a province. He removed his slaves and freedmen from every department of public business. Promotions in the army no longer went by favour, or the partiality of the centurions; merit decided, and the man of worth, Agricola knew, would be the most faithful soldier. To know everything, and yet overlook a great deal; to forgive slight offences, and treat matters of importance with due severity, was the rule of his conduct; never vindictive, and in many instances disarmed by penitence. The prevention of crimes was what he wished, and to that end, in the disposal of offices he made choice of men, whose conduct promised to supersede the necessity of punishment.

The exigencies of the army called for large contributions of corn and other supplies, and yet he lightened the burden by just and equal assessments, providing at the same time against the extortion of the tax-gatherer, more odious and intolerable than even the tax itself. It had been the settled practice of the collectors to engross all the corn, and then adding mockery to injustice, to make the injured Briton wait at the door of the public granary, humbly supplicating that he might be permitted to repurchase his own grain, which he was afterwards obliged to sell at an inferior price. A further grievance was, that, instead of delivering the requisite quantity of corn at the nearest and most convenient magazines, the Britons were forced to make tedious journeys through difficult cross-country roads, in order to supply camps and stations at a remote distance; and thus the business which might have been conducted with convenience to all, was converted into a job to gratify the avarice of a few.

In the first year of Agricola's administration these abuses were all sup-

pressed. The consequence was, that peace, which, through the neglect or connivance of former governors was no less terrible than war itself, began to diffuse its blessings, and to be relished by all. As soon as the summer opened, he assembled his army and marched in quest of the enemy. Ever present at the head of the lines, he encouraged the strenuous by commendation; he rebuked the sluggard who fell from his rank; he went in person to mark out the station for encampments; he sounded the estuaries, and explored the woods and forests. The Britons, in the meantime, were by sudden incursions kept in a constant alarm. Having spread a general terror through the country, he then suspended his operations, that, in the interval of repose, the barbarians might taste the sweets of peace. In consequence of these measures, several states, which till then had breathed a spirit of independence, were induced to lay aside their hostile intentions, and to give hostages for their pacific behaviour. Along the frontier of the several districts which had submitted, a chain of posts was established with so much care and judgment, that no part of the country, even where the Roman arms had never penetrated, could think itself secure from the vigour of the conqueror.

To introduce a system of new and wise regulations was the business of the following winter. A fierce and savage people, running wild in woods, would be ever addicted to a life of warfare. To wean them from those habits, Agricola held forth the baits of pleasure, encouraging the natives, as well by public assistance, as by warm exhortations, to build temples, courts of justice, and commodious dwelling-houses. He bestowed encomiums on such as cheerfully obeyed: the slow and uncomplying were branded with reproach; and thus a spirit of emulation diffused itself, operating like a sense of duty. To establish a plan of education, and give the sons of the leading chiefs a tincture of letters, was part of his policy. By way of encouragement, he praised their talents, and already saw them, by the force of their natural genius, rising superior to the attainments of the Gauls. The consequence was, that they who had always disdained the Roman language, began to cultivate its beauties. The Roman apparel was seen without prejudice, and the toga became a fashionable part of dress. By degrees the charms of vice gained admission to their hearts: baths, and porticos, and elegant banquets, grew into vogue; and the new manners, which, in fact, served only to sweeten slavery, were by the unsuspecting Britons called the arts of polished humanity.

In the course of the third year the progress of the Roman arms discovered new nations, whose territories were laid waste as far as the estuary, called the Firth of Tay. The legions had to struggle with all the difficulties of a tempestuous season; and yet the Barbarians, struck with a general panic, never dared to hazard an engagement. The country, as far as the Romans advanced, was secured by forts and garrisons. Men of skill and military science observed that no officer knew better than Agricola, how to seize,

on a sudden view, the most advantageous situation, and, accordingly, not one of the stations, fortified by his direction, was taken by storm; not one was reduced to capitulate; not one was surrendered or abandoned to the enemy. At every post, to enable the garrison to stand a siege, a year's provision was provided, and each place having strength sufficient, frequent sallies were made; the besiegers were repulsed; and the Romans passed the winter secure from danger. The consequence of these precautions was, that the enemy who had been accustomed to retrieve in the winter what they lost in the antecedent summer, saw no difference of seasons: they were defeated everywhere, and reduced to the last despair. Avarice of fame was no part of Agricola's character; nor was he ever known to arrogate to himself the praises due to other officers. From the commander of a legion to the lowest centurion, all found in their general a willing witness of their conduct. In his manner of expressing his disapprobation, he was thought to mix a degree of asperity. The truth is, his antipathy to bad men was equalled by nothing but his politeness to the deserving. His anger soon passed away, and left no trace behind. From his silence you had nothing to fear. Scorning to disguise his sentiments, he acted always with a generous warmth, at the hazard of making enemies. To harbour secret resentment was not in his nature.

The business of the fourth campaign was to secure the country, which had been overrun, not conquered, in the preceding summer; and if the spirit of the troops and the glory of the Roman name had been capable of suffering any limits, there was in Britain itself a convenient spot, where the boundary of the empire might have been fixed. The place for that purpose was, where the waters of the Glota and Bodotria, driven up the country by the influx of two opposite seas, are hindered from joining by a narrow neck of land, which was then guarded by a chain of forts. On the south side of the isthmus the whole country was bridled by the Romans, and evacuated by the enemy, who was driven, as it were, into another island.

In the fifth summer Agricola made an expedition by sea. He embarked in the first Roman vessel that ever crossed the estuary, and having penetrated into regions till then unknown, he defeated the inhabitants in several engagements, and lined the coast, which lies opposite to Ireland, with a body of troops; not so much from an apprehension of danger, as with a view to future projects. He saw that Ireland, lying between Britain and Spain, and at the same time convenient to the ports of Gaul, might prove a valuable acquisition, capable of giving an easy communication, and, of course, strength and union, to provinces disjoined by nature.

Ireland is less than Britain, but exceeds in magnitude all the islands of the Mediterranean. The soil, the climate, the manners and genius of the inhabitants, differ little from those of Britain. By the means of merchants resorting thither for the sake of commerce, the harbours and approaches to

the coast are well known. One of their petty kings who had been forced to fly from the fury of a domestic faction, was received by the Roman general, and, under a show of friendship, detained to be of use on some future occasions. I have often heard Agricola declare that a single legion, with a moderate band of auxiliaries, would be sufficient to complete the conquest of Ireland. Such an event, he said, would contribute greatly to bridle the stubborn spirit of the Britons, who, in that case, would see, with dismay, the Roman arms triumphant, and every spark of liberty extinguished round their coast.

In the campaign, which began in the sixth summer, having reason to apprehend a general confederacy of the nations beyond the Firth of Bodotria, and fearing, in a country not yet explored, the danger of a surprise, Agricola ordered his ships to sail across the gulf, and gain some knowledge of those new regions. The fleet, now acting, for the first time, in concert with the land-forces, proceeded in sight of the army, forming a magnificent spectacle, and adding terror to the war. It frequently happened that in the same camp were seen the infantry and cavalry intermixed with the marines, all indulging their joy, full of their adventures, and magnifying the history of their exploits; the soldier describing, in the usual style of military ostentation, the forests which he had passed, the mountains which he climbed, and the Barbarians whom he put to the rout; while the sailor, no less important, had his storms and tempests, the wonders of the deep, and the spirit with which he conquered winds and waves.

At the sight of the Roman fleet, the Britons, according to intelligence gained from the prisoners, were struck with consternation, convinced that every resource was cut off, since the sea, which had always been their shelter, was now laid open to the invader. In this distress, the Caledonians resolved to try the issue of a battle. Warlike preparations were instantly begun with a degree of exertion, great in reality, but, as is always the case in matters obscure and distant, magnified by the voice of fame. Without waiting for the commencement of hostilities, they stormed the Roman forts and castles, and by provoking danger, made such an impression, that several officers in Agricola's army, disguising their fear under the specious appearance of prudent counsels, recommended a sudden retreat to avoid the disgrace of being driven back to the other side of the Firth. Meanwhile Agricola received intelligence that the enemy meditated an attack in various quarters at once, and thereupon, lest superior numbers, in a country where he was a stranger to the defiles and passes, should be able to surround him, he divided his army, and marched forward in three columns.

The Caledonians, informed of this arrangement, changed their plan, and, in the dead of night, fell with their united force upon the ninth legion, then the weakest of the Roman army. They surprised the advanced guard, and having, in the confusion of sleep and terror, put the sentinels to the sword, they forced their way through the entrenchments. The conflict was

in the very camp, when Agricola, who had been informed that the Barbarians were on their march, and instantly pursued their steps, came up to the relief of the legion. He ordered the swiftest of the horse and light infantry to advance with expedition, and charge the enemy in the rear, while his whole army set up a general shout. At break of day the Roman banners glittered in view of the Barbarians, who found themselves hemmed in by two armies, and began to relax their vigour. The spirit of the legion revived. The men perceived that the moment of distress was over, and the struggle was now for glory. Acting no longer on the defensive, they rushed on to the attack. In the very gates of the camp a fierce and obstinate engagement followed. The besieged legion, and the forces that came to their relief, fought with a spirit of emulation; the latter contending for the honour of succouring the distressed, and the former to prove that they stood in no need of assistance. The Caledonians were put to the rout; and if the woods and marshes had not favoured their escape, that single action had put an end to the war.

By this victory, so complete and glorious, the Roman army was inspired with confidence to such a degree, that they now pronounced themselves invincible. Nothing could stand before them: they desired to be led into the recesses of the country, and, by following their blow, to penetrate to the extremity of the island. Even the prudent of the day before changed their tone with the event, and talked of nothing but victory and conquest. Such is the tax, which the commanders of armies must always pay; the merit of success is claimed by all; calamity is imputed to the general only.

The Caledonians, notwithstanding their defeat, abated nothing from their ferocity. Their want of success, they said, was not to be ascribed to superior courage; it was the chance of war, or, perhaps, the skill of the Roman general. In this persuasion they resolved to keep the field. They listed the young men of their nation; they sent their wives and children to a place of safety; they held public conventions of the several states, and with solemn rites and sacrifices formed a league in the cause of liberty. The campaign ended in this manner, and the two armies inflamed with mutual animosity, retired into winter-quarters.

In the course of the same summer, a cohort of the Usipians which had been raised in Germany, and thence transported to serve in Britain, performed an exploit so daring and extraordinary, that in this place it may be allowed to merit attention. Having murdered the centurion, who was left in the command, and also the soldiers, who, for the purpose of introducing military discipline, had been incorporated with the several companies, they seized three light galleys, and forcing the masters on board, determined to sail from the island. One of the pilots made his escape, and suspicion falling on the other two, they were both killed on the spot. Before their design transpired, the deserters put to sea, to the astonishment of all who beheld their vessels under way.

They had not sailed far, when they became the sport of winds and waves. They made frequent descents on the coast in quest of plunder, and had various conflicts with the natives, victorious in some places, and in others beat back to their ships. Reduced at length to the extremity of famine, they fed on their companions, at first devouring the weakest, and afterwards deciding among themselves by lot. In this distress they sailed round the extremity of the island, and, through want of skill in navigation, were wrecked on the continent, where they were treated as pirates, first by the Suevians, and afterwards by the Frisians. Being sold into slavery, and in the way of commerce turned over to different masters, some of them reached the Roman settlements on the banks of the Rhine, and there grew famous for their sufferings, and the bold singularity of their voyage. In the beginning of the following summer Agricola met with a stroke of affliction by the loss of a son, about a year old. He did not upon this occasion affect, like many others, the character of a man superior to the feelings of nature; nor yet did he suffer his grief to sink him down into unbecoming weakness. He felt the impression, but regret was lost in the avocations of war.

In the opening of the campaign, he despatched his fleet, with orders to annoy the coast by frequent descents in different places, and spread a general alarm. He put himself, in the meantime, at the head of his army equipped for expedition, and taking with him a select band of the bravest Britons, of known and approved fidelity, he advanced as far as the Grampian hills, where the enemy was already posted in force. Undismayed by their former defeat, the Barbarians expected no other issue than a total overthrow, or a brave revenge. Experience had taught them that the common cause required a vigorous exertion of their united strength. For this purpose, by treaties of alliance, and by deputations to the several cantons, they had drawn together the strength of their nation. Upwards of thirty thousand men appeared in arms, and their force was increasing every day. The youth of the country poured in from all quarters, and even the men in years, whose vigour was still unbroken, repaired to the army, proud of their past exploits, and the ensigns of honour which they had gained by their martial spirit. Among the chieftains, distinguished by their birth and valour, the most renowned was Galgacus. The multitude gathered round him, eager for action, and burning with uncommon ardour. He harangued them to the following effect:

"When I consider the motives that have roused us to this war; when I reflect on the necessity that now demands our firmest vigour, I expect everything great and noble from that union of sentiment that pervades us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men, who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land, where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and, in our condition, cowardice itself would throw

away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us; they might consider us as their last resource; they knew us to be the noblest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy regions, where slavery has debased mankind. We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

" The extremity of the earth is ours: defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honour and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity: our retreat is laid open: the enemy rushes on, and, as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him. But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and brawling waves fill all the space behind. The Romans are in the heart of our country; no submission can satisfy their pride; no concessions can appease their fury. While the land has anything left, it is the theatre of war; when it can yield no more, they explore the seas for hidden treasure. Are the nations rich, Roman avarice is their enemy. Are they poor, Roman ambition lords it over them. The east and the west have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate. The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people who invade, with equal ardour, the wealth and the poverty of the nations. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy. When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace.

" Our children and relatives are dear to us all. It is an affection planted in our breast by the hand of nature. And yet those tender pledges are ravished from us to serve in distant lands. Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, safe from brutal lust and open violation? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonour. Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our corn into their granaries. Our limbs and bodies are worn out in clearing woods, and draining marshes: and what have been our wages? Stripes and insult. The lot of the meanest slave, born in servitude, is preferable to ours: he is sold but once, and his master maintains him; but Britain every day invites new tyrants, and every day pampers their pride. In a private family the slave, who is last brought in, provokes the mirth and ridicule of the whole domestic crew: and in this general servitude, to which Rome has reduced the world, the case is the same: we are treated at first, as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction.

" What better lot can we expect? We have no arable lands to cultivate for a master; no mines to dig for his avarice; no harbours to improve for his commerce. To what end should the conqueror spare us? Our virtue and undaunted spirit are crimes in the eyes of the conqueror, and will render us more obnoxious. Our remote situation, hitherto the retreat of freedom,

and on that account the more suspected, will only serve to inflame the jealousy of our enemies. We must expect no mercy. Let us therefore dare like men. We all are summoned by the great call of nature; not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing. The Trinobantes, who had only a woman to lead them on, were able to carry fire and sword through a whole colony. They stormed the camps of the enemy, and if success had not intoxicated them, they had been, beyond all doubt, the deliverers of their country. And shall not we, unconquered, and undebased by slavery, a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover, but to ensure our liberties, shall we not go forth the champions of our country? Shall we not, by one generous effort, show the Romans that we are the men whom Caledonia has reserved to be asserters of the public weal?

"We know the manners of the Romans: and are we to imagine that their valour in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace? By our dissensions their glory rises; the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army; if that may be called an army, which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of fortune. That this will be their fate, no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gaul, the German, and (with shame I add) the Britons, a mercenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master, whom they have lately served, and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror: break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear, will seek revenge.

"All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can excite us to deeds of valour, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach their want of courage. They are not listed in the cause of their country: their country, if any they have, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side objects unknown before. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill them with doubt and terror. They come like victims, delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

"In the ensuing battle be not deceived by false appearances; the glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye; but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people; and the Germans, as the Usipians lately did, will desert their colours. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit; their forts are ungarrisoned; the veterans in their colonies droop with age; in their municipal towns, nothing but anarchy, despotic

government, and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general; behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity."

This speech was received, according to the custom of Barbarians, with war songs, with savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. Their battalions began to form a line of battle; the brave and warlike rushed forward to the front, and the field glittered with the blaze of arms. The Romans on their side burned with equal ardour. Agricola saw the impatient spirit of his men, but did not think proper to begin the engagement, till he confirmed their courage by the following speech: "It is now, my fellow-soldiers, the eighth year of our service in Britain. During that time, the genius and good auspices of the Roman empire, with your assistance and unwearied labour, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt your valour, and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general; we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vainglory, the mere report of fame; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession sword in hand; we are encamped on the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

"In our long and laborious marches, when you were obliged to traverse moors, and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains, it was still the cry of the bravest amongst you, When shall we be led to battle? When shall we see the enemy? Behold them now before you. They are hunted out of their dens and caverns; your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own; but remember that a defeat involves us all in the last distress. If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious; the tract of country that lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last, while we press forward on the enemy. If we give ground, if we think of a retreat, we have the same difficulties to surmount again. The success, which is now our pride, will in that case be our worst misfortune. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the course of the country; the enemy knows the defiles and marshes, and will be supplied with provisions in abundance. We have not those advantages, but we have hands that can grasp the sword, and we have valour, that gives us every-

thing. With me it has long been a settled principle, that the back of a general or his army is never safe. Which of you would not rather die with honour, than live in infamy? But life and honour are this day inseparable; they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world; and to die where nature ends, cannot be deemed inglorious.

" If our present struggle were with nations wholly unknown; if we had to do with an enemy new to our swords, I should call to mind the example of other armies. At present what can I propose so bright and animating as your own exploits? I appeal to your own eyes: behold the men drawn up against you: are they not the same, who last year, under covert of the night, assaulted the ninth legion, and, upon the first shout of our army, fled before you? A band of dastards! who have subsisted hitherto, because of all the Britons they are the most expeditious runaways.

" In woods and forests the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen and rush on certain destruction; but the timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamour of the chase. In like manner, the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword. The refuse of the nation still remains. They have not stayed to make head against you; they are hunted down; they are caught in the toils. Benumbed with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render for ever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labours, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty."

During this harangue, whilst Agricola was still addressing the men, a more than common ardour glowed on every countenance. As soon as the general ended, the field rung with shouts of applause. Impatient for the onset, the soldiers grasped their arms. Agricola restrained their violence, till he formed his order of battle. The auxiliary infantry, in number about eight thousand, occupied the centre. The wings consisted of three thousand horse. The legions were stationed in the rear, at the head of the intrenchments as a body of reserve to support the ranks, if necessary, but otherwise to remain inactive, that a victory, obtained without the effusion of Roman blood might be of higher value.

The Caledonians kept possession of the rising grounds, extending their ranks as wide as possible, to present a formidable show of battle. Their first line was ranged on the plain, the rest in a gradual ascent on the acclivity of the hill. The intermediate space between both armies was filled with the charioteers and cavalry of the Britons, rushing to and fro in wild career, and traversing the plain with noise and tumult. The enemy being greatly superior in number, there was reason to apprehend that the Romans might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time. To pre-

vent that mischief, Agricola ordered his ranks to form a wider range. Some of the officers saw that the lines were weakened into length, and therefore advised that the legions should be brought forward into the field of action. But the general was not of a temper to be easily dissuaded from his purpose. Flushed with hope, and firm in the hour of danger, he immediately dismounted, and, dismissing his horse, took his stand at the head of the colours.

The battle began, and at first was maintained at a distance. The Britons neither wanted skill nor resolution. With their long swords, and targets of small dimension, they had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and at the same time to discharge a thick volley of their own. To bring the conflict to a speedy decision, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. To this mode of attack those troops had been long accustomed, but to the Britons it was every way disadvantageous. Their small targets afforded no protection, and their unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, could do but little execution in a close engagement. The Batavians rushed to the attack with impetuous fury; they redoubled their blows, and with the bosses of their shields bruised the enemy in the face, and having overpowered all resistance on the plain, began to force their way up the ascent of the hill in regular order of battle. Incited by their example, the other cohorts advanced with a spirit of emulation, and cut their way with terrible slaughter. Eager in pursuit of victory, they pressed forward with determined fury, leaving behind them numbers wounded, but not slain, and others not so much as hurt.

The Roman cavalry, in the meantime, was forced to give ground. The Caledonians, in their armed chariots, rushed at full speed into the thick of the battle, where the infantry were engaged. Their first impression struck a general terror, but their career was soon checked by the inequalities of the ground, and the close-embodied ranks of the Romans. Nothing could less resemble an engagement of the cavalry. Pent up in narrow places, the Barbarians crowded upon each other, and were driven or dragged along by their own horses. A scene of confusion followed. Chariots without a guide, and horses without a rider, broke from the ranks in wild disorder, and flying every way, as fear and consternation urged, they overwhelmed their own files, and trampled down all who came in their way.

Meanwhile the Britons, who had hitherto kept their post on the hills, looking down with contempt on the scanty numbers of the Roman army, began to quit their station. Descending slowly, they hoped, by wheeling round the field of battle, to attack the victors in the rear. To counteract their design, Agricola ordered four squadrons of horse, which he had kept as a body of reserve, to advance to the charge. The Britons poured down with impetuosity, and retired with equal precipitation. At the same time, the cavalry, by the directions of the general, wheeled round from the wings,

and fell with great slaughter on the rear of the enemy, who now perceived that their own stratagem was turned against themselves.

The field presented a dreadful spectacle of carnage and destruction. The Britons fled; the Romans pursued; they wounded, gashed, and mangled the runaways; they seized their prisoners, and, to be ready for others, butchered them on the spot. Despair and horror appeared in various shapes: in one part of the field the Caledonians, sword in hand, fled in crowds from a handful of Romans; in other places, without a weapon left, they faced every danger and rushed on certain death. Swords and bucklers, mangled limbs and dead bodies, covered the plain. The field was red with blood. The vanquished Britons had their moments of returning courage, and gave proofs of virtue and of brave despair. They fled to the woods, and, rallying their scattered numbers, surrounded such of the Romans as pursued with too much eagerness.

Agricola was everywhere present. He saw the danger, and, if he had not in the instant taken due precaution, the victorious army would have had reason to repent of too much confidence in success. The light-armed cohorts had orders to invest the woods. Where the thickets were too close for the horse to enter, the men dismounted to explore the passes, and where the woods gave an opening, the rest of the cavalry rushed in, and scoured the country. The Britons, seeing that the pursuit was conducted in compact and regular order, dispersed a second time, not in collected bodies, but in consternation, flying in different ways to remote lurking places, solicitous only for their personal safety, and no longer willing to wait for their fellow-soldiers. Night coming on, the Romans, weary of slaughter, desisted from the pursuit. Ten thousand of the Caledonians fell in this engagement: on the part of the Romans, the number of slain did not exceed three hundred and forty, among whom was Aulus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort. His own youthful ardour, and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much impetuosity into the thickest of the enemy's ranks.

The Roman army, elated with success, and enriched with plunder, passed the night in exultation. The Britons, on the other hand, wandered about, uncertain which way to turn, helpless and disconsolate. The mingled cries of men and women filled the air with lamentations. Some assisted to carry off the wounded; others called for the assistance of such as escaped unhurt; numbers abandoned their habitations, or, in their frenzy, set them on fire. They fled to obscure retreats, and, in the moment of choice, deserted them; they held consultations, and having inflamed their hopes, changed their minds in despair; they beheld the pledges of tender affection, and burst into tears; they viewed them again, and grew fierce with resentment. It is a fact well authenticated, that some laid violent hands upon their wives and children, determined with savage compassion to end their misery.

The following day displayed to view the nature and importance of the

victory. A deep and melancholy silence all around; the hills deserted; houses at a distance involved in smoke and fire, and not a mortal discovered by the scouts; the whole a vast and dreary solitude. Agricola was at length informed by those who were sent out to explore the country, that no trace of the enemy was anywhere to be seen, and no attempt made in any quarter to muster their forces. Upon this intelligence, as the summer was far advanced, and to continue the war, or extend its operations in that season of the year, was impracticable, he resolved to close the campaign, and march his army into the country of the Horestians. That people submitted to the conqueror, and delivered hostages for their fidelity. Orders were now issued to the commander of the fleet to make a coasting voyage round the island. For this expedition a sufficient equipment was made, and the terror of the Roman name had already gone before them. Agricola, in the meantime led his army into winter-quarters, proceeding at the head of the cavalry and infantry by slow marches with intent that, by seeming to linger in the enemy's country, he might impress with terror a people who had but lately submitted to his arms. The fleet, after a prosperous voyage, arrived at the Trutulensian harbour, and sailing thence along the eastern coast, returned with glory to its former station.

The account of these transactions, sent to Rome by Agricola, was plain and simple, without any decoration of language to heighten the narrative. Domitian received it in the true spirit of his character, with a smile on his countenance, and malignity at his heart. The mock-parade of his own German triumph, in which the slaves, whom he had purchased, walked with dishevelled hair, in the dress and manner of captives taken in war, came fresh into his mind. He felt the reproach and ridicule which that frolic occasioned, and the transition was painful to a real victory, attended with a total overthrow of the enemy, and the applause of all ranks of men. He now began to fear that the name of a private citizen might overshadow the imperial title. The reflection planted thorns in his breast. The eloquence of the forum was in vain suppressed; in vain the talents of men and every liberal art were put under an absolute prohibition, if a subject was to rob the prince of all military glory. Superior excellence in every other kind might be endured; but renown in arms belonged to the emperor, as a branch of his prerogative.

By these and such like reflections that restless spirit was distracted. He retired to brood in private over his discontent. His solitude was known to be dangerous. To be alone and innocent was no part of his character. Weary of his retreat and his own wounded spirit, he at last resolved to nourish resentment in sullen silence, till the tide of popularity, which attended the general, should ebb away, and the affection of the army had time to cool. Agricola was still in Britain, and had the command of the army and the province.

Domitian, in the meantime, caused a decree to pass the senate, by which

triumphal ornaments, the honour of a statue crowned with laurel, and all other marks of distinction, usually substituted in the place of a real triumph, were granted to Agricola. The language of compliment was freely lavished on this occasion. The emperor had also the art to circulate a report, that the province of Syria, at that time vacant by the death of Atilius Rufus, an officer of consular rank, was intended for Agricola, in order to do him honour by an appointment always given to men of the highest eminence. It is added as a fact, at that time currently believed, that a commission was actually made out, and sent by a favourite freedman, who was much in the emperor's confidence, to be delivered to Agricola, in case the messenger found him still possessed of his authority in Britain. But the freedman, we are told, met him on his passage in the narrow straits, and without so much as an interview returned to Rome. For the truth of this anecdote I do not pretend to vouch: it was imagined perhaps as a stroke of character, that marked the genius of Domitian. However that may be, Agricola resigned the command, and delivered to his successor a quiet and well-ordered government.

Lest his arrival at Rome should draw together too great a concourse, he concealed his approach from his friends, and entered the city privately in the dead of night. With the same secrecy, and in the night also, he went, as commanded, to present himself to the emperor. Domitian received him with a cold salute, and, without uttering a word, left the conqueror of Britain, to mix with the servile creatures of the court.

The fame of a great military character is always sure to give umbrage to the lazy and inactive. But to soften prejudices, Agricola resolved to shade the lustre of his name in the mild retreat of humble virtues. With this view, he resigned himself to the calm enjoyments of a domestic life. Plain in his apparel, easy of access, and never attended by more than one or two friends, he was remarkable for nothing but the simplicity of his appearance; insomuch that they, who knew no criterion of merit but external show and grandeur, as often as they saw Agricola, were still to seek for the great and illustrious character. His modesty was art, which a few only could understand.

After his recall from Britain, he was frequently accused before Domitian, and as often acquitted, unheard, and without his knowledge. The ground of those clandestine proceedings was neither a crime against the state, nor even an injury done to any individual. His danger rose from a different source; from the heart of a prince, who felt an inward antipathy to every virtue; from the real glory of the man, and from the praises bestowed upon him by those worst of enemies, the dealers in panegyrics.

The fact was, in the distress of public affairs, which soon after followed, the name of Agricola could not be suffered to remain in obscurity. By the rashness or inactivity of the commanders in chief, the armies of the empire were lost in Mæsia, Dacia, Germany, and Pannonia. Every day brought

an account of some new misfortune; forts besieged and taken; garrisons stormed, and whole cohorts with their commanding officers made prisoners of war. Amidst these disasters the struggle was not to secure the banks of a river, nor to defend the frontier: the very possession of the provinces, and the winter-quarters of the legions, were fiercely disputed. In times like those, when calamity followed calamity, and every successive year was marked by the defeat and slaughter of armies, the voice of the people called aloud for Agricola to be employed in the public service. The vigour of his conduct, his firmness in danger, and his known experience, were the general topics, in opposition to the cowardice and insufficiency of other commanders. By remonstrances of the same tendency, it is certain, that the ears of Domitian were often wounded. Amongst his freedmen, those who had the interest of their master at heart, made a fair representation, while others urged the same arguments, not with honest motives, but with an insidious design to exasperate the mind of a tyrant fatally bent on mischief. In this manner Agricola, by his own talents, and the treacherous arts of pernicious men, was every day in danger of rising to the precipice of glory.

The year was now at hand, in which Agricola was to have by lot the proconsulship of Asia or of Africa; but the death of Civica, who had been lately murdered in his government, gave at once a warning to Agricola, and a precedent to Domitian. At this point of time, the spies of the court thought proper to pay their visits to Agricola. The design of those pretended friends was to discover, whether the government of a province would be acceptable. They contented themselves, in their first approaches, with suggesting to him the value of tranquillity in a private station, and then obligingly undertook, by their interest at court, to obtain permission for him to decline the office. At length the mask fell off: by adding menaces to their insidious advice, they gained their point, and hurried him away to the presence of the emperor. Domitian knew the part he had to act; with a concerted countenance, and an air of distant pride, he heard Agricola's apology, and complied with his request, conscious of his own treachery, yet receiving thanks for it without a blush. The proconsular salary, which had been usually granted, in like cases, was withheld upon this occasion; perhaps, in resentment because it was not solicited, or the better reason might be, that the prince might not seem to gain by compromise, what he had a right to command.

To hate whom we have injured is a propensity of the human mind: in Domitian it was a rooted principle. Prone by nature to sudden acts of rage, if at any time he had the policy to disguise his anger, it was only smothered, to break out with fiercer rage. And yet that implacable temper was disarmed by the moderation and wisdom of Agricola, who was not in that class of patriots who conceive that by a contumacious spirit they showed their zeal for liberty, and think they gained immortal glory, when

by rashness they have provoked their fate. By his example the man of heroic fortitude may be informed, that even in the worst of times, and under the most despotic prince, it is possible to be great and good with moderation. He may further learn, that a well managed submission, supported by talents and industry, may rise as high in the public esteem, as many of those who have courted danger, and, without any real advantage to their country, died the victims of pride and vain ambition.

The death of Agricola was felt by his family with the deepest sorrow, by his friends with tender concern, and even by foreigners, and such as had no knowledge of his person, with universal regret. During his illness, the common people, and that class of men who care little about public events, were constantly at his door, with anxiety making their inquiries. In the forum, and all circular meetings, he was the subject of conversation. When he breathed his last, no man was so hardened as to rejoice at the news. He died lamented, and not soon forgotten. What added to the public affliction, was a report that so valuable a life was ended by a dose of poison. No proof of the fact appearing, I leave the story to shift for itself. Thus much is certain: during his illness, instead of formal messages, according to the usual practice of courts, the freedmen most in favour, and the principal physicians of the emperor, were assiduous in their visits. Was this the solicitude of friendship, or were these men the spies of state?

On the day that closed his life, while he was yet in the agony of death, the quickest intelligence of every symptom was conveyed to Domitian by messengers in waiting for the purpose. That so much industry was exerted to hasten news, which the emperor did not wish to hear, no man believed. As soon as the event was known, Domitian put on an air of sorrow, and even affected to be touched with real regret. The object of his hatred was now no more, and joy was a passion which he could more easily disguise than the fears that distracted him. The will of the deceased gave him entire satisfaction; he was named joint heir with Agricola's excellent wife, and his most dutiful daughter, and this the tyrant considered as a voluntary mark of the testator's love and esteem. A mind like his, debauched and blinded by continued flattery, could not perceive, that by a good father none but an evil prince is ever called to a share in the succession.

Agricola was born on the ides of June, in the third consulship of Caligula; he died on the tenth before the calends of September, during the consulship of Collega and Priscus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As to his person, about which in future times there may be some curiosity, he was of that make and stature, which may be said to be graceful, not majestic. His countenance had not that commanding air which strikes with awe; a sweetness of expression was the prevailing character. You would have been easily convinced that he was a good man, and you would have been willing to believe him a great one.

Though he was snatched away in the vigour of life, yet if we consider

the space his glory filled in the eyes of mankind, he may be said to have died full of years. Possessing all the best enjoyments, that spring from virtue, and from virtue only; adorned with every dignity, which either the consular rank or triumphal honours could bestow; what further advantage could he derive from fortune? Immoderate riches he never desired, content with an honourable independence. His wife and daughter left in a state of security, his honours blooming round him, his fame unblemished, his relations flourishing, and every tie of friendship preserved to the last, he may be considered as supremely happy, that he did not live to see the tempestuous times that soon after followed. It is indeed true, that to have reached the present auspicious era, and to have seen Trajan in possession of the imperial dignity, would have been the happy consummation of his wishes. To that effect we have often heard him, with a kind of prophetic spirit, express his sentiments; but to counterbalance his untimely end, it is at least some consolation, that he escaped that black and horrible period, in which Domitian no longer broke out in sudden fits and starts of cruelty, but, throwing off all restraint, proceeded in one continued course of unrelenting fury, as if determined to crush the commonwealth at a blow.

Agricola did not live to see the senate-house invested by an armed force; the members of that august assembly surrounded by the praetorian bands; men of consular rank destroyed in one promiscuous carnage, and a number of illustrious women condemned to exile, or obliged to fly their country. Carus Metius, that detested informer, had as yet gained but a single victory. The sanguinary voice of Messalinus was heard in the Albanian citadel only; and even Massa Bebius was at that time labouring under a prosecution. In a short time after, with our own hands we dragged Helvidius to a dungeon: our eyes beheld the distress and melancholy separation of Mauricus and Rusticus; we were stained with the innocent blood of Senecio. Even Nero had the grace to turn away his eyes from the horrors of his reign. He commanded deeds of cruelty, but never was a spectator of the scene. Under Domitian, it was our wretched lot to behold the tyrant, and to be seen by him; while he kept a register of our sighs and groans. With that fiery visage, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never colour his cheek, he marked the pale languid countenance of the unhappy victims, who shuddered at his frown.

With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when it was happiness to die. From those, who attended your last moments, it is well known, that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows, that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to soothe the languor of declining nature, to gaze upon you with earnest

affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents, was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains, and, in the parting moment, your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain, and closed for ever.

If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body; may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have, what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola, that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others, who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink, for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious, and unremembered; whereas Agricola delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time.

JESUS OF NAZARETH

1–33 A.D.

By LUKE [1] (*1st Century* A.D.)

MANY writers have undertaken to compose accounts of the movement which has developed among us, just as the original eye-witnesses who became teachers of the message have handed it down to us. For that reason, Theophilus, and because I have investigated it all carefully from the beginning, I have determined to write a connected account of it for Your Excellency, so that you may be reliably informed about the things you have been taught.

In the days when Herod was king of Judea, there was a priest named Zechariah who belonged to the division of Abijah. His wife was also a descendant of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. They were both upright in the sight of God, blamelessly observing all the Lord's commands and requirements. They had no children, for Elizabeth was barren; and they were both advanced in life.

Once when he was acting as priest before God, when his division was on duty, it fell to his lot, according to the priests' practice, to go into the sanctuary of the Lord and burn the incense, while all the throng of people was outside, praying at the hour of the incense offering. And an angel of the Lord appeared to him, standing at the right of the altar of incense. When Zechariah saw him he was startled and overcome with fear. And the angel said to him,

"Do not be afraid, Zechariah, for your prayer has been heard. Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son, and you are to name him John. This will bring gladness and delight to you, and many will rejoice over his birth. For he will be great in the sight of the Lord. He will drink no wine or strong drink, but he will be filled with the holy Spirit from his very birth, and he will turn many of Israel's descendants to the Lord their God. He will go before him with the spirit and the power of Elijah, to reconcile fathers to their children, and to bring the disobedient back to the wisdom of upright men, to make a people perfectly ready for the Lord."

[1] Reprinted from *The New Testament, An American Translation,* by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Copyright, 1923, by The University of Chicago. By permission of the translator and the publisher, The University of Chicago Press.

The Gospel According to Luke was written in Greek, probably about the year 80 A.D.

Zechariah said to the angel,

" How am I to know that this is so? For I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in life."

The angel answered,

" I am Gabriel. I stand in the very presence of God. I have been sent to speak to you and to tell you this good news. Now you will keep silent and be unable to speak until the day when this happens, because you have not believed what I have said, for it will be fulfilled in due time."

The people were waiting for Zechariah, and wondering that he stayed so long in the sanctuary. But when he came out he could not speak to them, and they knew that he had seen a vision in the sanctuary. For his part, he kept making signs to them, and remained dumb. And when his period of service was over, he went back to his home.

Soon afterward his wife Elizabeth began to expect a child, and she kept herself in seclusion for five months.

" This is what the Lord has done for me," she said, " now that he has deigned to remove the disgrace I have endured."

In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a maiden there who was engaged to be married to a man named Joseph, a descendant of David. The maiden's name was Mary. And the angel went into the town and said to her,

" Good morning, favoured woman! The Lord be with you! "

But she was startled at what he said, and wondered what this greeting meant. And the angel said to her,

" Do not be afraid, Mary, for you have gained God's approval. You are to become a mother and you will give birth to a son, and you are to name him Jesus. He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his forefather David, and he will reign over Jacob's house for ever; his reign will have no end."

Mary said to the angel,

" How can this be, when I have no husband? "

The angel answered,

" The holy Spirit will come over you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. For that reason your child will be called holy, and the Son of God. And your relative, Elizabeth, although she is old, is going to give birth to a son, and this is the sixth month with her who was said to be barren. For nothing is ever impossible for God."

And Mary said,

" I am the Lord's slave. Let it be as you say."

Then the angel left her.

In those days Mary set out and hurried to the hill-country, to a town in Judah, and she went to Zechariah's house and greeted Elizabeth. When Elizabeth heard Mary's greeting, the babe stirred within her. And Elizabeth was filled with the holy Spirit and she gave a great cry, and said,

"You are the most favoured of women,
And blessed is your child!
Who am I,
To have the mother of my Lord come to me?

"For the moment your greeting reached my ears,
The child stirred with joy within me!
Blessed is she who has believed,
For what the Lord has promised her will be fulfilled!"

And Mary said,

"My heart extols the Lord,
My spirit exults in God my Saviour.
For he has noticed his slave in her humble station,
For from this time all the ages will think me favoured!

"For the Almighty has done wonders for me,
How holy his name is!
He shows his mercy age after age
To those who fear him.

"He has done mighty deeds with his arm,
He has routed the proud-minded,
He has dethroned monarchs and exalted the poor,
He has satisfied the hungry with good things, and sent the rich away empty-handed.

"He has helped his servant Israel,
Remembering his mercy,
As he promised our forefathers
To have mercy on Abraham and his descendants for ever!"

So Mary stayed with her about three months, and then returned home.

Now the time came for Elizabeth's child to be born, and she gave birth to a son. Her neighbours and relatives heard of the great mercy the Lord had shown her, and they came and congratulated her. On the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they were going to name him Zechariah, after his father. But his mother said,

"No! He is to be named John."

They said to her,

"There is no one among your relatives who bears that name."

But they made signs to the child's father and asked him what he wished to have the child named. He asked for a writing tablet, and wrote,

"His name is John."

And they were all amazed. Then his voice and the use of his tongue were immediately restored, and he blessed God aloud. And all their

neighbours were overcome with fear, and all over the hill-country of Judea all these stories were told, and every one who heard them kept them in mind, and said,

"What is this child going to be?" For the Lord's hand was with him.

And his father Zechariah was filled with the holy Spirit and he uttered a divine message, saying,

"Blessings on the Lord, the God of Israel,
Because he has turned his attention to his people, and brought about their deliverance,
And he has produced a mighty Saviour for us
In the house of his servant David.

"By the lips of his holy prophets he has promised of old to do this —
To save us from our enemies and from the hands of all who hate us,
Thus showing mercy to our forefathers,
And keeping his sacred agreement,

"And the oath that he swore to our forefather Abraham,
That we should be delivered from the hands of our enemies,
And should serve him in holiness and uprightness, unafraid,
In his own presence all our lives.

"And you, my child, will be called a prophet of the Most High,
For you will go before the Lord to make his way ready,
Bringing his people the knowledge of salvation
Through the forgiveness of their sins.

Because the heart of our God is merciful,
And so the day will dawn upon us from on high,
To shine on men who sit in darkness and the shadow of death,
And guide our feet into the way of peace."

And the child grew up and became strong in the Spirit, and he lived in the desert until the day when he proclaimed himself to Israel.

In those days an edict was issued by the Emperor Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. It was the first census, taken when Quirinius was governor of Syria. So everyone went to his own town to register. And Joseph went up from Galilee from the town of Nazareth to Judea to the city of David called Bethlehem, because he belonged to the house and family of David, to register with Mary, who was engaged to him and who was soon to become a mother. While they were there, the time came for her child to be born, and she gave birth to her first-born son; and she wrapped him up, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them at the inn.

There were some shepherds in that neighbourhood keeping watch

through the night over their flock in the open fields. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terribly frightened. The angel said to them,

" Do not be frightened, for I bring you good news of a great joy that is to be felt by all the people, for today, in the town of David, a Saviour for you has been born who is your Messiah and Lord. And this will prove it to you: You will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a manger."

Suddenly there appeared with the angel a throng of the heavenly army, praising God, saying,

" Glory to God in heaven and earth!
Peace to the men he favours! "

When the angels left them and returned to heaven, the shepherds said to one another,

" Come! Let us go over to Bethlehem, and see this thing that has happened, that the Lord has told us of! "

And they hurried there, and found Mary and Joseph, with the baby lying in the manger. When they saw this, they told what had been said to them about this child. And all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds told them, but Mary treasured up all they had said, and pondered over it. And the shepherds went back glorifying God and praising him for all that they had heard and seen in fulfilment of what they had been told.

When he was eight days old and it was time to circumcise him, he was named Jesus, as the angel had named him, before his birth was first expected.

When their purification period under the Law of Moses was over, they took him up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, in fulfilment of the requirement of the Law of the Lord, " Every first-born male shall be considered consecrated to the Lord," and to offer the sacrifice prescribed in the Law of the Lord, " A pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons."

Now there was a man in Jerusalem named Symeon, an upright, devout man, who was living in expectation of the comforting of Israel, and under the influence of the holy Spirit. It had been revealed to him by the holy Spirit that he should not die without seeing the Lord's Messiah. And under the Spirit's influence he went into the Temple, and when Jesus's parents brought him there to do for him what the Law required, Symeon also took him in his arms and blessed God, and said,

" Now, Master, you will let your slave go free
In peace, as you promised,
For my eyes have seen your salvation
Which you have set before all the nations,
A light of revelation for the heathen,
And a glory to your people Israel! "

The child's father and mother were astonished at what Symeon said. And he gave them his blessing, and said to Mary, the child's mother,

" This child is destined to cause the fall and rise of many in Israel, and to be a portent that will be much debated — you yourself will be pierced to the heart — and so the thoughts of many minds will be revealed."

There was also a prophetess there named Hannah, the daughter of Phanuel, who belonged to the tribe of Asher. She was very old, for after her girlhood she had been married for seven years, and she had been a widow until she was now eighty-four. She never left the Temple, but worshiped night and day with fasting and prayer. She came up just at that time and gave thanks to God and spoke about the child to all who were living in expectation of the liberation of Jerusalem.

When they had done everything that the Law of the Lord required, they returned to Galilee, to their own town of Nazareth.

And the child grew up and became strong and thoughtful, with God's blessing resting on him.

His parents used to go to Jerusalem every year at the Passover Festival. And when he was twelve years old, they went up as usual to the festival and made their customary stay. When they started back the boy Jesus stayed behind in Jerusalem without his parents' knowledge. They supposed that he was somewhere in the party, and travelled until the end of the first day's journey, and then they looked everywhere for him among their relatives and acquaintances. As they could not find him, they went back to Jerusalem in search of him. And on the third day they found him in the Temple, sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions, and everyone who heard him was astonished at his intelligence and at the answers he made. When his parents saw him they were amazed, and his mother said to him,

" My child, why did you treat us like this? Here your father and I have been looking for you, and have been very anxious."

He said to them,

" How did you come to look for me? Did you not know that I must be at my Father's house? "

But they did not understand what he told them. And he went back with them to Nazareth and obeyed them. And his mother treasured all these things up in her mind.

As Jesus grew older he gained in wisdom and won the approval of God and men.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, and Herod governor of Galilee, while his brother Philip was governor of the territory of Iturea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias was governor of Abilene, in the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, a message from God came to Zechariah's son John in the

desert. And he went all through the Jordan Valley preaching repentance and baptism in order to obtain the forgiveness of sins, as the book of the sermons of the prophet Isaiah says,

"Hark! Someone is shouting in the desert,
Get the Lord's way ready!
Make his paths straight.
Every hollow must be filled up,
And every mountain and hill levelled.
What is crooked is to be made straight,
And the rough roads are to be made smooth,
And all mankind is to see how God can save!"

So he would say to the crowds that came out there to be baptized by him,

"You brood of snakes! Who warned you to fly from the wrath that is coming? Then produce the fruit that will be consistent with your professed repentance! And do not begin to say to yourselves, 'We have Abraham for our forefather,' for I tell you, God can produce descendants for Abraham right out of these stones! But the axe is already lying at the roots of the trees. Any tree that fails to produce good fruit is going to be cut down and thrown into the fire."

The crowds would ask him,

"Then what ought we to do?"

And he answered,

"The man who has two shirts must share with the man who has none, and the man who has food must do the same."

Even tax-collectors came to be baptized, and they said to him,

"Master, what shall we do?"

He said to them,

"Do not collect any more than you are authorized to."

And soldiers would ask him,

"And what ought we to do?"

He said to them,

"Do not extort money or make false charges against people, but be satisfied with your pay."

As all this aroused people's expectations, and they were all wondering in their hearts whether John was the Christ, John said to them all,

"I am only baptizing you in water, but someone is coming who is stronger than I am, whose shoes I am not fit to untie. He will baptize you in the holy Spirit, and in fire. He has his winnowing fork in his hand, to clean up his threshing-floor, and store his wheat in his barn, but he will burn up the chaff with inextinguishable fire."

So with many varied exhortations he would preach the good news to the people, but Herod the governor, whom he condemned because of

Herodias, his brother's wife, and all the wicked things Herod had done, crowned them all by putting John in prison.

Now when all the people were baptized and when Jesus also after his baptism was praying, heaven opened and the holy Spirit came down upon him in the material shape of a dove, and there came a voice from heaven,

" You are my Son, my Beloved! You are my Chosen! "

Jesus himself was about thirty years old when he began his work. He was the son, it was supposed, of Joseph, the son of Eli, the son of Matthat, the son of Levi, the son of Melchi, the son of Jannai, the son of Joseph, the son of Mattathias, the son of Amos, the son of Nahum, the son of Esli, the son of Naggai, the son of Maath, the son of Mattathias, the son of Semein, the son of Josech, the son of Joda, the son of Johanan, the son of Resa, the son of Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel, the son of Neri, the son of Melchi, the son of Addi, the son of Cosam, the son of Elmadam, the son of Er, the son of Jesus, the son of Eliezer, the son of Jorim, the son of Matthat, the son of Levi, the son of Symeon, the son of Judah, the son of Joseph, the son of Jonam, the son of Eliakim, the son of Melea, the son of Menna, the son of Mattatha, the son of Nathan, the son of David, the son of Jesse, the son of Obed, the son of Boaz, the son of Sala, the son of Nahshon, the son of Admin, the son of Arni, the son of Hezron, the son of Perez, the son of Judah, the son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, the son of Terah, the son of Nahor, the son of Serug, the son of Ragau, the son of Peleg, the son of Heber, the son of Shelah, the son of Cainan, the son of Arphaxad, the son of Shem, the son of Noah, the son of Lamech, the son of Methuselah, the son of Enoch, the son of Jared, the son of Maleleel, the son of Cainan, the son of Enosh, the son of Seth, the son of Adam, the son of God.

Jesus returned from the Jordan full of the holy Spirit, and he was led about in the desert for forty days by the Spirit, and was tempted by the devil. In all those days he ate nothing, and when they were over he was famished. And the devil said to him,

" If you are God's son, tell this stone to turn into bread! "

Jesus answered,

" The Scripture says, ' Not on bread alone is man to live! ' "

And he took him up and showed him in an instant all the kingdoms of the world. And the devil said to him,

" I will give you all this power and their splendour, for it has been turned over to me, and I can give it to anyone I please. If you will do homage before me, it shall all be yours."

Jesus answered,

" The Scripture says, ' You must do homage before the Lord your God, and worship him alone.' "

And he took him to Jerusalem, and made him stand on the summit of the Temple, and said to him,

" If you are God's son, throw yourself down from here, for the Scripture says, ' He will give his angels orders about you, to protect you,' and, ' They will lift you up with their hands, so that you may never strike your foot against a stone.' "

Jesus answered,

" We have been told, ' You shall not try the Lord your God.' "

When the devil had tried every kind of temptation he left him till another time.

Under the power of the Spirit Jesus returned to Galilee, and news of him went all over that region. And he taught in their synagogues, and was honoured by them all.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and on the Sabbath he went to the synagogue, as he was accustomed to do, and stood up to read the Scriptures. And the roll of the prophet Isaiah was handed to him, and he unrolled it and found the place where it says,

" The spirit of the Lord is upon me,
For he has consecrated me to preach the good news to the poor,
He has sent me to announce to the prisoners their release and to the blind the recovery of their sight,
To set the downtrodden at liberty,
To proclaim the year of the Lord's favor! "

And he rolled up the roll and gave it back to the attendant and sat down. The eyes of everyone in the synagogue were fixed upon him. And he began by saying to them,

" This passage of Scripture has been fulfilled here in your hearing today! "

And they all spoke well of him and were astonished at the winning words that fell from his lips, and they said,

" Is he not Joseph's son? "

He said to them,

" No doubt you will quote this proverb to me: ' Doctor, cure yourself! Do the things here in your own country that we hear you did at Capernaum.' I tell you," said he, " No prophet is welcome in his own country. But, I tell you, there were plenty of widows in Israel in Elijah's time, when the sky was closed for three years and a half, and there was a great famine all over the land, and Elijah was not sent to one of them, but to a widow at Zarephath in Sidon. And there were plenty of lepers in Israel in the time of the prophet Elisha, and none of them was cured, but Naaman the Syrian."

And when the people in the synagogue heard this, they were all very angry, and they got up and drove him out of the town and took him to the brow of the hill on which their town was built, intending to throw

him down from it. But he made his way through the midst of them and went on.

And he came down to Capernaum, a town in Galilee. And he taught them on the Sabbath, and they were amazed at his teaching, for he spoke with authority. There was a man in the synagogue who was possessed by the spirit of a foul demon and he cried out loudly,

" Ha! What do you want of us, Jesus, you Nazarene? Have you come to destroy us? I know who you are! You are God's Holy One! "

Jesus reproved him and said,

" Silence! Get out of him! "

And the demon threw the man down in the midst of them, and came out of him, without doing him any harm. And they were all amazed and said to one another,

" What is the meaning of this teaching? For he gives orders authoritatively and effectually to the foul spirits, and they come out." And news of him spread to every place in that region.

When he got up and left the synagogue, he went to Simon's house. And Simon's mother-in-law was suffering with a severe attack of fever, and they asked him about her. And he stood over her and reproved the fever and it left her, and she got up and waited on them.

As the sun went down all who had friends sick with various diseases brought them to him, and he laid his hands on every one of them and cured them. And demons came out of many people, crying out,

" You are the Son of God! "

But he reproved them and forbade them to speak, because they knew he was the Christ.

When it was day, he left the house and made his way to a lonely spot, and crowds of people went in search of him, and overtook him and tried to keep him from leaving them. But he said to them,

" I must preach the good news of the Kingdom of God to the other towns also, for that is what I was sent to do."

So he went about Judea, preaching in the synagogues.

Once as the crowd was pressing about him to hear God's message, he happened to be standing by the Lake of Gennesaret, and he saw two boats on the shore of the lake, for the fishermen had gotten out of them and were washing their nets. And he got into one of the boats, which belonged to Simon, and asked him to push out a little from the shore. Then he sat down and taught the crowds of people from the boat. When he stopped speaking, he said to Simon,

" Push out into deep water, and then put down your nets for a haul."

Simon answered,

" Master, we worked all night and caught nothing, but as you tell me to do it, I will put down the nets."

So they did so, and inclosed such a shoal of fish that their nets began to break. And they signalled to their comrades in the other boat to come and help them. And they came, and they filled both boats so full that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus's feet and said,

" Leave me, Master, for I am a sinful man."

For he and all the men with him were perfectly amazed at the haul of fish that they had made, and so were Zebedee's sons, James and John, who were Simon's partners. Jesus said to Simon,

" Do not be afraid. From now on you are to catch men! "

And they brought the boat to land and left everything and followed him.

When he was in one of the towns, he came upon a man covered with leprosy. And when he saw Jesus he fell down on his face, and begged him, saying,

" If you only choose, sir, you can cure me! "

And he stretched out his hand and touched him, saying,

" I do choose! Be cured! "

And the leprosy immediately left him. Then he warned him to tell nobody,

" But go," he said, " show yourself to the priest, and in proof of your cure make the offerings for your purification, just as Moses prescribed."

Yet the news about him spread more and more, and great crowds gathered to hear him and to be cured of their diseases. But Jesus himself would retire into the desert and pray.

One day as he was teaching, there were some Pharisees and experts in the Law sitting near by, who had come from every village in Galilee and Judea and from Jerusalem. The power of the Lord was there, so that he might cure people. Some men came up carrying on a bed a man who was paralysed, and they tried to get him in and lay him before Jesus. And as they could find no way to get him in, on account of the crowd, they went up on the roof and let him down with his mat through the tiles, among the people in front of Jesus. When he saw their faith, he said,

" Friend, your sins are forgiven! "

And the scribes and the Pharisees began to debate and say,

" Who is this man who talks blasphemy? Who can forgive sins but God alone? "

But Jesus saw what they were discussing, and said to them,

" What are you pondering over in your minds? Which is easier, to say, ' Your sins are forgiven,' or to say, ' Get up and walk ' ? But to let you know that the Son of Man has authority to forgive sins on earth " — turning to the man who was paralysed he said to him — " I tell you, get up, pick up your mat, and go home! "

And he got up at once before them all, and picked up what he had been

lying on, and went home, praising God. They were all seized with astonishment, and praised God, and filled with awe they said,

" We have seen something wonderful today! "

After this he went out, and he saw a tax-collector named Levi sitting at the toll-house, and he said to him,

" Follow me! "

And he left everything and got up and followed him. Then Levi gave a great entertainment for him in his house, and there was a great throng of tax-collectors and others who were at table with them. And the Pharisees and their scribes grumbled about it to his disciples, and said,

" Why do you eat and drink with tax-collectors and irreligious people? "

Jesus answered them,

" It is not well people but the sick who have to have the doctor. I have not come to invite the pious but the irreligious to repentance! "

They said to him,

" John's disciples observe frequent fasts and offer prayers, and so do the disciples of the Pharisees, but your disciples eat and drink."

Jesus said to them,

" Can you make wedding guests fast while the bridegroom is with them? But other days will come, and when the bridegroom is taken away from them, in those days they will fast."

He used this figure also in speaking to them:

" No one tears a piece from a new coat and sews it on an old one, or if he does, he will both tear the new one and the piece from the new one will not match the old one. And nobody puts new wine into old wine-skins, or if he does, the new wine will burst the skins and run out, and the skins will be spoiled. New wine has to be put into fresh skins. No one after drinking old wine wants new, for he says, ' The old is better! ' "

One Sabbath he happened to be passing through the wheat fields, and his disciples were picking the heads of wheat, and eating them, rubbing them in their hands. And some of the Pharisees said,

" Why do you do what it is against the Law to do on the Sabbath? "

Jesus answered,

" Have you not read even what David did, when he and his companions were hungry? How he went into the house of God and took the Presentation Loaves, which it was against the Law for anyone but the priests to eat, and ate them with his companions? " And he said to them, " The Son of Man is master of the Sabbath."

On another Sabbath he happened to go to the synagogue and teach. There was a man there whose right hand was withered. And the scribes and the Pharisees were on the watch to see whether he would cure people on the Sabbath, in order to find a charge to bring against him. But he knew what they were thinking, and he said to the man with the withered hand,

" Get up and stand in front."

And he got up and stood there. Jesus said to them,

" I want to ask you, Is it allowable on the Sabbath to do people good or to do them harm? to save life or to destroy it? "

And he looked around at them all and said to the man,

" Hold out your hand! "

And he did so, and his hand was restored.

But they were perfectly furious, and discussed with one another what they could do to Jesus.

It was in those days that he went up on the mountain to pray, and passed the whole night in prayer to God. When day came, he called his disciples to him, and chose twelve of them whom he named apostles: Simon, whom he named Peter, his brother Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James, the son of Alpheus, Simon, who was called the Zealot, Judas, the son of James, and Judas Iscariot, who turned out a traitor. And he came down with them and took his stand on a level place with a great throng of his disciples, and a large number of people from all over Judea and from Jerusalem and the sea-coast district of Tyre and Sidon, who had come to hear him and to be cured of their diseases. And those who were troubled with foul spirits were cured. And all the people tried to touch him, because power went forth from him and cured them all. Then he fixed his eyes on his disciples, and said,

" Blessed are you who are poor, for the Kingdom of God is yours!

" Blessed are you who are hungry now, for you will be satisfied!

" Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh!

" Blessed are you when people hate you and exclude you and denounce you and spurn the name you bear as evil, on account of the Son of Man. Be glad when that happens, and leap for joy, for you will be richly rewarded in heaven, for that is the way their forefathers treated the prophets.

" But alas for you who are rich, for you have had your comfort!

" Alas for you who have plenty to eat now, for you will be hungry!

" Alas for you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep!

" Alas for you when everyone speaks well of you, for that is the way their forefathers treated the false prophets!

" But I tell you who hear me, love your enemies, treat those who hate you well, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you. To the man that strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also, and from the man who takes away your coat, do not keep back your shirt either. Give to everyone that asks of you, and if anyone takes away what is yours, do not demand it back. And treat men just as you wish them to treat you. If you love only those who love you, what merit is there in that? For even godless people love those who love them. And if you help only those who help you, what merit is there in that? Even godless people act

in that way. And if you lend only to people from whom you expect to get something, what merit is there in that? Even godless people lend to godless people, meaning to get it back again in full. But love your enemies, and help them and lend to them, never despairing, and you will be richly rewarded, and you will be sons of the Most High, for he is kind even to the ungrateful and the wicked. You must be merciful, just as your Father is. Do not judge others, and they will not judge you. Do not condemn them, and they will not condemn you. Excuse others and they will excuse you. Give, and they will give to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, they will pour into your lap. For the measure you use with others they in turn will use with you."

And he used a figure, saying,

"Can one blind man lead another? Will they not both fall into a hole? A pupil is not better than his teacher, but every pupil when he is fully trained will be like his teacher. Why do you keep looking at the speck in your brother's eye, and pay no attention to the beam that is in your own? How can you say to your brother, 'Brother, just let me get that speck out of your eye,' when you cannot see the beam in your own eye? You hypocrite! First get the beam out of your own eye, and then you can see to get out the speck in your brother's eye. For sound trees do not bear bad fruit, nor bad trees sound fruit. Every tree is known by its fruit. They do not pick figs off thorns, or gather grapes from brambles. A good man, out of the good he has accumulated in his heart, produces good, and a bad man, out of what he has accumulated that is bad, produces what is bad. For his mouth says only what his heart is full of. Why do you call me: 'Lord! Lord!' and not do what I tell you? If anyone comes to me and listens to this teaching of mine and acts upon it, I will show you whom he is like. He is like a man who was building a house, who dug deep and laid his foundation upon the rock, and when there was a flood the torrent burst upon that house and could not shake it, because it was well built. But the man who listens to it, and does not act upon it, is like a man who built a house on the ground without any foundation. The torrent burst upon it, and it collapsed at once, and the wreck of that house was complete."

When he had finished saying all this in the hearing of the people, he went to Capernaum.

A Roman captain had a slave whom he thought a great deal of, and the slave was sick and at the point of death. When the captain heard about Jesus, he sent some Jewish elders to him, to ask him to come and save his slave's life. And they went to Jesus and urged him strongly to do it, and said,

"He deserves to have you do this for him, for he loves our nation, and it was he who built us our synagogue."

So Jesus went with them. But when he was not far from the house, the captain sent some friends to him, to say to him,

" Master, do not take any more trouble, for I am not a suitable person to have you under my roof. That is why I did not think I was fit to come to you. But simply say the word, and have my servant cured. For I am myself under the orders of others, and I have soldiers under me, and I tell one to go, and he goes, and another to come, and he comes, and my slave to do something, and he does it."

When Jesus heard this, he was astonished at him, and turning to the crowd that was following him, he said,

" I tell you, I have not found such faith as this even in Israel! "

And when the messengers went back to the house, they found the slave well.

Soon afterward he happened to go to a town called Nain, and his disciples and a great throng of people were with him. As he came up to the gate of the town, a dead man was being carried out; he was his mother's only son, and she was a widow. A crowd of the townspeople was with her. And when the Master saw her, he pitied her, and said to her,

" Do not weep."

And he went up and touched the bier, and the bearers stopped. And he said,

" Young man, I tell you, wake up! "

And the dead man sat up and began to speak, and he gave him back to his mother. And they were all overcome with awe, and they praised God, and said,

" A great prophet has appeared among us! " and " God has not forgotten his people! "

This story about him spread all over Judea and the surrounding country.

John's disciples told him of all this, and he called two of them to him, and sent them to the Master to ask him,

" Are you the one who was to come, or should we look for someone else? "

And the men went to him and said,

" John the Baptist sent us to you to ask, ' Are you the one who was to come, or should we look for someone else? ' "

Just then he cured many of diseases and ailments and foul spirits, and he gave sight to many who were blind. And he answered them,

" Go and report to John what you have seen and heard. The blind are regaining their sight, the lame can walk, the lepers are being cured and the deaf can hear, the dead are being raised and good news is being preached to the poor. And blessed is the man that finds nothing that repels him in me."

When John's messengers were gone, he began to speak to the crowds about John.

" What was it that you went out into the desert to look at? A reed sway-

ing in the wind? Then what did you go out there to see? A man luxuriously dressed? Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you find in palaces. Then what did you go out there to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and far more than a prophet! This is the man of whom the Scripture says,

" 'Here I send my messenger on before you,
He will prepare the road ahead of you!'

" I tell you, among men born of women there is none greater than John; and yet those who are of little importance in the Kingdom of God are greater than he. And all the people, even the tax-collectors, when they heard him, acknowledged the justice of God's demands, by accepting baptism from John, but the Pharisees and experts in the Law thwarted God's purpose for themselves, by refusing to be baptized by him. So what is there to which I can compare the men of this age? What are they like? They are like children sitting about in the bazaar and calling out to one another,

" 'We have played the flute for you, and you would not dance!
We have wailed and you would not weep!'

" For when John the Baptist came, he did not eat any bread or drink any wine, and you said, 'He has a demon!' Now that the Son of Man has come, he does eat and drink, and you say, 'Look at him! A glutton and a drinker, the companion of tax-collectors and irreligious people!' So wisdom is vindicated by all who are really wise."

One of the Pharisees asked him to have dinner with him, and he went to the Pharisee's house and took his place at the table. Now there was a woman in the town who was leading a sinful life, and when she learned that he was having dinner at the Pharisee's house, she got an alabaster flask of perfume, and came and stood behind him at his feet, weeping, and began to wet his feet with her tears, and she wiped them with her hair, and kissed them, and put the perfume on them. When the Pharisee who had invited him saw this, he said to himself,

" If this man were really a prophet, he would know who and what the woman is who is touching him, for she leads a wicked life."

Jesus answered him, and said to him,

" Simon, there is something I want to say to you."

He said,

" Proceed, Master."

" Two men were in debt to a money-lender. One owed him a hundred dollars and the other ten. As they could not pay him, he cancelled what they owed him. Now which of them will be more attached to him? "

Simon answered,

" The one, I suppose, for whom he cancelled most."

" You are right," he said. And turning to the woman, he said to Simon,

" Do you see this woman? I came to your house; you did not give me

any water for my feet, but she has wet my feet with tears and wiped them with her hair. You did not give me a kiss, but from the moment I came in she has not stopped kissing my feet. You did not put any oil upon my head, but she has put perfume upon my feet. Therefore, I tell you, her sins, many as they are, are forgiven, for she has loved me so much. But the man with little to be forgiven loves me but little."

And he said to her,

"Your sins are forgiven!"

The men at table with him began to say to themselves,

"Who is this man, who even forgives sins?"

But he said to the woman,

"It is your faith that has saved you. Go in peace."

Soon afterward he went about among the villages and towns preaching and telling the good news of the Kingdom of God. The Twelve went with him, and some women who had been cured of evil spirits and sickness — Mary, who was called Mary of Magdala, out of whom seven demons had been driven, and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's manager, and Susanna, and many others, who provided for them with their means.

When a great throng was gathering and people were coming to him from one town after another, he said in his figurative way,

"A sower went out to sow his seed. As he was sowing, some of the seed fell by the path and was trodden on, and the wild birds ate it up. And some of it fell upon the rock, and when it sprang up it withered, because it had no moisture. And some fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up with it and choked it out. And some fell on good soil, and grew up and yielded a hundred fold!"

As he said this he called out,

"Let him who has ears to hear with, listen!"

His disciples asked him what this figure meant. And he said,

"You are permitted to know the secrets of the Kingdom of God, but they are given to others in the form of figures, so that they may look and yet not see, and hear and yet not understand. This is what the figure means. The seed is God's message. The ones by the path are those who hear, and then the devil comes and carries off the message from their hearts, so that they may not believe it and be saved. The ones on the rock are those who receive the message joyfully when they first hear it, but it takes no real root. They believe for a little while, and then in the time of trial they draw back. And what falls among the thorns means those who listen and pass on, and the worries and wealth and pleasures of life stifle them and they yield nothing. But the seed in the good soil means those who listen to the message and keep it in good, true hearts, and yield unfailingly.

"Nobody lights a lamp and then covers it with a dish or puts it under a bed, but he puts it on its stand, so that those who come in may see the

light. For there is nothing hidden that shall not be disclosed, nor kept secret that shall not be known and come to light. So take care how you listen. For people who have will have more given to them, and from people who have nothing, even what they think they have will be taken away."

His mother and his brothers came to him, but they could not get near him, on account of the crowd. And the word came to him,

"Your mother and your brothers are standing outside; they want to see you."

He answered,

"My mother and my brothers are those who listen to God's message and obey it!"

It happened one day that he got into a boat with his disciples, and said to them,

"Let us cross to the other side of the lake."

So they set sail. As they sailed along, he fell asleep. And a squall of wind came down upon the lake, and they were being swamped and were in peril. And they went to him and woke him up, and said to him,

"Master! Master! We are lost!"

Then he awoke and reproved the wind and the rough water, and they ceased, and there was a calm. And he said to them,

"Where is your faith?"

But they were frightened and amazed, and said to one another,

"Who can he be? For he gives orders even to the winds and the water, and they obey him!"

They made a landing in the neighbourhood of Gerasa, which is just across the lake from Galilee. And when he landed, he met a man possessed by demons, who was coming out of the town. He had worn no clothing for a long time, and did not live in a house but in the tombs. When he saw Jesus he cried out and threw himself down before him, and said in a loud voice,

"What do you want of me, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I beg you not to torture me!"

For he was commanding the foul spirit to get out of the man. For it had often seized him, and though he had been fastened with chains and fetters, and was closely watched, he would snap his bonds and the demon would drive him away to the desert. And Jesus asked him,

"What is your name?"

He said,

"Legion!" For many demons had gone into him. And they begged him not to order them off to the bottomless pit. Now there was a large drove of pigs feeding there on the hillside, and they begged him to give them leave to go into them. And he did so. Then the demons came out of the man and went into the pigs, and the drove rushed over the steep bank into the lake, and were drowned. When the men who tended them saw what had hap-

pened, they ran away and spread the news in the town and in the country around. And the people came out to see what had happened, and they came to Jesus and found the man out of whom the demons had gone sitting there, at Jesus's feet, with his clothes on and in his right mind, and they were frightened. And those who had seen it told them how the man who had been possessed was cured. Then all the people of the neighbourhood of Gerasa asked him to go away from them, for they were terribly frightened. And he got into a boat and went back. The man out of whom the demons had gone begged to go with him, but Jesus sent him away, and said,

" Go back to your home, and tell all that God has done for you."

And he went and told all over the town what Jesus had done for him.

When Jesus returned, the people welcomed him, for they were all watching for him. And a man named Jairus came up — he was leader of the synagogue — and he fell down at Jesus's feet and begged him to come to his house, because he had an only daughter, about twelve years old, and she was dying. As he was going, the crowds of people almost crushed him. And a woman who had had a hemorrhage for twelve years, and whom nobody had been able to cure, came up behind him and touched the tassel of his cloak, and the hemorrhage stopped at once. Jesus said,

" Who was it who touched me? "

And as everyone denied having done so, Peter said,

" Master, the people are all around you and they are crowding you."

But Jesus said,

" Somebody touched me, for I know that power passed from me."

When the woman saw that she had not escaped his notice, she came forward trembling, and fell down before him, and before all the people told why she had touched him, and how she had been cured at once. And he said to her,

" My daughter, it is your faith that has cured you. Go in peace."

Even as he spoke someone came from the house of the leader of the synagogue and said,

" Your daughter is dead. Do not trouble the Master any more."

But Jesus heard it and said to him,

" Do not be afraid; just have faith, and she will get well."

When he got to the house, he let no one go in with him but Peter, James, and John, and the child's father and mother. And they were all wailing and beating their breasts for her. But he said,

" Stop wailing! For she is not dead, she is asleep."

And they laughed at him, for they knew that she was dead. But he grasped her hand and called out,

" Get up, my child! "

And her spirit returned and she stood up immediately, and he directed them to give her something to eat. And her parents were amazed, but he ordered them not to tell anyone what had happened.

Then he called the Twelve together, and gave them power and authority over all the demons, and to cure diseases, and he sent them out to proclaim the Kingdom of God and to cure the sick. He said to them,

" Do not take anything for your journey, nor staff nor bag nor bread nor money, nor an extra shirt. Whatever house you go to stay in, remain there, and start on again from it. And where they will not welcome you, leave that town and shake off the very dust from your feet as a protest against them."

And they set forth and went from village to village, telling the good news and curing people everywhere.

Herod the governor heard of all that was happening, and he was perplexed because some people said that John had risen from the dead, and some that Elijah had appeared, and others that one of the ancient prophets had come back to life. But Herod said,

" John I have beheaded, but who can this be about whom I hear such reports? "

And he endeavoured to see him.

Then the apostles came back and told Jesus what they had done. And he took them and quietly retired to a town called Bethsaida. But the crowds learned of it and followed him, and he welcomed them and spoke to them about the Kingdom of God, and he cured those who needed to be cured. When the day began to decline, the Twelve came up and said to him,

" Send the crowd away to the villages and farms around to find food and shelter, for we are in a lonely place here."

But he said to them,

" Give them food yourselves! "

And they said,

" We have only five loaves and two fish, unless we go ourselves and buy food for all these people." For there were about five thousand men.

But he said to his disciples,

" Have them sit down in groups of about fifty each."

And they did so, and made them all sit down. Then he took the five loaves and the two fish and looked up to heaven and blessed them, and he broke them in pieces and gave them to the disciples to pass to the people. And they all ate and had enough, and the pieces left over that were gathered up filled twelve baskets.

Once when he was praying by himself, with only the disciples near him, he asked them,

" Who do the people say that I am? "

They answered,

" John the Baptist, though others say Elijah, and others that one of the old prophets has come back to life."

And he said to them,

" But who do you say that I am? "

Peter answered,

" The Christ of God! "

But he warned them particularly not to tell this to anyone, and said,

" The Son of Man must endure great suffering and be refused by the elders, the high priests, and the scribes, and be killed, and be raised to life in the third day."

And he said to everyone,

" If anyone wants to go with me, he must disregard himself, and take his cross day after day and follow me. For whoever wants to preserve his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for me will preserve it. What good does it do a man to gain the whole world and lose or forfeit himself? For if anyone is ashamed of me and my teaching the Son of Man will be ashamed of him, when he comes with all the glory of his Father and of the holy angels. I tell you, some of you who stand here will certainly live to see the Kingdom of God! "

It was about eight days after Jesus said this that he took Peter, John, and James, and went up on the mountain to pray. And as he was praying, the look of his face changed and his clothes turned dazzling white. And two men were talking with him. They were Moses and Elijah, and they appeared in glory and spoke of his departure which he was to go through with at Jerusalem. Peter and his companions had been overcome by sleep, but waking up they saw his glorious appearance and the two men standing by him. Just as they were parting from him, Peter said to Jesus,

" Master, how good it is that we are here! Let us put up three huts, one for you and one for Moses and one for Elijah! " For he did not know what he was saying.

But as he said it, a cloud came and overshadowed them, and they were frightened as they passed under the cloud. And from the cloud came a voice that said,

" This is my Son, my Chosen! Listen to him! "

At the sound of the voice, they saw that Jesus was alone. And they kept silence, and said nothing about it to anyone at that time.

The next day, when they had come down from the mountain, it happened that a great crowd met him. And a man in the crowd shouted,

" Master, I beg you to look at my son, for he is my only child, and all at once a spirit seizes him, and he suddenly cries out, and it convulses him until he foams at the mouth, and it leaves him, after a struggle, badly bruised. And I begged your disciples to drive it out, and they could not."

Jesus answered,

" O you unbelieving, obstinate people! How long must I be with you and put up with you? Bring your son here! "

Even while the boy was coming, the demon threw him down and convulsed him, but Jesus reproved the foul spirit and cured the boy and gave him back to his father. And they were all amazed at the power of God.

While everybody was full of wonder at all that he was doing, he said to his disciples,

" You must store up these teachings in your minds, for the Son of Man is going to be handed over to men."

But they did not understand what he meant, indeed it was concealed from them, in order that they might not comprehend it, and they were afraid to ask him what he meant.

A discussion arose among them as to which of them would be the greatest. But Jesus knew the question that was in their minds and he took a child and made him stand by his side, and said to them,

" Whoever welcomes this child on my account is welcoming me, and whoever welcomes me, welcomes him who has sent me. For it is the lowliest among you all who is really great."

John answered,

" Master, we saw a man driving out demons with your name, and we told him not to do so, for he does not go with us."

Jesus said to him,

" Do not try to stop him, for the man who is not against you is for you."

As the time approached when he was to be taken up to heaven, he set his face toward Jerusalem, and sent messengers before him. They started out and went into a Samaritan village, to make preparations for him. And the people there would not receive him, because he was going to Jerusalem. When the disciples, James and John, saw this, they said,

" Master, will you have us order fire to come down from heaven and consume them? "

But he turned and reproved them. And they went on to another village.

As they were going along the road, a man said to him,

" I will follow you wherever you go."

Jesus said to him,

" Foxes have holes, and wild birds have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head! "

He said to another,

" Follow me."

But he said,

" Let me first go and bury my father."

Jesus said to him,

" Leave the dead to bury their own dead; you must go and spread the news of the Kingdom of God! "

Yet another man said to him,

" Master, I am going to follow you, but let me first say good-bye to my people at home."

Jesus said to him,

" No one who puts his hand to the plough, and then looks back, is fitted for the Kingdom of God."

After this the Master appointed seventy-two others, and sent them on before him, two by two, to every town or place to which he intended to come. And he said to them,

" The harvest is abundant enough, but the reapers are few. So pray to the owner of the harvest to send reapers to gather it. Now go. Here I send you out like lambs among wolves. Carry no purse nor wallet nor shoes, and do not stop to exchange civilities with anyone on the way. Whenever you go to stay at a house, first say, ' Peace to this household! ' If there is anyone there who loves peace, your blessing will rest upon him, but if there is not, it will come back to you. Stay at the same house, eating and drinking what they offer you, for the workman deserves his pay. Do not change from one house to another. Whenever you come to a town and they welcome you, eat what is offered you, and cure the sick there, and say to them, ' The Kingdom of God is close upon you! ' But whenever you come to a town and they do not welcome you, go out into the open streets and say, ' The very dust of your town that sticks to our feet we wipe off in protest. But understand this: the Kingdom of God is at hand! ' I tell you, on that day Sodom will fare better than that town! Alas for you, Chorazin! Alas for you, Bethsaida! For if the wonders that have been done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago, sitting in sackcloth and ashes! But Tyre and Sidon will fare better than you at the Judgment! And you, Capernaum! Are you to be exalted to the skies? You will go down among the dead! Whoever listens to you listens to me, and whoever disregards you disregards me, and whoever disregards me disregards him who sent me."

The seventy-two came back delighted, and said,

" Master, when we use your name the very demons submit to us! "

He said to them,

" I saw Satan fall from heaven like a flash of lightning! Here I have given you the power to tread on snakes and scorpions, and to trample on all the power of the enemy. Nothing will hurt you at all. But do not be glad that the spirits submit to you, but be glad that your names are enrolled in heaven."

At that moment he was inspired with joy, and said,

" I thank you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for hiding all this from the learned and intelligent, and revealing it to children! Yes, I thank you, Father, for choosing to have it so! Everything has been handed over to me by my Father, and no one knows who the Son is but the Father, nor who the Father is but the Son, and anyone to whom the Son chooses to reveal him."

And he turned to his disciples when they were alone, and said,

" Blessed are the eyes that see what you see! For I tell you, many prophets and kings have wished to see what you see, and could not see it, and to hear what you hear, and could not hear it! "

Then an expert in the Law got up to test him and said,

" Master, what must I do to make sure of eternal life? "

Jesus said to him,

" What does the Law say? How does it read? "

He answered,

" ' You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole strength, and your whole mind,' and ' your neighbor as you do yourself.' "

Jesus said to him,

" You are right. Do that, and you will live."

But he, wishing to justify his question, said,

" And who is my neighbour? "

Jesus replied,

" A man was on his way down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell into the hands of robbers, and they stripped him and beat him and went off leaving him half dead. Now a priest happened to be going that way, and when he saw him, he went by on the other side of the road. And a Levite also came to the place, and when he saw him, he went by on the other side. But a Samaritan who was travelling that way came upon him, and when he saw him he pitied him, and he went up to him and dressed his wounds with oil and wine and bound them up. And he put him on his own mule and brought him to an inn and took care of him. The next day he took out a dollar and gave it to the innkeeper and said, ' Take care of him, and whatever more you spend I will refund to you on my way back.' Which of these three do you think proved himself a neighbour to the man who fell into the robbers' hands? "

He said,

" The man who took pity on him."

Jesus said to him,

" Go and do so yourself! "

As they continued their journey, he came to a certain village, and a woman named Martha welcomed him to her house. She had a sister named Mary, who seated herself at the Master's feet, and listened to what he was saying. But Martha was worried with all she had to do for them, and she came up and said,

" Master, does it make no difference to you that my sister has left me to do all the work alone? Tell her to help me."

The Master answered,

" Martha, Martha, you are worried and anxious about many things, but our wants are few, indeed there is only one thing we need. For Mary has chosen the right thing, and it must not be taken away from her."

Once as he was praying in a certain place, when he stopped, one of his disciples said to him,

" Master, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples."

He said to them,

"When you pray, say, 'Father, your name be revered! Your kingdom come! Give us each day our bread for the day, and forgive us our sins, for we ourselves forgive anyone who wrongs us; and do not subject us to temptation.'"

And he said to them,

"Suppose one of you has a friend, and goes to him in the middle of the night, and says to him, 'Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine has just come to my house after a journey, and I have nothing for him to eat,' and he answers from inside, 'Do not bother me; the door is now fastened, and my children and I have gone to bed; I cannot get up and give you any.' I tell you, even if he will not get up and give him some because he is his friend, yet because of his persistence he will rouse himself and give him all he needs. So I tell you, ask, and what you ask will be given you. Search, and you will find what you search for. Knock, and the door will open to you. For it is always the one who asks who receives, and the one who searches who finds, and the one who knocks to whom the door opens. Which of you fathers, if his son asks him for a fish will give him a snake instead? Or if he asks for an egg, will give him a scorpion? So if you, bad as you are, know enough to give your children what is good, how much more surely will your Father in heaven give the holy Spirit to those who ask him for it!"

Once he was driving out a dumb demon, and when the demon was gone the dumb man spoke. And the people were amazed. But some of them said,

"It is with the aid of Beelzebub, the prince of the demons, that he drives the demons out."

Others to test him asked him for a sign from heaven. But he knew what they were thinking, and he said to them,

"Any kingdom that is disunited is on the way to destruction, and one house falls after another. And if Satan is disunited, how can his kingdom last? Because you say that I drive out demons with Beelzebub's aid. But if it is with his aid that I drive out demons, by whose do your sons drive them out? Therefore, they shall be your judges. But if it is with the finger of God that I am driving the demons out, then the Kingdom of God has overtaken you. When a strong man fully armed guards his own dwelling, his property is undisturbed. But when somebody stronger than he attacks him and overcomes him, he strips him of the arms that he relied on, and divides up the spoils. Anyone who is not with me is against me, and anyone who does not join me in gathering, scatters. When a foul spirit goes out of a man, it roams through deserts in search of rest, and when it finds none, it says, 'I will go back to my house that I left.' And it goes and finds it unoccupied, cleaned, and all in order. Then it goes and gets seven other spirits more wicked than itself, and they go in and live there, and in the end the man is worse off than he was before."

As he said this, a woman in the crowd raised her voice and said to him,

" Blessed is the mother who bore you and nursed you! "

But he said,

" You might better say, ' Blessed are those who hear God's message and observe it! "

As the crowds pressed around him, he went on to say,

" This is a wicked age! It demands a sign, and no sign will be given it but the sign of Jonah. For just as Jonah became a sign to the people of Nineveh, so the Son of Man will be a sign to this age. The queen of the south will rise with the men of this generation at the Judgment and will condemn them, for she came from the very ends of the earth to listen to Solomon's wisdom, and there is more than Solomon here! Men of Nineveh will rise with this generation at the Judgment and will condemn it, for they repented at Jonah's preaching, and there is more than Jonah here. No one lights a lamp and puts it in the cellar or under a peck measure; he puts it on its stand, so that people who come in can see the light. Your eye is the lamp of your body. When your eye is sound, your whole body is light, but when it is unsound, your body is dark. So take care! Your very light may be darkness! If, therefore, your whole body is light with no darkness in it at all, it will all be as light as a lamp makes things for you by its light."

When he said this, a Pharisee asked him to lunch with him, and he went to his house and took his place at table. The Pharisee noticed that he did not wash before the meal, and he was surprised. But the Master said to him,

" You Pharisees clean the outside of cups and dishes, but inside you are full of greed and wickedness. You fools! Did not the Creator of the outside make the inside too? But give your inmost life as charity, and you will immediately find everything clean. But alas for you Pharisees! For you pay tithes on mint, rue, and every tiny herb, and disregard justice and the love of God. But you should have observed these, without neglecting the others. Alas for you Pharisees! For you love to have the front seat in the synagogues and to be saluted with respect in public places. Alas for you! For you are like unmarked graves which men tread upon without knowing it."

At this, one of the experts in the Law said to him,

" Master, when you say that, you affront us too."

But he said,

" Yes, alas for you experts in the Law too! For you load men with burdens they can hardly carry, and you will not touch them yourselves with a single finger. Alas for you! For you build monuments for the prophets, whom your forefathers killed. So you testify to what your fathers did and approve it, for they killed them and you build their monuments. This is why the Wisdom of God said, ' I will send prophets and apostles to them, and some of them they will kill and some they will persecute ' —

so that this age may be charged with the blood of all the prophets that has been shed since the creation of the world, from the blood of Abel to the blood of Zechariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary. Yes, I tell you! This age will be charged with it all! Alas for you experts in the Law! For you have taken the key to the door of knowledge, but you have not entered it yourselves, and you have kept out those who tried to enter."

After he left the house, the scribes and the Pharisees began to watch him closely and to try to draw him out on many subjects, plotting to entrap him in something he might say.

Meanwhile as the people gathered in thousands, until they actually trod on one another, he proceeded to say to his disciples first of all,

"Beware of the yeast of the Pharisees, that is, hypocrisy. There is nothing covered up that is not going to be uncovered, nor secret that is not going to be known. For what you say in the darkness will be heard in the light, and what you whisper in someone's ear, behind closed doors, will be proclaimed from the housetops. I tell you, who are my friends, have no fear of those who kill the body, and after that can do no more. I will show you whom to fear: fear him who, after killing you, has power to hurl you into the pit. Yes, fear him, I tell you. Do not sparrows sell five for two cents? And yet not one of them is forgotten in God's sight. But the very hairs on your heads are all counted! You must not be afraid; you are worth more than a great many sparrows! I tell you, everyone who will acknowledge me before men, the Son of Man will acknowledge before the angels of God, but anyone who disowns me before men will be disowned before the angels of God. And anyone who speaks against the Son of Man will be forgiven for it, but no one who reviles the holy Spirit will be forgiven. When they bring you before the synagogues or the magistrates or the authorities, you must have no anxiety about how to defend yourselves or what to say, for at the very moment the holy Spirit will teach you what you ought to say."

Someone in the crowd said to him,

"Master, tell my brother to give me my share of our inheritance."

But he said to him,

"Who made me a judge or arbitrator of your affairs?"

And he said to them,

"Take care! You must be on your guard against any form of greed, for a man's life does not belong to him, no matter how rich he is."

And he told them this story:

"A certain rich man's lands yielded heavily. And he said to himself, 'What am I going to do, for I have nowhere to store my crops?' Then he said, 'This is what I will do; I will tear down my barns and build larger ones, and in them I will store all my grain and my goods. And I will say to my soul, 'Soul, you have great wealth stored up for years to come.

Now take your ease; eat, drink, and enjoy yourself.' But God said to him, 'You fool! This very night your soul will be demanded of you. Then who will have all you have prepared?' That is the way with the man who lays up money for himself, and is not rich with God."

And he said to his disciples,

"Therefore, I tell you, do not worry about life, wondering what you will have to eat, or about your body, wondering what you will have to wear. Life is more important than food, and the body than clothes. Think of the crows! They do not sow or reap, and they have no storehouses or barns, and God feeds them. How much more you are worth than the birds! Which of you with all his worry can add a single hour to his life? So if you cannot do the least good, why should you worry about the rest? See how the lilies grow. They do not toil or spin, but, I tell you, even Solomon in all his splendour was never dressed like one of them. But if God so dresses the wild grass, which is alive today, and is thrown into the furnace tomorrow, how much more surely will he clothe you, who have so little faith? So you must not ask what you are to have to eat or drink, and you must not be anxious about it. For these are all things the nations of the world are in pursuit of, and your Father knows well that you need them. But you must strive to find his kingdom, and you will have these other things besides. Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has chosen to give you the kingdom. Sell what belongs to you, and give away the money! Get yourselves purses that will never wear out, inexhaustible riches in heaven, where thieves cannot get near nor moths destroy. For wherever your treasure is, your heart will be too. You must be ready with your lamps burning, like men waiting for their master to come home from a wedding, so that when he comes and knocks, they can open the door for him at once. Blessed are the slaves whom their master will find on the watch when he comes. I tell you, he will gird up his robe and make them take their places at table, and go around and wait on them. Whether he comes late at night or early in the morning and finds them on the watch, they are blessed. But you may be sure of this, that if the master of the house had known what time the thief was coming, he would have been on the watch, and would not have let his house be broken into. You must be ready too, for the Son of Man is coming at a time when you do not expect him."

Peter said to him,

"Master, do you mean this figure for us, or is it for everybody?"

And the Master said,

"Who then will be the faithful, thoughtful manager, whom his master will put in charge of his household, to give the members of it their supplies at the proper time? Blessed is that slave if his master when he returns finds him doing it. I tell you, he will put him in charge of all his property. But if the slave says to himself, 'My master is not coming back for a long time,' and begins to beat the men and women slaves and to eat and drink

and get drunk, that slave's master will come back some day when he does not expect him, and at some time of which he does not know, and will cut him in two, and put him with the unbelievers. The slave who knows his master's wishes, but does not get ready or act upon them, will be severely punished. But one who does wrong without knowing them will be lightly punished. From anyone who has been given much, much will be required, and of the man to whom people have intrusted much, they will demand even more. I have come to bring fire down to the earth, and how I wish it were kindled already! I have a baptism to undergo, and how distressed I am till it is over! Do you think I have come to bring peace to the earth? Not peace, I tell you, but discord! For from now on if there are five people in a house they will be divided three against two and two against three. Father will be against son, and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

And he said to the crowds,

"When you see a cloud rise in the west, you say at once, 'It is going to rain,' and it does. And when you see the south wind blowing, you say, 'It is going to be very hot,' and it is. You hypocrites! You know how to interpret the look of the earth and sky; and why can you not interpret this present time? Why do you not decide what is right yourselves? For when you are going before the magistrate with your opponent, do your best on the way to get rid of him, or he may hurry you off to the judge and the judge hand you over to the constable and the constable throw you into prison. I tell you, you will never get out again until you have paid the last cent!"

Just then some people came up to bring him word of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with that of their sacrifices. And he answered,

"Do you think, because this happened to them, that these Galileans were worse sinners than any other Galileans? No, I tell you; unless you repent, you will all perish as they did! Or those eighteen people at Siloam who were killed when the tower fell upon them — do you think they were worse offenders than all the other people who live in Jerusalem? No, I tell you; unless you repent, you will all perish as they did!"

He used this figure:

"A man had a fig tree growing in his garden, and he went to look for fruit on it, and could not find any. And he said to the gardener, 'Here I have come three years to look for fruit on this fig tree, without finding any. Cut it down. Why should it waste the ground?' He answered, 'Let it stand this one year more, sir, till I dig around it and manure it; perhaps it will bear fruit next year. But if it does not, you can have it cut down.'"

One Sabbath he was teaching in one of the synagogues, and there was a woman there who for eighteen years had had a sickness caused by a spirit.

She was bent double and could not straighten herself up at all. When Jesus saw her he called to her,

" You are freed from your sickness! "

And he laid his hands on her, and she instantly became erect, and praised God. But the leader of the synagogue, in his vexation because Jesus had cured her on the Sabbath, spoke out and said to the crowd,

" There are six days on which it is right to work. Come on them and be cured, but not on the Sabbath day."

But the Master answered,

" You hypocrites! Does not every one of you untie his ox or his donkey from the stall on the Sabbath and lead him away to water him? And did not this woman, who is a descendant of Abraham, whom Satan has kept bound for eighteen years, have to be released from those bonds on the Sabbath day? "

When he said this, all his opponents were humiliated, and all the people were delighted at all the splendid things that he did.

He said, therefore,

" What is the Kingdom of God like, and to what can I compare it? It is like a mustard seed that a man took and dropped in his garden, and it grew and became a tree, and the wild birds roosted on its branches."

And he went on,

" To what can I compare the Kingdom of God? It is like yeast that a woman took and hid in a bushel of flour, till it all rose."

So he went about among the towns and villages, teaching and making his way toward Jerusalem. And someone said to him,

" Are only a few to be saved, Master? "

He said to them,

" You must strain every nerve to get in through the narrow door, for I tell you many will try to get in, and will not succeed, when the master of the house gets up and shuts the door, and you begin to stand outside and to knock on the door, and say, ' Open it for us, sir! ' Then he will answer you and say, ' I do not know where you come from.' Then you will go on to say, ' We have been entertained with you, and you have taught in our streets! ' And he will say to you, ' I do not know where you come from. Get away from me, all you wrongdoers! ' There you will weep and gnash your teeth when you see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in the Kingdom of God, while you are put outside. People will come from the east and west and the north and south, and take their places in the Kingdom of God. There are those now last who will then be first, and there are those now first who will be last."

Just then some Pharisees came up and said to him,

" Go! Get away from here, for Herod wants to kill you! "

He said to them,

" Go and say to that fox, ' Here I am, driving out demons and per-

forming cures, today and tomorrow, and on the third day I will be through. But I must go on today and tomorrow and the next day, for it is not right for a prophet to die outside Jerusalem.' O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! murdering the prophets, and stoning those who are sent to her, how often I have longed to gather your children around me, as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but you refused! Now I leave you to yourselves. And I tell you, you will never see me again until you say, ' Blessed be he who comes in the Lord's name! ' "

One Sabbath, when he went to take a meal at the house of a member of the council who was a Pharisee, they were watching him closely. There was a man in front of him who had dropsy. And Jesus said to the Pharisees and the experts in the Law,

" Is it right to cure people on the Sabbath or not? "

But they made no answer. And he took hold of the man and cured him and sent him away. Then he said to them,

" Who among you, if his child or his ox falls into a well, will not pull him out at once on the Sabbath? " And they could make no reply to this.

He noticed that the guests picked out the best places, and he gave them this illustration:

" When someone invites you to a wedding supper, do not take the best place, for someone more distinguished than you are may have been invited, and your host will come and say to you ' Make room for this man,' and then you will proceed in confusion to take the poorest place. But when you are invited anywhere, go and take the poorest place, so that when your host comes in, he will say to you, ' My friend, come to a better place.' So you will be shown consideration before all the other guests. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, but the man who humbles himself will be exalted."

And he said to the man who had invited him,

" When you give a luncheon or a dinner, do not invite your friends or your brothers or your relatives or your rich neighbours, for then they will invite you in return and you will be repaid. But when you give an entertainment, invite people who are poor, maimed, lame, or blind. Then you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you; for you will be repaid at the resurrection of the upright."

One of the other guests heard this, and said to him,

" Blessed is the man who shall be at the banquet in the Kingdom of God! "

He said to him,

" A man once gave a great dinner, and invited a large number to it, and when the dinner hour came, he sent around his slave, to say to those who were invited, ' Come! for it is now ready! ' And they all immediately began to excuse themselves. The first one said to him, ' I have bought a piece of land, and I must go and look at it. Please have me excused.' An-

other said, ' I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I am going to examine them. Please have me excused.' Another said, ' I have married, and so I cannot come.' So the slave went back, and reported this to his master. Then the master of the house was angry and said to his slave, ' Hurry out into the streets and squares of the city, and bring the poor, the maimed, the blind, and the lame in here! ' And the slave said, ' What you ordered, sir, has been done, and there is still room.' And the master said to the slave, ' Go out on the roads, and among the hedges, and make them come in, so that my house may be full. For I tell you that none of those men who were invited shall have any of my dinner! ' "

There were great crowds accompanying him, and once he turned and said to them,

" If anyone comes to me without hating his own father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, and his very life too, he cannot be a disciple of mine. For no one who does not take up his own cross and come after me can be a disciple of mine. What man among you if he wishes to build a tower does not first sit down and estimate the cost of it, to see whether he has enough to complete it? Or else when he has laid his foundation and cannot finish the building, everyone who sees it will begin to ridicule him, and say, ' This man started to erect a building, and could not finish it! ' Or what king, if he is going to meet another king in battle, does not sit down first and consider whether he is able with ten thousand men to meet the other who is coming against him with twenty thousand? And if he cannot, while the other is still far away, he sends envoys to him and asks on what terms he will make peace. In just that way, no one of you who does not say good-bye to all he has can be a disciple of mine. Salt is good; but if salt loses its strength, what can it be seasoned with? It is fit neither for the ground nor the manure heap; people throw it away. Let him who has ears to hear with, listen! "

All the tax-collectors and irreligious people were crowding up to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes grumbled, and said,

" This man welcomes irreligious people, and even eats with them! "

So in speaking to them he used this figure:

" What man among you, if he has a hundred sheep, and loses one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go in search of the one that is lost, until he finds it? And when he finds it, he puts it on his shoulders with joy, and when he reaches home, he calls in his friends and neighbours, and says to them, ' Congratulate me, for I have found my lost sheep! ' I tell you, in just that way there will be more joy in heaven over one sinful person who repents, than over ninety-nine upright people who do not need any repentance. Or what woman who has ten silver coins and loses one, does not light the lamp and sweep the house and look carefully until she finds it? And when she finds it, she calls in her friends and neighbours, and says to them, ' Congratulate me, for I have found the

coin that I lost! ' In just that way, I tell you, there is joy among the angels of God over one sinful person who repents! "

And he said,

" A man had two sons. The younger of them said to his father, ' Father, give me my share of the property.' So he divided his property between them. Not many days later, the younger son gathered up all he had, and went away to a distant country, and there he squandered his property by fast living. After he had spent it all, a severe famine arose in that country, and he began to be in want. And he went and hired himself out to a resident of the country, and he sent him into his fields to tend pigs. And he was ready to fill himself with the pods the pigs were eating, and no one would give him anything. When he came to himself he said, ' How many hired men my father has, who have more than enough to eat, and here I am, dying of hunger! I will get up, and go to my father, and say to him, " Father, I have sinned against heaven and in your eyes; I no longer deserve to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired men! " ' And he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him, and pitied him, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. His son said to him, ' Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in your eyes; I no longer deserve to be called your son; treat me like one of your hired men! ' But his father said to his slaves, ' Make haste and get out the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and get the calf we are fattening, and kill it, and let us feast and celebrate, for my son here was dead, and he has come to life; he was lost, and he is found! ' So they began to celebrate. But his elder son was in the field. When he came in and approached the house, he heard music and dancing, and he called one of the servants to him and asked him what it meant. He said to him, ' Your brother has come, and your father has killed the calf he has been fattening, because he has gotten him back alive and well.' But he was angry, and would not go into the house. And his father came out and urged him. And he said to his father, ' Here I have served you all these years, and have never disobeyed an order of yours, and you have never given me a kid, so that I could entertain my friends. But when your son here came, who has eaten up your property with women of the street, for him you killed the calf you have been fattening! ' But he said to him, ' My child, you have been with me all the time, and everything I have is yours. But we had to celebrate and be glad, because your brother was dead, and has come to life, and was lost and is found! ' "

And he said to his disciples,

" There was a rich man who had a manager, and it was reported to him that this man was squandering his property. So he called him in and said to him, ' What is this that I hear about you? Make an accounting for your conduct of my affairs, for you cannot be manager any longer! ' Then the

manager said to himself, ' What am I going to do, because my master is going to take my position away from me? I cannot dig; I am ashamed to beg. I know what I will do, so that when I am removed from my position people will take me into their homes.' Then he called in each of his master's debtors, and he said to the first one, ' How much do you owe my master? ' He said, ' Eight hundred gallons of oil.' And he said to him, ' Here is your agreement; sit right down and write four hundred! ' Then he said to another, ' And how much do you owe? ' He answered, ' Fifteen hundred bushels of wheat.' He said to him, ' Here is your agreement; write twelve hundred.' And his master praised the dishonest manager, because he had acted shrewdly. For the sons of this age are shrewder in their relation to their own age than the sons of the light. So I tell you, make friends for yourselves with your ill-gotten wealth, so that when it fails, they may take you into the eternal dwellings. The man who can be trusted in a very small matter can be trusted in a large one, and the man who cannot be trusted in a very small matter cannot be trusted in a large one. So if you have proved untrustworthy in using your ill-gotten wealth, who will trust you with true riches? And if you have been untrustworthy about what belonged to someone else, who will give you what belongs to you? No servant can belong to two masters, for he will either hate one and love the other, or he will stand by one and make light of the other. You cannot serve God and money! "

The Pharisees, who were avaricious, heard all this, and they ridiculed him. And he said to them,

" You are the men who parade your uprightness before people, but God knows your hearts. For what men consider great is detestable in the sight of God. Until John came, it was the Law and the Prophets. From that time the Kingdom of God has been proclaimed, and every one has been crowding into it. But it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one dotting of an *i* in the Law to go unfulfilled. Any one who divorces his wife and marries another woman commits adultery, and whoever marries a woman who has been divorced from her husband commits adultery.

" There was once a rich man, who used to dress in purple and fine linen, and to live in luxury every day. And a beggar named Lazarus was put down at his gate covered with sores and eager to satisfy his hunger with what was thrown away from the rich man's table. Why, the very dogs came and licked his sores. And it came about that the beggar died and was carried away by the angels to the companionship of Abraham, and the rich man too died and was buried. And in Hades he looked up, tormented as he was, and saw Abraham far away, with Lazarus beside him. And he called to him and said, ' Father Abraham! take pity on me, and send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am in torment, here in the flames! ' And Abraham said, ' My child, remember that you received your blessings in your lifetime, and Lazarus had his misfortunes

in his; and now he is being comforted here, while you are in anguish. Besides there is a great chasm set between you and us, so that those who want to go over from this side to you cannot, and they cannot cross from your side to us.' And he said, ' Then I beg you, father, to send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers; let him warn them so that they will not also come to this place of torture.' Abraham answered, ' They have Moses and the prophets; let them listen to them.' But he said, ' No! Father Abraham, but if someone will go to them from the dead, they will repent! ' He answered, ' If they will not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will not be convinced even if someone rises from the dead! ' "

And he said to his disciples,

" It is inevitable that hindrances should arise, but alas for the man who causes them! He might better have a millstone hung around his neck, and be thrown into the sea, than be a hindrance to one of these humble people. Look out for yourselves! If your brother wrongs you, take it up with him, and if he repents, forgive him. And if he wrongs you seven times a day, and seven times turns to you and says, ' I am sorry,' you must forgive him."

The apostles said to the Master,

" Give us more faith."

And the Master said,

" If your faith is as big as a mustard seed, you might have said to this mulberry tree, ' Be pulled up by the roots and planted in the sea,' and it would have obeyed you!

" What man among you, if he has a servant ploughing or keeping sheep, will say to him when he comes in from the field, ' Come at once and sit down at the table,' instead of saying to him, ' Get my supper ready, and dress yourself, and wait on me while I eat and drink, and you can eat and drink afterward ' ? Is he grateful to the slave for doing what he has been ordered to do? So you also, when you do all you have been ordered to do, must say, ' We are good-for-nothing slaves! We have done only what we ought to have done! ' "

It happened that, on his way to Jerusalem, he passed through Samaria and Galilee. And as he was going into one village he met ten lepers, and they stood at some distance from him and raising their voices, said,

" Jesus, Master, take pity on us! "

And when he saw them, he said to them,

" Go and show yourselves to the priests."

And as they went they were cured. But one of them, when he saw that he was cured, came back, loudly praising God, and fell on his face at Jesus' feet, and thanked him. He was a Samaritan. And Jesus said,

" Were not all ten cured? Where are the other nine? Was no one found to return and give thanks to God except this foreigner? "

And he said to him,

" Stand up and go! Your faith has cured you."

He was once asked by the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God would come, and he answered,

" The Kingdom of God is not coming visibly, and people will not say, ' Look! Here it is! ' or ' There it is! ' for the Kingdom of God is within you."

And he said to his disciples,

" The time will come when you will long to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and you will not be able to do so. Men will say to you, ' Look! There he is! ' or, ' Look! Here he is! ' Do not go off in pursuit of him, for just as when the lightning flashes, it shines from one end of the sky to the other, that will be the way with the Son of Man. But first he must go through much suffering, and be refused by this age. In the time of the Son of Man it will be just as it was in the time of Noah. People went on eating, drinking, marrying, and being married up to the very day that Noah got into the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all. Or as it was in Lot's time; they went on eating, drinking, buying, selling, planting, and building, but the day Lot left Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all. It will be like that on the day when the Son of Man appears. A man who is on the roof of his house that day, with his goods in the house, must not go down to get them, and a man in the field, too, must not turn back. Remember Lot's wife! Whoever tries to preserve his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life will preserve it. I tell you, there will be two men in the same bed that night; one will be taken and the other left. There will be two women grinding together; one will be taken and the other left! "

They said to him,

" Where will this be, Master? "

And he said to them,

" Wherever there is a dead body the vultures will flock! "

He gave them an illustration to show that they must always pray and not give up, and he said,

" There was once in a city a judge who had no fear of God and no respect for men. There was a widow in the city and she came to him and said, ' Protect me from my opponent.' And he would not for a time, but afterward he said to himself, ' Though I have no fear of God nor respect for men, yet because this widow bothers me, I will protect her, so that she may not finally wear me out with her coming.' "

And the Master said,

" Listen to what this dishonest judge said! Then will not God provide protection for his chosen people, who cry out to him day and night? I tell you, he will make haste to provide it! But when the Son of Man comes, will he find faith on earth? "

To some who were confident of their own uprightness, and thought nothing of others, he used this illustration:

"Two men went up to the Temple to pray; one was a Pharisee and the other a tax-collector. The Pharisee stood up and uttered this prayer to himself: 'O God, I thank you that I am not like other men, greedy, dishonest, or adulterous, like that tax-collector. I fast two days in the week; I pay tithes on everything I get.' But the tax-collector stood at a distance and would not even raise his eyes to heaven, but struck his breast, and said, 'O God, have mercy on a sinner like me!' I tell you, it was he who went back to his house with God's approval, and not the other. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, but the man who humbles himself will be exalted."

People brought babies to him to have him touch them, but the disciples, when they saw it, reproved them for it. But Jesus called them up to him and said,

"Let the children come to me and do not try to stop them, for the Kingdom of God belongs to such as they. I tell you, whoever does not accept the Kingdom of God like a child will not enter it at all."

A member of the council asked him,

"Good master, what must I do to make sure of eternal life?"

Jesus said to him,

"Why do you call me good? No one is good but God himself. You know the commandments, 'Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honour your father and mother.'"

And he said,

"I have obeyed all these commandments ever since I was a child."

When Jesus heard this, he said to him,

"There is one thing that you still lack. Sell all that you have, and divide the money among the poor, and then you will have riches in heaven; and come back and be a follower of mine."

But when he heard that, he was much cast down, for he was very rich. And when Jesus saw it, he said,

"How hard it will be for those who have money to get into the Kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of God!"

And those who heard it said,

"Then who can be saved?"

And he said,

"The things that are impossible for men are possible for God!"

Peter said,

"Here we have left home and followed you."

And he said to them,

"I tell you, there is no one who has given up home or wife or brothers or parents or children for the Kingdom of God who will not receive many times more in this time, and in the coming age eternal life."

And he took the Twelve aside and said to them,

" See! we are going up to Jerusalem, and everything written in the prophets about the Son of Man will be fulfilled. For he will be handed over to the heathen, and ridiculed and insulted and spat upon, and they will flog him and kill him, and on the third day he will rise again."

And they did not understand any of this; the words were obscure to them, and they did not know what he meant.

As he approached Jericho, a blind man happened to be sitting by the roadside begging. And hearing a crowd going by, he asked what it meant. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was coming by. And he shouted,

" Jesus, you Son of David, take pity on me! "

And those who were in front reproved him and told him to be quiet, but he cried out all the louder,

" You Son of David, take pity on me! "

And Jesus stopped and ordered the man to be brought to him. When he came up, Jesus asked him,

" What do you want me to do for you? "

He answered,

" Master, let me regain my sight! "

And Jesus said to him,

" Regain your sight! Your faith has cured you! "

And he regained his sight immediately, and followed Jesus, giving thanks to God. And all the people saw it and praised God.

And he went into Jericho and was passing through it. Now there was a man named Zaccheus, the principal tax-collector, a rich man, who wanted to see who Jesus was, and he could not because of the crowd, for he was a small man. So he ran on ahead and climbed up into a sycamore tree, to see him, for Jesus was coming that way. When Jesus reached the place, he looked up and said to him,

" Zaccheus, come down quickly! for I must stay at your house today."

And he came down quickly and welcomed him gladly. And when they saw this, everyone complained, and said,

" He has gone to stay with an irreligious man! "

But Zaccheus stopped and said to the Master,

" See, Master! I will give half my property to the poor, and if I have defrauded anyone of anything, I will pay him four times as much."

Jesus said to him,

" Salvation has come to this house today, for he too is a descendant of Abraham. For the Son of Man has come to search for what was lost and to save it."

As they were listening to this, Jesus went on to give them an illustration, because he was near Jerusalem and they supposed that the Kingdom of God was immediately going to appear. So he said,

" A nobleman once went to a distant country to secure his appointment to a kingdom and then return. And he called in ten of his slaves and gave

them each twenty dollars and told them to trade with it while he was gone. But his countrymen hated him, and they sent a delegation after him to say, 'We do not want this man made king over us.' And when he had secured the appointment and returned, he ordered the slaves to whom he had given the money to be called in, so that he could find out how much they had made. The first one came in and said, 'Your twenty dollars has made two hundred, sir!' And he said to him, 'Well done, my excellent slave! You have proved trustworthy about a very small amount, you shall be governor of ten towns.' The second came in and said, 'Your twenty dollars has made a hundred, sir!' And he said to him, 'And you shall be governor of five towns!' And the other one came in and said, 'Here is your twenty dollars, sir. I have kept it put away in a handkerchief, for I was afraid of you, for you are a stern man. You pick up what you did not lay down, and reap what you did not sow.' He said to him, 'Out of your own mouth I will convict you, you wretched slave! You knew, did you, that I was a stern man, and that I pick up what I did not lay down, and harvest what I did not sow? Then why did you not put my money in the bank, so that when I came back I could have gotten it with interest?' And he said to the bystanders, 'Take the twenty dollars away from him, and give it to the man who has the two hundred!' They said to him, 'He has two hundred, sir!'—'I tell you, the man who has will have more given him, and from the man who has nothing, even what he has will be taken away! But bring those enemies of mine here who did not want me made king over them, and slaughter them in my presence!'"

With these words he went on ahead of them, on his way to Jerusalem.

When he was near Bethphage and Bethany by the hill called the Mount of Olives, he sent for two of his disciples and said to them,

"Go to the village that lies in front of you, and as you enter it you will find tied there a colt that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it here. And if anyone asks you why you are untying it, you are to say, 'The Master needs it.'"

And the messengers went and found it just as he had told them. And as they were untying the colt, its owners said to them,

"Why are you untying the colt?"

And they said,

"The Master needs it!"

And they brought it to Jesus. And they threw their coats on the colt and mounted Jesus on it. And as he went on, people spread their coats in the road. Just as he was coming down the Mount of Olives and approaching the city, the whole throng of his disciples began to praise God loudly and joyfully, for all the wonders they had seen, and to say,

> "Blessed is the king who comes in the Lord's name,
> Peace be in heaven and glory on high!"

Some Pharisees in the crowd said to him,

" Master, reprove your disciples! "

And he answered,

" I tell you, if they keep silence, the stones will cry out! "

As he approached the city and saw it, he wept over it, and said,

" If you yourself only knew today the conditions of peace! But as it is, they are hidden from you. For a time is coming upon you when your enemies will throw up earthworks about you and surround you and shut you in on all sides, and they will throw you and your children within you to the ground, and they will not leave one stone upon another within you because you did not know when God visited you! "

Then he went into the Temple and proceeded to drive out those who were selling things there, and he said to them,

" The Scripture says, ' And my house shall be a house of prayer,' but you have made it a den of robbers! "

Every day he taught in the Temple, and the high priests and scribes and the leading men of the people were trying to destroy him, but they could not find any way to do it, for all the people hung upon his words.

One day as he was teaching the people in the Temple, and preaching the good news, the high priests and scribes came up with the elders and said to him,

" Tell us what authority you have for doing as you do, or who gave you any such authority? "

He said to them,

" I will ask you a question too. Tell me, did John's baptism come from heaven or from men? "

And they argued with one another, and said,

" If we say ' From heaven,' he will say, ' Why did you not believe him? ' But if we say, ' From men,' all the people will stone us to death, for they are convinced that John was a prophet."

So they answered that they did not know where it came from. And Jesus said to them,

" Nor will I tell you what authority I have for doing as I do."

Then he went on to give the people this illustration:

" A man once planted a vineyard, and leased it to tenants, and went away for a long absence. And at the proper time he sent a slave to the tenants to have them give him a share of the vintage, but the tenants beat him, and sent him back empty-handed. And again he sent another slave, and they beat him also and mistreated him and sent him back empty-handed. And again he sent a third, but they wounded him too, and threw him outside. Then the owner of the vineyard said, ' What can I do? I will send them my dear son; perhaps they will respect him.' But when the tenants saw him, they argued with one another, ' This is his heir! Let us kill him, so that the property will belong to us! ' So they drove him out of

the vineyard and killed him. Now what will the owner of the vineyard do to them? He will come and put those tenants to death, and give the vineyard to others."

When they heard this they said,

"Heaven forbid!"

He looked at them and said,

"Then what does this saying of Scripture mean,

"'That stone which the builders rejected
Has become the cornerstone'?

Whoever falls on that stone will be shattered, but whoever it falls upon will be pulverized."

And the scribes and high priests wanted to arrest him then and there, but they were afraid of the people, for they knew that he had aimed this illustration at them. So they kept watch of him and set some spies who pretended to be honest men to fasten on something that he said, so that they might hand him over to the control and authority of the governor. And they asked him,

"Master, we know that you are right in what you say and teach, and that you show no favour, but teach the way of God in sincerity. Is it right for us to pay taxes to the emperor, or not?"

But he detected their trickery, and said to them,

"Show me a denarius. Whose head and title does it bear?"

They said,

"The emperor's."

He said to them,

"Then pay the emperor what belongs to the emperor, and pay God what belongs to God!"

So they could not fasten on what he said before the people, and they were amazed at his answer, and said nothing more.

Then some of the Sadducees, who say that there is no resurrection, came up and asked him,

"Master, Moses made us a law that if a man's brother die leaving a wife but no children, the man should marry the widow and raise up a family for his brother. Now there were seven brothers. And the eldest married a wife and died childless. And the second married her, and the third, and all the seven married her and died without leaving any child. Afterward the woman died too. Now at the resurrection, which one's wife will the woman be? For all seven of them married her."

Jesus said to them,

"The people of this world marry and are married, but those who are thought worthy to attain that other world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are married. For they cannot die again; they are like the angels, and through sharing in the resurrection, they are sons of

God. But that the dead are raised to life, even Moses indicated in the passage about the bush, when he calls the Lord ' the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.' He is not the God of dead men but of living, for all men are alive to him."

Some of the scribes replied,

" Master, that was a fine answer! "

For they did not dare to ask him any more questions.

But he said to them,

" How can the scribes say that the Christ is a son of David? For David himself says in the Book of Psalms,

> " ' The Lord has said to my lord, " Sit at my right hand,
> Until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet! " '

David then calls him lord. So how can he be his son? "

While all the people were listening, he said to his disciples,

" Beware of the scribes who like to go about in long robes, and love to be saluted with respect in public places, and to have the front seats in the synagogues and the best places at banquets — men who eat up widows' houses and to cover it up make long prayers! They will get all the heavier sentence! "

And looking up, he saw the rich people dropping their gifts into the treasury. And he saw a poor widow drop in two coppers. And he said,

" I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all the rest. For they all gave from what they had to spare, but she in her want has put in all she had to live on."

When some spoke about the Temple and its decoration with costly stone and votive offerings, he said,

" As for all this that you are looking at, the time is coming when not one stone will be left here upon another that will not be torn down! "

Then they asked him,

" Master, when will this happen, and what will be the sign that it is going to take place? "

And he said,

" Take care not to be misled. For many will come under my name, and say, ' I am he,' and ' The time is at hand.' Do not follow them. But when you hear of wars and outbreaks, do not be alarmed. These have to come first, but the end does not follow immediately."

Then he said to them,

" Nation will rise in arms against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be great earthquakes, and pestilence and famine here and there. There will be horrors and great sins in the sky. But before all this, men will arrest you and persecute you, and hand you over to synagogues and prisons and have you brought before kings and governors on my account. It will all lead to your testifying. So make up your minds not to prepare

your defense, for I will give you such wisdom of utterance as none of your opponents will be able to resist or dispute. You will be betrayed even by your parents and brothers and kinsmen and friends and they will put some of you to death, and you will be hated by everyone because you bear my name. Yet not a hair of your head will perish! It is by your endurance that you will win your souls. But when you see Jerusalem being surrounded by armies, then you must understand that her devastation is at hand. Then those who are in Judea must fly to the hills, those who are in the city must get out of it, and those who are in the country must not go into it, for those are the days of vengeance, when all that is written in the Scriptures will be fulfilled. But alas for women who are with child at that time, or who have babes, for there will be great misery in the land and anger at this people. They will fall by the edge of the sword, and be carried off as prisoners among all nations, and Jerusalem will be trampled under foot by the heathen, until the time of the heathen comes. There will be signs too in sun, moon and stars, and on earth dismay among the heathen, bewildered at the roar of the sea and the waves. Men will swoon with fear and foreboding of what is to happen to the world, for the forces in the sky will shake. Then they will see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with great power and glory. But when this begins to happen, look up and raise your heads, for your deliverance will be at hand."

And he gave them an illustration:

"See the fig tree and all the trees. As soon as they put out their leaves, you see them and you know without being told that summer is coming. So when you see these things happen, you must know that the Kingdom of God is at hand. I tell you, it will all happen before the present generation passes away. Earth and sky will pass away, but my words will not. But take care that your hearts are not loaded down with self-indulgence and drunkenness and worldly cares, and that day takes you by surprise, like a trap. For it will come on all who are living anywhere on the face of the earth. But you must be vigilant and always pray that you may succeed in escaping all this that is going to happen, and in standing in the presence of the Son of Man."

He would spend the days teaching in the Temple, but at night he would go out of the city and stay on the hill called the Mount of Olives. And in the morning all the people would come to him in the Temple to listen to him.

The festival of Unleavened Bread, which is called the Passover, was approaching. And the high priests and the scribes were casting about for a way to put him to death, for they were afraid of the people.

But Satan entered into Judas, who was called Iscariot, a member of the Twelve. And he went off and discussed with the high priests and captains of the Temple how he could betray him to them. And they were delighted

and agreed to pay him for it. And he accepted their offer, and watched for an opportunity to betray him to them without a disturbance.

When the day of Unleavened Bread came, on which the Passover lamb had to be sacrificed, Jesus sent Peter and John, saying to them,

" Go and make preparations for us to eat the Passover."

They said to him,

" Where do you want us to prepare it? "

He said to them,

" Just after you enter the city, you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow him to the house to which he goes, and say to the man of the house, ' Our Master says to you, " Where is the room where I can eat the Passover supper with my disciples? " ' And he will show you a large room upstairs with the necessary furniture. Make your preparations there."

So they went and found everything just as he had told them, and they prepared the Passover supper.

When the time came, he took his place at the table, with the apostles about him. And he said to them,

" I have greatly desired to eat this Passover supper with you before I suffer. For I tell you, I will never eat one again until it reaches its fulfilment in the Kingdom of God."

And when he was handed a cup, he thanked God, and then said,

" Take this and share it among you, for I tell you, I will not drink the product of the vine again until the Kingdom of God comes."

And he took a loaf of bread and thanked God, and broke it in pieces, and gave it to them, saying,

" This is my body. Yet look! The hand of the man who is betraying me is beside me on the table! For the Son of Man is going his way, as it has been decreed, but alas for the man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! "

And they began to discuss with one another which of them it was who was going to do this. A dispute also arose among them, as to which one of them ought to be considered the greatest. But he said to them,

" The kings of the heathen lord it over them, and their authorities are given the title of Benefactor. But you are not to do so, but whoever is greatest among you must be like the youngest, and the leader like a servant. For which is greater, the man at the table, or the servant who waits on him? Is not the man at the table? Yet I am like a servant among you. But it is you who have stood by me in my trials. So just as my Father has conferred a kingdom on me, I confer on you the right to eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and to sit on thrones and judge the twelve tribes of Israel! O Simon, Simon! Satan has obtained permission to sift all of you like wheat, but I have prayed that your own faith may not fail. And afterward you yourself must turn and strengthen your brothers."

Peter said to him,

" Master, I am ready to go to prison and to death with you! "

But he said,

" I tell you, Peter, the cock will not crow today before you deny three times that you know me! "

And he said to them,

" When I sent you out without any purse or bag or shoes, was there anything you needed? "

They said,

" No, nothing."

He said to them,

" But now, if a man has a purse let him take it, and a bag too. And a man who has no sword must sell his coat and buy one. For I tell you that this saying of Scripture must find its fulfilment in me: ' He was rated an outlaw.' Yes, that saying about me is to be fulfilled! "

But they said,

" See, Master, here are two swords! "

And he said to them,

" Enough of this! "

And he went out of the city and up on the Mount of Olives as he was accustomed to do, with his disciples following him. And when he reached the spot, he said to them,

" Pray that you may not be subjected to trial."

And he withdrew about a stone's throw from them, and kneeling down he prayed and said,

" Father, if you are willing, take this cup away from me. But not my will but yours be done! "

When he got up from his prayer, he went to the disciples and found them asleep from sorrow. And he said to them,

" Why are you asleep? Get up, and pray that you may not be subjected to trial! "

While he was still speaking, a crowd of people came up, with the man called Judas, one of the Twelve, at their head, and he stepped up to Jesus to kiss him. Jesus said to him,

" Would you betray the Son of Man with a kiss? "

Those who were about him saw what was coming and said,

" Master, shall we use our swords? "

And one of them did strike at the high priest's slave and cut his right ear off. But Jesus answered,

" Let me do this much! "

And he touched his ear and healed him. And Jesus said to the high priests, captains of the Temple, and elders who had come to take him,

" Have you come out with swords and clubs as though I were a robber? When I was among you day after day in the Temple you never laid a hand on me! But you choose this hour, and the cover of darkness! "

Then they arrested him and led him away and took him to the house

of the high priest. And Peter followed at a distance. And they kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and sat about it, and Peter sat down among them. A maid saw him sitting by the fire and looked at him and said,

" This man was with him too."

But he denied it, and said,

" I do not know him."

Shortly after, a man saw him and said,

" You are one of them too! "

But Peter said,

" I am not! "

About an hour later, another man insisted,

" This man was certainly with him too, for he is a Galilean! "

But Peter said,

" I do not know what you mean."

And immediately, just as he spoke, a cock crowed. And the Master turned and looked at Peter, and Peter remembered the words the Master had said to him — " Before the cock crows today, you will disown me three times! " And he went outside and wept bitterly.

The men who had Jesus in custody flogged him and made sport of him, and they blindfolded him, and asked him,

" Show that you are a prophet! Who was it that struck you? "

And they said many other abusive things to him.

As soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the high priests and scribes assembled, and brought him before their council, and said to him,

" If you are the Christ, tell us so."

But he said to them,

" If I tell you, you will not believe me, and if I ask you a question, you will not answer me. But from this time on, the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of God Almighty! "

And they all said,

" Are you the Son of God then? "

And he said to them,

" I am, as you say! "

Then they said,

" What do we want of testimony now? We have heard it ourselves from his own mouth! "

Then they arose in a body and took him to Pilate, and they made this charge against him:

" Here is a man whom we have found misleading our nation, and forbidding the payment of taxes to the emperor, and claiming to be an anointed king himself."

And Pilate asked him,

" Are you the king of the Jews? "

He answered,

"Yes."

And Pilate said to the high priests and the crowd,

"I cannot find anything criminal about this man."

But they persisted and said,

"He is stirring up the people all over Judea by his teaching. He began in Galilee and he has come here."

When Pilate heard this, he asked if the man were a Galilean, and learning that he belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, he turned him over to Herod, for Herod was in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus he was delighted, for he had wanted for a long time to see him, because he had heard about him and he hoped to see some wonder done by him. And he questioned him at some length, but he made him no answer. Meanwhile the high priests and the scribes stood by and vehemently accused him. And Herod and his guards made light of him and ridiculed him, and they put a gorgeous robe on him and sent him back to Pilate. And Herod and Pilate became friends that day, for they had been at enmity before.

Pilate summoned the high priests and the leading members of the council and the people, and said to them,

"You brought this man before me charged with misleading the people, and here I have examined him before you and not found him guilty of any of the things that you accuse him of. Neither has Herod, for he has sent him back to us. You see he has done nothing to call for his death. So I will teach him a lesson and let him go."

But they all shouted out,

"Kill him, and release Barabbas for us!"

(He was a man who had been put in prison for a riot that had taken place in the city and for murder.) But Pilate wanted to let Jesus go, and he called out to them again. But they kept on shouting,

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

And he said to them a third time,

"Why, what has he done that is wrong? For I have found nothing about him to call for his death. So I will teach him a lesson and let him go."

But they persisted with loud outcries in demanding that he be crucified, and their shouting won. And Pilate pronounced sentence that what they asked for should be done. He released the man they asked for, who had been put in prison for riot and murder, and handed Jesus over to their will.

As they led Jesus away, they seized a man named Simon, from Cyrene, who was coming in from the country, and put the cross on his back, for him to carry behind Jesus. He was followed by a great crowd of the people and of women who were beating their breasts and lamenting him. But Jesus turned to them and said,

"Women of Jerusalem, do not weep for me but weep for yourselves

and for your children, for a time is coming when they will say, ' Happy are the childless women, and those who have never borne or nursed children! ' Then people will begin to say to the mountains, ' Fall on us! ' and to the hills, ' Cover us up! ' For if this is what they do when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry? "

Two criminals were also led out to execution with him.

When they reached the place called the Skull, they crucified him there, with the criminals one at his right and one at his left. And they divided up his clothes among them by drawing lots for them, while the people stood looking on. Even the leading councillors jeered at him, and said,

" He has saved others, let him save himself, if he is really God's Christ, his Chosen One! "

The soldiers also made sport of him, coming up and offering him sour wine, saying,

" If you are the king of the Jews, save yourself! "

For there was a notice above his head, " This is the king of the Jews! "

One of the criminals who were hanging there, abused him, saying,

" Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us too! "

But the other reproved him and said,

" Have you no fear even of God when you are suffering the same penalty? And we are suffering it justly, for we are only getting our deserts, but this man has done nothing wrong."

And he said,

" Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom! "

And he said to him,

" I tell you, you will be in Paradise with me today! "

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole country, and lasted until three in the afternoon, as the sun was in eclipse. And the curtain before the sanctuary was torn in two. Then Jesus gave a loud cry, and said,

" Father, I intrust my spirit to your hands! "

With these words he expired.

When the captain saw what had happened he praised God, and said,

" This man was really innocent! "

And all the crowds that had collected for the sight, when they saw what happened, returned to the city beating their breasts. And all his acquaintances and the women who had come with him from Galilee, stood at a distance looking on.

Now there was a man named Joseph, a member of the council, a good and upright man, who had not voted for the plan or action of the council. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea and lived in expectation of the Kingdom of God. He went to Pilate and asked for Jesus' body. Then he took it down from the cross and wrapped it in linen and laid it in a tomb hewn in the rock, where no one had yet been laid. It was the Preparation

Day, and the Sabbath was just beginning. The women who had followed Jesus from Galilee followed and saw the tomb and how his body was put there. Then they went home, and prepared spices and perfumes.

On the Sabbath they rested in obedience to the commandment, but on the first day of the week, at early dawn, they went to the tomb, taking the spices they had prepared. But they found the stone rolled back from the tomb, and when they went inside they could not find the body. They were in great perplexity over this, when suddenly two men in dazzling clothing stood beside them. The women were frightened and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them,

" Why do you look among the dead for him who is alive? Remember what he told you while he was still in Galilee, when he said that the Son of Man must be handed over to wicked men and be crucified and rise again on the third day."

Then they remembered his words, and they went back from the tomb and told all this to the eleven and all the rest. They were Mary of Magdala and Joanna and Mary, James's mother; and the other women also told this to the apostles. But the story seemed to them to be nonsense and they would not believe them.

That same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and they were talking together about all these things that had happened. And as they were talking and discussing them, Jesus himself came up and went with them, but they were prevented from recognizing him. And he said to them,

" What is all this that you are discussing with each other on your way? "

They stopped sadly, and one of them named Cleopas said to him,

" Are you the only visitor to Jerusalem who does not know what has happened there lately? "

And he said,

" What is it? "

They said to him,

" About Jesus of Nazareth, who in the eyes of God and of all the people was a prophet mighty in deed and word, and how the high priests and our leading men gave him up to be sentenced to death, and had him crucified. But we were hoping that he was to be the deliverer of Israel. Why, besides all this, it is three days since it happened. But some women of our number have astounded us. They went to the tomb early this morning and could not find his body, but came back and said that they had actually seen a vision of angels who said that he was alive. Then some of our party went to the tomb and found things just as the women had said, but they did not see him."

Then he said to them,

" How foolish you are and how slow to believe all that the prophets have said! Did not the Christ have to suffer thus before entering upon his glory? "

And he began with Moses and all the prophets and explained to them the passages all through the Scriptures that referred to himself. When they reached the village to which they were going, he acted as though he were going on, but they urged him not to, and said,

" Stay with us, for it is getting toward evening, and the day is nearly over."

So he went in to stay with them. And when he took his place with them at table, he took the bread and blessed it and broke it in pieces and handed it to them. Then their eyes opened and they knew him, and he vanished from them. And they said to each other,

" Did not our hearts glow when he was talking to us on the road, and was explaining the Scriptures to us? "

And they got up immediately and went back to Jerusalem, and found the eleven and their party all together, and learned from them that the Master had really risen and had been seen by Simon. And they told what had happened on the road, and how they had known him when he broke the bread in pieces.

While they were still talking of these things, he himself stood among them. They were startled and panic-stricken, and thought they saw a ghost. But he said to them,

" Why are you so disturbed, and why do doubts arise in your minds? Look at my hands and feet, for it is I myself! Feel of me and see, for a ghost has not flesh and bones, as you see I have."

But they could not yet believe it for sheer joy and they were amazed. And he said to them,

" Have you anything here to eat? "

And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and he took it and ate it before their eyes.

Then he said to them,

" This is what I told you when I was still with you — that everything that is written about me in the Law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms must come true."

Then he opened their minds to the understanding of the Scriptures, and said to them,

" The Scriptures said that the Christ should suffer as he has done, and rise from the dead on the third day, and that repentance leading to the forgiveness of sins should be preached to all the heathen in his name. You are to be witnesses to all this, beginning at Jerusalem. And I will send down upon you what my Father has promised. Wait here in the city until you are clothed with power from on high."

And he led them out as far as Bethany. Then he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And as he was blessing them, he parted from them. And they went back with great joy to Jerusalem, and were constantly in the Temple, blessing God.

Medieval Europe

CHARLEMAGNE

About 742–814 A.D.

By EGINHARD[1] (770–*About* 836 A.D.)

THE Merovingian family, from which the Franks used to choose their kings, is commonly said to have lasted until the time of Childeric, who was deposed, shaved, and thrust into the cloister by command of the Roman Pontiff Stephen. But although, to all outward appearance, it ended with him, it had long since been devoid of vital strength, and conspicuous only from bearing the empty epithet Royal; the real power and authority in the kingdom lay in the hands of the chief officer of the court, the so-called Mayor of the Palace, and he was at the head of affairs. There was nothing left the King to do but to be content with his name of King, his flowing hair, and long beard; to sit on his throne and play the ruler; to give ear to the ambassadors that came from all quarters, and to dismiss them, as if on his own responsibility, in words that were, in fact, suggested to him, or even imposed upon him. He had nothing that he could call his own beyond this vain title of King, and the precarious support allowed by the Mayor of the Palace in his discretion, except a single country seat, that brought him but a very small income. There was a dwelling-house upon this, and a small number of servants attached to it, sufficient to perform the necessary offices. When he had to go abroad, he used to ride in a cart, drawn by a yoke of oxen, driven, peasant-fashion, by a ploughman; he rode in this way to the palace and to the general assembly of the people, that met once a year for the welfare of the kingdom, and he returned home in like manner. The Mayor of the Palace took charge of the government, and of everything that had to be planned or executed at home or abroad.

At the time of Childeric's deposition, Pepin, the father of King Charles, held this office of Mayor of the Palace, one might almost say, by hereditary right; for Pepin's father, Charles, had received it at the hands of his father,

[1] Reprinted from *The Life of the Emperor Charles,* translated by S. E. Turner, N. Y., no date.

The *Life* was written in Latin. The translator's notes and paragraph numbers are omitted.

Pepin, and filled it with distinction. It was this Charles that crushed the tyrants who claimed to rule the whole Frank land as their own, and that utterly routed the Saracens, when they attempted the conquest of Gaul, in two great battles — one in Aquitania, near the town of Poitiers, and the other on the River Berre, near Narbonne — and compelled them to return to Spain. This honour was usually conferred by the people only upon men eminent from their illustrious birth and ample wealth. For some years, ostensibly under King Childeric, Pepin, the father of King Charles, shared the duties inherited from his father and grandfather most amicably with his brother, Carloman. The latter, then, for reasons unknown, renounced the heavy cares of an earthly crown and retired to Rome. Here he exchanged his worldly garb for a cowl, and built a monastery on Mt. Oreste, near the Church of St. Sylvester, where he enjoyed for several years the seclusion that he desired, in company with certain others who had the same object in view. But so many distinguished Franks made the pilgrimage to Rome to fulfil their vows, and insisted upon paying their respects to him, as their former lord, on the way, that the repose which he so much loved was broken by these frequent visits, and he was driven to change his abode. Accordingly, when he found that his plans were frustrated by his many visitors, he abandoned the mountain, and withdrew to the Monastery of St. Benedict, on Monte Casino, in the province of Samnium, and passed the rest of his days there in the exercises of religion.

Pepin, however, was raised, by decree of the Roman Pontiff, from the rank of Mayor of the Palace to that of King, and ruled alone over the Franks for fifteen years or more. He died of dropsy, in Paris, at the close of the Aquitanian war, which he had waged with William, Duke of Aquitania, for nine successive years, and left two sons, Charles and Carloman, upon whom, by the grace of God, the succession devolved.

The Franks, in a general assembly of the people, made them both kings, on condition that they should divide the whole kingdom equally between them, Charles to take and rule the part that had belonged to their father, Pepin, and Carloman the part which their uncle, Carloman, had governed. The conditions were accepted, and each entered into possession of the share of the kingdom that fell to him by this arrangement; but peace was only maintained between them with the greatest difficulty, because many of Carloman's party kept trying to disturb their good understanding, and there were some even who plotted to involve them in a war with each other. The event, however, showed the danger to have been rather imaginary than real, for at Carloman's death his widow fled to Italy with her sons and her principal adherents, and without reason, despite her husband's brother, put herself and her children under the protection of Desiderius, King of the Lombards. Carloman had succumbed to disease after ruling two years in common with his brother, and at his death Charles was unanimously elected King of the Franks.

It would be folly, I think, to write a word concerning Charles's birth and infancy, or even his boyhood, for nothing has ever been written on the subject, and there is no one alive now who can give information of it. Accordingly, I have determined to pass that by as unknown, and to proceed at once to treat of his character, his deeds, and such other facts of his life as are worth telling and setting forth, and shall first give an account of his deeds at home and abroad, then of his character and pursuits, and lastly of his administration and death, omitting nothing worth knowing or necessary to know.

His first undertaking in a military way was the Aquitanian war, begun by his father, but not brought to a close; and because he thought that it could be readily carried through, he took it up while his brother was yet alive, calling upon him to render aid. The campaign once opened, he conducted it with the greatest vigour, notwithstanding his brother withheld the assistance that he had promised, and did not desist or shrink from his self-imposed task until, by his patience and firmness, he had completely gained his ends. He compelled Hunold, who had attempted to seize Aquitania after Waifar's death, and renew the war then almost concluded, to abandon Aquitania and flee to Gascony. Even here he gave him no rest, but crossed the River Garonne, built the Castle of Fronsac, and sent ambassadors to Lupus, Duke of Gascony, to demand the surrender of the fugitive, threatening to take him by force unless he were promptly given up to him. Thereupon Lupus chose the wiser course, and not only gave Hunold up, but submitted himself, with the province which he ruled, to the King.

After bringing this war to an end and settling matters in Aquitania (his associate in authority had meantime departed this life), he was induced, by the prayers and entreaties of Hadrian, Bishop of the city of Rome, to wage war on the Lombards. His father before him had undertaken this task at the request of Pope Stephen, but under great difficulties; for certain leading Franks, of whom he usually took counsel, had so vehemently opposed his design as to declare openly that they would leave the King and go home. Nevertheless, the war against the Lombard king, Astolf, had been taken up and very quickly concluded. Now, although Charles seems to have had similar, or rather just the same grounds for declaring war that his father had, the war itself differed from the preceding one alike in its difficulties and its issue. Pepin, to be sure, after besieging King Astolf a few days in Pavia, had compelled him to give hostages, to restore to the Romans the cities and castles that he had taken, and to make oath that he would not attempt to seize them again: but Charles did not cease, after declaring war, until he had exhausted King Desiderius by a long siege, and forced him to surrender at discretion; driven his son Adalgis, the last hope of the Lombards, not only from his kingdom, but from all Italy; restored to the Romans all that they had lost; subdued Hruodgaus,

Duke of Friuli, who was plotting revolution; reduced all Italy to his power, and set his son Pepin as king over it.

At this point I should describe Charles's difficult passage over the Alps into Italy, and the hardships that the Franks endured in climbing the trackless mountain-ridges, the heaven-aspiring cliffs and ragged peaks, if it were not my purpose in this work to record the manner of his life rather than the incidents of the wars that he waged. Suffice it to say that this war ended with the subjection of Italy, the banishment of King Desiderius for life, the expulsion of his son Adalgis from Italy, and the restoration of the conquests of the Lombard kings to Hadrian, the head of the Roman Church.

At the conclusion of this struggle, the Saxon war, that seems to have been only laid aside for the time, was taken up again. No war ever undertaken by the Frank nation was carried on with such persistence and bitterness, or cost so much labour, because the Saxons, like almost all the tribes of Germany, were a fierce people, given to the worship of devils, and hostile to our religion, and did not consider it dishonourable to transgress and violate all law, human and divine. Then there were peculiar circumstances that tended to cause a breach of peace every day. Except in a few places, where large forests or mountain ridges intervened and made the bounds certain, the line between ourselves and the Saxons passed almost in its whole extent through an open country, so that there was no end to the murders, thefts, and arsons on both sides. In this way the Franks became so embittered that they at last resolved to make reprisals no longer, but to come to open war with the Saxons. Accordingly war was begun against them, and was waged for thirty-three successive years with great fury; more, however, to the disadvantage of the Saxons than of the Franks. It could doubtless have been brought to an end sooner, had it not been for the faithlessness of the Saxons. It is hard to say how often they were conquered, and, humbly submitting to the King, promised to do what was enjoined upon them, gave without hesitation the required hostages, and received the officers sent them from the King. They were sometimes so much weakened and reduced that they promised to renounce the worship of devils, and to adopt Christianity; but they were no less ready to violate these terms than prompt to accept them, so that it is impossible to tell which came easier to them to do; scarcely a year passed from the beginning of the war without such changes on their part. But the King did not suffer his high purpose and steadfastness — firm alike in good and evil fortune — to be wearied by any fickleness on their part, or to be turned from the task that he had undertaken; on the contrary, he never allowed their faithless behaviour to go unpunished, but either took the field against them in person, or sent his counts with an army to wreak vengeance and exact righteous satisfaction. At last, after conquering and subduing all who had offered resistance, he took ten thousand of those that lived on the banks of the

Elbe, and settled them, with their wives and children, in many different bodies here and there in Gaul and Germany. The war that had lasted so many years was at length ended by their acceding to the terms offered by the King; which were renunciation of their national religious customs and the worship of devils, acceptance of the sacraments of the Christian faith and religion, and union with the Franks to form one people.

Charles himself fought but two pitched battles in this war, although it was long protracted — one on Mount Osning, at the place called Detmold, and again on the bank of the River Hase, both in the space of little more than a month. The enemy were so routed and overthrown in these two battles that they never afterwards ventured to take the offensive or to resist the attacks of the King, unless they were protected by a strong position. A great many of the Frank as well as of the Saxon nobility, men occupying the highest posts of honour, perished in this war, which only came to an end after the lapse of thirty-two years. So many and grievous were the wars that were declared against the Franks in the meantime, and skilfully conducted by the King, that one may reasonably question whether his fortitude or his good fortune is to be more admired. The Saxon war began two years before the Italian war; but although it went on without interruption, business elsewhere was not neglected, nor was there any shrinking from other equally arduous contests. The King, who excelled all the princes of his time in wisdom and greatness of soul, did not suffer difficulty to deter him or danger to daunt him from anything that had to be taken up or carried through, for he had trained himself to bear and endure whatever came, without yielding in adversity, or trusting to the deceitful favours of fortune in prosperity.

In the midst of this vigorous and almost uninterrupted struggle with the Saxons, he covered the frontier by garrisons at the proper points, and marched over the Pyrenees into Spain at the head of all the forces that he could muster. All the towns and castles that he attacked surrendered, and up to the time of his homeward march he sustained no loss whatever; but on his return through the Pyrenees he had cause to rue the treachery of the Gascons. That region is well adapted for ambuscades by reason of the thick forests that cover it; and as the army was advancing in the long line of march necessitated by the narrowness of the road, the Gascons, who lay in ambush on the top of a very high mountain, attacked the rear of the baggage-train and the rear-guard in charge of it, and hurled them down to the very bottom of the valley. In the struggle that ensued, they cut them off to a man; they then plundered the baggage, and dispersed with all speed in every direction under cover of approaching night. The lightness of their armour and the nature of the battle ground stood the Gascons in good stead on this occasion, whereas the Franks fought at a disadvantage in every respect, because of the weight of their armour and the unevenness of the ground. Eggihard, the King's steward; Anselm, Count Palatine; and Ro-

land, Governor of the March of Brittany, with very many others, fell in this engagement. This ill turn could not be avenged for the nonce, because the enemy scattered so widely after carrying out their plan that not the least clew could be had to their whereabouts.

Charles also subdued the Bretons, who live on the sea coast, in the extreme western part of Gaul. When they refused to obey him, he sent an army against them, and compelled them to give hostages, and to promise to do his bidding. He afterwards entered Italy in person with his army, and passed through Rome to Capua, a city in Campania, where he pitched his camp and threatened the Beneventans with hostilities unless they should submit themselves to him. Their duke, Aragis, escaped the danger by sending his two sons, Rumold and Grimold, with a great sum of money to meet the King, begging him to accept them as hostages, and promising for himself and his people compliance with all the King's commands, on the single condition that his personal attendance should not be required. The King took the welfare of the people into account rather than the stubborn disposition of the Duke, accepted the proffered hostages, and released him from the obligation to appear before him in consideration of his handsome gift. He retained the younger son only as hostage, and sent the elder back to his father, and returned to Rome, leaving commissioners with Aragis to exact the oath of allegiance, and administer it to the Beneventans. He stayed in Rome several days in order to pay his devotions at the holy places, and then came back to Gaul.

At this time, on a sudden, the Bavarian war broke out, but came to a speedy end. It was due to the arrogance and folly of Duke Tassilo. His wife, a daughter of King Desiderius, was desirous of avenging her father's banishment through the agency of her husband, and accordingly induced him to make a treaty with the Huns, the neighbours of the Bavarians on the east, and not only to leave the King's commands unfulfilled, but to challenge him to war. Charles's high spirit could not brook Tassilo's insubordination, for it seemed to him to pass all bounds; accordingly he straightway summoned his troops from all sides for a campaign against Bavaria, and appeared in person with a great army on the river Lech, which forms the boundary between the Bavarians and the Alemanni. After pitching his camp upon its banks, he determined to put the Duke's disposition to the test by an embassy before entering the province. Tassilo did not think that it was for his own or his people's good to persist, so he surrended himself to the King, gave the hostages demanded, among them his own son Theodo, and promised by oath not to give ear to anyone who should attempt to turn him from his allegiance; so this war, which bade fair to be very grievous, came very quickly to an end. Tassilo, however, was afterwards summoned to the King's presence, and not suffered to depart, and the government of the province that he had had in charge was no longer intrusted to a duke, but to counts.

After these uprisings had been thus quelled, war was declared against the Slaves who are commonly known among us as Wilzi, but properly, that is to say in their own tongue, are called Welatabians. The Saxons served in this campaign as auxiliaries among the tribes that followed the King's standard at his summons, but their obedience lacked sincerity and devotion. War was declared because the Slaves kept harassing the Abodriti, old allies of the Franks, by continual raids, in spite of all commands to the contrary. A gulf of unknown length, but nowhere more than a hundred miles wide, and in many parts narrower, stretches off towards the east from the Western Ocean. Many tribes have settlements on its shores; the Danes and Swedes, whom we call Northmen, on the northern shore and all the adjacent islands; but the southern shore is inhabited by the Slaves and Aïsti, and various other tribes. The Welatabians, against whom the King now made war, were the chief of these; but in a single campaign, which he conducted in person, he so crushed and subdued them that they did not think it advisable thereafter to refuse obedience to his commands.

The war against the Avars, or Huns, followed, and, except the Saxon war, was the greatest that he waged; he took it up with more spirit than any of his other wars, and made far greater preparations for it. He conducted one campaign in person in Pannonia, of which the Huns then had possession. He intrusted all subsequent operations to his son, Pepin, and the governors of the provinces, to counts even, and lieutenants. Although they most vigorously prosecuted the war, it only came to a conclusion after a seven years' struggle. The utter depopulation of Pannonia, and the site of the Khan's palace, now a desert, where not a trace of human habitation is visible, bear witness how many battles were fought in those years, and how much blood was shed. The entire body of the Hun nobility perished in this contest, and all its glory with it. All the money and treasure that had been years amassing was seized, and no war in which the Franks have ever engaged within the memory of man brought them such riches and such booty. Up to that time the Huns had passed for a poor people, but so much gold and silver was found in the Khan's palace, and so much valuable spoil taken in battle, that one may well think that the Franks took justly from the Huns what the Huns had formerly taken unjustly from other nations. Only two of the chief men of the Franks fell in this war — Eric, Duke of Friuli, who was killed in Tarsatch, a town on the coast of Liburnia, by the treachery of the inhabitants; and Gerold, Governor of Bavaria, who met his death in Pannonia, slain, with two men that were accompanying him, by an unknown hand while he was marshalling his forces for battle against the Huns, and riding up and down the line encouraging his men. This war was otherwise almost a bloodless one so far as the Franks were concerned, and ended most satisfactorily, although by reason of its magnitude it was long protracted.

The Saxon war next came to an end as successful as the struggle had been

long. The Bohemian and Linonian wars that next broke out could not last long; both were quickly carried through under the leadership of the younger Charles. The last of these wars was the one declared against the Northmen called Danes. They began their career as pirates, but afterwards took to laying waste the coasts of Gaul and Germany with their large fleet. Their King, Godfred, was so puffed with vain aspirations that he counted on gaining empire over all Germany, and looked upon Saxony and Frisia as his provinces. He had already subdued his neighbours the Abodriti, and made them tributary, and boasted that he would shortly appear with a great army before Aix-la-Chapelle, where the King held his court. Some faith was put in his words, empty as they sound, and it is supposed that he would have attempted something of the sort if he had not been prevented by a premature death. He was murdered by one of his own bodyguard, and so ended at once his life and the war that he had begun.

Such are the wars, most skilfully planned and successfully fought, which this most powerful king waged during the forty-seven years of his reign. He so largely increased the Frank kingdom, which was already great and strong when he received it at his father's hands, that more than double its former territory was added to it. The authority of the Franks was formerly confined to that part of Gaul included between the Rhine and the Loire, the Ocean and the Balearic Sea; to that part of Germany which is inhabited by the so-called Eastern Franks, and is bounded by Saxony and the Danube, the Rhine and the Saale — this stream separates the Thuringians from the Sorabians; and to the country of the Alemanni and Bavarians. By the wars above mentioned he first made tributary Aquitania, Gascony, and the whole of the region of the Pyrenees as far as the River Ebro, which rises in the land of the Navarrese, flows through the most fertile districts of Spain, and empties into the Balearic Sea, beneath the walls of the city of Tortosa. He next reduced and made tributary all Italy from Aosta to Lower Calabria, where the boundary-line runs between the Beneventans and the Greeks, a territory more than a thousand miles long; then Saxony, which constitutes no small part of Germany, and is reckoned to be twice as wide as the country inhabited by the Franks, while about equal to it in length; in addition, both Pannonias, Dacia beyond the Danube, and Istria, Liburnia, and Dalmatia, except the cities on the coast, which he left to the Greek Emperor for friendship's sake, and because of the treaty that he had made with him. In fine, he vanquished and made tributary all the wild and barbarous tribes dwelling in Germany between the Rhine and the Vistula, the Ocean and the Danube, all of which speak very much the same language, but differ widely from one another in customs and dress. The chief among them are the Welatabians, the Sorabians, the Abodriti, and the Bohemians, and he had to make war upon these; but the rest, by far the larger number, submitted to him of their own accord.

He added to the glory of his reign by gaining the good-will of several kings and nations; so close, indeed, was the alliance that he contracted with Alphonso, King of Galicia and Asturias, that the latter, when sending letters or ambassadors to Charles, invariably styled himself his man. His munificence won the kings of the Scots also to pay such deference to his wishes that they never gave him any other title than lord, or themselves than subjects and slaves: there are letters from them extant in which these feelings in his regard are expressed. His relations with Aaron, King of the Persians, who ruled over almost the whole of the East, India excepted, were so friendly that this prince preferred his favour to that of all the kings and potentates of the earth, and considered that to him alone marks of honour and munificence were due. Accordingly, when the ambassadors sent by Charles to visit the most holy sepulchre and place of resurrection of our Lord and Saviour presented themselves before him with gifts, and made known their master's wishes, he not only granted what was asked, but gave possession of that holy and blessed spot. When they returned, he despatched his ambassadors with them, and sent magnificent gifts, besides stuffs, perfumes, and other rich products of the Eastern lands. A few years before this, Charles had asked him for an elephant, and he sent the only one that he had. The Emperors of Constantinople, Nicephorus, Michael, and Leo, made advances to Charles, and sought friendship and alliance with him by several embassies; and even when the Greeks suspected him of designing to wrest the empire from them, because of his assumption of the title of Emperor, they made a close alliance with him, that he might have no cause of offence. In fact, the power of the Franks was always viewed by the Greeks and Romans with a jealous eye, whence the Greek proverb, " Have the Frank for your friend, but not for your neighbour."

This King, who showed himself so great in extending his empire and subduing foreign nations, and was constantly occupied with plans to that end, undertook also very many works calculated to adorn and benefit his kingdom, and brought several of them to completion. Among these, the most deserving of mention are the basilica of the Holy Mother of God at Aix-la-Chapelle, built in the most admirable manner, and a bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, half a mile long, the breadth of the river at this point. This bridge was destroyed by fire the year before Charles died, but, owing to his death so soon after, could not be repaired, although he had intended to rebuild it in stone. He began two palaces of beautiful workmanship — one near his manor called Ingelheim, not far from Mayence; the other at Nimeguen, on the Waal, the stream that washes the south side of the island of the Batavians. But, above all, sacred edifices were the object of his care throughout his whole kingdom; and whenever he found them falling to ruin from age, he commanded the priests and fathers who had charge of them to repair them, and made sure by commissioners that his instructions were obeyed. He also fitted out a fleet for the war with the Northmen;

the vessels required for this purpose were built on the rivers that flow from Gaul and Germany into the Northern Ocean. Moreover, since the Northmen continually overran and laid waste the Gallic and German coasts, he caused watch and ward to be kept in all the harbours, and at the mouths of rivers large enough to admit the entrance of vessels, to prevent the enemy from disembarking; and in the South, in Narbonensis and Septimania, and along the whole coast of Italy as far as Rome, he took the same precautions against the Moors, who had recently begun their piratical practices. Hence, Italy suffered no great harm in his time at the hands of the Moors, nor Gaul and Germany from the Northmen, save that the Moors got possession of the Etruscan town of Civita Vecchia by treachery, and sacked it, and the Northmen harried some of the islands in Frisia off the German coast.

Thus did Charles defend and increase as well as beautify his kingdom, as is well known; and here let me express my admiration of his great qualities and his extraordinary constancy alike in good and evil fortune. I will now forthwith proceed to give the details of his private and family life.

After his father's death, while sharing the kingdom with his brother, he bore his unfriendliness and jealousy most patiently, and, to the wonder of all, could not be provoked to be angry with him. Later he married a daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, at the instance of his mother; but he repudiated her at the end of a year for some reason unknown, and married Hildegard, a woman of high birth, of Suabian origin. He had three sons by her — Charles, Pepin, and Lewis — and as many daughters — Hruodrud, Bertha, and Gisela. He had three other daughters besides these — Theoderada, Hiltrud, and Ruodhaid — two by his third wife, Fastrada, a woman of East Frankish (that is to say, of German) origin, and the third by a concubine, whose name for the moment escapes me. At the death of Fastrada, he married Liutgard, an Alemannic woman, who bore him no children. After her death he had three concubines — Gersuinda, a Saxon, by whom he had Adaltrud; Regina, who was the mother of Drogo and Hugh; and Ethelind, by whom he had Theodoric. Charles's mother, Berthrada, passed her old age with him in great honour; he entertained the greatest veneration for her; and there was never any disagreement between them except when he divorced the daughter of King Desiderius, whom he had married to please her. She died soon after Hildegard, after living to see three grandsons and as many grand-daughters in her son's house, and he buried her with great pomp in the Basilica of St. Denis, where his father lay. He had an only sister, Gisela, who had consecrated herself to a religious life from girlhood, and he cherished as much affection for her as for his mother. She also died a few years before him in the nunnery where she had passed her life.

The plan that he adopted for his children's education was, first of all,

to have both boys and girls instructed in the liberal arts, to which he also turned his own attention. As soon as their years admitted, in accordance with the custom of the Franks, the boys had to learn horsemanship, and to practise war and the chase, and the girls to familiarize themselves with cloth-making, and to handle distaff and spindle, that they might not grow indolent through idleness, and he fostered in them every virtuous sentiment. He only lost three of all his children before his death, two sons and one daughter, Charles, who was the eldest, Pepin, whom he had made King of Italy, and Hruodrud, his oldest daughter, whom he had betrothed to Constantine, Emperor of the Greeks. Pepin left one son, named Bernard, and five daughters, Adelaide, Atula, Guntrada, Berthaid, and Theoderada. The King gave a striking proof of his fatherly affection at the time of Pepin's death: he appointed the grandson to succeed Pepin, and had the grand-daughters brought up with his own daughters. When his sons and his daughter died, he was not so calm as might have been expected from his remarkably strong mind, for his affections were no less strong, and moved him to tears. Again, when he was told of the death of Hadrian, the Roman Pontiff, whom he had loved most of all his friends, he wept as much as if he had lost a brother, or a very dear son. He was by nature most ready to contract friendships, and not only made friends easily, but clung to them persistently, and cherished most fondly those with whom he had formed such ties. He was so careful of the training of his sons and daughters that he never took his meals without them when he was at home, and never made a journey without them; his sons would ride at his side, and his daughters follow him, while a number of his bodyguard, detailed for their protection, brought up the rear. Strange to say, although they were very handsome women, and he loved them very dearly, he was never willing to marry any of them to a man of their own nation or to a foreigner, but kept them all at home until his death, saying that he could not dispense with their society. Hence, though otherwise happy, he experienced the malignity of fortune as far as they were concerned; yet he concealed his knowledge of the rumours current in regard to them, and of the suspicions entertained of their honour.

By one of his concubines he had a son, handsome in face, but hunchbacked, named Pepin, whom I omitted to mention in the list of his children. When Charles was at war with the Huns, and was wintering in Bavaria, this Pepin shammed sickness, and plotted against his father in company with some of the leading Franks, who seduced him with vain promises of the royal authority. When his deceit was discovered, and the conspirators were punished, his head was shaved, and he was suffered, in accordance with his wishes, to devote himself to a religious life in the monastery of Prüm. A formidable conspiracy against Charles had previously been set on foot in Germany, but all the traitors were banished, some of them without mutilation, others after their eyes had been put out. Three of them

only lost their lives; they drew their swords and resisted arrest, and, after killing several men, were cut down, because they could not be otherwise overpowered. It is supposed that the cruelty of Queen Fastrada was the primary cause of these plots, and they were both due to Charles's apparent acquiescence in his wife's cruel conduct, and deviation from the usual kindness and gentleness of his disposition. All the rest of his life he was regarded by everyone with the utmost love and affection, so much so that not the least accusation of unjust rigour was ever made against him.

He liked foreigners, and was at great pains to take them under his protection. There were often so many of them, both in the palace and the kingdom, that they might reasonably have been considered a nuisance; but he, with his broad humanity, was very little disturbed by such annoyances, because he felt himself compensated for these great inconveniences by the praises of his generosity and the reward of high renown.

Charles was large and strong, and of lofty stature, though not disproportionately tall (his height is well known to have been seven times the length of his foot); the upper part of his head was round, his eyes very large and animated, nose a little long, hair fair, and face laughing and merry. Thus his appearance was always stately and dignified, whether he was standing or sitting; although his neck was thick and somewhat short, and his belly rather prominent; but the symmetry of the rest of his body concealed these defects. His gait was firm, his whole carriage manly, and his voice clear, but not so strong as his size led one to expect. His health was excellent, except during the four years preceding his death, when he was subject to frequent fevers; at the last he even limped a little with one foot. Even in those years, he consulted rather his own inclinations than the advice of physicians, who were almost hateful to him, because they wanted him to give up roasts, to which he was accustomed, and to eat boiled meat instead. In accordance with the national custom, he took frequent exercise on horseback and in the chase, accomplishments in which scarcely any people in the world can equal the Franks. He enjoyed the exhalations from natural warm springs, and often practised swimming, in which he was such an adept that none could surpass him; and hence it was that he built his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, and lived there constantly during his latter years until his death. He used not only to invite his sons to his bath, but his nobles and friends, and now and then a troop of his retinue or body-guard, so that a hundred or more persons sometimes bathed with him.

He used to wear the national, that is to say, the Frank, dress — next his skin a linen shirt and linen breeches, and above these a tunic fringed with silk; while hose fastened by bands covered his lower limbs, and shoes his feet, and he protected his shoulders and chest in winter by a close-fitting coat of otter or marten skins. Over all he flung a blue cloak, and he always had a sword girt about him, usually one with a gold or silver hilt and belt; he sometimes carried a jewelled sword, but only on great feast-days or at

the reception of ambassadors from foreign nations. He despised foreign costumes, however handsome, and never allowed himself to be robed in them, except twice in Rome, when he donned the Roman tunic, chlamys, and shoes; the first time at the request of Pope Hadrian, the second to gratify Leo, Hadrian's successor. On great feast-days he made use of embroidered clothes, and shoes bedecked with precious stones; his cloak was fastened by a golden buckle, and he appeared crowned with a diadem of gold and gems: but on other days his dress varied little from the common dress of the people.

Charles was temperate in eating, and particularly so in drinking, for he abominated drunkenness in anybody, much more in himself and those of his household; but he could not easily abstain from food, and often complained that fasts injured his health. He very rarely gave entertainments, only on great feast-days, and then to large numbers of people. His meals ordinarily consisted of four courses, not counting the roast, which his huntsmen used to bring in on the spit; he was more fond of this than of any other dish. While at table, he listened to reading or music. The subjects of the readings were the stories and deeds of olden time: he was fond, too, of St. Augustine's books, and especially of the one entitled "The City of God." He was so moderate in the use of wine and all sorts of drink that he rarely allowed himself more than three cups in the course of a meal. In summer, after the midday meal, he would eat some fruit, drain a single cup, put off his clothes and shoes, just as he did for the night, and rest for two or three hours. He was in the habit of awaking and rising from bed four or five times during the night. While he was dressing and putting on his shoes, he not only gave audience to his friends, but if the Count of the Palace told him of any suit in which his judgment was necessary, he had the parties brought before him forthwith, took cognizance of the case, and gave his decision, just as if he were sitting on the judgment-seat. This was not the only business that he transacted at this time, but he performed any duty of the day whatever, whether he had to attend to the matter himself, or to give commands concerning it to his officers.

Charles had the gift of ready and fluent speech, and could express whatever he had to say with the utmost clearness. He was not satisfied with command of his native language merely, but gave attention to the study of foreign ones, and in particular was such a master of Latin that he could speak it as well as his native tongue; but he could understand Greek better than he could speak it. He was so eloquent, indeed, that he might have passed for a teacher of eloquence. He most zealously cultivated the liberal arts, held those who taught them in great esteem, and conferred great honours upon them. He took lessons in grammar of the deacon Peter of Pisa, at that time an aged man. Another deacon, Albin of Britain, surnamed Alcuin, a man of Saxon extraction, who was the greatest scholar of the day, was his teacher in other branches of learning. The King spent much

time and labour with him studying rhetoric, dialectics, and especially astronomy; he learned to reckon, and used to investigate the motions of the heavenly bodies most curiously, with an intelligent scrutiny. He also tried to write, and used to keep tablets and blanks in bed under his pillow, that at leisure hours he might accustom his hand to form the letters; however, as he did not begin his efforts in due season, but late in life, they met with ill success.

He cherished with the greatest fervour and devotion the principles of the Christian religion, which had been instilled into him from infancy. Hence it was that he built the beautiful basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle, which he adorned with gold and silver and lamps, and with rails and doors of solid brass. He had the columns and marbles for this structure brought from Rome and Ravenna, for he could not find such as were suitable elsewhere. He was a constant worshipper at this church as long as his health permitted, going morning and evening, even after nightfall, besides attending mass; and he took care that all the services there conducted should be administered with the utmost possible propriety, very often warning the sextons not to let any improper or unclean thing be brought into the building, or remain in it. He provided it with a great number of sacred vessels of gold and silver, and with such a quantity of clerical robes that not even the door-keepers, who fill the humblest office in the church, were obliged to wear their everyday clothes when in the exercise of their duties. He was at great pains to improve the church reading and psalmody, for he was well skilled in both, although he neither read in public nor sang, except in a low tone and with others.

He was very forward in succouring the poor, and in that gratuitous generosity which the Greeks call alms, so much so that he not only made a point of giving in his own country and his own kingdom, but when he discovered that there were Christians living in poverty in Syria, Egypt, and Africa, at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Carthage, he had compassion on their wants, and used to send money over the seas to them. The reason that he zealously strove to make friends with the kings beyond seas was that he might get help and relief to the Christians living under their rule. He cherished the Church of St. Peter the Apostle at Rome above all other holy and sacred places, and heaped its treasury with a vast wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones. He sent great and countless gifts to the popes; and throughout his whole reign the wish that he had nearest at heart was to re-establish the ancient authority of the city of Rome under his care and by his influence, and to defend and protect the Church of St. Peter, and to beautify and enrich it out of his own store above all other churches. Although he held it in such veneration, he only repaired to Rome to pay his vows and make his supplications four times during the whole forty-seven years that he reigned.

When he made his last journey thither, he had also other ends in view.

The Romans had inflicted many injuries upon the Pontiff Leo, tearing out his eyes and cutting out his tongue, so that he had been compelled to call upon the King for help. Charles accordingly went to Rome, to set in order the affairs of the Church, which were in great confusion, and passed the whole winter there. It was then that he received the titles of Emperor and Augustus, to which he at first had such an aversion that he declared that he would not have set foot in the Church the day that they were conferred, although it was a great feast-day, if he could have foreseen the design of the Pope. He bore very patiently with the jealousy which the Roman emperors showed upon his assuming these titles, for they took this step very ill; and by dint of frequent embassies and letters, in which he addressed them as brothers, he made their haughtiness yield to his magnanimity, a quality in which he was unquestionably much their superior.

It was after he had received the imperial name that, finding the laws of his people very defective (the Franks have two sets of laws, very different in many particulars), he determined to add what was wanting, to reconcile the discrepancies, and to correct what was vicious and wrongly cited in them. However, he went no further in this matter than to supplement the laws by a few capitularies, and those imperfect ones; but he caused the unwritten laws of all the tribes that came under his rule to be compiled and reduced to writing. He also had the old rude songs that celebrate the deeds and wars of the ancient kings written out for transmission to posterity. He began a grammar of his native language. He gave the months names in his own tongue, in place of the Latin and barbarous names by which they were formerly known among the Franks. He likewise designated the winds by twelve appropriate names; there were hardly more than four distinctive ones in use before. He called January Wintarmanoth; February, Hornung; March, Lentzinmanoth; April, Ostarmanoth; May, Winnemanoth; June, Brachmanoth; July, Heuvimanoth; August, Aranmanoth; September, Witumanoth; October, Windumemanoth; November, Herbistmanoth; December, Heilagmanoth. He styled the winds as follows: Subsolanus, Ostroniwint; Eurus, Ostsundroni; Euroauster, Sundostroni; Auster, Sundroni; Austro-Africus, Sunwestroni; Africus, Westsundroni; Zephyrus, Westroni; Caurus, Westnordroni; Circius, Nordwestroni; Septentrio, Nordroni; Aquilo, Nordostroni; Vulturnus, Ostnordroni.

Towards the close of his life, when he was broken by ill-health and old age, he summoned Lewis, King of Aquitania, his only surviving son by Hildegard, and gathered together all the chief men of the whole kingdom of the Franks in a solemn assembly. He appointed Lewis, with their unanimous consent, to rule with himself over the whole kingdom, and constituted him heir to the imperial name; then, placing the diadem upon his son's head, he bade him be proclaimed Emperor and Augustus. This step was hailed by all present with great favour, for it really seemed as if God had

prompted him to it for the kingdom's good; it increased the King's dignity, and struck no little terror into foreign nations. After sending his son back to Aquitania, although weak from age he set out to hunt, as usual, near his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed the rest of the autumn in the chase, returning thither about the first of November. While wintering there, he was seized, in the month of January, with a high fever, and took to his bed. As soon as he was taken sick, he prescribed for himself abstinence from food, as he always used to do in case of fever, thinking that the disease could be driven off, or at least mitigated, by fasting. Besides the fever, he suffered from a pain in the side, which the Greeks call pleurisy; but he still persisted in fasting, and in keeping up his strength only by draughts taken at very long intervals. He died January twenty-eighth, the seventh day from the time that he took to his bed, at nine o'clock in the morning, after partaking of the holy communion, in the 72d year of his age and the 47th of his reign.

His body was washed and cared for in the usual manner, and was then carried to the church, and interred amid the greatest lamentations of all the people. There was some question at first where to lay him, because in his lifetime he had given no directions as to his burial; but at length all agreed that he could nowhere be more honourably entombed than in the very basilica that he had built in the town at his own expense, for love of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honour of the Holy and Eternal Virgin, His Mother. He was buried there the same day that he died, and a gilded arch was erected above his tomb with his image and an inscription. The words of the inscription were as follows: " In this tomb lies the body of Charles, the Great and Orthodox Emperor, who gloriously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and reigned prosperously for forty-seven years. He died at the age of seventy, in the year of our Lord 814, the 7th Indiction, on the 28th day of January."

Very many omens had portended his approaching end, a fact that he had recognized as well as others. Eclipses both of the sun and moon were very frequent during the last three years of his life, and a black spot was visible on the sun for the space of seven days. The gallery between the basilica and the palace, which he had built at great pains and labour, fell in sudden ruin to the ground on the Day of the Ascension of our Lord. The wooden bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, which he had caused to be constructed with admirable skill, at the cost of ten years' hard work, so that it seemed as if it might last for ever, was so completely consumed in three hours by an accidental fire that not a single splinter of it was left, except what was under water. Moreover, one day in his last campaign into Saxony against Godfred, King of the Danes, Charles himself saw a ball of fire fall suddenly from the heavens with a great light, just as he was leaving camp before sunrise to set out on the march. It rushed across the clear sky from right to left, and everybody was wondering what was the meaning

of the sign, when the horse which he was riding gave a sudden plunge, head foremost, and fell, and threw him to the ground so heavily that his cloak-buckle was broken and his sword-belt shattered; and after his servants had hastened to him and relieved him of his arms, he could not rise without their assistance. He happened to have a javelin in his hand when he was thrown, and this was struck from his grasp with such force that it was found lying at a distance of twenty feet or more from the spot. Again, the palace at Aix-la-Chapelle frequently trembled, the roofs of whatever buildings he tarried in kept up a continual crackling noise, the basilica in which he was afterwards buried was struck by lightning, and the gilded ball that adorned the pinnacle of the roof was shattered by the thunderbolt and hurled upon the bishop's house adjoining. In this same basilica, on the margin of the cornice that ran around the interior, between the upper and lower tiers of arches, a legend was inscribed in red letters, stating who was the builder of the temple, the last words of which were *Karolus Princeps*. The year that he died it was remarked by some, a few months before his decease, that the letters of the word *Princeps* were so effaced as to be no longer decipherable. But Charles despised, or affected to despise, all these omens, as having no reference whatever to him.

It had been his intention to make a will, that he might give some share in the inheritance to his daughters and the children of his concubines; but it was begun too late and could not be finished. Three years before his death, however, he made a division of his treasures, money, clothes, and other movable goods in the presence of his friends and servants, and called them to witness it, that their voices might insure the ratification of the disposition thus made. He had a summary drawn up of his wishes regarding his distribution of his property, the terms and text of which are as follows:

"In the name of the Lord God, the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is the inventory and division dictated by the most glorious and most pious Lord Charles, Emperor Augustus, in the 811th year of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the 43d year of his reign in France and 37th in Italy, the 11th of his empire, and the 4th Indiction, which considerations of piety and prudence have determined him, and the favour of God enabled him, to make of his treasures and money ascertained this day to be in his treasure-chamber. In this division he is especially desirous to provide not only that the largess of alms that Christians usually make of their possessions shall be made for himself in due course and order out of his wealth, but also that his heirs shall be free from all doubt, and know clearly what belongs to them, and be able to share their property by suitable partition without litigation or strife. With this intention and to this end he has first divided all his substance and movable goods ascertained to be in his treasure-chamber on the day aforesaid in gold, silver, precious

stones, and royal ornaments into three lots, and has subdivided and set off two of the said lots into twenty-one parts, keeping the third entire. The first two lots have been thus subdivided into twenty-one parts because there are in his kingdom twenty-one recognized metropolitan cities, and in order that each archbishopric may receive by way of alms, at the hands of his heirs and friends, one of the said parts, and that the archbishop who shall then administer its affairs shall take the part given to it, and share the same with his suffragans in such manner that one third shall go to the Church, and the remaining two thirds be divided among the suffragans. The twenty-one parts into which the first two lots are to be distributed, according to the number of recognized metropolitan cities, have been set apart one from another, and each has been put aside by itself in a box labelled with the name of the city for which it is destined. The names of the cities to which this alms or largess is to be sent are as follows: Rome, Ravenna, Milan, Friuli, Grado, Cologne, Mayence, Salzburg, Treves, Sens, Besançon, Lyons, Rouen, Rheims, Arles, Vienne, Moutiers-en-Tarantaise, Embrun, Bordeaux, Tours, and Bourges. The third lot, which he wishes to be kept entire, is to be bestowed as follows: While the first two lots are to be divided into the parts aforesaid, and set aside under seal, the third lot shall be employed for the owner's daily needs, as property which he shall be under no obligation to part with in order to the fulfilment of any vow, and this as long as he shall be in the flesh, or consider it necessary for his use. But upon his death, or voluntary renunciation of the affairs of this world, this said lot shall be divided into four parts, and one thereof shall be added to the aforesaid twenty-one parts; the second shall be assigned to his sons and daughters, and to the sons and daughters of his sons, to be distributed among them in just and equal partition; the third, in accordance with the custom common among Christians, shall be devoted to the poor; and the fourth shall go to the support of the men-servants and maid-servants on duty in the palace. It is his wish that to this said third lot of the whole amount, which consists, as well as the rest, of gold and silver, shall be added all the vessels and utensils of brass, iron, and other metals, together with the arms, clothing, and other movable goods, costly and cheap, adapted to divers uses, as hangings, coverlets, carpets, woollen stuffs, leathern articles, pack-saddles, and whatsoever shall be found in his treasure-chamber and wardrobe at that time, in order that thus the parts of the said lot may be augmented, and the alms distributed reach more persons. He ordains that his chapel — that is to say, its church property, as well that which he has provided and collected as that which came to him by inheritance from his father — shall remain entire, and not be dissevered by any partition whatever. If, however, any vessels, books, or other articles be found therein which are certainly known not to have been given by him to the said chapel, whoever wants them shall have them on paying their value at a fair estimation. He likewise commands that

the books which he has collected in his library in great numbers shall be sold for fair prices to such as want them, and the money received therefrom given to the poor. It is well known that among his other property and treasures are three silver tables, and one very large and massive golden one. He directs and commands that the square silver table, upon which there is a representation of the city of Constantinople, shall be sent to the Basilica of St. Peter the Apostle at Rome, with the other gifts destined therefor; that the round one, adorned with a delineation of the city of Rome, shall be given to the Episcopal Church at Ravenna; that the third, which far surpasses the other two in weight and in beauty of workmanship, and is made in three circles, showing the plan of the whole universe, drawn with skill and delicacy, shall go, together with the golden table, fourthly above mentioned, to increase that lot which is to be devoted to his heirs and to alms.

" This deed, and the disposition thereof, he has made and appointed in the presence of the bishops, abbots, and counts able to be present, whose names are hereto subscribed: Bishops — Hildebald, Ricolf, Arno, Wolfar, Bernoin, Laidrad, John, Theodulf, Jesse, Heito, Waltgaud. Abbots — Fredugis, Adalung, Angilbert, Irmino. Counts — Walacho, Meginher, Otulf, Stephen, Unruoch, Burchard, Meginhard, Hatto, Rihwin, Edo, Ercangar, Gerold, Bero, Hildiger, Rocculf."

Charles's son Lewis, who by the grace of God succeeded him, after examining this summary, took pains to fulfil all its conditions most religiously as soon as possible after his father's death.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

1181–1226

By JACOBUS DE VORAGINE[1] (*About* 1230–1298)

FRANCIS, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assisi, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man. The old enemy the devil enforced him to let him of his holy purpose. But he was comforted of our Lord, which heard a voice saying to him: " Francis, take the bitter things for the sweet, and despise thyself if thou desire to know me."

On a time he met a leper, whom naturally men abhor, but he remembered him of the word that was said of God, and ran to him and kissed him, and anon the lazar vanished away; wherefore he went to the habitation of the lazars and kissed devoutly their hands, and gave to them money, and let them have no need of such as he might do.

On a time he entered into the church of St. Damian for to make his prayers, and the image of Jesus Christ spake unto him and said: " Francis, go and repair my house, which is all destroyed as thou seest." And from that hour the soul of him liquefied, and the passion of Jesus Christ was marvellously infixed in his heart. And then he did great pain and was busy in repairing the church, and sold all that he had, and gave the money thereof to a priest; and he durst not receive it for fear of his parents and kin. Then he, casting it away tofore the priest as dust, setting not thereby, wherefore he was taken of his father and bound, and he restored to him his money, and resigned also his clothes, and so naked he fled to our Lord, and clad him with hair. And then the blessed Francis went unto a simple man, whom he took instead of his father, and prayed him that like as his father doubled on him his curses, that in contrary he should bless him. His own brother germane seeing him in a winter time have on him but foul and few clothes, and that he trembled for cold and was entending to his prayers, said to his fellow: " Go to Francis and say to him that he sell to thee a pennyworth of his sweat." And when he heard it he answered with a glad cheer: " I will sell it unto my Lord God." On a day he heard in the church that which our

[1] Reprinted from *The Golden Legend,* English version by William Caxton. The spelling has been for the most part modernized.
The Golden Legend was written originally in Latin, and first printed in 1473.

Lord said to his disciples when he sent them to preach, and anon he addressed him with all his might to do and keep all those things; he did off his hoses and shoon from his feet and clad him with a foul coat, and took a cord for his girdle.

He went on a time in a snow by a wood, and was taken by thieves, and they demanded him what he was, and he said that he was the messenger of God, and anon they took him and cast him in the snow, saying to him: "Lie there, thou villain messenger of God."

Many noble and unnoble clerks and laymen had despised the world and begun to follow him, and the holy father enseigned and taught them the perfection of the gospel, which was for to be in poverty, and that they should go by the way of simpleness. He wrote then a rule, after the gospel, to himself and his brethern, had and to be had, which Pope Innocent confirmed. And from then forthon he began to spread more ardently the seeds of the Word of God, and went about cities and castles by a fervent and marvellous desire.

There was a friar which seemed outward of marvellous holiness, and kept silence so straitly that he would not be shriven by words but by signs, and every man praised him as a saint. This holy man Francis came thither and said: "Leave ye brethern to praise him, for I shall not yet praise him lest it be by feigntise of the devil; let him be warned to be shriven twice in the week by word and speaking, and if he do it not, this is but temptation of the devil and fraudelous deceit." And then the friars warned him so to do, and he put his finger to his mouth, and shook his head, and showed that in no wise he would confess him. And anon after he returned again to worldly life as a hound to his vomit, and went out of his order, and finished his life in sinful acts and works.

On a time St. Francis was weary of going, and rode upon an ass, and his fellow, one Leonard of Assisi, was also weary of going, and St. Francis began to think thus and to say in himself: "His kin and my kin were not like"; and incontinent he alighted down, and said to the friar: "It appertaineth not to me to ride and thee to go afoot, for thou art more noble than I am." And the friar was abashed, and kneeled down and required pardon.

On a time a poor labourer was almost lost in a wood for thirst, and this holy saint impetred a fountain by his prayers. He said on a time to a friar, that was familiar with him, this secret which was showed to him by the Holy Ghost. "There is a servant of God living in the world on this day, for whose sake, as long as he shall live, our Lord shall suffer no famine among the people." But without doubt it is said that, when he was dead all that condition was changed to the contrary, for after his blessed death he appeared to the same friar and said to him: "Lo! now is the famine come, which as long as I lived upon earth, our Lord would not suffer to come."

On an Easter day the friars Greek that were in desert had laid their table more curiously than in another time, and had made ready the glasses and set them on the board. And when St. Francis saw that he anon withdrew him, and set on his head the hat of a poor man which was there, and bare his staff in his hand, and went out and abode at the gate. And when the friars ate at dinner, he cried at the door that they should give for the love of God an alms to a poor sick man. Then the poor man was called in and entered and sat down alone upon the earth, and set his dish in the dust, which when the friars saw they were abashed and were sore aghast. And he said to them: "I see the table arrayed and adorned, and I know well that it is not for poor men that seek their meat from door to door." He loved poverty in himself and in all others, so that he always called poverty his lady, but when he saw one more poor than himself he had thereof envy, and doubted to be overcome of him. On a day he saw a poor woman and he showed her to his fellow and said: "The poverty of this woman doth to us shame, and reproveth strongly our poverty, for for my riches I have chosen my lady poverty, and she shineth more in this woman than in me." When on a time a poor man passed tofore him, and the holy man was moved with inward compassion, his fellow said to him: "Though this man be poor, peradventure there is not a richer of his will in all the province." Then St. Francis said to him anon: "Despoil thee of thy coat and give it to the poor man, and knowledge thyself culpable and kneel down to his feet"; to whom anon he obeyed and did so.

On a time as he came to the city of Arezzo, and a mortal battle was moved in the city, this holy man saw within the burgh, on the ground, the devils making joy, and were glad. Then he called his fellow named Silvester, and said to him: "Go to the gate of the city and command to these devils in God's name, that is Almighty, that they go out of the city." Then he went hastily and cried strongly: "All ye devils depart from hence in the name of God and by the commandment of Francis our Father." And they went away, and then the citizens anon became to accord.

The foresaid Sylvester, when he was yet a secular priest, saw in his sleep a golden cross issue out of the mouth of St. Francis, of the which the over end touched heaven and the arms of the cross stretched forth from that one to that other part of the world. Then this priest had compunction and left the world, and followed perfectly this holy man Francis.

And on a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name, and when the holy man had answered him, he said: "None in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him our Lord would pardon him; but who that slayeth himself by hard penance shall never find mercy." And anon this holy man knew by the revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him for to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grevious temptation of the flesh, and when this holy

servant of God felt that, he despoiled him of his clothes and beat himself right hard with a hard cord, saying: " Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten "; and when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow all naked. And anon the devil departed from him all confused, and St. Francis returned again into his cell, glorifying God.

And as he dwelled on a time with Leo the cardinal of St. Cross, in a night the devils came to him and beat him right grievously. Then he called his fellow and said to him: " These be devils, jailers of our Lord, whom he sendeth to punish the excesses, but I can remember me of none offences that I have done, but by the mercy of God I have washed them away by satisfaction. But peradventure he hath sent me them because he will not suffer me to fall, because I dwell in the courts of great lords, which thing peradventure engendereth not good suspection to my right poor brethern, which suppose I abound in delices." And early in the morning he arose and departed thence.

There was a friar which was fellow of St. Francis was on a time ravished, and saw in spirit the glorious place in heaven, wherein he saw, among other seats, a right noble seat, shining of more noble glory than all the others. And as he marvelled for whom this noble seat was kept, he heard that it was said that this seat belonged sometime to one of the princes that fell, and is now made ready to the meek and humble Francis. And when St. Francis issued from his prayers, that friar demanded him: " Father, what weenest thou of thyself? " And he said: " I ween that I am greatest of all sinners." And anon the spirit came into the heart of the friar and said: " Behold what was the vision that thou sawest, for humility shall lift up the most meek man unto the seat lost by pride."

This holy man St. Francis saw in a vision above him a seraphin crucified, the which emprinted in him the signs of his crucifying, that him-seemed that he was crucified, and that in his hands, his feet and in his side him-seemed were the sign of the wounds of the crucifying. But he did hide these tokens as much as he might, that no man should see them. And yet nevertheless some saw them in his life, and at his death they were seen of many, and were showed by many miracles that those signs were true. Of which miracles twain shall suffice for to be set here. There was a man named Rogier, and was in Apulia tofore the image of St. Francis, and began to think and say: " May this be true that this man was so ennobled by such miracle, or was this an illusion or an invention dissimuled of his brethern the friars? " And as he thought this, he heard suddenly a sound like as a quarel had been shot out of an arbalast or a cross-bow, and he felt him grievously hurt in his left hand, but there appeared no hurt in his glove, and then he took off his glove, and saw in the palm of his hand a wound as it had been of an arrow, out of which wound there issued so great pain of ache and burning, that almost he died for sorrow and pain. And then

he repented him, and said that he believed right verily the signs and tokens of St. Francis; and when he had prayed by two days St. Francis by his holy signs and stigmata, he was anon delivered of his pain and made all whole.

The two clerks, great luminaries of the world, that is to say St. Dominic and St. Francis, were in the city of Rome tofore the Lord Hostience, which afterward was pope of Rome. And this bishop said to them: " Wherefore make ye not of your friars bishops and prelates, which should prevail more by teaching and example giving? " And there was long contention between them who should first answer, and humility overcame Francis that he would not speak tofore that other, and then St. Dominic humbly obeyed and said: " Sire, our brethern be lifted up in good degree if they know it, and I shall never suffer to my power that ever they shall hope to have any higher dignity." After that answered St. Francis: " Sire, my brethern be called minors, because they would not be made greater."

The blessed St. Francis, full of right great simplicity, admonished and warned all creatures to love their creator. He preached to birds and was heard of them, they suffered him to touch them, and without licence they would not return ne flee from him. And on a time when he preached, the swallows chittered and sang, and anon by his commandment they were still. There was also, on a time, a bird on a fig-tree beside his cell which sang oft full sweetly. And St. Francis put forth his hand and called that bird, and anon the bird obeyed and came upon his hand. And he said to her: " Sing, my sister, and praise thy Lord," and then anon she sang, and departed not till she had licence.

He spared to touch lights, lamps, and candles, because he would not defile them with his hands. He went honourably upon the stones for the worship of him that was called Stone. He gathered the small worms out of the way because they should not be trodden with the feet of them that passed by. He commanded in winter to give honey unto bees, that they should not perish for hunger. He called all beasts his brethern. He was replenished of marvellous joy for the love of his Creator. He beheld the sun, the moon, and the stars, and summoned them to the love of their Maker.

On a time, as St. Francis was sick on his eyes for continual weeping, his brethern said to him that he should refrain him from weeping, and he answered: " The visitation of the light perdurable is not to be put away for the light that we have here with the flies." And when his brethern constrained him to take a medicine for his eyes, and the surgeon held a burning iron in his hand, the blessed Francis said: " My brother fire, be thou to me in this hour debonair and curable: I pray to our Lord that made thee, that thou attemper my heat." And then he made the sign of the cross against the fire, and the fiery iron was put in his tender flesh from his ear unto his eyelids, and he felt no pain.

He was strongly sick in the desert of St. Urban, and when he felt that nature failed in him he asked for to drink wine, and there was none. And they brought to him water, and he blessed it and made the sign of the cross thereon, and it was converted and turned into right good wine. And the holy man gat of our Lord that which the poverty of the desert might not get. And as soon as he had tasted it, he became strong and was all whole.

He had liefer hear blame of himself than praising, and for because that the people praised him anything of merit of holiness, he commanded to some brother to say to him in his ear some villainy in blaming him and defouling. And when such a brother, so constrained against his will, called him villain merchant, and unprofitable fool, then was he glad and blessed him, and said: " God bless thee, for thou sayest right very true words, and this thing appertaineth to me for to hear."

And this holy St. Francis would never be more master ne governor, but he would be more subject, ne so willingly command as obey. And therefore he left for to be general, and demanded to be under the warden, to whose will he always submitted himself in all things. He promised always obedience to the friar with whom he went, and kept it.

He went on a time by the morass of Venice and found there a great multitude of birds singing, and he said to his fellows: " Our sisters, these birds, give laud to their Maker; let us go in the middle of them, and sing we our hours canonical to our Lord." And they entered in among them and they moved not, but because they might not hear each other for the chittering and noise of birds he said: " My sister birds, cease your songs till we have yielded unto our Lord due praisings." And then they held them still, and when they had finished their lauds, he gave to them licence to sing again, and anon they reprised their song after their custom.

On a time when he preached at the castle Almarye, and he might not be heard for the swallows which made their nests, to whom he said: " My sister swallows, it is time that I speak, for ye have said enough; be ye now still till the word of God be accomplished." And they obeyed and were still anon.

He was on a time harboured with a knight, and St. Francis said to him: " Brother, fair host, agree to that I shall say to thee, confess thy sins, for thou shalt soon eat in another place." And anon he granted that to him, and ordained for his meiny, and took penance of health. And also soon as they went to the table the host died suddenly.

And as this holy man St. Francis passed through Apulia, he found in his way a purse full of money, and when his fellows saw it, they would have taken it for to have given it to the poor people, but he would not suffer him in no manner, and said to him: " Son, it appertaineth not to thee to take the goods of others." And when his fellow hasted to take it, St. Francis prayed a little, and after, commanded him to take the purse, which then found therein a great adder, instead of money. And when the

friar saw that he began to doubt, but he would obey and took the purse in his hands, and there sprang out anon a serpent venomous. And then St. Francis said to him: " Money is none other thing to the servant of God but the devil, which is a serpent venomous."

There was a friar grievously tempted, and he began to think that if he had anything written with the hand of their father St. Francis, that that temptation should be chased away anon, but he durst in no wise discover this thing. On a time St. Francis called him and said: " Son, bring to me parchment and ink, for I will write something praising to God." And when he had written he said: " Take this charter and keep it unto the day of thy death diligently "; and anon all this temptation went away. And the same friar, when St. Francis lay sick, began to think: " Our father approacheth the death, and if I might have, after his death, his coat, I should be greatly comforted." And after this the saint called him and said: " I give to thee this my coat; if thou have thereto, after my death, plain right." He would also that right great reverence should be done to the hands of priests, to whom was given power to sacre the blessed sacrament of our Lord. And then he said oft: " If it happed me to meet any saint coming from heaven, and also a poor priest, I would first go kiss the priest's hands, and would say to the saint: ' Holy saint, abide a while, for the hands of this priest have handled the son of life, and hath performed a thing above humanity.' "

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles, for the bread that was brought to him to bless gave health to many sick men. He converted the water into wine, of which a sick man anon tasted and received anon health, and also did many other miracles. And when his last days approached, and he was grieved by long infirmity, then he made himself to be laid upon the bare ground, and did call all the friars that were there, and when they were all present he blessed them. And like as our Lord fed his disciples at supper on Shere-Thursday, he gave to each of them a morsel of bread, and warned them, as he was wont to do, to give laud to their Maker. And the very death which is to all men horrible and hateful he admonished them to praise it; and also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said: " Death, my sister, welcome be thou " ; and when he came at the last hour he slept in our Lord. Of whom a friar saw the soul in the manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity and to the sun in clearness.

There was a friar named Augustin, which was minister and servant in the Labour of the Earth, and as he was in his last end, and had lost his speech, he escried suddenly and said: " Abide me, father, abide, I shall go with thee." Then the friars demanded him what he said, and he said: " See ye not our father Francis that goeth unto heaven? " And anon he slept in peace, and followed his holy father.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

1265–1321

By Giovanni Boccaccio [1] (1313–1375)

Solon, whose bosom was reputed a human temple of divine wisdom, and whose sacred laws are manifest proof to modern men of ancient justice, used frequently to say, as some relate, that all republics, like men, walk and stand on two feet. With sound judgment he declared the right foot to be the punishment of every crime, and the left the remuneration of every virtuous deed. He added that if either of these two things through carelessness or corruption be neglected, the republic that so acts must unquestionably walk lame; and that if she should be so unfortunate as to sin against both these canons, almost certainly she could not stand at all. Moved, then, by this commendable and obviously true precept, many ancient and illustrious peoples did honour to their men of worth, sometimes by deification, again by a marble statue, often by splendid obsequies, now by an arch of triumph, and now by a laurel crown, according to the merits of their lives. The punishments, on the other hand, that were meted to the culpable, I do not care to rehearse.

By virtue of these honours and corrections, Assyria, Macedonia, Greece, and finally the Roman Republic expanded, reaching with their deeds the ends of the earth and with their fame touching the stars. But their modern successors, and especially my Florentines, have not only followed feebly in the footsteps of these noble exemplars, but have so far departed therefrom that ambition usurps all the rewards of virtue. Wherefore it is with the greatest affliction of mind that I, and whoever else views it with the eye of reason, see evil and perverse men raised to high places, to the chief offices and rewards, and good men banished, depreciated, and debased. What end the judgment of God reserves for such action, let them consider who hold the helm of this vessel, for we of the humbler throng are borne on the wave of fortune, and are not partakers in their guilt.

Although what has been said above could be verified by countless cases of ingratitude, and by instances of shameless indulgence plain to all, it

[1] Reprinted from *The Earliest Lives of Dante,* etc., translated by James Robinson Smith, N. Y., 1901. Copyright, 1901, by the translator, by whose permission it is here used.

The biography was originally written in Italian.

A few pages of digressions, which do not properly belong in the *Life,* are omitted by the editor.

will suffice for me to instance one case alone, in order that I may the less expose our faults, and that I may come to my principal purpose. Nor is the case in point an ordinary or slight one, for I am going to record the banishment of that most illustrious man, Dante Alighieri, an ancient citizen and born of no mean parents, who merited as much through his virtue, learning, and good services as is adequately shown and will be shown by the deeds he wrought. If such deeds had been done in a just republic, we believe they would have earned for him the highest rewards.

O iniquitous design! O shameless deed! O wretched example, clear proof of ruin to come! Instead of these rewards there was meted to him an unjust and bitter condemnation, perpetual banishment with alienation of his paternal goods, and, could it have been effected, the profanation of his glorious renown by false charges. The recent traces of his flight, his bones buried in an alien land, and his children scattered in the houses of others, still in part bear witness to these things. If all the other iniquities of Florence could be hidden from the all-seeing eyes of God, should not this one suffice to provoke his wrath upon her? Yea, in truth. Of him who, on the other hand, may be exalted, I deem it fitting to be silent.

Indeed, the close observer sees that the modern world has not only departed from the pathway of the former world, whereon I touched above, but it has turned its feet in quite the opposite direction. Wherefore it seems manifest that if we and others who live contrary to the above-cited maxim of Solon remain on our feet without falling, the reason must be that the nature of things has changed, as we often notice, through long operation, or that God unexpectedly and miraculously sustains us through the merits of some action of our past; or else, perchance, his patience awaits our repentance. If this in due time does not follow, let none doubt that his wrath, which with slow pace moves to vengeance, reserves for us treatment so much the more grievous as fully to compensate for his delay.

But inasmuch as we should not only flee evil deeds, albeit they seem to go unpunished, but also by right action should strive to amend them, I, although not fitted for so great a task, will try to do according to my little talent what the city should have done with magnificence, but has not. For I recognize that I am a part, though a small one, of that same city whereof Dante Alighieri, if his merits, his nobleness, and his virtue be considered, was a very great part, and that for this reason I, like every other citizen, am personally responsible for the honours due him. Not with a statue shall I honour him, nor with splendid obsequies — which customs no longer hold among us, nor would my powers suffice therefor — but with words I shall honour him, feeble though they be for so great an undertaking. Of these I have, and of these will I give, that other nations may not say that his native land, both as a whole and in part, has been equally ungrateful to so great a poet.

And I shall write in a style full light and humble, for higher my art

does not permit me; and in the Florentine idiom, that it may not differ from that which Dante used in the greater part of his writings. I shall first record those things about which he himself preserved a modest silence, namely the nobleness of his birth, his life, his studies, and his habits. Afterwards I shall gather under one head the works he composed, whereby he has rendered himself so evident to posterity that perchance my words will throw as much darkness upon him as light, albeit this is neither my intention nor wish. For I am content always to be set right, here and elsewhere, by those wiser than I, in all that I have spoken mistakenly. And that I may not err, I humbly pray that He who, as we know, drew Dante to his vision by a stair so lofty, will now aid and guide my spirit and my feeble hand.

Florence, the noblest of Italian cities, had her beginning, as ancient history and the general opinion of the present time seem to declare, from the Romans. Increasing in size as years went on, and filled with people and famous men, she began to appear to all her neighbours not only as a city but a power. What the cause of change was from these great beginnings — whether adverse fortune, or unfavourable skies, or the deserts of her citizens — we cannot be sure. But certain it is that, not many centuries later, Attila, that most cruel King of the Vandals, and general spoiler of nearly all Italy, after he had slain or dispersed all or the greater part of the citizens that were known for their noble blood or for some other distinction, reduced the city to ashes and ruins.

In this condition it is thought to have remained for more than three hundred years. At the end of that period, the Roman Empire having been transferred, and not without cause, from Greece to Gaul, Charles the Great, then the most clement King of the French, was raised to the imperial throne. At the close of many labours, moved, as I believe, by the Divine Spirit, he turned his imperial mind to the rebuilding of the desolated city. He it was who caused it to be rebuilt and inhabited by members of the same families from which the original founders were drawn, making it as far as possible like to Rome. And although he reduced the circumference of the walls, he nevertheless gathered within them the few descendants of the ancient fugitives.

Now among the new inhabitants (perhaps, as fame attests, the director of the rebuilding, allotter of the houses and streets, and giver of wise laws to the new people) was one who came from Rome, a most noble youth of the house of the Frangipani, whom everybody called Eliseo. When he had finished the main work for which he had come, he became, either from love of the city newly laid out by him, or from the pleasantness of the site, to which he perceived perhaps that the skies were in the future to be propitious, or drawn on by whatever other cause, a permanent citizen there. And the family of children and descendants, not small, nor little to be praised, which he left behind him, abandoned the ancient surname of their

ancestors, and took in its stead the name of their founder in Florence, and all called themselves the Elisei.

Among the other members of this family, as time went on and son descended from father, there was born and there lived a knight by the name of Cacciaguida, in arms and in judgment excellent and brave. In his youth his elders gave him for a bride a maiden born of the Aldighieri of Ferrara, prized for her beauty and her character, no less than for her noble blood. They lived together many years, and had several children. Whatever the others may have been called, in one of the children it pleased the mother to renew the name of her ancestors — as women often are fond of doing — and so she called him Aldighieri, although the word later, corrupted by the dropping of the ' d ', survived as Alighieri. The excellence of this man caused his descendants to relinquish the title Elisei, and take as their patronymic Alighieri; which name holds to this day. From him were descended many children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and, during the reign of Emperor Frederick II, an Alighieri was born who was destined, more through his son than of himself, to become famous. His wife in her pregnancy, and near the time of her delivery, saw in a dream what the fruit of her womb was to be; although the matter was not then understood by her nor by any other, and only from that which followed is today manifest to all.

This gentle lady seemed in her dream to be beneath a lofty laurel tree, in a green meadow, beside a clear spring, and there she felt herself delivered of a son. And he, partaking merely of the berries that fell from the laurel and of the waters of the clear spring, seemed almost immediately to become a shepherd that strove with all his power to secure some leaves of the tree whose fruit had nourished him. And as he strove she thought he fell, and when he rose again she perceived that he was no longer a man but a peacock; whereat so great wonder seized her that her sleep broke. Not long after it befell that the due time for her labour arrived, and she brought forth a son whom she and his father by common consent named Dante; and rightly so, for as will be seen as we proceed, the issue corresponded exactly to the name.

This was that Dante of whom the present discourse treats. This was that Dante given to our age by the special grace of God. This was that Dante who was the first to open the way for the return of the Muses, banished from Italy. By him the glory of the Florentine idiom has been made manifest; by him all the beauties of the vulgar tongue have been set to fitting numbers; by him dead poesy may truly be said to have been revived. A due consideration of these things will show that he could rightly have had no other name than Dante.

This special glory of Italy was born in our city in the year of the saving incarnation of the King of the universe 1265, when the Roman Empire was without a ruler owing to the death of the aforesaid Frederick, and Pope

Urban the Fourth was sitting in the chair of Saint Peter. The family into which he was born was of a smiling fortune — smiling, I mean, if we consider the condition of the world that then obtained. I will omit all consideration of his infancy — whatever it may have been — wherein appeared many signs of the coming glory of his genius. But I will note that from his earliest boyhood, having already learned the rudiments of letters, he gave himself and all his time, not to youthful lust and indolence, after the fashion of the nobles of today, lolling at ease in the lap of his mother, but to continued study, in his native city, of the liberal arts, so that he became exceedingly expert therein. And as his mind and genius ripened with his years, he devoted himself, not to lucrative pursuits, whereto everyone in general now hastens, but, with a laudable desire for perpetual fame, scorning transitory riches, he freely dedicated himself to the acquisition of a complete knowledge of poetic creations and of their exposition by rules of art. In this exercise he became closely intimate with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Statius, and with every other famous poet. And not only did he delight to know them, but he strove to imitate them in lofty song, even as his works demonstrate, whereof we shall speak at the proper time.

He perceived that poetical creations are not vain and simple fables or marvels, as many blockheads suppose, but that beneath them are hid the sweetest fruits of historical and philosophical truth, so that the conceptions of the poets cannot be fully understood without history and moral and natural philosophy. Proportionately distributing his time, he therefore strove to master history by himself, and philosophy under divers teachers, though not without long study and toil. And, possessed by the sweetness of knowing the truth of the things shut up by heaven, and finding naught else in life more dear than this, he utterly abandoned all other temporal cares, and devoted himself wholly to this alone. And to the end that no region of philosophy should remain unvisited by him, he penetrated with acute genius into the profoundest depths of theology. Nor was the result far distant from the aim. Unmindful of heat and cold, vigils and fasts, and every other physical hardship, by assiduous study he grew to such knowledge of the Divine Essence and of the other Separate Intelligences as can be compassed here by the human intellect. And as by application various sciences were learned by him at various periods, so he mastered them in various studies under various teachers.

The first rudiments of knowledge, as stated above, he received in his native city. Thence he went to Bologna, as to a place richer in such food. And, when verging on old age, he went to Paris, where in many disputations he displayed the loftiness of his genius with so great glory to himself that his auditors still marvel when they speak thereof. For studies so many and so excellent he deservedly won the highest titles, and while he lived some ever called him poet, others philosopher, and many theologian. But since the victory is more glorious to the victor, the greater the might of

the vanquished, I deem it fitting to make known from how surging and tempestuous a sea, buffeted now this way, now that, triumphant alike over waves and opposing winds, he won the blessed haven of the glorious titles aforenamed.

Studies in general, and speculative studies in particular — to which, as has been shown, our Dante wholly applied himself — usually demand solitude, remoteness from care, and tranquillity of mind. Instead of this retirement and quiet, Dante had, almost from the beginning of his life down to the day of his death, a violent and insufferable passion of love, a wife, domestic and public cares, exile, and poverty, not to mention those more particular cares which these necessarily involve. The former I deem it fitting to explain in detail, in order that their burden may appear the greater.

In that season wherein the sweetness of heaven reclothes the earth with all its adornments, and makes her all smiling with varied flowers scattered among green leaves, the custom obtained in our city that men and women should keep festival in different gatherings, each person in his neighbourhood. And so it chanced that among others Folco Portinari, a man held in great esteem among his fellow citizens, on the first day of May gathered his neighbours in his house for a feast. Now among these came the aforementioned Alighieri, followed by Dante, who was still in his ninth year; for little children are wont to follow their fathers, especially to places of festival. And mingling here in the house of the feast-giver with others of his own age, of whom there were many, both boys and girls, when the first tables had been served he boyishly entered with the others into the games, so far as his tender age permitted.

Now amid the throng of children was a little daughter of the aforesaid Folco, whose name was Bice, though he always called her by her full name, Beatrice. She was, it may be, eight years old, very graceful for her age, full gentle and pleasing in her actions, and much more serious and modest in her words and ways than her few years required. Her features were most delicate and perfectly proportioned, and, in addition to their beauty, full of such pure loveliness that many thought her almost a little angel. She, then, such as I picture her, or it may be far more beautiful, appeared at this feast to the eyes of our Dante; not, I suppose, for the first time, but for the first time with power to inspire him with love. And he, though still a child, received the lovely image of her into his heart with so great affection that it never left him from that day forward so long as he lived.

Now just what this affection was no one knows, but certainly it is true that Dante at an early age became a most ardent servitor of love. It may have been a harmony of temperaments or of characters, or a special influence of heaven that worked thereto, or that which we know is experienced at festivals, where because of the sweetness of the music, the general happiness, and the delicacy of the dishes and wines, the minds, not only

of youths but even of mature men, expand and are prone to be caught readily by whatever pleases them. But passing over the accidents of youth, I say that the flames of love multiplied with years in such measure that naught else gave him gladness, or comfort, or peace, save the sight of Beatrice. Forsaking, therefore, all other matters, with the utmost solicitude he went wherever he thought he might see her, as if he were to attain from her face and her eyes all his happiness and complete consolation.

O insensate judgment of lovers! who but they would think to check the flames by adding to the fuel? Dante himself in his *Vita Nuova* in part makes known how many and of what nature were the thoughts, the sighs, the tears, and the other grievous passions that he later suffered by reason of this love, wherefore I do not care to rehearse them more in detail. This much alone I do not wish to pass over without mention, namely, that according as he himself writes, and as others to whom his passion was known bear witness, this love was most virtuous, nor did there ever appear by look or word or sign any sensual appetite either in the lover or in the thing beloved; no little marvel to the present world, from which all innocent pleasure has so fled, and which is so accustomed to have the thing that pleases it conform to its lust before it has concluded to love it, that he who loves otherwise has become a miracle, even as a thing most rare.

If such love for so long season could interrupt his eating, his sleep, and every quietness, how great an enemy must we think it to have been to his sacred studies and to his genius? Certainly no mean one, although many maintain that it urged his genius on, and argue for proof from his graceful rimed compositions in the Florentine idiom, written in praise of his beloved and for the expression of his ardours and amorous conceits. But truly I should not agree with this, unless I first admitted that ornate writing is the most essential part of every science — which is not true.

As everyone may plainly perceive, there is nothing stable in this world, and, if anything is subject to change, it is our life. A trifle too much cold or heat within us, not to mention countless other accidents and possibilities, easily leads us from existence to non-existence. Nor is gentle birth privileged against this, nor riches, nor youth, nor any other worldly dignity. Dante must needs experience the force of this general law by another's death before he did by his own. The most beautiful Beatrice was near the end of her twenty-fourth year when, as it pleased Him who governs all things, she left the sufferings of this world, and passed to the glory that her virtues had prepared for her. By her departure Dante was thrown into such sorrow, such grief and tears, that many of those nearest him, both relatives and friends, believed that death alone would end them. They expected that this would shortly come to pass, seeing that he gave no ear to the comfort and consolation offered him. The days were like the nights, and the nights like the days. Not an hour of them passed with-

out groans, and sighs, and an abundant quantity of tears. His eyes seemed two copious springs of welling water, so that most men wondered whence he received moisture enough for his weeping.

But even as we see that sufferings through long experience become easy to bear, and that similarly all things in time diminish and cease, so it came to pass that in the course of several months Dante seemed to remember without weeping that Beatrice was dead. And with truer judgment, as grief somewhat gave place to reason, he came to recognize that neither weeping, nor sighs, nor aught else could restore his lost lady to him, wherefore he prepared to sustain the loss of her presence with greater patience. Nor was it long, now that the tears had ceased, before the sighs, which were already near their end, began in great measure to depart without returning.

Through weeping and the pain that his heart felt within, and through lack of any care of himself, he had become outwardly almost a savage thing to look upon — lean, unshaven, and almost utterly transformed from that which he was wont to be formerly; so that his aspect moved to pity not only his acquaintances but all others who saw him, although he let himself be seen but little by anyone save his friends while this so tearful state endured. Their compassion and fear of worse to come made his relatives attentive to his comfort. And when they saw that his tears had somewhat ceased, and knew that the burning sighs gave a little respite to his troubled bosom, they began again to solicit the broken-hearted one with consolations that had long been unheeded. And though up to that hour he had obstinately closed his ears to everyone, he now began not only to open them somewhat, but willingly to listen to that which was said for his comfort.

When his relatives perceived this, to the end that they might not only completely draw him from his sorrow but might also restore him to happiness, they took counsel together to give him a wife. They thought that as the lost lady had been the cause of sadness, so the newly acquired one might be the occasion of joy. And having found a young girl who was suited to his condition, they unfolded their purpose to Dante, employing those arguments that seemed to them most convincing. Not to touch particularly on each point, after a long and continued struggle, the natural result followed their reasoning with him, and he was married.

O blind intellects! O darkened understandings! O vain reasoning of mortal men! how frequently are results contrary to your opinions, and for the most part not without cause! What man under pretence of the excessive heat would lead one from the soft air of Italy to the burning sands of Libya in order that he might cool himself, or from the island of Cyprus to the eternal shades of the Rhodopean Mountains in order that he might be warmed? What physician would strive to expel an acute fever by means of fire, or a chill from the marrow of the bones with ice or snow? Surely none save he who thinks to assuage the sorrows of love by means of a

new bride. They who hope to do this do not know the nature of love, nor how it adds every other passion to its own. In vain is aid or counsel brought against its power, if once it has taken firm root in the heart of him who has long loved. Even as in the first stages every little resistance avails, so in its later growth the greater checks are frequently wont to work harm. But we must return to our subject, and concede for the moment that there may be things that in themselves can make one forget the troubles of love.

What, in truth, will he have done who, in order to free me from one trying thought, plunges me into a thousand more grievous still? Truly naught else, save that by adding to my ill he will make me wish to return to that from which he drew me. We see this happen to most of those who, in order to escape from or be relieved of troubles, blindly marry, or are married by others. They do not perceive that, though clear of one perplexity, they have entered into a thousand, until experience proves it to them when they are no longer able, though repentant, to turn back. His relatives and friends gave Dante a wife, that his tears for Beatrice might cease. I do not know that, as a result of this — although his tears passed away, or rather, perhaps, had already departed — the flame of love also passed away, and indeed I do not believe that such was the case. But, granting that it was extinguished, many fresh and more grievous trials might befall.

Accustomed to pursue his sacred studies far into the night, as often as was his pleasure he discoursed with kings, emperors, and other most exalted princes, disputed with philosophers, and delighted in the most agreeable of poets; and, through listening to the sufferings of others, he allayed his own. But now he is bound to withdraw from this illustrious company whenever his new lady wishes him to listen to the talk of such women as she chooses, with whom he must not only agree against his pleasure, but whom he must praise, if he would not add to his troubles. It had been his custom, whenever the vulgar crowd wearied him, to retire to some solitary spot, and there in speculation to discover what spirit moves the heavens, whence comes life to animals, what are the causes of things; to forecast strange inventions or compose something that should make him live after death among future generations. But now not only is he drawn from these sweet contemplations as often as it pleases his new lady, but he must consort with company ill fitted for such things. He who was free to laugh or weep, to sigh or sing, as sweet or bitter passions moved him, now does not dare, for he must needs give account to his lady, not only of greater things, but even of every little sigh, explaining what produced it, whence it came, and whither it went. For she takes his light-heartedness as evidence of love for another, and his sadness, of hatred for herself.

O the incalculable weariness of having to live and converse, and finally to grow old and die, with so suspicious a creature! I prefer to pass over the new and heavy cares which the unwonted must bear, especially in our

city; namely, the provision of clothes, ornaments, and roomfuls of needless trifles, which women make themselves believe are necessary to proper living; the provisions of menservants, maidservants, nurses, and chambermaids; the furnishing of banquets, gifts, and presents, which must be made to the bride's relatives, since husbands wish that their wives should think they love these persons. Moreover, there are many other things that free men never knew before. And I now come to things that cannot be evaded.

Who doubts that the judgment of the people concerns itself with one's wife, as to whether she be fair or no? And if she be reputed beautiful, who doubts that she straightway will have many admirers, who will importunately besiege her fickle mind, one with his good looks, another with his noble birth, this one with marvellous flattery, that one with presents, and still another with his pleasing ways? What is desired by many is hardly defended from everyone, and the purity of women need be overthrown but once to make themselves infamous and their husbands for ever miserable. And if, through the ill-luck of him who leads her home, she be not fair, inasmuch as we frequently see the most beautiful women soon become tiresome, what may we think with regard to these plain women, save that not only they themselves, but every place where they may be found, will be held in hatred by those who must always have them for their own? Hence arises their wrath. Nor is any brute more cruel than an angry woman, nay, nor so cruel. No man can feel safe who commits himself to one who thinks she has reason to be wroth. And they all think that.

What shall I say of their ways? If I were to show how and to how great an extent wives run counter to the peace and repose of men, I should stretch my discourse too far. It therefore suffices to speak of one thing alone, common to nearly all women. They reflect that good conduct on the part of the meanest servant retains him in the household, and that bad conduct leads to his dismissal. So they think that if they themselves do well, their fate is only that of a servant, and they feel that they are ladies only so long as, while doing ill, they yet escape the end which menials reach. But why should I describe in detail what most of us know? I deem it better to keep silent than to offend the lovely women by speaking. Who does not know that a purchaser, before he buys, makes trial of everything save of a wife, and that this exception occurs through fear that she may displease him before he leads her home? Whoso takes a wife must needs have her not such as he would choose, but such as fortune grants him.

And if these things are true, as he knows who has proved them, we may imagine how much unhappiness is hidden in rooms that are reputed places of delight by those whose eyes cannot pierce the walls. Assuredly I do not affirm that these things fell to the lot of Dante; for I do not know that they did. But, whether things like these or others were the cause, true it

is that when once he had parted from his wife, who had been given him as a consolation in his troubles, he never would go to her, nor let her come to him, albeit he was the father of several children by her. Let no one suppose that I would conclude from what has been said above that men should not marry. On the contrary, I decidedly commend it, but not for everyone. Philosophers should leave it to wealthy fools, to noblemen, and to peasants, while they themselves find delight in philosophy, a far better bride than any other.

It is the general nature of things temporal that one thing entails another. Domestic cares drew Dante to public ones, where the vain honours that are attached to state positions so bewildered him that, without noting whence he had come and whither he was bound, with free rein he almost completely surrendered himself to the management of these matters. And therein fortune was so favourable to him that no legation was heard or answered, no law established or repealed, no peace made nor public war undertaken, nor, in short, was any deliberation of weight entered upon, until Dante had first given his opinion relative thereto. On him all public faith, all hope, and, in a word, all things human and divine seemed to rest. But although Fortune, the subverter of our counsels and the foe of all human stability, kept him at the summit of her wheel for several years of glorious rule, she brought him to an end far different from his beginning, since he trusted her immoderately.

In Dante's time the citizens of Florence were perversely divided into two factions, and by the operations of astute and prudent leaders each party was very powerful, so that sometimes one ruled and sometimes the other, to the displeasure of its defeated rival. In his wish to unite the divided body of his republic, Dante brought all genius, all art, all study to bear, showing the wiser citizens how great things soon perish through discord, and how little things through harmony have infinite growth. Finding, however, that his auditors' minds were unyielding and that his labour was in vain, and believing it the judgment of God, he at first purposed to drop entirely all public affairs and live a private life. But afterwards he was drawn on by the sweetness of glory, by the empty favour of the populace, and by the persuasions of the chief citizens, coupled with his own belief that, should the occasion offer, he could accomplish much more good for his city if he were great in public affairs than he could in his private capacity completely removed therefrom.

O fond desire of human splendours, how much stronger is thy power than he who has not known thee can believe! This man, mature as he was, bred, nurtured, and trained in the sacred bosom of philosophy, before whose eyes was the downfall of kings ancient and modern, the desolation of kingdoms, provinces, and cities, and the furious onslaughts of fortune though he sought naught else than the highest, lacked either the knowledge or the power to defend himself from thy charms.

Dante decided, then, to pursue the fleeting honour and false glory of public office. Perceiving that he could not support by himself a third party, which, in itself just, should overthrow the injustice of the two others and reduce them to unity, he allied himself with that faction which seemed to him to possess most of justice and reason — working always for that which he recognized as salutary to his country and her citizens. But human counsels are commonly defeated by the powers of heaven. Hatred and enmities arose, though without just cause, and waxed greater day by day; so that many times the citizens rushed to arms, to their utmost confusion. They purposed to end the struggle by fire and sword, and were so blinded by wrath that they did not see that they themselves would perish miserably thereby.

After each of the factions had given many proofs of their strength to their mutual loss, the time came when the secret counsels of threatening Fortune were to be disclosed. Rumour, who reports both the true and the false, announced that the foes of Dante's faction were strengthened by wise and wonderful designs and by an immense multitude of armed men, and by this means so terrified the leaders of his party that she banished from their minds all consideration, all forethought, all reason, save how to flee in safety. Together with them Dante, instantly precipitated from the chief rule of his city, beheld himself not only brought low to the earth, but banished from his country. Not many days after this expulsion, when the populace had already rushed to the houses of the exiles, and had furiously pillaged and gutted them, the victors reorganized the city after their pleasure, condemning all the leaders of their adversaries to perpetual exile as capital enemies of the republic, and with them Dante, not as one of the lesser leaders, but as it were the chief one. Their real property was meanwhile confiscated or alienated to the victors.

This reward Dante gained for the tender love which he had borne his country! This reward Dante gained for his efforts to allay the civic discord! This reward Dante gained for having given all his care to the welfare, the peace, the tranquillity of his fellow citizens! It is manifest from this how void of truth are the favours of the people, and how little trust may be placed therein. He in whom, but a short time before, every public hope, all the affections of the citizens, every refuge of the people, seemed to be placed, suddenly, for no just cause, for no offence or crime, is furiously driven into irrevocable exile, and all by means of that very Fame who aforetime had frequently been heard to lift his praises to the stars. This was the marble statue raised to the eternal memory of his virtue! With these letters was his name inscribed on tables of gold among the fathers of his country! By such commendatory reports were thanks rendered him for his good deeds! Who, then, in view of these things, will say that our republic does not halt upon this foot?

O vain confidence of mortals, by how many lofty examples art thou

continually reproved, admonished, and chastised! Alas! if Camillus, Rutilius, Coriolanus, the two Scipios, and the other ancient worthies have passed from thy memory through lapse of time, let this recent instance make thee pursue thy pleasure with more temperate rein. Nothing in this world has less stability than popular favour. There is no hope more insane, no counsel more foolish than that which encourages one to trust therein. Let our minds, then, be lifted up to Heaven, in whose everlasting law, in whose eternal splendours, in whose true beauty, is clearly manifest the stability of Him who moves all things according to reason; and thus, leaving transitory things, we may, to avoid deception, fasten our every hope on Him, as on a fixed goal.

In such wise, then, Dante left that city whereof not only he was a citizen, but of which his ancestors had been the rebuilders. He left his wife there, together with his children, whose youthful age ill adapted them for flight. At ease concerning his wife, for he knew that she was related to one of the leaders of the opposing faction, but uncertain of his own course, he wandered now here, now there, throughout Tuscany. Under the title of her dowry, his wife with difficulty defended a small portion of his possessions from the fury of the citizens, and from the fruits therof obtained a meagre support for herself and her little children. Therefore Dante in poverty was forced to get his living by a kind of industry to which he was a stranger.

O what righteous indignation must he repress, more bitter than death for him to bear, while hope promised him that his exile would be short — and then the return! But, after leaving Verona, whither he had first fled and where he had been graciously received by Messer Alberto della Scala, he tarried year after year, contrary to his expectation, first with the Count Salvatico in the Casentino, then with the Marquis Moruello Malaspina in Lunigiana, and finally with the della Faggiuola in the mountains near Urbino, most suitably honoured in each case according to the times and the means of his host. Thence he later departed to Bologna, and from there, after a short stay, he went on to Padua, and then back again to Verona. But perceiving that the way of return was closed on every side, and that his hope was more vain from day to day, he abandoned not only Tuscany but all Italy, and, crossing the mountains that divide it from the province of Gaul, he made his way as best he could to Paris. There he gave his whole time to the study of philosophy and theology, though likewise regathering to himself such parts of the other sciences as had gone from him by reason of his adversities.

While he was thus spending his time in study, it came to pass, beyond his expectation, that Henry, Count of Luxemburg, at the desire and command of Clement V, who was pope at this time, was elected King of the Romans, and was afterwards crowned Emperor. When Dante heard that he had left Germany in order to subjugate Italy, which in parts was rebellious to his Majesty, and that he was already besieging Brescia with

a powerful force, believing, for many reasons, that the Emperor would be victor, he conceived the hope of returning to Florence by means of Henry's power and justice, although he knew that Florence was opposed to him. Wherefore, recrossing the Alps, he joined the many enemies of the Florentine party, and by embassies and letters strove to draw the Emperor from the siege of Brescia, in order that he might turn against Florence, who was the principal member of his enemies. He showed him that if she were overcome, he would have little or no trouble in securing free and unimpeded possession and dominion of all Italy.

But although Dante, and others of the same purpose, succeeded in drawing Henry thither, his coming did not have the expected result, for the resistance was far stronger than they had anticipated. And so, without having accomplished anything worthy of mention, the Emperor left, almost in despair, and directed his way toward Rome. And though in one part and another he achieved much, righted many things, and planned to do more, his too early death ruined the whole. As a consequence of his death everyone who had looked to him lost courage, and especially Dante. Without making further effort toward his return, he crossed the Apennines and entered Romagna, where his last day, which was to end all his troubles, awaited him.

At that time the Lord of Ravenna, that famous and ancient city of Romagna, was a noble knight by the name of Guido Novello da Polenta. Trained in liberal studies, he greatly honoured men of worth, and especially those who excelled in knowledge. When it came to his ears that Dante was then unexpectedly in Romagna and stood in great despair, he resolved to receive and honour him, for of his worth he had known by reputation long before. Nor did the lord wait for this to be asked of him, but reflecting what shame good men must feel in asking favours, he generously came to Dante with proffers, asking as a special favour that which he knew Dante in time must ask of him, namely, that Dante should find it his pleasure to reside with him.

Since, then, the two desires, that of the invited one and that of the host, concurred in the same end, and since the liberality of the noble knight was especially pleasing to Dante, and, on the other hand, since need pressed him, without waiting for further invitation he went to Ravenna. Here he was honourably received by the lord of the city, who revived his fallen hope by kindly encouragement, gave him an abundance of suitable things, and kept the poet with him for several years, even to the end of Dante's life.

Neither amorous desires, nor tears of grief, nor household cares, nor the tempting glory of public office, nor miserable exile, nor insufferable poverty, could ever by their power divert Dante from his main intent, that of sacred studies. For, as will be seen later when separate mention is made of his works, in the midst of whatever was most cruel of the aforementioned troubles, he will be found to have employed himself in composition. And

if in spite of the many and great obstacles recounted above, by force of genius and perseverance he became so illustrious as we see him to be, what may we think he would have become with as many allies as others have, or at least with no enemies or very few? Certainly I do not know, but, were it permitted, I should say he would have become a god on earth.

Since all hope, though not the desire, of ever returning to Florence was gone, Dante continued in Ravenna several years, under the protection of its gracious lord. And here he taught and trained many scholars in poetry, and especially in the vernacular, which he first, in my opinion, exalted and made esteemed among us Italians, even as Homer did his tongue among the Greeks, and Virgil his among the Latins. Although the vulgar tongue is supposed to have originated some time before him, none thought or dared to make the language an instrument of any artistic matter, save in the numbering of syllables, and in the consonance of its endings. They employed it, rather, in the light things of love. Dante showed in effect that every lofty subject could be treated of in this medium, and made our vulgar tongue above all others glorious.

But even as the appointed hour comes for every man, so Dante also, at or near the middle of his fifty-sixth year, fell ill. And having humbly and devoutly received the sacraments of the Church according to the Christian religion, and having reconciled himself to God in contrition for all that he, as a mortal, had committed against His pleasure, in the month of September in the year of Christ 1321, on the day whereon the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is celebrated by the Church, not without great sorrow on the part of the aforesaid Guido and in general of all the other citizens of Ravenna, he rendered to his Creator his weary spirit, the which, I doubt not, was received in the arms of his most noble Beatrice, with whom, in the sight of Him who is the highest Good, having left behind him the miseries of the present life, he now lives most blissfully in that life to whose felicity we believe there is no end.

The noble-minded knight had the body of Dante placed upon a bier and adorned with a poet's ornaments, and this he had borne on the shoulders of the most eminent citizens of Ravenna to the convent of the Minor Friars in that city, with the honour he thought due to such a person. And thereupon he caused the body, followed thus far by the lamentings of nearly the whole city, to be placed in a stone sarcophagus, in which it lies to this day. Returning to the house where Dante had resided, he made, according to the custom of Ravenna, a long and elaborate discourse, both as a tribute to the virtue and high learning of the deceased, and by way of consolation to the friends whom he left behind in bitter grief. Guido purposed, if his life and fortune should continue, to honour him with so magnificent a sepulchre that if no merit of his own should render himself memorable to posterity, this of itself would do so.

This praiseworthy proposal soon became known to certain most excellent

poets of Romagna who were living at that time. Thereupon, both to publish their own ability and to show their goodwill toward the dead poet, as well as to win the love and favour of the lord who was known to desire it, each one wrote verses which, placed for an epitaph upon the proposed tomb, by their fitting praises should testify to posterity who it was that lay therein. They sent these verses to the noble lord, but he, not long after, lost his station through great misfortune, and died at Bologna; and the erection of the tomb and the inscription of the proffered verses thereon were for this reason left undone.

These verses were shown to me some time afterwards, and finding that they had not been used, owing to the event already mentioned, and reflecting that this present composition, though not a tomb for Dante's body, is, nevertheless, as that would have been, a perpetual preserver of his memory, I have deemed it appropriate to insert the verses at this place. But inasmuch as only one of the many poems composed would have been engraven on the marble, I think it is necessary to subjoin but one here. Wherefore, having examined them all, I consider the most worthy in form and thought to be the fourteen lines written by Master Giovanni del Virgilio, at that time a great and famous poet of Bologna, and an intimate friend of Dante. These are the verses:

Theologus Dantes, nullius dogmatis expers,
Quod foveat claro philosophia sinu:
Gloria musarum, vulgo gratissimus auctor,
Hic jacet, et fama pulsat utrumque polum:
Qui loca defunctis gladiis regnumque gemellis
Distribuit, laicis rhetoricisque modis.
Pascua Pieriis demum resonabat avenis;
Atropos heu letum livida rupit opus.
Huic ingrata tulit tristem Florentia fructum,
Exilium, vati patria cruda suo.
Quem pia Guidonis gremio Ravenna Novelli
Gaudet honorati continuisse ducis,
Mille trecentenis ter septem Numinis annis,
Ad sua septembris idibus astra redit.

O ungrateful fatherland! What madness, what recklessness possessed thee, when with unwonted cruelty thou didst put to flight thy most precious citizen, thy chief benefactor, thy supreme poet? Or what has since possessed thee? If perchance thou excuse thyself, laying the blame of thy evil purpose on the general fury of the time, why, when thy wrath had ceased and thy peace of mind was restored, and when thou hadst repented of the deed, didst thou not recall him? Ah! be not loth to reason a little with me, thy son, and receive what righteous indignation makes me say, as from a man who desires that thou amend, and not that thou be punished.

Does it seem to thee that thou art glorious in so many and so great titles that thou shouldst have wished to banish from thee that one, the like of whom no neighbouring city can boast? Ah! tell me with what victories, what triumphs, with what virtues and worthy citizens art thou resplendent? Thy riches, a thing transient and uncertain; thy beauties, a thing fragile and failing; thy luxuries, a thing effeminate and reprehensible — these make thee famous in the false judgment of the people, who ever look more to appearances than to the truth. Alas! wilt thou glory in thy merchants and the artists in whom thou dost abound? Foolishly wilt thou do so. The former with constant avarice ply a servile trade, and art, which once was ennobled by men of genius, in that they made it their second nature, is now corrupted by this very avarice, and become of no account. Wilt thou glory then in the sloth and cowardice of those who, calling to mind their ancestors, would gain within thy walls high station in that nobility which they work against by robbery, treachery, and deceit? Worthless glory will be thine, and the scorn of those whose opinion has a fitting basis and firm stability.

Alas! wretched mother, open thine eyes and see with some remorse what thou hast done. Be ashamed, thou that art reputed wise, for the false choice thou hast made in thine errors. Ah! if thou didst not have such counsel in thyself, why didst thou not imitate the actions of those cities which are still famous for their praiseworthy deeds? Athens, one of the eyes of Greece, equally splendid in learning, eloquence, and military power, when on her rested the rule of the world; Argos, still glorious in the titles of her kings; Smyrna, for ever to be revered for the sake of Nicholas, her bishop; Pylos, renowned for her aged Nestor; Cyme, Chios, and Colophon, splendid cities of the past — none of these was ashamed nor did they hesitate in their most glorious days eagerly to discuss the birthplace of the poet Homer, each city affirming that he was drawn from her. So strong did each one make her claim that it is not certain whence he did come; and the dispute still continues, for all make equal boast of this great citizen. And Mantua, our neighbour, from what does she derive greater fame than from the fact that Virgil, whose name they still hold in great reverence, was a Mantuan? So acceptable to all is he that his image is seen not only in public but also in many private places, showing that, notwithstanding the fact that his father was a potter, he was the ennobler of them all. Sulmona glories in Ovid, Venosa in Horace, Aquino in Juvenal, and so with many others, each arguing her claim to her son.

It had been no shame for thee to have followed the example of these cities, for it is not likely that without cause they have been so fond and tender toward such citizens. They realized what thou likewise couldst have known and canst now, namely, that the ever-enduring influence of these men, even after the ruin of the cities themselves, would keep their names eternal; even as now, published throughout the world, they make

the cities known to those who have never seen them. Thou alone, blinded by I know not what infatuation, hast chosen a different course, and, as if full glorious in thyself, hast not cared for this splendour. Thou alone, as if the Camilli, the Publicoli, the Torquati, the Fabricii, the Fabii, the Catos, and the Scipios had been thine, and by their splendid deeds had made thee famous, not only hast suffered thine ancient citizen Claudian to fall from thy hands, but hast neglected thy present poet and hast driven him from thee, banished him, and wouldst have deprived him, had it been possible, of thy name. I cannot escape being ashamed in thy behalf.

But lo! not fortune, but the natural course of things, has been so favourable to thy vicious appetite that it has performed by its eternal law what thou in brutal eagerness wouldst willingly have done, if he had fallen into thy hands — slain him. Dead is thy Dante Alighieri in that exile to which thou, jealous of his worth, didst unjustly condemn him. O crime immemorable, that the mother should envy the virtue of any of her sons! Now at last art thou free from anxiety. Now by reason of his death thou livest secure in thy faults, and canst end thy long and unjust persecutions. He cannot, dead, do that to thee which, living, he never would have done. He lies beneath another sky than thine, nor mayst thou think ever to see him more, save on that day when thou shalt see all thy citizens examined and punished by a just judge.

If then hatred, anger, and enmities cease at the death of anyone, as is believed, begin to return to thyself and thy right mind. Begin to be ashamed of having acted contrary to thine ancient humanity. Begin to wish to appear a mother, and no longer a foe. Pay the debt of weeping to thy son. Proffer him thy maternal pity, and him whom thou didst cast out when he was alive, yea, didst banish as a suspect, desire at least to recover now that he is dead. Restore thy citizenship, thy bosom, thy favour to his memory. Verily, for all that thou wert ungrateful and arrogant toward him, yet ever like a son he held thee in reverence. Never did he wish to deprive thee of the honour that would come to thee through his works, as thou didst deprive him of thy citizenship. Notwithstanding his exile was a long one, he always called himself, and wished to be called, a Florentine. Ever he preferred thee above all others, ever he loved thee.

What, then, wilt thou do? Wilt thou always persist in thine iniquity? Shall there be in thee less of humanity than in barbarians, whom we find not only to have demanded the bodies of their dead, but to have been ready to die manfully in order to recover them? Thou desirest that the world consider thee the granddaughter of famous Troy, and the daugther of Rome. Surely children should resemble their fathers and grandfathers. Priam in his grief not only begged for the body of the dead Hector, but bought it back by the payment of much gold. And the Romans, as some believe, brought the bones of the first Scipio from Liternum, albeit for good reasons he had forbidden it at his death. Though Hector by his

prowess was long the defence of the Trojans, and Scipio was the liberator not only of Rome, but of all Italy, and though none can properly credit two like services to Dante, yet is he not to be held in less esteem. There was never yet a time when arms did not give way to learning.

If thou didst not at first, when it would have been most fitting, imitate the deeds and example of these wise cities, amend now and follow them. There was none of the seven that did not build a true or a false tomb for Homer. And who doubts that the Mantuans, who continue to honour the fields and the poor cottage at Piettola that belonged to Virgil, would have erected a splendid tomb for him, if Octavian Augustus, who transported his bones from Brindisi to Naples, had not ordered that the spot where he laid them should be their perpetual resting-place? Sulmona wept long merely because a spot in the island of Pontus held her Ovid. Parma, on the other hand, rejoiced in the possession of Cassius. Strive to be, therefore, the guardian of thy Dante. Beg for him. Perform this act of humanity even if thou have no desire to recover him. By this pretence partially rid thyself of the reproach previously incurred. Beg for him. I am certain that he will not be returned to thee, but thou, at the same moment, wilt have shown thyself to be full of pity, and in thine innate cruelty wilt rejoice in not recovering him.

But to what do I encourage thee? I can scarce believe that, if the dead have aught of feeling, the body of Dante would leave its resting-place in order to return to thee. He lies with company far more to be praised than that which thou couldst afford him. He sleeps in Ravenna, a city much more to be revered than thou; and, although her age somewhat disfigures her, she was far more flourishing in her youth than thou art now. She is, as it were, a general sepulchre of most sacred persons, and there is no spot in her where one can keep from treading on venerable ashes. Who, then, would desire to return to thee and lie among thine ashes, which may be thought to preserve the wrath and iniquity that was theirs in life, and, at ill accord, to stand apart like the flames of the two Thebans?

Albeit Ravenna in ancient days was almost completely bathed in the precious blood of many martyrs, and today keeps their bodies out of reverence, as well as the remains of many magnificent emperors and others illustrious for their ancient families and for virtuous deeds, she rejoices not a little in having been granted by God, in addition to her other gifts, the perpetual guardianship of such a treasure as the body of him whose works hold the whole world in admiration, and of whom thou hast not known how to make thyself worthy. But certainly the joy of possessing him is not so great as the envy she bears thee in that thou holdest the title of his birthplace. And she half scorns the fact that, while she will be remembered for his last days, thou wilt be named with her for his first. Wherefore do thou remain in thine iniquity, and let Ravenna, happy in thine honours, take glory among future generations.

Such as described above was the end of Dante's life, worn out by his various studies. And since I think I have adequately shown, according to my promise, his amorous flames, his domestic and public cares, his miserable exile, and his death, I deem it proper to proceed to speak of his bodily stature, of his external appearance, and in general of the most conspicuous customs observed by him in his life. I shall then immediately pass to his notable works, composed in a time rent by the fierce whirlwind which has been briefly described above.

Our poet was of moderate height, and, after reaching maturity, was accustomed to walk somewhat bowed, with a slow and gentle pace, clad always in such sober dress as befitted his ripe years. His face was long, his nose aquiline, and his eyes rather large than small. His jaws were large, and the lower lip protruded beyond the upper. His complexion was dark, his hair and beard thick, black, and curled, and his expression ever melancholy and thoughtful. And thus it chanced one day in Verona, when the fame of his works had spread everywhere, particularly that part of his *Commedia* entitled the *Inferno,* and when he was known by sight to many, both men and women, that, as he was passing before a doorway where sat a group of women, one of them softly said to the others, — but not so softly but that she was distinctly heard by Dante and such as accompanied him — " Do you see the man who goes down into hell and returns when he pleases, and brings back tidings of them that are below? " To which one of the others naïvely answered, " You must indeed say true. Do you not see how his beard is crisped, and his colour darkened, by the heat and smoke down there? " Hearing these words spoken behind him, and knowing that they came from the innocent belief of the women, he was pleased, and, smiling a little as if content that they should hold such an opinion, he passed on.

In both his domestic and his public demeanour he was admirably composed and orderly, and in all things courteous and civil beyond any other. In food and drink he was most temperate, both in partaking of them at the appointed hours and in not passing the limits of necessity. Nor did he show more epicurism in respect of one thing than another. He praised delicate viands, but ate chiefly of plain dishes, and censured beyond measure those who bestow a great part of their attention upon possessing choice things, and upon the extremely careful preparation of the same, affirming that such persons do not eat to live, but rather live to eat.

None was more vigilant than he in study and in whatever else he undertook, insomuch that his wife and family were annoyed thereby, until they grew accustomed to his ways, and after that they paid no heed thereto. He rarely spoke unless questioned, and then thoughtfully, and in a voice suited to the matter whereof he treated. When, however, there was cause he was eloquent and fluent in speech, and possessed of an excellent and ready delivery. In his youth he took the greatest delight in music and song,

and enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of all the best singers and musicians of his time. Led on by this delight he composed many poems, which he made them clothe in pleasing and masterly melody.

How devoted a vassal to love Dante was, has already been shown. It is the firm belief of all that this love inspired his genius to compose poetry in the vulgar tongue, first through imitation, afterwards through a desire for glory and for a more perfect manifestation of his feelings. By a careful training of himself in the vernacular, he not only surpassed all his contemporaries, but so elucidated and beautified the language that he made then, and has made since, and will make in the future, many persons eager to be expert therein. He delighted also in being alone and removed from people, to the end that his meditations might not be disturbed. If, moreover, any particularly pleasing contemplation came upon him when he was in company, it mattered not what it was that was asked of him, he would never answer the question until he had ended or abandoned his train of thought. This peculiarity often showed itself when he was at table, or in travel with companions, and elsewhere.

In his studies he was most assiduous, insomuch that while he was occupied therewith no news that he heard could divert him from them. Some trustworthy persons relate, anent this complete devotion of his to the thing that pleased him, that once, when he chanced to be at an apothecary's shop in Siena, there was brought him a little book, very famous among men of understanding, but which he had not yet seen, although it had been promised him. He did not have, as it happened, room to place it elsewhere, so, lying breast-downwards upon a bench in front of the apothecary's, he laid the book before him and began to read with great eagerness. Now a little later in this same neighbourhood, by reason of some general festival of the Sienese, there took place a grand tournament of young noblemen which created among the bystanders a great uproar — such noise as many instruments and applauding voices are wont to produce. And though many other things were done to attract attention, such as dancing by fair ladies and numerous games of youths, none saw Dante move from his position, or once lift his eyes from his book. Indeed, although he had taken his station there about the hour of three, it was after six before, having examined and summarized all the points of the book, he rose from his position. Yet he afterwards declared to some who asked him how he could keep from watching so fine a festival as had taken place before him, that he had heard nothing. Whereupon to the first wonder of the questioners was not unduly added a second.

Moreover this poet possessed marvellous capacity, a most retentive memory, and a keen intellect. Indeed, when he was at Paris, in a disputation *de quolibet* held there in the schools of theology, wherein fourteen different theses were being maintained by various able men on divers subjects, Dante without a break gathered all the theses together in their

sequence, with the arguments *pro* and *con* that were advanced by his opponents, and then, following the same order, recited them, subtly solved them, and refuted the counter-arguments — a feat that was reputed all but a miracle by them that stood by. He was possessed also of exalted genius and subtle invention, as his works, to those that understand them, reveal far more clearly than could any words of mine.

He had a consuming love for honour and fame, perchance a greater love than befitted his noble nature. But indeed what life is so humble as not to be touched by the sweetness of glory? It was due to this desire, I suppose, that he loved poetry beyond any other study. For he saw that, while philosophy surpasses all other studies in nobility, yet its excellence can be communicated to but few, and besides there are already many famous philosophers throughout the world; whereas poetry is more obvious and more delightful to everyone, and poets are exceeding rare. So he hoped through poetry to obtain the unusual and splendid honour of coronation with the laurel, and therefore dedicated himself to its study and composition.

And surely his desire had been fulfilled, if fortune had been so gracious as to permit him ever to return to Florence, where alone, at the font of San Giovanni, he was minded to be crowned, in order that there, where in baptism he had received his first name, now by coronation he might receive his second. But things so turned out that, albeit his gifts would have enabled him to receive the honour of the laurel wherever he pleased (the which rite does not increase knowledge, but is its ornament and true witness of its acquisition), yet since he ever waited for that return which never was to be, he was unwilling to receive the much-coveted honour anywhere else, and so at length died without achieving it.

But inasmuch as frequent question is made among readers as to what poetry is and what poets are, whence the word is derived and why poets are crowned with the laurel, and since few seem to have explained these matters, it pleases me to make a digression here, in which I may throw some light on the subject, returning as soon as I am able to my theme.

Our poet, in addition to what has been said above, was of a lofty and disdainful spirit. On one occasion a friend, moved by entreaties, laboured that Dante might return to Florence — which thing the poet desired above all else — but he found no way thereto with those who then held the government in their hands save that Dante should remain in prison for a certain time, and after that be presented as a subject for mercy at some public solemnity in our principal church, whereby he should be free and exempt from all sentences previously passed upon him. But this seemed to Dante a fitting procedure for abject, if not infamous, men and for no others. Therefore, notwithstanding his great desire, he chose to remain in exile rather than return home by such a road. O laudable and magnanimous scorn, how manfully hast thou acted in repressing the ardent

desire to return, when it was only possible by a way unworthy of a man nourished in the bosom of philosophy!

Dante in many similar ways set great store by himself, and, as his contemporaries report, did not deem himself worth less than in truth he was. This trait, among other times, appeared once notably, when he was with his party at the head of the government of the republic. The faction that was out of power had, through Pope Boniface VIII, summoned a brother or relative of Philip, King of France, whose name was Charles, to direct the affairs of the city. All the chiefs of the party to which Dante held were assembled in council to look to this matter, and there among other things they provided that an embassy should be sent to the Pope, who was then at Rome, in order to persuade him to oppose the coming of the said Charles, or to make him come with the consent of the ruling party. When they came to consider who should be the head of this embassy, all agreed on Dante. To their request he replied, after quietly meditating on it for awhile, " If I go, who stays? And if I stay, who goes? " as if he alone was of worth among them all, and as if the others were nothing worth except through him. These words were understood and remembered, but that which followed from them is not pertinent to the present subject, wherefore I leave it and pass on.

Furthermore, this excellent man was most undaunted in all his adversities. In one thing alone he was, I do not know whether I should say passionate, or merely impatient: to wit, that after he went into exile he devoted himself much more to party affairs than befitted his quality, and more than he was willing to have others believe. To the end that it may be clear for what party he was so vehement and determined, it seems to me that I ought to write something further.

I believe it was the just anger of God which permitted, a long time ago, that nearly all Tuscany and Lombardy should be divided into two parties. Whence they received these names I do not know, but one was called, and is still called, the Guelf party, and the other the Ghibelline. Of such power and reverence were these two names in the foolish minds of many, that, in order to defend his party against the other, it was not hard for a man to lose all his possessions, nay, and finally his life too, if there were need. Under these titles the Italian cities sustained most grievous oppression and vicissitudes, and among them our city, which was as it were the head, now of one party, and now of the other, according as the citizens changed. Dante's ancestors, for example, were twice, as Guelfs, exiled by the Ghibellines, and it was under the title of Guelf that he held the reins of the republic in Florence. It was not, however, by the Ghibellines, but by the Guelfs, that he was banished. And when he found that he could not return, his sympathies changed, so that none was a fiercer Ghibelline and more violent adversary of the Guelfs than he.

Now that for which I am most ashamed in the service of his memory

is that, according to the common report in Romagna, any feeble woman or child, in speaking of parties and condemning the Ghibellines, could move him to such rage that he would have been led to throw stones if the speaker had not become silent. This bitterness continued even to his death. I am ashamed to sully the reputation of so great a man by the mention of any fault in him, but my purpose to some extent requires it, for if I am silent about the things less worthy of praise, I shall destroy much faith in the laudable qualities already mentioned. I ask, therefore, the pardon of Dante, who perchance, while I am writing this, looks down at me with scornful eye from some high region of heaven.

Amid so great virtue, amid so much learning, as we have seen was the portion of this wondrous poet, licentiousness found a large place; and this not only in his youth, but also in his maturity. Although this vice is natural, common, and in a certain sense necessary, it not only cannot be commended, but cannot even be decently excused. But what mortal shall be the just judge to condemn it? Not I. O little strength! O bestial appetite of men! What influence cannot women have over us if they will, since without caring they have so much? They possess charm, beauty, natural desire, and many other qualities that continually work in their behalf in the hearts of men.

To show that this is true, let us pass over what Jupiter did for the sake of Europa, Hercules for Iole, and Paris for Helen, since these are matters of poetry, and many of little judgment would call them fables. But let the matter be illustrated by instances fitting for none to deny. Was there yet more than one woman in the world when our first father, breaking the commandment given him by the very mouth of God, yielded to her persuasions? In truth there was but one. And David, notwithstanding the fact that he had many wives, no sooner caught sight of Bathsheba than for her sake he forgot God, his own kingdom, himself, and his honour, becoming first an adulterer and then a homicide. What may we think he would have done, had she laid any commands upon him? And did not Solomon, to whose wisdom none ever attained save the Son of God, forsake Him who had made him wise, and kneel to adore Balaam in order to please a woman? What did Herod? What did many others, led by naught else save their pleasure? Among so many and so great ones, then, our poet may pass on, not excused, but accused with a brow much less drawn than if he were alone. Let this recital of his more notable customs suffice for the present.

This glorious poet composed many works during his lifetime, an orderly arrangement of which would, I think, be fitting, in order that his works may not be attributed to someone else, and that the works of another may not be ascribed to him.

In the first place, while his tears still flowed for the death of Beatrice, in his twenty-sixth year or thereabouts, he brought together in a little

volume, entitled *Vita Nuova,* certain marvellously beautiful pieces in rime, like sonnets and canzoni, which he had previously written at various times. Before each one he wrote in order the causes that had led him to compose it, and after each one he placed its divisions. Although in his maturer years he was greatly ashamed of this little book, nevertheless, if his age be considered, it is very beautiful and pleasing, especially to the common people.

Several years after this compilation, he looked down from the summit of the government over which he was placed, and saw on a large scale, as from such places may be seen, what is the life of men, what are the faults of the crowd, how few rise above the masses, and of how great honour these are worthy. He observed, too, those who hold close to the crowd, and how great should be their confusion. And while he was condemning the pursuits of such men, and much more commending his own, there came into his mind a lofty thought, in the execution of which he purposed at one time — that is, in the same work — to punish the vicious with the heaviest penalties, and honour the worthy with the highest rewards. And in showing his ability he hoped to gain for himself eternal glory. And since, as has been shown, he preferred poetry to every other study, he planned to create a poetic composition. Having long premeditated what was to be done, in his thirty-fifth year he began to put into effect what he had before deliberated upon, namely, to censure and reward the lives of men according to the diversity of their merits. And inasmuch as he saw that life was of three sorts — the vicious life, the life of departing from vice and advancing toward virtue, and the virtuous life — he admirably divided his work, which he entitled *Commedia,* into three books, in the first of which he censured the wicked and in the last rewarded the good. The three books he again divided into cantos, and the cantos into rhythms (*ritmi*), as may be plainly seen. He composed it in rime in the vernacular with such art, and in so wonderful and beautiful an order, that there has yet been none who could justly find any fault therewith.

How subtle a poet he was throughout this work can be seen by those to whom is given a faculty great enough to understand the poem. But as we see that great things cannot be comprehended in a short space of time, we must conclude that an undertaking so great, so lofty, and so elaborate, as was the poetic inclusion under rimed vernacular verse of all the actions of men and their deserts, could not be brought to its end in a little while. Especially would this be true of a man agitated by many and varied chances of fortune, all of them full of anguish and poisoned with bitterness, as was shown above to have been the lot of Dante. Therefore from the hour when, as stated above, he gave himself to this high work, even to the end of his life did his labour continue; yet he composed other works in the meantime, as will appear. Nor will it be beside the mark to touch in part on certain accidents that befell the beginning and the end of this work.

The first part of the poem, a wonderful invention, Dante entitled the *Inferno*. He wrote it not in the manner of a pagan, but as a most Christian poet; a thing which had never before been done under this title. And now when he was most intent on his glorious work and had completed the first seven cantos, occurred the grievous misfortune of his banishment, or flight, as it is proper to call it. As a result, he abandoned this work of his and all else, and wandered uncertain of himself for many years among divers friends and lords.

But even as we certainly must believe that Fortune can work nothing contrary to what God ordains, whereby she can divert the force of its destined end, though she can perhaps delay it, so it happened that someone found the seven cantos that Dante had composed. He made the discovery while searching for some needed document among the chests of Dante's things, which had been hastily removed into sacred places at the time when the ungrateful and lawless multitude, more eager for booty than for just revenge, tumultuously rushed to his house.

This person read the cantos with admiration, though he did not know what they were; and, impelled by his exceeding delight in them, he carefully withdrew them from the place where they lay, and brought them to one of our citizens, by name Dino di Messer Lambertuccio, a famous poet of that time, and a man of high intelligence. Upon reading them, Dino marvelled no less than he who had brought them, both because of their beautiful, polished, and ornate style, and because of the depth of meaning that he seemed to discover hidden under the beautiful covering of words.

By reason of these qualities, and of the place where the cantos were found, Dino and the other deemed them to be the work of Dante, as in truth they were. Troubled because the work was unfinished, and unable of themselves to imagine its issue, they determined to find out where Dante was and to send him what they had found, in order that he might, if possible, give the contemplated end to so fine a beginning.

They found, after some investigation, that he was with the Marquis Moruello. Accordingly they wrote of their desire, not to Dante, but to the Marquis, and forwarded the seven cantos. When the latter, who was a man of great understanding, read them, he greatly praised them to himself, and, showing them to Dante, asked him if he knew whose work they were. Dante, recognizing them at once, replied that they were his own. Whereupon the Marquis begged of him that it might be his pleasure not to leave so lofty a beginning without its fitting end. " I naturally supposed," said Dante, " that, in the general ruin of my things, these and many other books of mine were lost. Both from this belief and from the multitude of other troubles that came upon me by reason of my exile, I had utterly abandoned the high design laid hold of for this work. But since fortune unexpectedly has restored the work to me, and since it is agreeable to you, I will try to recall the original idea, and proceed according as grace shall

be given me." And so after a time and not without toil he resumed the interrupted subject, and wrote:

Io dico, seguitando, che assai prima, etc.,

where the coupling of the parts of the work may be clearly recognized upon close examination.

When Dante had thus recommenced the great work, he did not finish it, as many might think, without frequent interruption. Indeed many times, according as the seriousness of supervening events demanded, he put it aside, sometimes for months, again for years, unable to accomplish anything on it. Nor could he make such haste that death did not overtake him before he was able to publish all of it.

It was his custom, when he had finished six or eight cantos, more or less, to send them, from wherever he might be, before any other person saw them, to Messer Cane della Scala, whom he held in reverence beyond all other men. After he had seen them, Dante would make a copy of the cantos for whoever wished them. In such wise he had sent Messer Cane all save the last thirteen cantos — and these he had written — when he died without making any provision therefor. And although his children and disciples made frequent search for many months among his papers, to see if he had put an end to his work, in no way could they find the remaining cantos. All his friends were therefore distressed that God had not lent him to the world at least long enough for him to complete the little of his work that remained. And since they could not find the cantos, they abandoned further search in despair.

Dante's two sons, Jacopo and Piero, both of whom were poets, being persuaded thereto by their friends, resolved to complete their father's work, so far as in them lay, that it might not remain unfinished. But just at this time Jacopo, who was much more fervent in this matter than his brother, saw a remarkable vision, that not only put an end to his foolish presumption, but revealed to him where the thirteen cantos were that were missing.

An excellent man of Ravenna by the name of Piero Giardino, long time a disciple of Dante, related that eight months after the death of his master the aforesaid Jacopo came to him one night near the hour of dawn, and told him that in his sleep a little while before on the same night he had seen Dante, his father, draw near to him. He was clad in the whitest raiment, and his face shone with unwonted light. The son in his dream asked him if he were living, and heard him reply, " Yes, not in our life, but in the true." Again he seemed to question him, asking if he had finished his poem before passing to that true life, and, if he had completed it, where was the missing part which they had never been able to find. And again he seemed to hear in answer, " Yes, I finished it." And then it seemed to him that his father took him by the hand and led him to the room where he was wont to sleep when alive, and touching a spot there, said, " Here is that for which

thou hast so long sought." And with these words his sleep and his father left him.

Jacopo said that he could not postpone coming to Messer Piero to tell him what he had seen, in order that together they might go and search the place — which he kept exactly in his memory — and learn whether it was a true spirit or a false delusion that had revealed this to him. While there still remained a good part of the night they set out together, and, coming to the designated spot, they found a matting fastened to the wall. Gently lifting this, they discovered a little opening which neither of them had ever seen or known of before. Therein they found some writings, all mildewed by the dampness of the wall, and on the point of rotting had they remained there a little longer. Carefully cleaning them of the mould, they read them, and found that they were the long sought thirteen cantos. With great joy, therefore, they copied them, and sent them first, according to the custom of the author, to Messer Cane, and then attached them, as was fitting, to the incomplete work. In such wise the poem that had been many years in composition was finished.

Many persons, and among them wise ones, ask some such question as this. Inasmuch as Dante was a most distinguished man of learning, why did he choose to compose so great and notable a work, and one dealing with so lofty a subject as that of his *Commedia,* in the Florentine idiom, and why not rather in Latin verse, as preceding poets had done? To this question I reply that two principal reasons, among many, occur to me. The first is that he did it in order to be of the most general use to his fellow citizens and to other Italians. For he knew that if he wrote in Latin metre, as previous poets had done, he would have been useful only to the learned, while by writing in the vernacular he would accomplish something that had never been done before, without preventing his being understood by men of letters. While showing the beauty of our idiom and his own excellent art therein, he gave both delight and understanding of himself to the unlearned, who formerly had been neglected by everyone.

The second reason that moved him to employ the vernacular was this. When he saw what liberal studies had been forsaken by all, and especially by princes and other great men to whom poetic works are commonly dedicated, and that, as a result, the divine works of Virgil and of other lofty poets not only were come to be held in light regard, but were almost despised by the majority, he actually began, as his lofty subject demanded, in this manner:

Ultima regna canam, fluido contermina mundo,
Spiritibus que lata patent, que premia solvunt
Pro meritis cuicumque suis, etc.

There, however, he let it stand, for he believed that in vain would crusts of bread be put in the mouths of those who were still sucking milk. He

therefore began his work anew in a style suited to modern feelings, and continued it in the vulgar tongue.

This book of the *Commedia,* as someone tells us, he dedicated to three illustrious Italians, according to its threefold division, to each one his part, as follows. The first part, the *Inferno,* he dedicated to Uguccione della Faggiuola, then greatly celebrated in Tuscany as the Lord of Pisa. The second part, the *Purgatorio,* he dedicated to the Marquis Moruello Malaspina; and the third, the *Paradiso,* to Frederick III, King of Sicily. There are some who maintain that he dedicated the whole to Messer Cane della Scala. As to which of these two statements is correct, we have no evidence save the gratuitous opinions of different persons; nor is it so important a matter as to need serious investigation.

At the coming of the Emperor Henry VII, this illustrious author wrote another book, in Latin prose, called the *De Monarchia.* This he divided into three books, in accordance with three questions which he settled therein. In the first book he proves by argument of logic that the Empire is necessary for the well-being of the world. This is his first point. In the second book, proceeding by arguments drawn from history, he shows that Rome rightly holds the title of the Empire. This is his second point. In the third book by theological arguments he proves that the authority of the Empire proceeds directly from God, and not through the mediation of any vicar, as the clergy appear to maintain. This is his third point.

This book, several years after the death of its author, was condemned by Cardinal Beltrando of Poggetto, Papal Legate in the parts of Lombardy, during the pontificate of John XXII. The reason of the condemnation was this. Louis, Duke of Bavaria, had been chosen King of the Romans by the Electors of Germany, and came to Rome for his coronation, against the pleasure of the aforenamed Pope John. And, while there, against ecclesiastical ordinances he created pope a Minor Friar called Brother Piero della Corvara, besides many cardinals and bishops; and had himself crowned there by this new pontiff.

Now inasmuch as his authority was questioned in many cases, he and his followers, having found this book by Dante, began to make use of its arguments to defend themselves and their authority; whereby the book, which was scarcely known up to this time, became very famous. Afterwards, however, when Louis had returned to Germany, and his followers, especially the clergy, began to decline and disperse, the aforesaid Cardinal, since there was none to oppose him therein, seized the book and condemned it in public to the flames, charging that it contained heretical matters.

In like manner he attempted to burn the bones of the author, and would have done so, to the eternal infamy and confusion of his own memory, had he not been opposed by a good and noble Florentine knight, by name Pino della Tosa. This man and Messer Ostagio da Polenta were great

in the sight of the Cardinal, and happened to be in Bologna where this matter was being mooted.

Besides the foregoing, Dante composed two very beautiful eclogues, which he dedicated and sent, in reply to certain verses, to Master Giovanni del Virgilio, of whom mention has already been made. He composed also a comment in prose in the Florentine vulgar tongue on three of his elaborated canzoni. Although he seems to have had the intention, when he began, of commenting on them all, nevertheless, owing either to change of plan or to lack of time, we find no more than these three treated of by him. This comment he entitled the *Convivio,* a very beautiful and admirable little work.

Later, when already near his death, he wrote a little book in Latin prose which he entitled *De Vulgari Eloquentia,* wherein he purposed to give instruction in the writing of rime to whoever wished to undertake it. Though he seems to have had in mind to compose four parts to this little work, either he was overtaken by death before he finished it, or the other parts have been lost, since only two remain. This excellent poet also wrote many letters in Latin prose, whereof several are still extant. Moreover he composed many elaborated canzoni, sonnets, and *ballate,* both on love and on morals, in addition to those that appear in the *Vita Nuova,* but of these I do not care at present to make especial mention.

In such matters, then, as are told of above, this illustrious man consumed what time he could steal from amorous sighs, piteous tears, private and public cares, and from the various fluctuations of hostile fortune — works much more acceptable to God and man than the deceits, frauds, falsehoods, robberies, and treacheries which the majority of men practise today, seeking as they do by different ways one and the same goal, namely to become rich, as if on that rested all good, all honour, all felicity.

O foolish minds! A brief portion of an hour, when the spirit is separated from the perishable body, will reduce all these shameful toils to naught. And time, wherein all things are consumed, will either straightway efface all memory of the rich man, or will preserve it for a certain period to his great shame. This certainly will not befall our poet, but rather, even as instruments of war become brighter through use, so it will be with his name; the more it is furbished by time, the more brilliant it will ever be. Therefore let him labour in his vanities who will, and let that suffice him, without desiring to blame the virtuous action of another with censure that he himself does not understand.

It has been briefly shown — besides certain other matters by way of digression — what were the origin, studies, the life, habits, and works of that glorious man and illustrious poet, Dante Alighieri, so far as it has been granted me by Him who is the giver of every grace. I know well that it could have been told by many others much better and more discreetly, but of him who does what he can no more is required. That I have written

as best I could, does not take away the power of speech from another who thinks he can write better than I have done. Indeed, if I have erred in any part, I shall give material to another for writing in order that he may tell the truth of our Dante; for I have found no one who has written of him down to this time. But my labour is not yet at an end. A small matter which I promised in the course of this little work, remains for me to declare — namely, the dream that the poet's mother had when she was pregnant with him. Of this I intend to speak as briefly as I may, and bring my discourse to an end.

This gentle lady in her pregnancy dreamed that she lay at the foot of a lofty laurel tree, beside a clear spring, and that she there brought forth a little son. He, as I have before narrated, while partaking of the berries that fell from the laurel and of the waters of the spring, suddenly became a great shepherd, and showed himself passing fond of the leaves of the tree. While he was endeavouring to obtain them he seemed to fall, and suddenly she seemed to see a most beautiful peacock in his stead. Stirred by this marvel, the gentle lady broke her sweet slumber, and saw him no more.

The Divine Goodness, today and from eternity, foresees every future event, when nature, its general minister, is about to produce some strange effect among mortals. Moved by its own goodness, it is wont to make us aware thereof through some demonstration, either by sign or by dream, or in some other manner, to the end that we may be convinced by this foreshadowing that all knowledge rests in the Lord of nature, the all-producer.

Such prefiguration, if we observe closely, was made for the coming into the world of that poet of whom so much has been said above. And by whom could He have made it seen or observed with such affection as by her who was to be, indeed was already, the mother of the thing revealed? Certainly to her only was it shown. And what God revealed to her is already manifest to us through the above account, but what He intended thereby must be scrutinized with a keener vision. It seemed to the lady that she gave birth to a son, and this in truth came to pass a little after the vision was seen, but what the lofty laurel signifies, beneath which she bore him, is now to be examined.

It is the opinion of astrologers and of many natural philosophers that by the virtue and influence of the superior bodies the inferior are produced, nourished, and, if a most powerful cause illumined by divine grace does not resist, are guided. Wherefore, observing what superior body is most powerful in the degree which mounts above the horizon at the hour when anyone is born, they say that that person is completely controlled by this more potent body, that is, in accordance with its qualities. It seems to me therefore that by the laurel, beneath which it appeared to the lady that she gave our Dante to the world, the disposition of heaven is shown, for this at his nativity foretold magnanimity and poetic eloquence. Both these qualities

are signified by the laurel, the tree of Phoebus, with whose leaves poets are wont to be crowned, as has already been clearly shown above.

The berries whereof the child took nourishment I understand to be the issues proceeding from such a disposition of heaven. These issues are the books of poetry and their teachings whereon our Dante was most deeply nourished, that is to say, instructed. The clear spring, of whose waters he seemed to drink, signifies naught else, I think, save the richness of the teachings of moral and natural philosophy. Even as a spring proceeds from abundance hidden in the bowels of the earth, so these teachings take essence and cause from a wealth of demonstrative reasonings, which we may call earthly abundance. And even as food cannot be well digested without drink, so no knowledge can be well adapted to the intellect unless it be ordered and disposed by philosophic demonstration. Wherefore we may definitely conclude that by the clear water, that is by philosophy, he digested in his stomach, in other words in his intellect, the berries whereon he fed, namely poetry, which, as has already been said, he studied with all industry.

His sudden transformation into a shepherd illustrates the excellence of his genius, for he straightway became a man of such power that in a short time he comprehended through study that which was needed to become a shepherd, that is, a giver of pasturage to other minds that have need thereof. Now, as everyone may easily understand, there are two kinds of shepherds: the one, shepherds of the body; the other, shepherds of the soul. Those of the body are of two sorts. First there are those who are commonly called shepherds, namely, the keepers of sheep, oxen, and of other animals. The second class is made up of fathers of families, by whose care the flocks of children, servants, and of others subject to them, must be fed, guarded, and governed.

Likewise the shepherds of the soul may be divided into two classes: those who feed the souls of the living with the word of God, such as prelates, priests, and preachers, to whose custody are committed the frail souls of those who are subject to the government ordained for each one; and secondly, those of an excellent learning who, either by reading what men in the past have written, or by writing what seems to them to have been omitted or not very clearly explained, inform the minds and souls of hearers and readers. This latter class are generally called doctors, in whatever faculty it may be. This kind of shepherd our poet immediately, or in a short time, became.

To verify this let us pass over his other works, and observe his *Commedia,* which by the beauty and agreeableness of its text feeds not only men, but women and children as well, while by the admirable sweetness of the profound meaning therein concealed it refreshes and nourishes great intellects, after it has for awhile held them in suspense. His endeavour to acquire the leaves of the tree whose fruit had fed him signifies naught else save

his ardent desire for the laurel crown, which was touched on above, for the one cause of this desire is that the leaves may bear witness to the fruit. His mother says that while he was most ardently longing for the leaves she saw him fall, this falling being none other than that which all of us make without rising, namely, the act of dying. This, if we well recall what was said above, we shall find to have occurred while he was most desirous of his laureation.

Continuing, his mother says that she saw him suddenly change from a shepherd into a peacock. By this transformation we may easily understand his posthumous fame, which, though it rests upon his other works, lives especially through his *Commedia*. This book, according to my judgment, is in perfect conformity with the peacock, if the properties of each are observed. The peacock, it appears, has four notable characteristics. The first is his angelic plumage, whereon are a hundred eyes. The second is his foul feet and noiseless step. The third is his voice, horrible to hear. The fourth and last is his fragrant and incorruptible flesh. The *Commedia* of our poet also fully possesses these four attributes. But inasmuch as the given order cannot fittingly be followed, I will proceed to adapt now one, now another, as they come most to my purpose, beginning with the last.

I say that the sense of our *Commedia* is like the flesh of the peacock, for, whether you call its sense moral or theological, it is, in whatever part of the book most pleases you, simple and immutable truth, and as such not only cannot receive corruption, but, the more it is examined, the greater odour of its incorruptible sweetness does it bring to those who perceive it. Of this many examples might easily be given, if the present subject permitted. I shall not advance any, but leave the search thereof to men of understanding.

Angelic plumage covers his flesh. I say angelic, not because I know that angels have such plumage; but, hearing that angels fly, I reason as a mortal that they must have feathers. And since I do not know of any plumage so rare and beautiful as the plumage of the peacock, I imagine their plumage to resemble his. Now I do not name the plumage of the angels from that of the peacock, but the peacock's plumage from that of the angels, for the angel is a nobler bird than the peacock. By the feathers wherewith his body is covered I understand the beauty of the rare narrative, seen in the letter and on the surface of the *Commedia*. Witness the descent into Hell; the sight of the place; its character and the various conditions of its inhabitants; the ascent of the Mountain of Purgatory, together with the tears and laments of those who aspire to be holy; and finally the ascent into Paradise and the vision of the ineffable glory of the blessed — a story so beautiful and rare that no man ever imagined or heard one more so. It is divided into a hundred cantos, even as the peacock is said to have a hundred eyes on its tail. These cantos distinguish the fitting varieties of the work, even as the eyes distinguish the colours and diversity of the things

presented to them. It is clear, therefore, that the flesh of our peacock is covered with angelic plumage.

Similarly the feet of the peacock are foul, and his step soft, which things perfectly correspond with the *Commedia* of our author. For even as it is clear that the whole body is sustained by the feet, so *prima facie* it appears that every written work is sustained by its manner of expression. And the vulgar tongue, by which and on which every joint of this poem is upheld, is foul in comparison with the lofty, masterful style used by every other poet, although it is more beautiful than other styles, and is conformable to our present way of thinking. The soft tread of the peacock signifies the humility of the style. This is demanded in comedies, as is known to those who understand what comedy means.

Finally, I note that the voice of the peacock is horrible, and this, although at first blush there seems great sweetness in the words of our poet, is perfectly in accord therewith, if we will closely observe the inner marrow. Who cries out more horribly than he, when in the bitterest fiction he censures the faults of many who are living, and chastises those of the dead? What voice is more terrible than that of the chastiser to him who is inclined to sin? Certainly none. By his demonstrations he in the same breath terrifies the good and casts down the wicked. Therefore, as far as this point concerns us, he truly may be said to have a horrible voice. For this reason and for the others touched on above, it is sufficiently clear why he, who, when alive, was a shepherd, after his death became a peacock; even as we may believe it to have been revealed by divine inspiration to his dear mother in her sleep.

I know that I have made this explanation of the dream of our poet's mother very superficially; and this for many reasons. In the first place, because I may not possess the ability required for such a task. Secondly, assuming that I had the ability, my main theme would not permit it. And finally, even if I had the ability, and the subject had suffered it, I should have done well not to say more than has been said, in order that something should be left for him who has greater ability than I, and greater desire. So now that I have spoken as much as is sufficient and proper for me, let whatever is lacking be left to the care of him who follows.

My little bark is come to the port whither it directed its prow on leaving the opposite shore. Although its voyage has been short, and the sea it has ploughed tranquil and not deep, none the less, since it has come without hindrance, thanks are due to Him who has lent a fair wind to its sails, to whom with all the humility, all the devotion, all the affection that I can command, I render not such thanks as are fitting, but such as I can give, blessing his name and his might for ever and ever.

JEANNE D'ARC

1411–1431

By C. A. Sainte-Beuve[1] (1804–1869)

From whatever point of view she be regarded, and however our enthusiasm be restrained, is there a more touching figure, one more worthy of pity and admiration, than Jeanne d'Arc? France, at the moment when she appeared, was at the lowest possible ebb. During fourteen years of a warfare which had opened with the disaster of Agincourt, nothing had occurred which could restore the morale of a country afflicted by foreign invasion. The English King was occupying Paris; the French Dauphin found it difficult to maintain himself upon the Loire. One of those who accompanied him among his secretaries, one indeed of the most esteemed writers of the day, Alain Chartier, has emphatically set forth the distressing state of affairs when, for a well-disposed scholar, there remained not a single peaceful refuge in all the land save behind the walls of a few cities; for then "one could not hear the open country spoken of without terror," a country that seemed to have become a sea over which reigned no other right than force, and in which "each possessed authority only as he had the strength to maintain it." It was then that in a village of the valley of the Meuse, on the confines of Lorraine, a valley which had also just been invaded by troops and had shared in the common affliction, a young girl, born of honest farmers, simple and well conducted, thought that she heard a voice. She was then (in 1425) some thirteen years of age. This voice came to her first on a summer's day at noon, while she was in her father's garden. She had fasted that morning and all the day before. Thereafter the voice continued to be heard by her several times a week, with some regularity, and at certain hours, giving her counsel. By such counsel she was advised to behave well, to attend church, and to visit neighbouring France. On each occasion this last command grew more insistent and imperious, and the poor child could scarcely remain where she was.

These mysterious and solitary communications, these inner conflicts, continued for two or three years, each report of public misfortune redoubling her anguish. The voice never ceased repeating to the maid that she should, at all costs, go to France; it grew especially insistent from the

[1] Especially translated for this collection by Frank W. Chandler, from the *Causeries du Lundi*. It first appeared in a Paris newspaper in 1851.

A few introductory passages are omitted.

moment when the English had laid siege to Orleans, that siege the issue of which was then holding all hearts in suspense. The voice bade her go raise the siege as soon as possible. And when the child replied that she was only a poor girl ignorant of horsemanship or of warfare, the voice replied that she should reck nothing for that but should proceed forthwith.

This adventurous idea, tempting Jeanne to go fight in France, had become known, in spite of her, and greatly displeased her father, an honest fellow of well-ordered life, who said that rather than be witness to such a thing, he would prefer to see his daughter drowned, or to drown her with his own hands. The voice enabled Jeanne to elude this opposition, and, under pretext of going to visit an uncle in the neighbourhood, she left her native village, and then induced her uncle to conduct her to Captain Robert de Baudricourt who was in command at Vaucouleurs. Robert at first received her cavalierly and jested at her, saying that her uncle should return her to her father and box her ears. But, moved by her insistence, and the precision and vigour of her notions and her speech, and seeing her determined to set forth in spite of everything, he finally yielded. Jeanne, in the meantime, had been conducted before the Duke of Lorraine who had given her money. The people of Vaucouleurs themselves, being interested in her, raised funds to provide her with an outfit. The uncle and another townsman bought her a horse for which Robert de Baudricourt offered to reimburse them. And then he, not without some soldierly quips, set her upon her horse in male attire, and gave her a safe conduct to proceed to the Dauphin. " Go," said he, beholding her depart, " and happen what will! "

Jeanne rode forth and after eleven days of travel without accident, reached the presence of the Dauphin, who was then, in March, 1429, at Chinon. It is here, at the age of seventeen, that her public life commences. After being recognized and accepted by Charles, she resolutely assumes the rôle dictated by her faith in God, and by that voice which she never ceases to hear. She advises what is to be done, commanding all. At the end of April, she is beneath the walls of Orleans; she enters there, and after a series of actions which are at least remarkable in view of the strategy of the period, she causes the siege to be raised. She was evidently endowed with the instinctive ability to size up at a glance a military situation. The following months are filled with her successes and exploits: at Jargeau, at Beaugency, at the Battle of Patay where Talbot is made prisoner, at Troyes which she forces to surrender to the King, at Rheims where she causes him to be crowned, these are for her four months replete with glory. Wounded before Paris on September 8, she sees fortune fail her for the first time, and the advice of her voices at fault, or at least their counsel paralysed and negated by the stubborn hesitation and evil will of men. From that moment she experiences only flashes of success; her star declines, but not her devotion or her courage. After a series of setbacks and

various vain attempts, she is taken in a sortie before Compiègne, on May 23, 1430, a little less than thirteen months after her glorious appearance before Orleans. Cast into prison, handed over by the Burgundians to the English, and by them to the ecclesiastical court and the Inquisition, her trial begins at Rouen in January, 1431, and concludes with the atrocious scene of her execution, when she is burned alive on May 13 of the same year as one relapsed, convicted of schism, heresy, idolatry, and of commerce with the devil. She was then just short of twenty.

Now are you not immediately struck by the swiftness of this career, by the fact that Jeanne's life was only a flash of lightning, as is usually the case with these marvellous and brilliant children of destiny?

After experiencing the first sentiment of interest and admiration with regard to this young, simple, and generous victim, one feels the need, in order the better even to admire her, of explaining her more completely, of weighing her sincerity and the impulses that made her act, and the faith to which she clung. And one's thought goes even farther to the point of inquiring what there can have been of reality at the basis of her inspiration itself. In a word, one is forced to ask willy nilly this question: Can Jeanne d'Arc be explained as a natural personage, heroic, sublime, who thought herself inspired, without being so other than by human sentiments? Or is it necessary to give up altogether the attempt to explain her, at least admitting as she did herself, in her case supernatural intervention?

Monsieur Quicherat's volume, entitled *The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc,* provides most of the elements for treating henceforth this delicate matter. Unfortunately, one essential piece, which, if it existed, would be the principal document for judging aright the setting forth of Jeanne d'Arc and her first intentions, this piece is missing and has never been found. When Jeanne first reached Charles VII, that prince caused her to be questioned and examined at Poitiers in order to be well assured of her truth and candour. It is this first naïve deposition of Jeanne made on the day of her arrival at court which would be of inestimable value; for, although later she was forced to answer the same questions before the judges who condemned her, she no longer replied with the same naïveté nor with the same enthusiasm which she must have shown in making her first deposition. In spite of this irreparable loss, we have from her lips a series of answers which reveal her real state of mind since childhood. Without permitting myself to raise here a question which is altogether physiological and scientific, I would simply say that the mere fact of having heard voices and hearing them habitually, of supposing that thoughts from within were external or superior suggestions, is a phenomenon later recognized by science, one assuredly rare and exceptional but by no means miraculous, one which certainly does not imply madness in the subject: one which, properly speaking, constitutes only *hallucination.*

" In combining the proofs furnished by documents, the idea that I gain

of the young girl of Domremy," says M. Quicherat, judiciously, " is that of a serious and religious child, endowed in the highest degree with an intelligence to be found only among superior folk of a primitive society. Almost always alone at church or in the fields, she was absorbed in deep thought, communicating with the saints whose images she contemplated, and with the heaven where she was often seen to fix her eyes." The hut of her father stood close to the church. At a short distance in ascending one could reach the Fountain of the Gooseberries, under a venerable beech tree called the Fair May, or the Tree of the Ladies or Fairies. These Fairies, to whom the judges of Jeanne d'Arc attached such importance in convicting her of commerce with evil spirits, and whose names she scarcely knew, expressed however the idea of mystery and religion which reigned in this place, the atmosphere of respect and vague fear that one breathed there. Farther along was the *Bois Chesnu,* the wood of oak, from which, according to tradition, would some day come a woman destined to save the kingdom lost by a woman (by Isabeau of Bavaria). Jeanne knew this tradition of the Druid forest and repeated it quietly, applying it to herself. On certain fête days the young girls of the village would go to the Tree of Ladies to carry wreaths and cakes and to dance there. Jeanne would go with them but would not dance and would often sit alone, brooding over her secret thoughts. But from the day when the enemy brought murder and rapine into the valley her inspiration became clearer and closer to realization. Her fixed idea was projected outside her like an ardent prayer and returned to her as an echo: it was the *voice* henceforth which spoke to her like that of a superior being, a being distinct from herself, which, in her simplicity and modesty, she adored. What is touching and truly sublime is that the first inspiration of this humble child, the source of her honest illusion, was the immense pity that she felt for the land of France and for the persecuted Dauphin, its symbol. Bred upon the ideas of the time, she little by little grew accustomed to hear her voices and to distinguish them as those of the angels of God and of the saints best known and dearest to her. These familiar angels were Michael and Gabriel; and the saints of good counsel were Catherine and Marguerite. Asked, during her trial, as to the doctrine taught her by Saint Michael, her principal patron and guide, she answered that the angel, to arouse her, described to her " the calamities and sufferings of the kingdom of France."

Pity was the inspiration of Jeanne, not the pity of a woman who weeps and groans, but the magnanimous pity of a heroine who feels called to a mission and takes the sword to succor others.

There are, it seems to me, two Jeannes that have been often confused, the first of whom it is perhaps difficult today to restore: yet the work of M. Quicherat sets us on the way to do this. The first Jeanne is not at all that of tradition and legend (a legend which in her case began very early); the first Jeanne is not so sweet nor so formal as the second, but she is more

energetic and true. When, some twenty or twenty-five years after the condemnation of the heroine, her tardy recognition by Charles VII started and brought to an end the process of her rehabilitation, inquiry was made, old witnesses were interrogated, of whom a large number were still living. But, shall I say it? Well, I venture to do so only after M. Quicherat who has examined closely all these matters: these surviving witnesses were already themselves under the influence of the universal legend. And they did not perhaps succeed in freeing themselves wholly from it in their depositions. They seemed for the most part preoccupied, not only with clearing the memory of Jeanne, but with embellishing it, representing her wholly by what was beautiful (that was simple), but also by what was tender, to make of her the wisest, most exemplary, most sedate, of children; and it is to be believed that they suppressed many oddities of character. Thus a wide difference exists between this little Jeanne, somewhat sweetened and softened, and the Jeanne who jested at Vaucouleurs with Captain Robert de Baudricourt, and who remarked rather roguishly regarding marriage: " Yes, when I have accomplished all that God by revelation commands me to do, then I shall have three sons, of whom the first will be pope, the second emperor, and the third king." It was only a military pleasantry in response to some joke of the captain, and no doubt she merely returned him the change for his money, as we say. He retorted like a true soldier: " I would wish then that one of those children might be mine (ergo ego vellem tibi facere unum), since they are to be personages of such mark and I would like to improve my future condition." To this she answered with raillery: " Gentle Robert, nay, nay; there isn't time: the Holy Spirit will provide for that." I would question the whole conversation but for the last reply which is too witty for Baudricourt who tells of it, and who would seem not to have invented it.

When this child of sixteen left her village determined to make her conquest of France, she possessed a vigour and bravery as much of words as of deeds which she had already somewhat lost and forgotten in the long months of her imprisonment at Rouen. Gaiety and confidence shone forth in each of her words. She bore in hand, according to the custom of the time, when she was not holding a standard or a sword, a staff, and this staff served her for several purposes and also to swear by: " By my *martin,*" she said of the bourgeois of Orleans, " I will make them carry provisions." This *martin* which was always on her lips was her *martin-bâton,* or staff, her habitual oath. When she heard the brave Chevalier La Hire swear in the name of the Lord, she reproved him and bade him do like her and swear by his staff.

At the siege of Orleans, being in the city, and informed by Dunois that an English corps commanded by Falstoff was approaching to succour the besiegers, she expressed delight, and, fearing that she might not be summoned in time to go to the encounter, she said to Dunois: " Bastard, bas-

tard, in the name of God " (she may have said: " By my *martin*," but the witness who attested the fact judged the word too ignoble) " I command that as soon as you know of the coming of the said Falstoff, you let me know; for if he passes without my knowing it, I will cut off your head." Even though that threat were but pleasantry, it indicates at least the tone of Jeanne, that of the true and primitive Jeanne.

It has been said that she was afraid of blood. Questioned before the judges as to which she preferred to carry, the standard or the sword, she replied that she liked the standard forty times better; she added that she bore that standard when she flung herself into the midst of the enemy, in order to avoid killing any one, and that indeed she had never slain a man. This testimony is precise; and it is in accord with legend, poetry, and the little statue full of grace which a young princess has left of Jeanne d'Arc reining in her horse at the sight of a corpse. Jeanne was no Judith. Let us not, however, imagine too sweet and complacent a virgin. There is an admirable saying of hers. She declared that she had never seen French blood without the hair standing on end on her head. But it must be recognized that she esteemed the blood of Burgundians and the English rather less. As a child she knew in her neighbourhood but one Burgundian, and she would not have minded, she said, if he had had his head cut off, if at the same time God would have agreed. In the siege of Orleans she was seen, says her steward d'Aulon, laying on sharp and bold against the enemy. Attacking at first the bastille of Saint-Loup, where were about three hundred English (some say five hundred and fifty), she planted her standard at the edge of the moat. Those of the place wished to surrender to her, but she refused to accept them on terms of ransom, and cried out that she would take them in spite of themselves. Then she commanded the assault, and almost all were put to death. Speaking of a certain sword which was taken from a Burgundian she said that she used it because it was a good war sword, fit for giving good buffets and swipes. This fact shows that if she did not, as we say, thrust with the point and strike with the edge, if she employed the point as little as possible, she loved to strike with the flat of the blade, as she gladly did also with her staff. I do not say this to diminish in the least the beauty of her figure, but to avoid being untrue to what was vigorous and frank in her character at first.

A young lord (Gui de Laval), who saw her in the moment of her glory, and who wrote a letter to his mother and his grandmother, has drawn a full-length portrait of her from life: " I saw her mount her horse," he said, " armed all in white, except her head, a little battle-axe in hand, on a great black courser, which at the door of her lodging pranced boldly and would not at first suffer her to mount; and then she said: ' Lead him to the Cross.' This Cross was close to the church at the edge of the road. And then she mounted while he stood as quiet as though he had been bound." Already the young narrator came near seeing a marvel in the

way in which the courser of Jeanne allowed himself to be mounted by her beside the Cross. All the narrators and witnesses of the time are agreed when they speak of her, and the least circumstances, the most natural incidents seem to them to be miracles. " Finally mounted on her courser, the Maid," continues Gui de Laval, " turned toward the door of the church which was near and said in a clear feminine voice: ' You priests and church folk, go in procession and make prayers to God.' Then she took the road saying: ' Forward! Forward! ' Before her marched her folded standard, borne by a gentle page, and she had her little battle-axe in hand."

Behold Jeanne in all the beauty of her military grace, speaking in a feminine voice, but with a tone of command whether she addressed her pages or gave orders to the priests and congregation.

One cannot doubt that she must have had on the day after the siege of Orleans a moment of exultation and intoxication. In the plenitude of her mission, she was tempted like all seers to say: " I, I am God, I am the voice of God! " She wrote to the towns to open their gates to the Maid in the tone of a warrior chief and an envoy from on high; she issued summons to the Duke of Bedford, to the Duke of Burgundy " by the king of Heaven, my righteous guide and sovereign Lord," as she called Him. She herself when they later presented her letters in prison could scarcely in her calm mood recognize them; yet she had in a way dictated them. She wrote to the Hussites of Bohemia to make them return to their duty. " I, the Maid Jeanne, to tell you truly the truth, I would long ago have visited you with my avenging arm, if the war against the English had not kept me here. But if I do not soon hear of your amendment, your return to the bosom of the Church, I shall perhaps leave the English and turn against you to extirpate your dreadful superstition. . . ." The clerk who served her as secretary, may have arranged her phrases, but this must have been her thought. The Count d'Armagnac wrote her from the Spanish border to ask which of the three popes of the time (there were three at the moment) was the true and legitimate. She replied to him that she was too much taken up with the war to satisfy him on the instant: " But when you learn that I am in Paris send a messenger before me, and I will let you know truly in whom you should believe, and what I have learned by the counsel of my righteous guide and sovereign Lord, the King of all the world." From such letters exhibited during the trial came direct support for the accusation made against her that she had attempted to usurp the office of the angels of God and of his vicars on earth. It appears to me certain that if fortune had continued to favour her, and if those about her had accepted her in the rôle which she naïvely assumed, she would have been pushed far by the counsel of her voices and that she would have considered herself destined to do more than raise the siege of Orleans and achieve the crowning at Rheims. This young soul would freely have given herself a larger flight. Again, I believe that I see there a primitive Jeanne d'Arc, possessed by her demon or genius (call it what you will),

a genius dressed out in the fashion of the time, the true Maid in person, without anything silly or mawkish about her, but gay, proud, rather rude, swearing by her staff and using it at need, somewhat exalted and dizzy with her rôle, doubting nothing, saying: "As for me, I am the voice of God," speaking and writing as from the Heavenly Father to princes, lords, the bourgeois of the towns, the heretics of distant kingdoms, disposed to determine questions of orthodoxy and Christianity but for the little time she was left to hear her voices. Already people urged her on and were disposed beforehand to believe anything of her in their devotion, to accept everything on their knees. But this great rôle she could only outline and catch a glimpse of in the few months of her triumph, and it is not to be regretted that she did not pursue it farther; it was in her special and restrained rôle that she was touching and sublime.

The witnesses, her contemporaries, felt this after her death. Moreover, almost all those who were favourable to her (and all were more or less so during the trial of her rehabilitation) professed to believe and sought to make others believe that she thought of herself only as destined to a very special rôle, for example, raising the siege of Orleans and conducting the King to Rheims, and nothing more. In that case all that her voices had predicted she accomplished. But there we have the complacence of the national and popular imagination which, after the event, would render Jeanne infallible. It is apparent from positive testimony, known today, that she promised and that her voices promised much more than she succeeded in achieving; and at the time of her death it must have required of her an effort of faith and of supreme confidence in God, after her agony and swooning, to raise herself and cry even in the midst of the flames that her voices absolutely had never deceived her.

If I have insisted upon the energetic and somewhat rough side of the noble shepherdess, I would not be understood to refuse her the gift of sweetness, a sweetness which was only the more real for not being excessive. During the march from Rheims to Paris (in August, 1429) as she arrived with the King at Ferté-Milon and Crépy-en-Valois, the people came in crowds to meet her crying, "Noël!" The Maid, who at the moment was on horseback between the Archbishop of Rheims and Count Dunois, said to them: "Behold this good people; I have never seen any other more greatly rejoice at the arrival of so noble a King. And please God that I may be so happy when I shall have finished my days as to be interred here." Whereupon the Archbishop said to her: "O Jeanne, in what region do you wish to die?" And she replied: "Where it pleases God, for I am no more assured of the time nor the place than you yourself; and please God, my Creator, that I may now retire, leaving my arms, and go serve my father and my mother, watching their sheep with my sister and my brothers, who will be filled with joy to see me!" Such is the true tenderness of Jeanne after her moment of exaltation and when her war fury had passed.

Is it necessary to remark that she was perfectly chaste? All the wit-

nesses are agreed upon this point. The old squire Bertrand de Poulengy who, in his youth, had the honour of escorting Jeanne on her first journey from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, said that in all the nights and resting-places of the journey he had never a thought of desire toward her. The Duke d'Alençon said the same thing. Although at the time young and fair, and greatly preferred by her among all the captains because he was the son-in-law of the imprisoned Duke of Orleans, to whose cause she was vowed, he testified that he had often bivouacked beside her; he admitted that he had even seen her undress several times, and that he saw what her cuirass ordinarily concealed (aliquando videbat ejus mammas, quae pulchrae erant). " And yet," said he, " I never had the least carnal desire toward her." She had that simplicity of honour and of virtue which drove away such thoughts.

The judges who condemned her were cruel, and the Bishop of Beauvais who conducted the whole affair joined to his cruelty consummate artifice; but what strikes us above all today on reading of the progress of her trial, is the brutality and materialism of these practical theologians who understood nothing of the living inspiration of Jeanne, who, in all their questions, tended always to lower her elevated and simple meaning, and who could not succeed in rendering it gross. They showed themselves above all curious to know under what form she had seen Saint Michael: " Did he wear a crown? Was he clad? Was he not quite naked? " To which Jeanne replied disconcertingly: " Do you think that God lacked that which could clothe him? " They returned again and again to this foolish question; she cut them short in saying that the archangel, when he appeared to her, " was in the costume and form of a good and true man " — of a perfect honest man.

These questions concerning the archangel Michael brought her good luck. One day at Poitiers, on the occasion of her first approach to the King, one of the doctors of the place wished to know of her what language the angel used in speaking with her, and she replied to this over-curious Limousin: " He speaks a better French than you."

How remarkable that the record of the condemnation intended and phrased to flay the memory of Jeanne should be the very monument to consecrate her! I would even think, with M. Quicherat, that, although edited by her judges and enemies, it is more to the honour of the veritable Jeanne whom I would call primitive and more likely to make her well known, more worthy of confidence as to what concerns her, than the lawsuit for rehabilitation already somewhat affected by legend. The most beautiful sayings of Jeanne, the simple, true, heroic, are registered by her judges and transmitted by them to us. The trial was much more regular and legal (from the point of view of the inquisitorial law then in force) than has since been thought and declared. This is not to say that it was less odious and execrable. But these judges, like all the pharisees of the world, like those who condemned Socrates, like those who condemned Jesus, did not

know what they were doing, and the authentic signed and sealed record of their trial became the immortal and avenging page, the gospel of the victim.

These judges, wholly occupied in convicting of idolatry this simple girl, questioned her tediously concerning her standard, and the image that she had caused to be painted on it, asking if she did not believe that standards like this were more lucky than others in war. To which she answered that the only sorcery upon which she relied was to say to her followers, " Ride boldly among the English! " And that she rode so herself.

On the same standard which she was reproached for having had borne in the cathedral of Rheims at the coronation, in preference to those of all other captains, she replied with the words so often quoted: " It had borne the stress of battle, hence it should share the honour."

In Homer there is an admirable passage. When Hector, having repulsed the Greeks before the walls of Troy, came to besiege them in their camp and delivered an assault even in their trenches, having decided to set afire their vessels; suddenly a prodigy burst forth: an eagle appeared in the air bearing in his talons a serpent which, wounded as he was, tore the breast of his proud enemy and forced him to loose his hold. At this sight, a Trojan learned in augury, Polydamas, approached Hector and, explaining to him the meaning of the prodigy, counselled him to retreat from this camp which he already considered to be his prey. At these words, furious Hector menaced Polydamas with his lance, and said: " Little do I care what the birds say! For myself I have the direct word and command of great Jove: he is the only god whose word counts. There is but one sovereign augury, and that is to fight for one's country."

When Jeanne d'Arc delivered her assault upon Paris on September 8, 1429, an assault in which she was wounded, and which marked the stoppage of her successes, it was a fête day, the day of the nativity of Our Lady; and this was also one of the points by which the doctors, her judges, wished to find her guilty of irreverence and lack of devotion: " Was that a fête day? " they asked her. She replied that she believed indeed that it was. And when they insisted, adding, " Was it well done for you then to deliver an assault on that day? " she was content to avoid the question, to be silent, lowering her eyes: " Pass," said she, " to something else."

The noble Maid, threatened in her turn by the serpent, dared not reply like Hector, but she thought as did he. Like him, she had the direct command and counsel of the supreme God. What to her mattered the other auguries?

In direct inspiration lay the faith and the power of Jeanne d'Arc, as did also her great crime in the sight of her judges. She believed firmly in the reality and divinity of her voices; like all seers, she thought that she had caught the spirit at its very source bubbling from the bosom of God Himself. The hieratic and official Church, the Church as then organized,

appeared to her to be respectable no doubt, but it seemed to come only after her voices. She felt empowered to give commands to congregations and to priests, to reprove and set them straight upon the road, just as she set straight the princes, knights, and captains. Moreover, in the later law process for her rehabilitation Rome proved to be less earnest and kindly disposed than one would have expected. The King was obliged to force the hand of the Pope, and Jeanne who had so many virtues and qualities requisite for canonization as a saint, according to the understanding of the time, remained only the Saint of the people and of France, the Saint of the nation.

Historians, during recent years, have finally come to understand her, presenting her in a true light, and it is impossible not to recall here what is said of her in Book V of the *History of France* by M. Michelet. He is not a severe and precise critic; a critic of simple taste could not have allowed to remain in that brilliant and vivid fragment so many inaccuracies and departures from the true tone of the subject. The author, as always, strives for effect; he forces his colours, makes his personages grimace, jests out of season; he shows himself unnaturally gay, lively, brisk, and smart; he dramatizes, he symbolizes. In describing the trial he imagines, between one question and the next, events that fail to emerge from a reading of the evidence itself. In general, the impression conveyed by such a reading, when it is done consecutively, is much more grave, naïve, and simple. But, in spite of all these reservations, we must recognize that M. Michelet has caught the very thought of the character, that he has rendered with dash and verve the movement of the whole, the intoxication of the people, the acclaim of public enthusiasm, which, truer than any reflection or doctrine, stronger than any authorized power, was then raised in honour of the noble child, and which in spite of Chapelain or Voltaire, has never ceased to resound since that day. The Jeanne l'Arc of M. Michelet is truer than any preceding her.

There remains, I think, a last Jeanne d'Arc to disengage from the pieces now published by M. Quicherat, a Jeanne d'Arc displayed in greater dignity and simplicity, and upon whom criticism will maintain its hold, omitting scarcely anything to satisfy minds both generous and judicious. Even if criticism and science find in Jeanne d'Arc features forever inexplicable, I believe that this, after all, matters little, and that there is nothing therein to surprise us. Shakespeare has made Hamlet say finely: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But, after attentively reading these documents, and even taking into consideration the difficulties mentioned by M. Quicherat, I do not think it at all impossible to draw from the materials, carefully studied and impartially interpreted, a Jeanne d'Arc at once sincere, sublime, and natural.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

1431–After 1463

By Robert Louis Stevenson [1] (1850–1894)

Perhaps one of the most curious revolutions in literary history is the sudden bull's-eye light cast by M. Longnon on the obscure existence of François Villon. His book is not remarkable merely as a chapter of biography exhumed after four centuries. To readers of the poet it will recall, with a flavour of satire, that characteristic passage in which he bequeaths his spectacles — with a humorous reservation of the case — to the hospital for blind paupers known as the Fifteen-Score. Thus equipped, let the blind paupers go and separate the good from the bad in the cemetery of the Innocents! For his own part the poet can see no distinction. Much have the dead people made of their advantages. What does it matter now that they have lain in state beds and nourished portly bodies upon cakes and cream! Here they all lie, to be trodden in the mud; the large estate and the small, sounding virtue and adroit or powerful vice, in very much the same condition; and a bishop not to be distinguished from a lamp-lighter with even the strongest spectacles.

Such was Villon's cynical philosophy. Four hundred years after his death, when surely all danger might be considered at an end, a pair of critical spectacles have been applied to his own remains; and though he left behind him a sufficiently ragged reputation from the first, it is only after these four hundred years that his delinquencies have been finally tracked home, and we can assign him to his proper place among the good or wicked. It is a staggering thought, and one that affords a fine figure of the imperishability of men's acts, that the stealth of the private inquiry office can be carried so far back into the dead and dusty past. We are not so soon quit of our concerns as Villon fancied. In the extreme of dissolution, when not so much as a man's name is remembered, when his dust is scattered to the four winds, and perhaps the very grave and the very graveyard where he was laid to rest have been forgotten, desecrated, and buried under populous towns, — even in this extreme let an antiquary fall across a sheet of manuscript, and the name will be recalled, the old infamy will pop out into daylight like a toad out of a fissure in the rock, and the shadow of the

[1] Reprinted from *Familiar Studies of Men and Books,* by permission of the publishers, Chatto and Windus, London, and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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shade of what was once a man will be heartily pilloried by his descendants. A little while ago and Villon was almost totally forgotten; then he was revived for the sake of his verses; and now he is being revived with a vengeance in the detection of his misdemeanours. How unsubstantial is this projection of a man's existence, which can lie in abeyance for centuries and then be brushed up again and set forth for the consideration of posterity by a few dips in an antiquary's inkpot! This precarious tenure of fame goes a long way to justify those (and they are not few) who prefer cakes and cream in the immediate present.

François de Montcorbier, *alias* François des Loges, *alias* François Villon, *alias* Michel Mouton, Master of Arts in the University of Paris, was born in that city in the summer of 1431. It was a memorable year for France on other and higher considerations. A great-hearted girl and a poor-hearted boy made, the one her last, the other his first appearance on the public stage of that unhappy country. On the 30th of May the ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine, and on the 2d of December our Henry Sixth made his Joyous Entry dismally enough into disaffected and depopulating Paris. Sword and fire still ravaged the open country. On a single April Saturday twelve hundred persons, besides children, made their escape out of the starving capital. The hangman, as is not uninteresting to note in connection with Master Francis, was kept hard at work in 1431; on the last of April and on the 4th of May alone, sixty-two bandits swung from Paris gibbets. A more confused or troublous time it would have been difficult to select for a start in life. Not even a man's nationality was certain; for the people of Paris there was no such thing as a Frenchman. The English were the English indeed, but the French were only the Armagnacs, whom, with Joan of Arc at their head, they had beaten back from under their ramparts not two years before. Such public sentiment as they had centred about their dear Duke of Burgundy, and the dear Duke had no more urgent business than to keep out of their neighbourhood. . . . At least, and whether he liked it or not, our disreputable troubadour was tubbed and swaddled as a subject of the English crown.

We hear nothing of Villon's father except that he was poor and of mean extraction. His mother was given piously, which does not imply very much in an old Frenchwoman, and quite uneducated. He had an uncle, a monk in an abbey at Angers, who must have prospered beyond the family average, and was reported to be worth five or six hundred crowns. Of this uncle and his money-box the reader will hear once more. In 1448 Francis became a student of the University of Paris; in 1450 he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1452 that of Master of Arts. His *bourse,* or the sum paid weekly for his board, was of the amount of two sous. Now two sous was about the price of a pound of salt butter in the bad times of 1417; it was the price of half-a-pound in the worse times of 1419; and in 1444, just four years before Villon joined the University, it seems to have been taken

as the average wage for a day's manual labour. In short, it cannot have been a very profuse allowance to keep a sharp-set lad in breakfast and supper for seven mortal days; and Villon's share of the cakes and pastry and general good cheer, to which he is never weary of referring, must have been slender from the first.

The educational arrangements of the University of Paris were, to our way of thinking, somewhat incomplete. Worldly and monkish elements were presented in a curious confusion, which the youth might disentangle for himself. If he had an opportunity, on the one hand, of acquiring much hair-drawn divinity and a taste for formal disputation, he was put in the way of much gross and flaunting vice upon the other. The lecture room of a scholastic doctor was sometimes under the same roof with establishments of a very different and peculiarly unedifying order. The students had extraordinary privileges, which by all accounts they abused extraordinarily. And while some condemned themselves to an almost sepulchral regularity and seclusion, others fled the schools, swaggered in the street " with their thumbs in their girdle," passed the night in riot, and behaved themselves as the worthy forerunners of Jehan Frollo in the romance of *Notre Dame de Paris*. Villon tells us himself that he was among the truants, but we hardly needed his avowal. The burlesque erudition in which he sometimes indulged implies no more than the merest smattering of knowledge; whereas his acquaintance with blackguard haunts and industries could only have been acquired by early and consistent impiety and idleness. He passed his degrees, it is true; but some of us who have been to modern universities will make their own reflections on the value of the test. As for his three pupils, Colin Laurent, Girard Gossouyn, and Jehan Marceau — if they were really his pupils in any serious sense — what can we say but God help them! And sure enough, by his own description, they turned out as ragged, rowdy, and ignorant as was to be looked for from the views and manners of their rare preceptor.

At some time or other, before or during his university career, the poet was adopted by Master Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint Benoît-le-Bétourné near the Sorbonne. From him he borrowed the surname by which he is known to posterity. It was most likely from his house, called the *Porte Rouge*, and situated in a garden in the cloister of Saint Benoît, that Master Francis heard the bell of the Sorbonne ring out the Angelus while he was finishing his *Small Testament* at Christmastide in 1456. Toward this benefactor he usually gets credit for a respectable display of gratitude. But with his trap and pitfall style of writing, it is easy to make too sure. His sentiments are about as much to be relied on as those of a professional beggar; and in this, as in so many other matters, he comes toward us whining and piping the eye, and goes off again with a whoop and his finger to his nose. Thus, he calls Guillaume de Villon his " more than father," thanks him with a great show of sincerity for having helped him

out of many scrapes, and bequeaths him his portion of renown. But the portion of renown which belonged to a young thief, distinguished (if, at the period when he wrote this legacy, he was distinguished at all) for having written some more or less obscene and scurrilous ballads, must have been little fitted to gratify the self-respect or increase the reputation of a benevolent ecclesiastic. The same remark applies to a subsequent legacy of the poet's library, with specification of one work which was plainly neither decent nor devout. We are thus left on the horns of a dilemma. If the chaplain was a godly, philanthropic personage, who had tried to graft good principles and good behaviour on this wild slip of an adopted son, these jesting legacies would obviously cut him to the heart. The position of an adopted son toward his adopted father is one full of delicacy; where a man lends his name he looks for great consideration. And this legacy of Villon's portion of renown may be taken as the mere fling of an unregenerate scapegrace who has wit enough to recognize in his own shame the readiest weapon of offence against a prosy benefactor's feelings. The gratitude of Master Francis figures, on this reading, as a frightful *minus* quantity. If, on the other hand, those jests were given and taken in good humour, the whole relation between the pair degenerates into the unedifying complicity of a debauched old chaplain and a witty and dissolute young scholar. At this rate the house with the red door may have rung with the most mundane minstrelsy; and it may have been below its roof that Villon, through a hole in the plaster, studied, as he tells us, the leisures of a rich ecclesiastic.

It was, perhaps, of some moment in the poet's life that he should have inhabited the cloister of Saint Benoît. Three of the most remarkable among his early acquaintances are Catherine de Vausselles, for whom he entertained a short-lived affection and an enduring and most unmanly resentment; Regnier de Montigny, a young blackguard of good birth; and Colin de Cayeux, a fellow with a marked aptitude for picking locks. Now we are on a foundation of mere conjecture, but it is at least curious to find that two of the canons of Saint Benoît answered respectively to the names of Pierre de Vaucel and Etienne de Montigny, and that there was a householder called Nicolas de Cayeux in a street — the Rue des Poirées — in the immediate neighbourhood of the cloister. M. Longnon is almost ready to identify Catherine as the niece of Pierre; Regnier as the nephew of Etienne, and Colin as the son of Nicolas. Without going so far, it must be owned that the approximation of names is significant. As we go on to see the part played by each of these persons in the sordid melodrama of the poet's life, we shall come to regard it as even more notable. Is it not Clough who has remarked that, after all, everything lies in juxtaposition? Many a man's destiny has been settled by nothing apparently more grave than a pretty face on the opposite side of the street and a couple of bad companions round the corner.

Catherine de Vausselles (or de Vaucel — the change is within the limits of Villon's licence) had plainly delighted in the poet's conversation; near neighbours or not, they were much together; and Villon made no secret of his court, and suffered himself to believe that his feeling was repaid in kind. This may have been an error from the first, or he may have estranged her by subsequent misconduct or temerity. One can easily imagine Villon an impatient wooer. One thing, at least, is sure: that the affair terminated in a manner bitterly humiliating to Master Francis. In presence of his lady-love, perhaps under her window and certainly with her connivance, he was unmercifully thrashed by one Noë le Joly — beaten, as he says himself, like dirty linen on the washing-board. It is characteristic that his malice had notably increased between the time when he wrote the *Small Testament* immediately on the back of the occurrence, and the time when he wrote the *Large Testament* five years after. On the latter occasion nothing is too bad for his " damsel with the twisted nose," as he calls her. She is spared neither hint nor accusation, and he tells his messenger to accost her with the vilest insults. Villon, it is thought, was out of Paris when these amenities escaped his pen; or perhaps the strong arm of Noë le Joly would have been again in requisition. So ends the love story, if love story it may properly be called. Poets are not necessarily fortunate in love; but they usually fall among more romantic circumstances and bear their disappointment with a better grace.

The neighbourhood of Regnier de Montigny and Colin de Cayeux was probably more influential on his after life than the contempt of Catherine. For a man who is greedy of all pleasures, and provided with little money and less dignity of character, we may prophesy a safe and speedy voyage downward. Humble or even truckling virtue may walk unspotted in this life. But only those who despise the pleasures can afford to despise the opinion of the world. A man of a strong, heady temperament, like Villon, is very differently tempted. His eyes lay hold on all provocations greedily, and his heart flames up at a look into imperious desire; he is snared and broached to by anything and everything, from a pretty face to a piece of pastry in a cook-shop window; he will drink the rinsing of the wine cup, stay the latest at the tavern party; tap at the lit windows, follow the sound of singing, and beat the whole neighbourhood for another reveller, as he goes reluctantly homeward; and grudge himself every hour of sleep as a black empty period in which he cannot follow after pleasure. Such a person is lost if he have not dignity, or, failing that, at least pride, which is its shadow and in many ways its substitute. Master Francis, I fancy, would follow his own eager instincts without much spiritual struggle. And we soon find him fallen among thieves in sober, literal earnest, and counting as acquaintances the most disreputable people he could lay his hands on: fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat; sergeants of the criminal court, and archers of the watch; blackguards who slept at night under the

butchers' stalls, and for whom the aforesaid archers peered about carefully with lanterns; Regnier de Montigny, Colin de Cayeux, and their crew, all bound on a favouring breeze toward the gallows; the disorderly abbess of Port Royal, who went about at fair time with soldiers and thieves, and conducted her abbey on the queerest principles; and most likely Perette Mauger, the great Paris receiver of stolen goods, not yet dreaming, poor woman! of the last scene of her career when Henry Cousin, executor of the high justice, shall bury her, alive and most reluctant, in front of the new Montigny gibbet. Nay, our friend soon began to take a foremost rank in this society. He could string off verses, which is always an agreeable talent; and he could make himself useful in many other ways. The whole ragged army of Bohemia, and whosoever loved good cheer without at all loving to work and pay for it, are addressed in contemporary verses as the "Subjects of François Villon." He was a good genius to all hungry and unscrupulous persons; and became the hero of a whole legendary cycle of tavern tricks and cheateries. At best, these were doubtful levities, rather too thievish for a schoolboy, rather too gamesome for a thief. But he would not linger long in this equivocal borderland. He must soon have complied with his surroundings. He was one who would go where the cannikin clinked, not caring who should pay; and from supping in the wolves' den, there is but a step to hunting with the pack. And here, as I am on the chapter of his degradation, I shall say all I mean to say about its darkest expression, and be done with it for good. Some charitable critics see no more than a *jeu d'esprit,* a graceful and trifling exercise of the imagination, in the grimy ballad of Fat Peg (*Grosse Margot*). I am not able to follow these gentlemen to this polite extreme. Out of all Villon's works that ballad stands forth in flaring reality, gross and ghastly, as a thing written in a contraction of disgust. M. Longnon shows us more and more clearly at every page that we are to read our poet literally, that his names are the names of real persons, and the events he chronicles were actual events. But even if the tendency of criticism had run the other way, this ballad would have gone far to prove itself. I can well understand the reluctance of worthy persons in this matter; for of course it is unpleasant to think of a man of genius as one who held, in the words of Marina to Boult —

> *"A place, for which the pained'st fiend*
> *Of hell would not in reputation change."*

But beyond this natural unwillingness, the whole difficulty of the case springs from a highly virtuous ignorance of life. Paris now is not so different from the Paris of then; and the whole of the doings of Bohemia are not written in the sugar-candy pastorals of Murger. It is really not at all surprising that a young man of the fifteenth century, with a knack of making verses, should accept his bread upon disgraceful terms. The race of those who do is not extinct; and some of them to this day write

the prettiest verses imaginable. . . . After this, it were impossible for Master Francis to fall lower: to go and steal for himself would be an admirable advance from every point of view, divine or human.

And yet it is not as a thief, but as a homicide, that he makes his first appearance before angry justice. On June 5, 1455, when he was about twenty-four, and had been Master of Arts for a matter of three years, we behold him for the first time quite definitely. Angry justice had, as it were, photographed him in the act of his homicide; and M. Longnon, rummaging among old deeds, has turned up the negative and printed it off for our instruction. Villon had been supping — copiously we may believe — and sat on a stone bench in front of the Church of St. Benoît, in company with a priest called Gilles and a woman of the name of Isabeau. It was nine o'clock, a mighty late hour for the period, and evidently a fine summer's night. Master Francis carried a mantle, like a prudent man, to keep him from the dews (*serain*), and had a sword below it dangling from his girdle. So these three dallied in front of St. Benoît, taking their pleasure (*pour soy esbatre*). Suddenly there arrived upon the scene a priest, Philippe Chermoye or Sermaise, also with sword and cloak, and accompanied by one Master Jehan le Mardi. Sermaise, according to Villon's account, which is all we have to go upon, came up blustering and denying God; as Villon rose to make room for him upon the bench, thrust him rudely back into his place; and finally drew his sword and cut open his lower lip, by what I should imagine was a very clumsy stroke. Up to this point, Villon professes to have been a model of courtesy, even of feebleness: and the brawl, in his version, reads like the fable of the wolf and the lamb. But now the lamb was roused; he drew his sword, stabbed Sermaise in the groin, knocked him on the head with a big stone, and then, leaving him to his fate, went away to have his own lip doctored by a barber of the name of Fouquet. In one version, he says that Gilles, Isabeau, and Le Mardi ran away at the first high words, and that he and Sermaise had it out alone; in another, Le Mardi is represented as returning and wresting Villon's sword from him: the reader may please himself. Sermaise was picked up, lay all that night in the prison of Saint Benoît, where he was examined by an official of the Châtelet and expressly pardoned Villon, and died on the following Saturday in the Hôtel Dieu.

This, as I have said, was in June. Not before January of the next year could Villon extract a pardon from the king; but while his hand was in, he got two. One is for " François des Loges, alias (*autrement dit*) de Villon; " and the other runs in the name of " François de Montcorbier." Nay, it appears there was a further complication; for in the narrative of the first of these documents, it is mentioned that he passed himself off upon Fouquet, the barber-surgeon, as one Michel Mouton. M. Longnon has a theory that this unhappy accident with Sermaise was the cause of Villon's subsequent irregularities; and that up to that moment he had been the pink of good

behaviour. But the matter has to my eyes a more dubious air. A pardon necessary for Des Loges and another for Montcorbier? and these two the same person? and one or both of them known by the *alias* of Villon, however honestly come by? and lastly, in the heat of the moment, a fourth name thrown out with an assured countenance? A ship is not to be trusted that sails under so many colours. This is not the simple bearing of innocence. No — the young master was already treading crooked paths; already, he would start and blench at a hand upon his shoulder, with the look we know so well in the face of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice; already, in the blue devils, he would see Henry Cousin, the executor of high justice, going in dolorous procession toward Montfaucon, and hear the wind and the birds crying around Paris gibbet.

In spite of the prodigious number of people who managed to get hanged, the fifteenth century was by no means a bad time for criminals. A great confusion of parties and great dust of fighting favoured the escape of private housebreakers and quiet fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat. Prisons were leaky; and as we shall see, a man with a few crowns in his pocket and perhaps some acquaintance among the officials, could easily slip out and become once more a free marauder. There was no want of a sanctuary where he might harbour until troubles blew by; and accomplices helped each other with more or less good faith. Clerks, above all, had remarkable facilities for a criminal way of life; for they were privileged, except in cases of notorious incorrigibility, to be plucked from the hands of rude secular justice and tried by a tribunal of their own. In 1402, a couple of thieves, both clerks of the University, were condemned to death by the Provost of Paris. As they were taken to Montfaucon, they kept crying "high and clearly" for their benefit of clergy, but were none the less pitilessly hanged and gibbeted. Indignant Alma Mater interfered before the king; and the Provost was deprived of all royal offices, and condemned to return the bodies and erect a great stone cross, on the road from Paris to the gibbet, graven with the effigies of these two holy martyrs. We shall hear more of the benefit of clergy; for after this the reader will not be surprised to meet with thieves in the shape of tonsured clerks, or even priests and monks.

To a knot of such learned pilferers our poet certainly belonged; and by turning over a few more of M. Longnon's negatives, we shall get a clear idea of their character and doings. Montigny and De Cayeux are names already known; Guy Tabary, Petit-Jehan, Dom Nicolas, little Thibault, who was both clerk and goldsmith, and who made picklocks and melted plate for himself and his companions — with these the reader has still to become acquainted. Petit-Jehan and De Cayeux were handy fellows and enjoyed a useful pre-eminence in honour of their doings with the picklock. "*Dictus des Cahyeus est fortis operator crochetorum,*" says Ta-

bary's interrogation, "*sed dictus Petit-Jehan, ejus socius, est forcius operator.*" But the flower of the flock was little Thibault; it was reported that no lock could stand before him; he had a persuasive hand; let us salute capacity wherever we may find it. Perhaps the term *gang* is not quite properly applied to the persons whose fortunes we are now about to follow; rather they were independent malefactors, socially intimate, and occasionally joining together for some serious operation, just as modern stockjobbers form a syndicate for an important loan. Nor were they at all particular to any branch of misdoing. They did not scrupulously confine themselves to a single sort of theft, as I hear is common among modern thieves. They were ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Montigny, for instance, had neglected neither of these extremes, and we find him accused of cheating at games of hazard on the one hand, and on the other with the murder of one Thevenin Pensete in a house by the Cemetery of St. John. If time had only spared us some particulars, might not this last have furnished us with the matter of a grisly winter's tale?

At Christmas-time in 1456, readers of Villon will remember that he was engaged on the *Small Testament*. About the same period, *circa festum nativitatis Domini,* he took part in a memorable supper at the Mule Tavern, in front of the Church of St. Mathurin. Tabary, who seems to have been very much Villon's creature, had ordered the supper in the course of the afternoon. He was a man who had had troubles in his time and languished in the Bishop of Paris's prisons on a suspicion of picking locks; confiding, convivial, not very astute — who had copied out a whole improper romance with his own right hand. This supper party was to be his first introduction to De Cayeux and Petit-Jehan, which was probably a matter of some concern to the poor man's muddy wits; in the sequel, at least, he speaks of both with an undisguised respect, based on professional inferiority in the matter of picklocks. Dom Nicolas, a Picardy monk, was the fifth and last at table. When supper had been despatched and fairly washed down, we may suppose, with white Baigneux or red Beaune, which were favourite wines among the fellowship, Tabary was solemnly sworn over to secrecy on the night's performances; and the party left the Mule and proceeded to an unoccupied house belonging to Robert de Saint-Simon. This, over a low wall, they entered without difficulty. All but Tabary took off their upper garments; a ladder was found and applied to the high wall which separated Saint-Simon's house from the court of the College of Navarre; the four fellows in their shirt-sleeves (as we might say) clambered over in a twinkling: and Master Guy Tabary remained alone beside the overcoats. From the court the burglars made their way into the vestry of the chapel, where they found a large chest, strengthened with iron bands and closed with four locks. One of these locks they picked, and then, by levering up the corner, forced the other three. Inside was a small coffer,

of walnut wood, also barred with iron, but fastened with only three locks, which were all comfortably picked by way of the keyhole. In the walnut coffer — a joyous sight by our thieves' lantern — were five hundred crowns of gold. There was some talk of opening the aumries, where, if they had only known, a booty eight or nine times greater lay ready to their hand; but one of the party (I have a humourous suspicion it was Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk) hurried them away. It was ten o'clock when they mounted the ladder; it was about midnight before Tabary beheld them coming back. To him they gave ten crowns, and promised a share of a two-crown dinner on the morrow; whereat we may suppose his mouth watered. In course of time, he got wind of the real amount of their booty and understood how scurvily he had been used; but he seems to have borne no malice. How could he, against such superb operators as Petit-Jehan and De Cayeux; or a person like Villon, who could have made a new improper romance out of his own head, instead of merely copying an old one with mechanical right hand?

The rest of the winter was not uneventful for the gang. First they made a demonstration against the Church of St. Mathurin after chalices, and were ignominiously chased away by barking dogs. Then Tabary fell out with Casin Chollet, one of the fellows who stole ducks in Paris Moat, who subsequently became a sergeant of the Châtelet and distinguished himself by misconduct, followed by imprisonment and public castigation, during the wars of Louis Eleventh. The quarrel was not conducted with a proper regard to the king's peace, and the pair publicly belaboured each other until the police stepped in, and Master Tabary was cast once more into the prisons of the Bishop. While he still lay in durance, another job was cleverly executed by the band in broad daylight, at the Augustine Monastery. Brother Guillaume Coiffier was beguiled by an accomplice to St. Mathurin to say mass; and during his absence, his chamber was entered and five or six hundred crowns in money and some silver plate successfully abstracted. A melancholy man was Coiffier on his return! Eight crowns from this adventure were forwarded by little Thibault to the incarcerated Tabary; and with these he bribed the jailer and reappeared in Paris taverns. Some time before or shortly after this, Villon set out for Angers, as he had promised in the *Small Testament*. The object of this excursion was not merely to avoid the presence of his cruel mistress or the strong arm of Noë le Joly, but to plan a deliberate robbery on his uncle the monk. As soon as he had properly studied the ground, the others were to go over in force from Paris — picklocks and all — and away with my uncle's strong-box! This throws a comical sidelight on his own accusation against his relatives, that they had " forgotten natural duty " and disowned him because he was poor. A poor relation is a distasteful circumstance at the best, but a poor relation who plans deliberate robberies against those of his blood, and trudges hundreds of weary leagues to put

them into execution, is surely a little on the wrong side of toleration. The uncle at Angers may have been monstrously undutiful; but the nephew from Paris was upsides with him.

On the 23d April, that venerable and discreet person, Master Pierre Marchand, Curate and Prior of Paray-le-Monial, in the diocese of Chartres, arrived in Paris and put up at the sign of the Three Chandeliers, in the Rue de la Huchette. Next day, or the day after, as he was breakfasting at the sign of the Arm-chair, he fell into talk with two customers, one of whom was a priest and the other our friend Tabary. The idiotic Tabary became mighty confidential as to his past life. Pierre Marchand, who was an acquaintance of Guillaume Coiffier's and had sympathized with him over his loss, pricked up his ears at the mention of picklocks, and led on the transcriber of improper romances from one thing to another, until they were fast friends. For picklocks the Prior of Paray professed a keen curiosity; but Tabary, upon some late alarm, had thrown all his into the Seine. Let that be no difficulty, however, for was there not little Thibault, who could make them all shapes and sizes, and to whom Tabary, smelling an accomplice, would be only too glad to introduce his new acquaintance? On the morrow, accordingly, they met; and Tabary, after having first wet his whistle at the Prior's expense, led him to Notre Dame and presented him to four or five "young companions," who were keeping sanctuary in the church. They were all clerks, recently escaped, like Tabary himself, from the episcopal prisons. Among these we may notice Thibault, the operator, a little fellow of twenty-six, wearing long hair behind. The Prior expressed, through Tabary, his anxiety to become their accomplice and altogether such as they were (*de leur sorte et de leurs complices*). Mighty polite they showed themselves, and made him many fine speeches in return. But for all that, perhaps because they had longer heads than Tabary, perhaps because it is less easy to wheedle men in a body, they kept obstinately to generalities and gave him no information as to their exploits, past, present, or to come. I suppose Tabary groaned under this reserve; for no sooner were he and the Prior out of the church than he fairly emptied his heart to him, gave him full details of many hanging matters in the past, and explained the future intentions of the band. The scheme of the hour was to rob another Augustine monk, Robert de la Porte, and in this the Prior agreed to take a hand with simulated greed. Thus, in the course of two days, he had turned this wineskin of a Tabary inside out. For awhile longer the farce was carried on; the Prior was introduced to Petit-Jehan, whom he describes as a little, very smart man of thirty, with a black beard and a short jacket; an appointment was made and broken in the de la Porte affair; Tabary had some breakfast at the Prior's charge and leaked out more secrets under the influence of wine and friendship; and then all of a sudden, on the 17th of May, an alarm sprang up, the Prior picked up his skirts and walked quietly over to the Châtelet to make

a deposition, and the whole band took to their heels and vanished out of Paris and the sight of the police.

Vanish as they like, they all go with a clog about their feet. Sooner or later, here or there, they will be caught in the fact, and ignominiously sent home. From our vantage of four centuries afterward, it is odd and pitiful to watch the order in which the fugitives are captured and dragged in.

Montigny was the first. In August of that same year, he was laid by the heels on many grievous counts; sacrilegious robberies, frauds, incorrigibility, and that bad business about Thevenin Pensete in the house by the Cemetery of St. John. He was reclaimed by the ecclesiastical authorities as a clerk; but the claim was rebutted on the score of incorrigibility, and ultimately fell to the ground; and he was condemned to death by the Provost of Paris. It was a very rude hour for Montigny, but hope was not yet over. He was a fellow of some birth; his father had been king's pantler; his sister, probably married to someone about the Court, was in the family way, and her health would be endangered if the execution was proceeded with. So down comes Charles the Seventh with letters of mercy, commuting the penalty to a year in a dungeon on bread and water, and a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Galicia. Alas! the document was incomplete; it did not contain the full tale of Montigny's enormities; it did not recite that he had been denied benefit of clergy, and it said nothing about Thevenin Pensete. Montigny's hour was at hand. Benefit of clergy, honourable descent from king's pantler, sister in the family way, royal letters of commutation — all were of no avail. He had been in prison in Rouen, in Tours, in Bordeaux, and four times already in Paris; and out of all these he had come scathless; but now he must make a little excursion as far as Montfaucon with Henry Cousin, executor of high justice. There let him swing among the carrion crows.

About a year later, in July 1458, the police laid hands on Tabary. Before the ecclesiastical commissary he was twice examined, and, on the latter occasion, put to the question ordinary and extraordinary. What a dismal change from pleasant suppers at the Mule, where he sat in triumph with expert operators and great wits! He is at the lees of life, poor rogue; and those fingers which once transcribed improper romances are now agonizingly stretched upon the rack. We have no sure knowledge, but we may have a shrewd guess of the conclusion. Tabary, the admirer, would go the same way as those whom he admired.

The last we hear of is Colin de Cayeux. He was caught in autumn 1460, in the great Church of St. Leu d'Esserens, which makes so fine a figure in the pleasant Oise valley between Creil and Beaumont. He was reclaimed by no less than two bishops; but the Procureur for the Provost held fast by incorrigible Colin. 1460 was an ill-starred year: for justice was making a clean sweep of "poor and indigent persons, thieves, cheats, and lock-pickers," in the neighbourhood of Paris; and Colin de Cayeux, with many others, was condemned to death and hanged.

Villon was still absent on the Angers expedition when the Prior of Paray sent such a bombshell among his accomplices; and the dates of his return and arrest remain undiscoverable. M. Campaux plausibly enough opined for the autumn of 1457, which would make him closely follow on Montigny, and the first of those denounced by the Prior to fall into the toils. We may suppose, at least, that it was not long thereafter; we may suppose him competed for between lay and clerical Courts; and we may suppose him alternately pert and impudent, humble and fawning, in his defence. But at the end of all supposing, we come upon some nuggets of fact. For first, he was put to the question by water. He who had tossed off so many cups of white Baigneux or red Beaune, now drank water through linen folds, until his bowels were flooded and his heart stood still. After so much raising of the elbow, so much outcry of fictitious thirst, here at last was enough drinking for a lifetime. Truly, of our pleasant vices, the gods make whips to scourge us. And secondly he was condemned to be hanged. A man may have been expecting a catastrophe for years, and yet find himself unprepared when it arrives. Certainly, Villon found, in this legitimate issue of his career, a very staggering and grave consideration. Every beast, as he says, clings bitterly to a whole skin. If everything is lost, and even honour, life still remains; nay, and it becomes, like the ewe lamb in Nathan's parable, as dear as all the rest. " Do you fancy," he asks, in a lively ballad, " that I had not enough philosophy under my hood to cry out: ' I appeal ' ? If I had made any bones about the matter, I should have been planted upright in the fields, by the St. Denis Road " — Montfaucon being on the way to St. Denis. An appeal to Parliament, as we saw in the case of Colin de Cayeux, did not necessarily lead to an acquittal or a commutation; and while the matter was pending, our poet had ample opportunity to reflect on his position. Hanging is a sharp argument, and to swing with many others on the gibbet adds a horrible corollary for the imagination. With the aspect of Montfaucon he was well acquainted; indeed, as the neighbourhood appears to have been sacred to junketing and nocturnal picnics of wild young men and women, he had probably studied it under all varieties of hour and weather. And now, as he lay in prison waiting the mortal push, these different aspects crowded back on his imagination with a new and startling significance; and he wrote a ballad, by way of epitaph for himself and his companions, which remains unique in the annals of mankind. It is, in the highest sense, a piece of his biography: —

" *La pluye nous a debuez et lavez,*
Et le soleil dessechez et noirciz;
Pies, corbeaulx, nous ont les yeux cavez,
Et arrachez la barbe et les sourcilz.
Jamais, nul temps, nous ne sommes rassis;
Puis çà puis là, comme le veut varie,
A son plaisir sans cesser nous charie,

Plus becquetez d'oiseaulx que dez à couldre.
Ne soyez donc de nostre confrairie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre."

Here is some genuine thieves' literature after so much that was spurious; sharp as an etching, written with a shuddering soul. There is an intensity of consideration in the piece that shows it to be the transcript of familiar thoughts. It is the quintessence of many a doleful nightmare on the straw, when he felt himself swing helpless in the wind, and saw the birds turn about him, screaming and menacing his eyes.

And, after all, the Parliament changed his sentence into one of banishment; and to Roussillon, in Dauphiny, our poet must carry his woes without delay. Travellers between Lyons and Marseilles may remember a station on the line, some way below Vienne, where the Rhone fleets seaward between vine-clad hills. This was Villon's Siberia. It would be a little warm in summer perhaps, and a little cold in winter in that draughty valley between two great mountain fields; but what with the hills, and the racing river, and the fiery Rhone wines, he was little to be pitied on the conditions of his exile. Villon, in a remarkably bad ballad, written in a breath, heartily thanked and fulsomely belauded the Parliament; the *envoi*, like the proverbial postscript of a lady's letter, containing the pith of his performance in a request for three days' delay to settle his affairs and bid his friends farewell. He was probably not followed out of Paris, like Antoine Fradin, the popular preacher, another exile of a few years later, by weeping multitudes; but I dare say one or two rogues of his acquaintance would keep him company for a mile or so on the south road, and drink a bottle with him before they turned. For banished people, in those days, seem to have set out on their own responsibility, in their own guard, and at their own expense. It was no joke to make one's way from Paris to Roussillon alone and penniless in the fifteenth century. Villon says he left a rag of his tails on every bush. Indeed, he must have had many a weary tramp, many a slender meal, and many a to-do with blustering captains of the Ordonnance. But with one of his light fingers, we may fancy that he took as good as he gave; for every rag of his tail, he would manage to indemnify himself upon the population in the shape of food, or wine, or ringing money; and his route would be traceable across France and Burgundy by housewives and innkeepers lamenting over petty thefts, like the track of a single human locust. A strange figure he must have cut in the eyes of the good country people: this ragged, blackguard city poet, with a smack of the Paris student, and a smack of the Paris street arab, posting along the highways, in rain or sun, among the green fields and vineyards. For himself, he had no taste for rural loveliness; green fields and vineyards would be mighty indifferent to Master Francis; but he would often have his tongue in his cheek at the simplicity of rustic dupes, and often, at city gates, he

might stop to contemplate the gibbet with its swinging bodies, and hug himself on his escape.

How long he stayed at Roussillon, how far he became the protégé of the Bourbons, to whom that town belonged, or when it was that he took part, under the auspices of Charles of Orleans, in a rhyming tournament to be referred to once again in the pages of the present volume, are matters that still remain in darkness, in spite of M. Longnon's diligent rummaging among archives. When we next find him, in summer, 1461, alas! he is once more in durance: this time at Méun-sur-Loire, in the prisons of Thibault d'Aussigny, Bishop of Orleans. He had been lowered in a basket into a noisome pit, where he lay, all summer, gnawing hard crusts and railing upon fate. His teeth, he says, were like the teeth of a rake: a touch of haggard portraiture all the more real for being excessive and burlesque, and all the more proper to the man for being a caricature of his own misery. His eyes were " bandaged with thick walls." It might blow hurricanes overhead; the lightning might leap in high heaven; but no word of all this reached him in his noisome pit. " Il n'entre, ou gist, n'escler ni tourbillon." Above all, he was fevered with envy and anger at the freedom of others; and his heart flowed over into curses as he thought of Thibault d'Aussigny, walking the streets in God's sunlight, and blessing people with extended fingers. So much we find sharply lined in his own poems. Why he was cast again into prison — how he had again managed to shave the gallows — this we know not, nor, from the destruction of the authorities, are we ever likely to learn. But on October 2d, 1461, or some day immediately preceding, the new King, Louis Eleventh, made his joyous entry into Méun. Now it was a part of the formality on such occasions for the new King to liberate certain prisoners; and so the basket was let down into Villon's pit, and hastily did Master Francis scramble in, and was most joyfully hauled up, and shot out, blinking and tottering, but once more a free man, into the blessed sun and wind. Now or never is the time for verses! Such a happy revolution would turn the head of a stocking-weaver, and set him jingling rhymes. And so — after a voyage to Paris, where he finds Montigny and De Cayeux clattering their bones upon the gibbet, and his three pupils roystering in Paris streets, " with their thumbs under their girdles," — down sits Master Francis to write his *Large Testament,* and perpetuate his name in a sort of glorious ignominy.

Of this capital achievement and, with it, of Villon's style in general, it is here the place to speak. The *Large Testament* is a hurly-burly of cynical and sentimental reflections about life, jesting legacies to friends and enemies, and, interspersed among these many admirable ballades, both serious and absurd. With so free a design, no thought that occurred to him would need to be dismissed without expression; and he could draw at full length the portrait of his own bedevilled soul, and of the bleak and blackguardly

world which was the theatre of his exploits and sufferings. If the reader can conceive something between the slap-dash inconsequence of Byron's *Don Juan* and the racy humorous gravity and brief noble touches that distinguish the vernacular poems of Burns, he will have formed some idea of Villon's style. To the latter writer — except in the ballades, which are quite his own, and can be paralleled from no other language known to me — he bears a particular resemblance. In common with Burns he has a certain rugged compression, a brutal vivacity of epithet, a homely vigour, a delight in local personalities, and an interest in many sides of life, that are often despised and passed over by more effete and cultured poets. Both also, in their strong, easy colloquial way, tend to become difficult and obscure; the obscurity in the case of Villon passing at times into the absolute darkness of cant language. They are perhaps the only two great masters of expression who keep sending their readers to a glossary.

" Shall we not dare to say of a thief," asks Montaigne, " that he has a handsome leg? " It is a far more serious claim that we have to put forward in behalf of Villon. Beside that of his contemporaries, his writing, so full of colour, so eloquent, so picturesque, stands out in an almost miraculous isolation. If only one or two of the chroniclers could have taken a leaf out of his book, history would have been a pastime, and the fifteenth century as present to our minds as the age of Charles Second. This gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France. Boileau, long ago, in the period of perukes and snuff-boxes, recognized him as the first articulate poet in the language; and if we measure him, not by priority of merit, but living duration of influence, not on a comparison with obscure forerunners, but with great and famous successors, we shall install this ragged and disreputable figure in a far higher niche in glory's temple than was ever dreamed of by the critic. It is, in itself, a memorable fact that, before 1542, in the very dawn of printing, and while modern France was in the making, the works of Villon ran through seven different editions. Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, directly and indirectly, a deep, permanent, and growing inspiration. Not only his style, but his callous pertinent way of looking upon the sordid and ugly sides of life, becomes every day a more specific feature in the literature of France. And only the other year, a work of some power appeared in Paris, and appeared with infinite scandal, which owed its whole inner significance and much of its outward form to the study of our rhyming thief.

The world to which he introduces us is, as before said, blackguardly and bleak. Paris swarms before us, full of famine, shame, and death; monks and the servants of great lords hold high wassail upon cakes and pastry; the poor man licks his lips before the baker's window; people with patched eyes sprawl all night under the stalls; chuckling Tabary transcribes an improper romance; bare-bosomed lasses and ruffling stu-

dents swagger in the streets; the drunkard goes stumbling homeward; the graveyard is full of bones; and away on Montfaucon, Colin de Cayeux and Montigny hang draggled in the rain. Is there nothing better to be seen than sordid misery and worthless joys? Only where the poor old mother of the poet kneels in church below painted windows, and makes tremulous supplication to the Mother of God.

In our mixed world, full of green fields and happy lovers, where not long before, Joan of Arc had led one of the highest and noblest lives in the whole story of mankind, this was all worth chronicling that our poet could perceive. His eyes were indeed sealed with his own filth. He dwelt all his life in a pit more noisome than the dungeon at Méun. In the moral world, also, there are large phenomena not cognizable out of holes and corners. Loud winds blow, speeding home deep-laden ships and sweeping rubbish from the earth; the lightning leaps and cleans the face of heaven; high purposes and brave passions shake and sublimate men's spirits; and meanwhile, in the narrow dungeon of his soul, Villon is mumbling crusts and picking vermin.

Along with this deadly gloom of outlook, we must take another characteristic of his work: its unrivalled insincerity. I can give no better similitude of this quality than I have given already: that he comes up with a whine, and runs away with a whoop and his finger to his nose. His pathos is that of a professional mendicant who should happen to be a man of genius; his levity that of a bitter street arab, full of bread. On a first reading, the pathetic passages preoccupy the reader, and he is cheated out of an alms in the shape of sympathy. But when the thing is studied the illusion fades away: in the transitions, above all, we can detect the evil, ironical temper of the man; and instead of a flighty work, where many crude but genuine feelings tumble together for the mastery as in the lists of tournament, we are tempted to think of the *Large Testament* as of one long-drawn epical grimace, pulled by a merry-andrew, who has found a certain despicable eminence over human respect and human affections by perching himself astride upon the gallows. Between these two views, at best, all temperate judgments will be found to fall; and rather, as I imagine, toward the last.

There were two things on which he felt with perfect and, in one case, even threatening sincerity.

The first of these was an undisguised envy of those richer than himself. He was for ever drawing a parallel, already exemplified from his own words, between the happy life of the well-to-do and the miseries of the poor. Burns, too proud and honest not to work, continued through all reverses to sing of poverty with a light, defiant note. Béranger waited till he was himself beyond the reach of want, before writing the *Old Vagabond* or *Jacques*. Samuel Johnson, although he was very sorry to be poor, " was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty " in his ill days. Thus

it is that brave men carry their crosses, and smile with the fox burrowing in their vitals. But Villon, who had not the courage to be poor with honesty, now whiningly implores our sympathy, now shows his teeth upon the dung-heap with an ugly snarl. He envies bitterly, envies passionately. Poverty, he protests, drives men to steal, as hunger makes the wolf sally from the forest. The poor, he goes on, will always have a carping word to say, or, if that outlet be denied, nourish rebellious thoughts. It is a calumny on the noble army of the poor. Thousands in a small way of life, ay, and even in the smallest, go through life with tenfold as much honour and dignity and peace of mind, as the rich gluttons whose dainties and state beds awakened Villon's covetous temper. And every morning's sun sees thousands who pass whistling to their toil. But Villon was the " mauvais pauvre " defined by Victor Hugo, and, in its English expression, so admirably stereotyped by Dickens. He was the first wicked sans-culotte. He is the man of genius with the moleskin cap. He is mighty pathetic and beseeching here in the street, but I would not go down a dark road with him for a large consideration.

The second of the points on which he was genuine and emphatic was common to the middle ages; a deep and somewhat snivelling conviction of the transitory nature of this life and the pity and horror of death. Old age and the grave, with some dark and yet half-sceptical terror of an after-world — these were ideas that clung about his bones like a disease. An old ape, as he says, may play all the tricks in its repertory, and none of them will tickle an audience into good humour. " Tousjours vieil synge est desplaisant." It is not the old jester who receives most recognition at a tavern party, but the young fellow, fresh and handsome, who knows the new slang, and carries off his vice with a certain air. Of this, as a tavern jester himself, he would be pointedly conscious. As for the women with whom he was best acquainted, his reflections on their old age, in all their harrowing pathos, shall remain in the original for me. Horace has disgraced himself to something the same tune; but what Horace throws out with an ill-favoured laugh, Villon dwells on with an almost maudlin whimper.

It is in death that he finds his truest inspiration; in the swift and sorrowful change that overtakes beauty; in the strange revolution by which great fortunes and renowns are diminished to a handful of churchyard dust; and in the utter passing away of what was once lovable and mighty. It is in this that the mixed texture of his thought enables him to reach such poignant and terrible effects, and to enhance pity with ridicule, like a man cutting capers to a funeral march. It is in this, also, that he rises out of himself into the higher spheres of art. So, in the ballade by which he is best known, he rings the changes on names that once stood for beautiful and queenly women, and are now no more than letters and a legend. " Where are the snows of yester-year? " runs the burden. And so,

in another not so famous, he passes in review the different degrees of bygone men, from the holy Apostles and the golden Emperor of the East, down to the heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, who also bore their part in the world's pageantries and ate greedily at great folks' tables: all this to the refrain of " So much carry the winds away! " Probably, there was some melancholy in his mind for a yet lower grade, and Montigny and Colin de Cayeux clattering their bones on Paris gibbet. Alas, and with so pitiful an experience of life, Villon can offer us nothing but terror and lamentation about death! No one has ever more skilfully communicated his own disenchantment; no one ever blown a more ear-piercing note of sadness. This unrepentant thief can attain neither to Christian confidence, nor to the spirit of the bright Greek saying, that whom the gods love die early. It is a poor heart, and a poorer age, that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness.

The date of the *Large Testament* is the last date in the poet's biography. After having achieved that admirable and despicable performance, he disappears into the night from whence he came. How or when he died, whether decently in bed or trussed up to a gallows, remains a riddle for foolhardy commentators. It appears his health had suffered in the pit at Méun; he was thirty years of age and quite bald; with the notch in his under lip where Sermaise had struck him with the sword, and what wrinkles the reader may imagine. In default of portraits, this is all I have been able to piece together, and perhaps even the baldness should be taken as a figure of his destitution. A sinister dog, in all likelihood, but with a look in his eye, and the loose flexible mouth that goes with wit and an overweening sensual temperament. Certainly the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame.

FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI

1377–1446

By Giorgio Vasari [1] (1511–1571)

There are many men who, though formed by nature with small persons and insignificant features, are yet endowed with so much greatness of soul and force of character, that unless they can occupy themselves with difficult — nay, almost impossible undertakings, and carry these enterprises to perfection to the admiration of others, they are incapable of finding peace for their lives. And, however mean or unpromising may be the occasion presented to such persons, however trifling the object to be attained, they find means to make it important, and to give it elevation. Therefore it is that none should look with contemptuous glance on anyone whom he may encounter, having an aspect divested of that grace and beauty which we might expect that Nature would confer, even from his birth, upon him who is to exhibit distinguished talent, since it is beyond doubt that beneath the clods of earth the veins of gold lie hidden. So much force of mind, and so much goodness of heart, are frequently born with men of the most unpromising exterior, that if these be conjoined with nobility of soul, nothing short of the most important and valuable results can be looked for from them, since they labour to embellish the unsightly form by the beauty and brightness of the spirit. This was clearly exemplified in Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, who was no less diminutive in person than Messer Forete da Rabatta and Giotto, but who was of such exalted genius withal, that we may truly declare him to have been given to us by heaven, for the purpose of imparting a new spirit to architecture, which for hundreds of years had been lost: for the men of those times had badly expended great treasures in the erection of buildings without order, constructed in a wretched manner after deplorable designs, with fantastic inventions, laboured graces, and worse decorations. But it then pleased

[1] Reprinted from *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects: Translated from the Italian . . .* by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, London, 1850.

The first edition of Vasari appeared in 1550. In 1568 a considerably revised edition was published.

Heaven, the earth having been for so many years destitute of any distinguished mind and divine genius, that Filippo Brunelleschi should leave to the world, the most noble, vast, and beautiful edifice that had ever been constructed in modern times, or even in those of the ancients; giving proof that the talent of the Tuscan artists, although lost for a time, was not extinguished. He was, moreover, adorned by the most excellent qualities, among which was that of kindliness, insomuch that there never was a man of more benign and amicable disposition; in judgment he was calm and dispassionate, and laid aside all thought of his own interest and even that of his friends, whenever he perceived the merits and talents of others to demand that he should do so. He knew himself, instructed many from the stores of his genius, and was ever ready to succour his neighbour in all his necessities; he declared himself the confirmed enemy of all vice, and the friend of those who laboured in the cause of virtue. Never did he spend his moments vainly, but, although constantly occupied in his own works, in assisting those of others, or administering to their necessities, he had yet always time to bestow on his friends for whom his aid was ever ready.

There lived in Florence, as we are told, a man of good renown, very praiseworthy habits, and much activity in his affairs, whose name was Ser Brunellesco di Lippo Lapi, and whose grandfather, called Cambio, was a very learned person, the son of a physician famous in those times, and named Maestro Ventura Bacherini. Ser Brunellesco chose for his wife a young woman of excellent conduct, from the noble family of the Spini, with whom, as part payment of her dowry, he received a house, wherein he and his children dwelt to the day of their death. This house stands in a corner on the side opposite to San Michele Bertelli, after passing the Piazza degli Agli, and while Brunellesco there exercised his calling and lived happily with his wife, there was born to him in the year 1377 a son, to whom he gave the name of Filippo, after his own father, who was then dead. This birth he solemnized with all possible gladness. As the infant advanced in childhood, his father taught him the first rudiments of learning with the utmost care, and herein Filippo displayed so much intelligence, and so clear an understanding, as to frequently cause surprise that he did not take pains to attain perfection in letters, but rather seemed to direct his thoughts to matters of more obvious utility, a circumstance which caused Ser Brunellesco, who wished his son to follow his own calling of notary, or that of his great-great-grandfather (tritavolo) very great displeasure. Perceiving, nevertheless, that the mind of the boy was constantly intent on various ingenious questions of art and mechanics, he made him learn writing and arithmetic, and then placed him in the Guild of the Goldsmiths, that he might acquire the art of design from a friend of his. This was a great satisfaction to Filippo, who no long time after he had begun to study and practise in that art, understood the setting of precious stones much better than any old artist in the vocation. He also executed works in niello; among

others, figures in silver, two prophets, namely, half-lengths, which were placed over the altar of San Jacopo di Pistoja, and were considered very beautiful; these figures were made by Filippo, for the superintendents of the cathedral in that city. He also executed works in basso-rilievo, wherein he showed so complete a mastery of that art, as to make it manifest that his genius must quickly overstep the limits of the goldsmith's calling. Subsequently, having made acquaintance with several learned persons, he began to turn his attention to the computation of the divisions of time, the adjustment of weights, and the movement of wheels; he considered the method by which they might best be made to revolve, and how they might most effectually be set in motion, making several very good and beautiful watches with his own hand.

Not content with this, Filippo was seized with an earnest desire to attempt the art of sculpture, and this wish took effect in such sort that Donatello, then a youth, being considered of great distinction and high promise therein, Filippo contracted a close intimacy with him; and each attracted by the talents of the other, they became so strongly attached that one seemed unable to live without the other. But Filippo, who was capable of attaining excellence in various departments, gave his attention to many professions, nor had any long time elapsed before he was considered by good judges to be an excellent architect. This he proved in various works which served for the decoration of houses, as, for example, for that of the house of Apollonio Lapi, his kinsman, at the corner of the Ciai, towards the Mercato Vecchio, where he laboured industriously all the time that the edifice was in course of erection; and he did the same thing at the tower and house of Petraja at Castello, outside of Florence. In the palace of the Signoria also, Filippo distributed and arranged all the rooms occupied for the affairs of their office by the officials of the " Monte." He therein constructed the windows and doors after the manner of the ancients, a thing not then very frequently done, architecture being in a very rude state in Tuscany.

There was at that time a statue of Santa Maria Maddalena to be executed in linden-wood, for the monks of Santo Spirito in Florence, and which was to be placed in one of their chapels; Filippo therefore, who had executed various small works in sculpture, being desirous of proving that he could succeed in the greater also, undertook to execute this statue, which, being completed and fixed in its place, was considered exceedingly beautiful; but in the subsequent conflagration of the church in 1471 it was burnt, with many other remarkable things.

Filippo Brunelleschi gave considerable attention to the study of perspective, the rules of which were then very imperfectly understood, and often falsely interpreted; and in this he expended much time, until at length he discovered a perfectly correct method, that of taking the ground plan and sections by means of intersecting lines, a truly ingenious thing, and

of great utility to the arts of design. In these inquiries Filippo found so much pleasure that he executed a drawing of the Piazza San Giovanni, wherein he portrayed all the compartments of the incrustation in black and white marble, the foreshortening being managed with singular felicity and grace. He represented the house of the Misericordia in like manner, with the shops of the wafer-makers and the arch of the Pecori, giving the column of San Zanobi on the other side. This work having been highly commended by artists, and all who were capable of judging in matters of the kind, gave Filippo so much encouragement, that no long time elapsed before he commenced another, and made a view of the Palace, the Piazza, the Loggia de' Signori, with the roof of the Pisani, and all the buildings erected around that Square, works by which the attention of artists was so effectively aroused, that they afterwards devoted themselves to the study of perspective with great zeal. To Masaccio in particular, who was his friend, Filippo taught this art, the painter being then very young; but that he did much credit to his teacher is sufficiently manifest from the edifices depicted in his works. Nor did he fail to instruct those who worked in *tarsia,* which is a sort of inlaid work, executed in woods of various colours; the efforts of these artists he stimulated so powerfully, that from this time a better method prevailed, and many useful improvements were made in that branch of art, wherein, both then and at a later period, various excellent works were produced, from which Florence derived both fame and profit during many years. Messer Paolo dal Pozzo Toscanelli returning to Florence about this time, and being at supper with some of his friends in a garden invited Filippo also; who, hearing them discourse of the mathematical sciences, formed an intimate acquaintance with the philosopher, from whom he acquired the knowledge of geometry; and although Filippo possessed no learning, he yet reasoned so well, by the aid of his practical experience, that he frequently astonished Toscanelli. Thus labouring perpetually, Brunelleschi next turned his attention to the Scriptures, and never failed to be present at the disputations and preaching of learned men. From this practice he derived so much advantage, by help of his excellent memory, that the above-named Messer Paolo, alluding to him, was accustomed to say that, to hear Filippo in argument, one might fancy oneself listening to a second Paul. At the same time he gave earnest study to the works of Dante, with whose description of localities, and their respective distances, he made himself very familiar, and frequently availed himself of them in his conversations, when he would cite them by way of comparison. Nor, indeed, were his thoughts ever occupied otherwise than in the consideration of ingenious and difficult inquiries; but he could never find anyone who gave him so much satisfaction as did Donato, with whom he often held confidential discourse; these two artists found perpetual pleasure in the society of each other, and frequently conferred together on the difficulties of their art.

Now it happened in those days that Donato had completed a crucifix in wood, which was placed in the church of Santa Croce, in Florence, beneath the story of the girl restored to life by St. Francis, a picture painted by Taddeo Gaddi, and he desired to have the opinion of Filippo respecting his work; but he repented of having asked it, since Filippo replied that he had placed a clown on the cross. And from this time there arose, as is related at length in the life of Donato, the saying of " Take wood then, and make one thyself." Thereupon Filippo, who never suffered himself to be irritated by anything said to him, however well calculated to provoke him to anger, kept silence for several months, meanwhile preparing a crucifix, also in wood, and of similar size with that of Donato, but of such excellence, so well designed, and so carefully executed, that when Donato, having been sent forward to his house by Filippo, who intended him a surprise, beheld the work (the undertaking of which by Filippo was entirely unknown to him), he was utterly confounded, and having in his hand an apron full of eggs and other things on which his friend and himself were to dine together, he suffered the whole to fall to the ground, while he regarded the work before him in the very extremity of amazement. The artistic and ingenious manner in which Filippo had disposed and united the legs, trunk, and arms of the figure was alike obvious and surprising to Donato, who not only confessed himself conquered, but declared the work a miracle. This crucifix is now placed in the church of Santa Maria Novella, between the chapel of the Strozzi family and that of the Bardi da Vernio, and is still greatly praised by the judges of modern times. The talents of these truly excellent masters being thereupon appreciated, they received a commission from the Guild of the Butchers, and that of the Joiners, to prepare the two figures, in marble, required for the niches appropriate to those guilds among the number surrounding Or San Michele. These figures, Filippo, being occupied by other affairs, suffered Donato to execute alone, which he did to great perfection.

After these things, and in the year 1401, it was determined, seeing that sculpture had reached so elevated a condition, to reconstruct the two doors of the church and baptistry of San Giovanni, a work which, from the death of Andrea Pisano to that time, there had been no masters capable of conducting. Wherefore, this intention being made known to those sculptors who were in Tuscany, they were sent for, their appointments were given to them, and the space of a year was allowed for the preparation of a story by each master. Among these artists Filippo and Donato were also invited, and each of them was required to prepare a story, in concurrence with Lorenzo Ghiberti, Jacopo della Fonte, Simone da Colle, Francesco di Valdambrina, and Niccolo d'Arezzo. All these stories being completed within the year, and placed together to be compared, were all found to be beautiful, but with certain differences. One was well designed, but imperfectly executed, as was that of Donato; another was admirably drawn, and care-

fully finished, but the composition of the story was not good, the gradual diminution of the figures being neglected, as in the case of Jacopo della Quercia; a third artist had betrayed poverty of invention, and his figures were insignificant, which was the defect of Francesco di Valdambrina's specimen; but the worst of all were those of Niccolo d'Arezzo and Simone da Colle; while the best was that of Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, in whose work perfection of design, delicacy of execution, rich invention, knowledge of art, and well-finished figures, were all combined. Nor was the story of Filippo greatly inferior to that of Lorenzo: the subject was Abraham proceeding to sacrifice Isaac, and among the figures was that of a servant, who, whilst he is awaiting his master, with the ass feeding beside him, is drawing a thorn from his foot. This figure merits considerable praise.

All these stories having been exhibited together, and Filippo and Donato not being satisfied with any, except that of Lorenzo, they judged him to be better adapted to execute the work than themselves or the masters who had produced the other stories. They consequently persuaded the syndics, by the good reasons which they assigned, to adjudge the work to Lorenzo, showing that the public and private benefit would be thus most effectually secured. Now this was, in truth, the sincere rectitude of friendship; it was talent without envy, and uprightness of judgment in a decision respecting themselves, by which these artists were more highly honoured than they could have been by conducting the work to the utmost summit of perfection. Happy spirits! who, while aiding each other, took pleasure in commending the labours of their competitors. How unhappy, on the contrary, are the artists of our day, labouring to injure each other, yet still unsatisfied, they burst with envy while seeking to wound others. Filippo was requested by the superintendents to undertake the work, in concert with Lorenzo, but he would not consent to this, desiring rather to be the first in some other art, than merely an equal, and perhaps secondary, in that undertaking. Wherefore he gave the story in bronze, which he had prepared, to Cosimo de' Medici, who caused it at a subsequent period to be placed in the old sacristy of San Lorenzo, and at the back of the altar, where it still remains. That of Donato was given to the Guild of the Money-changers.

The commission for the door being given to Lorenzo Ghiberti, Filippo and Donato, who were together, resolved to depart from Florence in company, and to remain in Rome for some years, Filippo proposing to pursue the study of architecture, and Donato that of sculpture. And this Filippo did, desiring to surpass Lorenzo and Donato, in proportion as architecture is more useful to man than are sculpture and paintings. He first sold a small farm which he possessed as Settignano, when both artists departed from Florence and proceeded to Rome, where, when Filippo beheld the magnificence of the buildings and the perfection of the churches, he stood like one amazed, and seemed to have lost his wits. They instantly made preparations for measuring the cornices and taking the ground-plans of these

edifices, Donato and himself both labouring continually, and sparing neither time nor cost. No place was left unvisited by them, either in Rome or without the city, and in the Campagna; nor did they fail to take the dimensions of anything good within their reach. And as Filippo was free from all household cares, he gave himself up so exclusively to his studies, that he took no time either to eat or sleep; his every thought was of Architecture, which was then extinct: I mean the good old manner, and not the Gothic and barbarous one, which was much practised at that period. Filippo had two very great purposes in his mind, the one being to restore to light the good manner in architecture, which, if he could effect, he believed that he should leave a no less illustrious memorial of himself than Cimabue and Giotto had done; the other was to discover a method for constructing the Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, the difficulties of which were so great, that after the death of Arnolfo Lapi, no one had ever been found of sufficient courage to attempt the vaulting of that Cupola without an enormous expanse of scaffolding. He did not impart this purpose, either to Donato or to any living soul, but he never rested while in Rome until he had well pondered on all the difficulties involved in the vaulting of the *Ritonda* in that city (*the Pantheon*), and had maturely considered the means by which it might be effected. He also well examined and made careful drawings of all the vaults and arches of antiquity: to these he devoted perpetual study, and if by chance the artists found fragments of capitals, columns, cornices, or basements of buildings buried in the earth, they set labourers to work and caused them to be dug out, until the foundation was laid open to their view. Reports of this being spread about Rome, the artists were called " treasure-seekers," and this name they frequently heard as they passed, negligently clothed, along the streets, the people believing them to be men who studied geomancy, for the discovery of treasures; the cause of which was that they had one day found an ancient vase of earth, full of coins. The money of Filippo falling short, he supplied the want by setting precious stones for the goldsmiths who were his friends; which served him for a resource. Donato having returned to Florence, Filippo was left alone in Rome, and there he laboured continually among the ruins of the buildings, where he studied more industriously than ever. Nor did he rest until he had drawn every description of fabric — temples, round, square, or octagon; basilicas, aqueducts, baths, arches, the Colosseum, Amphitheatres, and every church built of bricks, of which he examined all the modes of binding and clamping, as well as the turning of the vaults and arches; he took note likewise of all the methods used for uniting the stones, as well as of the means used for securing the equilibrium and close conjunction of all the parts; and having found that in all the larger stones there was a hole, formed exactly in the centre of each on the under side, he discovered that this was for the insertion of the iron instrument with which the stones are drawn up, and which is called by us the mason's

clamps (*la ulivella*), an invention, the use of which he restored and ever afterwards put in practice. The different orders were next divided by his cares, each order, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian being placed apart; and such was the effect of his zeal in that study, that he became capable of entirely reconstructing the city in his imagination, and of beholding Rome as she had been before she was ruined. But in the year 1407 the air of the place caused Filippo some slight indisposition, when he was advised by his friends to try change of air. He consequently returned to Florence, where many buildings had suffered by his absence, and for these he made many drawings and gave numerous counsels on his return.

In the same year an assemblage of architects and engineers was gathered in Florence, by the Superintendents of the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, and by the Syndics of the Guild of wool-workers, to consult on the means by which the Cupola might be raised. Among these appeared Filippo, who gave it as his opinion that the edifice above the roof must be constructed, not after the design of Arnolfo, but that a frieze, fifteen braccia high, must be erected, with a large window in each of its sides: since not only would this take the weight off the piers of the tribune, but would also permit the cupola itself to be more easily raised. Models after which the work might be executed were prepared in this manner accordingly. Some months after Filippo's return, and when he had recovered his health, he was one morning on the Piazza di Santa Maria del Fiore with Donato and other artists, when the conversation turned on the antiquity of works in sculpture. Donato related, that when he was returning from Rome he had taken the road of Orvieto, to see the marble façade of the Duomo in that city — a work highly celebrated, executed by the hands of various masters, and considered in those days a very remarkable thing. He added, that when afterwards passing by Cortona, he had there seen in the capitular church a most beautiful antique vase in marble, adorned with sculptures — a very rare circumstance at that time, since the large numbers of beautiful relics brought to light in our days had not then been disinterred. Donato proceeding to describe the manner in which the artist had treated this work, with the delicacy he had remarked in it, and the excellence, nay perfection, of the workmanship, Filippo became inflamed with such an ardent desire to see it, that, impelled by the force of his love to art, he set off, as he was, in his mantle, his hood, and his wooden shoes, without saying where he was going, and went on foot to Cortona for that purpose. Having seen the vase and being pleased with it, he drew a copy of it with his pen, and returned therewith to Florence, before Donato or any other person had perceived that he had departed, all believing that he must be occupied in drawing or inventing something. Having got back to Florence, Filippo showed the drawing of the vase, which he had executed with much patience, to Donato, who was not a little astonished at this evidence of the love Filippo bore to art. The latter then remained several months in Florence, secretly

preparing models and machines, all intended for the erection of the Cupola, amusing himself meanwhile with perpetually bantering his brother-artists; for it was at this time that he made the jest of " the Grasso and Matteo." He frequently went also for his amusement to assist Lorenzo Ghiberti in finishing certain parts of the doors. But one morning the fancy took him, hearing that there was some talk of providing engineers for the construction of the Cupola, of returning to Rome, thinking that he would have more reputation and be more sought from abroad, than if he remained in Florence. When Filippo had returned to Rome accordingly, the acuteness of his genius and his readiness of resource were taken into consideration, when it was remembered that in his discourses he showed a confidence and courage that had not been found in any of the other architects, who stood confounded, together with the builders, having lost all power of proceeding; for they were convinced that no method of constructing the Cupola would ever be found, nor any beams that would make a scaffold strong enough to support the framework and weight of so vast an edifice. The Superintendents were therefore resolved to have an end of the matter, and wrote to Filippo in Rome, entreating him to repair to Florence, when he, who desired nothing better, returned very readily. The wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore and the Syndics of the Guild of woolworkers, having assembled on his arrival, set before him all the difficulties, from the greatest to the smallest, which had been made by the masters, who were present, together with himself, at the audience: whereupon Filippo replied in these words — " Gentlemen Superintendents, there is no doubt that great undertakings always present difficulties in their execution; and if none ever did so before, this of yours does it to an extent of which you are not perhaps even yet fully aware, for I do not know that even the ancients ever raised so enormous a vault as this will be. I, who have many times reflected on the scaffoldings required, both within and without, and on the method to be pursued for working securely at this erection, have never been able to come to a decision; and I am confounded, no less by the breadth than the height of the edifice. Now if the Cupola could be arched in a circular form, we might pursue the method adopted by the Romans in erecting the Pantheon of Rome; that is, the Rotunda. But here we must follow the eight sides of the building, dovetailing, and, so to speak, enchaining the stones, which will be a very difficult thing. Yet, remembering that this is a temple consecrated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust, that for a work executed to their honour, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and will bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall be the author of such a project. But how can I help you in the matter, seeing that the work is not mine? I tell you plainly, that if it belonged to me, my courage and power would beyond all doubt suffice to discover means whereby the work might be effected without so many difficulties; but as yet I have not reflected on the matter to any extent, and

you would have me tell you by what method it is to be accomplished. But even if your worships should determine that the Cupola shall be raised, you will be compelled not only to make trial of me, who do not consider myself capable of being the sole adviser in so important a matter, but also to expend money, and to command that within a year, and on a fixed day, many architects shall assemble in Florence; not Tuscans and Italians only, but Germans, French, and of every other nation: to them it is that such an undertaking should be proposed, to the end that having discussed the matter and decided among so many masters, the work may be commenced and intrusted to him who shall give the best evidence of capacity, or shall display the best method and judgment for the execution of so great a charge. I am not able to offer you other counsel, or to propose a better arrangement than this."

The proposal and plan of Filippo pleased the Syndics and Wardens of the works, but they would have liked that he should meanwhile prepare a model, on which they might have decided. But he showed himself to have no such intention, and taking leave of them, declared that he was solicited by letters to return to Rome. The Syndics then perceiving that their request and those of the Wardens did not suffice to detain him, caused several of his friends to entreat his stay; but Filippo not yielding to these prayers, the Wardens, one morning, ordered him a present of money; this was on the 26th of May, 1417, and the sum is to be seen among the expenses of Filippo, in the books of the works. All this was done to render him favourable to their wishes; but, firm to his resolution, he departed nevertheless from Florence and returned to Rome, where he continued the unremitting study of the same subject, making various arrangements and preparing himself for the completion of that work, being convinced, as was the truth, that no other than himself could conduct such an undertaking to its conclusion. Nor had Filippo advised the Syndics to call new architects for any other reason, than was furnished by his desire that those masters should be the witnesses of his own superior genius: he by no means expected that they could or would receive the commission for vaulting that tribune, or would undertake the charge, which he believed to be altogether too difficult for them. Much time was meanwhile consumed, before the architects, whom the Syndics had caused to be summoned from afar, could arrive from their different countries. Orders had been given to the Florentine merchants resident in France, Germany, England, and Spain, who were authorized to spend large sums of money for the purposing of sending them, and were commanded to obtain from the sovereigns of each realm the most experienced and distinguished masters of the respective countries.

In the year 1420, all these foreign masters were at length assembled in Florence, with those of Tuscany, and all the best Florentine artists in design. Filippo likewise then returned from Rome. They all assembled, therefore, in the hall of the wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Syndics

and Superintendents, together with a select number of the most capable and ingenious citizens being present, to the end that having heard the opinion of each on the subject, they might at length decide on the method to be adopted for vaulting the tribune. Being called into the audience, the opinions of all were heard one after another, and each architect declared the method which he had thought of adopting. And a fine thing it was to hear the strange and various notions then propounded on that matter: for one said that columns must be raised from the ground up, and that on these they must turn the arches, whereon the wood-work for supporting the weight must rest. Others affirmed that the vault should be turned in cysteolite or sponge-stone (spugna), thereby to diminish the weight; and several of the masters agreed in the opinion, that a column must be erected in the centre, and the Cupola raised in the form of a pavilion, like that of San Giovanni in Florence. Nay, there were not wanting those who maintained that it would be a good plan to fill the space with earth, among which small coins (quatrini) should be mingled, that when the Cupola should be raised, they might then give permission that whoever should desire the soil might go to fetch it, when the people would immediately carry it away without expense. Filippo alone declared that the Cupola might be erected without so great a mass of wood-work, without a column in the centre, and without the mound of earth; at a much lighter expense than would be caused by so many arches, and very easily, without any framework whatever.

Hearing this, the Syndics, who were listening in the expectation of hearing some fine method, felt convinced that Filippo had talked like a mere simpleton, as did the Superintendents, and all the other citizens; they derided him therefore, laughing at him, and turning away; they bade him discourse of something else, for that this was the talk of a fool or madman, as he was. Therefore Filippo, thinking he had cause of offence, replied, " But consider, gentlemen, that it is not possible to raise the Cupola in any other manner than this of mine, and although you laugh at me, yet you will be obliged to admit (if you do not mean to be obstinate), that it neither must nor can be done in any other manner: and if it be erected after the method that I propose, it must be turned in the manner of the pointed arch, and must be double — the one vaulting within, the other without, in such sort that a passage should be formed between the two. At the angles of the eight walls, the building must be strengthened by the dovetailing of the stones, and in like manner the walls themselves must be girt around by strong beams of oak. We must also provide for the lights, the staircases, and the conduits by which the rain-water may be carried off. And none of you have remembered that we must prepare supports within, for the execution of the mosaics, with many other difficult arrangements; but I, who see the Cupola raised, I have reflected on all these things, and I know that there is no other mode of accomplishing them,

than that of which I have spoken." Becoming heated as he proceeded, the more Filippo sought to make his views clear to his hearers, that they might comprehend and agree with him, the more he awakened their doubts, and the less they confided in him, so that, instead of giving him their faith, they held him to be a fool and a babbler. Whereupon being more than once dismissed, and finally refusing to go, they caused him to be carried forcibly from the audience by the servants of the place, considering him to be altogether mad. This contemptuous treatment caused Filippo at a later period to say, that he dared not at that time pass through any part of the city, lest someone should say, " See, where goes that fool! " The Syndics and others forming the assembly remained confounded, first, by the difficult methods proposed by the other masters, and next by that of Filippo, which seemed to them stark nonsense. He appeared to them to render the enterprise impossible by his two propositions — first, by that of making the Cupola double, whereby the great weight to be sustained would be rendered altogether unmanageable, and next by the proposal of building without a framework. Filippo, on the other hand, who had spent so many years in close study to prepare himself for this work, knew not to what course to betake himself, and was many times on the point of leaving Florence. Still, if he desired to conquer, it was necessary to arm himself with patience, and he had seen enough to know that the heads of that city seldom remained long fixed to one resolution. He might easily have shown them a small model which he had secretly made, but he would not do so, knowing the imperfect intelligence of the Syndics, the envy of the artists, and the instability of the citizens, who favoured now one and now another, as each chanced to please them. And I do not wonder at this, because everyone in Florence professes to know as much of these matters, as do the most experienced masters, although there are very few who really understand them; a truth which we may be permitted to affirm without offence to those who are well informed on the subject. What Filippo therefore could not effect before the tribunal, he began to attempt with individuals, and talking apart now with a Syndic, now with a Warden, and again with different citizens, showing moreover certain parts of his design; he thus brought them at length to resolve on confiding the conduct of this work, either to him or to one of the foreign architects. Hereupon, the Syndics, the Wardens, and the citizens, selected to be judges in the matter, having regained courage, gathered together once again, and the architects disputed respecting the matter before them; but all were put down and vanquished on sufficient grounds by Filippo, and here it is said that the dispute of the egg arose, in the manner following. The other architects desired that Filippo should explain his purpose minutely, and show his model as they had shown theirs. This he would not do, but proposed to all the masters, foreigners and compatriots, that he who could make an egg stand upright on a piece of smooth marble, should be appointed to build the Cupola, since in

doing that, his genius would be made manifest. They took an egg accordingly, and all those masters did their best to make it stand upright, but none discovered the method of doing so. Wherefore, Filippo, being told that he might make it stand himself, took it daintily into his hand, gave the end of it a blow on the plane of the marble, and made it stand upright. Beholding this, the artists loudly protested, exclaiming, that they could all have done the same; but Filippo replied, laughing, that they might also know how to construct the Cupola, if they had seen the model and design. It was thus at length resolved that Filippo should receive the charge of conducting the work, but he was told that he must furnish the Syndics and Wardens with more exact information.

He returned, therefore, to his house, and stated his whole purpose on a sheet of paper, as clearly as he could possibly express it, when it was given to the tribunal in the following terms: " The difficulties of this erection being well considered, magnificent signors and wardens, I find that it cannot by any means be constructed in a perfect circle, since the extent of the upper part, where the lantern has to be placed, would be so vast, that when a weight was laid thereon it would soon give way. Now it appears to me that those architects who do not aim at giving perpetual duration to their fabrics, cannot have any regard for the durability of the memorial, nor do they even know what they are doing. I have therefore determined to turn the inner part of this vault in angles, according to the form of the walls, adopting the proportions and manner of the pointed arch, this being a form which displays a rapid tendency to ascend, and when loaded with the lantern, each part will help to give stability to the other. The thickness of the vault at the base must be three braccia and three quarters; it must then rise in the form of a pyramid, decreasing from without up to the point where it closes, and where the lantern has to be placed, and at this junction the thickness must be one braccia and a quarter. A second vault shall then be constructed outside the first, to preserve the latter from the rain, and this must be two braccia and a half thick at the base, also diminishing proportionally in the form of a pyramid, in such a manner that the parts shall have their junction at the commencement of the lantern, as did the other, and at the highest point it must have two-thirds of the thickness of the base. There must be a buttress at each angle, which will be eight in all, and between the angles, in the face of each wall, there shall be two, sixteen in all; and these sixteen buttresses on the inner and outer side of each wall must each have the breadth of four braccia at the base. These two vaults, built in the form of a pyramid, shall rise together in equal proportion to the height of the round window closed by the lantern. There will thus be constructed twenty-four buttresses with the said vaults built around, and six strong and high arches of a hard stone (macigno), well clamped and bound with iron fastenings, which must be covered with tin, and over these stones shall be cramping-irons, by

which the vaults shall be bound to the buttresses. The masonry must be solid, and must leave no vacant space up to the height of five braccia and a quarter; the buttresses being then continued, the arches will be separated. The first and second courses from the base must be strengthened everywhere by long plates of macigno laid crosswise, in such sort that both vaults of the Cupola shall rest on these stones. Throughout the whole height, at every ninth braccia there shall be small arches constructed in the vaults between the buttresses, with strong cramps of oak, whereby the buttresses by which the inner vault is supported will be bound and strengthened; these fastenings of oak shall then be covered with plates of iron, on account of the staircases. The buttresses are all to be built of macigno, or other hard stone, and the walls of the Cupola are, in like manner, to be all of solid stone bound to the buttresses to the height of twenty-four braccia, and thence upwards they shall be constructed of bricks, or of spongite (spugne), as shall be determined on by the masters who build it, they using that which they consider lightest. On the outside a passage or gallery shall be made above the windows, which below shall form a terrace, with an open parapet or balustrade two braccia high, after the manner of those of the lower tribunes, and forming two galleries, one over the other, placed on a richly-decorated cornice, the upper gallery being covered. The rain-water shall be carried off the Cupola by means of a marble channel, one-third of an ell broad, the water being discharged at an outlet to be constructed of a hard stone (pietra forte), beneath the channel. Eight ribs of marble shall be formed on the angles of the external surface of the Cupola, of such thickness as may be requisite; these shall rise to the height of one braccia above the Cupola, with cornices projecting in the manner of a roof, two braccia broad, that the summit may be complete and sufficiently furnished with eaves and channels on every side; and these must have the form of the pyramid, from their base, or point of junction, to their extremity. Thus the Cupola shall be constructed after the method described above, and without framework, to the height of thirty braccia, and from that height upwards it may be continued after such manner as shall be determined on by the masters who may have to build it, since practice teaches us by what methods to proceed."

When Filippo had written the above, he repaired in the morning to the tribunal, and gave his paper to the Syndics and Wardens, who took the whole of it into their consideration; and, although they were not able to understand it all, yet seeing the confidence of Filippo, and finding that the other architects gave no evidence of having better grounds to proceed on, — he moreover showing a manifest security, by constantly repeating the same things in such a manner that he had all the appearance of having vaulted ten Cupolas; — the Syndics, seeing all this, retired apart, and finally resolved to give him the work: they would have liked to see some example of the manner in which he meant to turn this vault without

framework, but to all the rest they gave their approbation. And fortune was favourable to this desire: Bartolommeo Barbadori having determined to build a chapel in Santa Felicita, and having spoken concerning it with Filippo, the latter had commenced the work, and caused the chapel, which is on the right of the entrance, where is also the holy water vase (likewise by the hand of Filippo), to be vaulted without any framework. At the same time he constructed another, in like manner, for Stiatta Ridolfi, in the church of Santo Jacopo sopr' Arno; that, namely, beside the chapel of the High Altar; and these works obtained him more credit than was given to his words. The Consuls and Wardens feeling at length assured, by the writing that he had given them, and by the works which they had seen, intrusted the Cupola to his care, and he was made principal master of the works by a majority of votes. They would nevertheless not commission him to proceed beyond the height of twelve braccia, telling him that they desired to see how the work would succeed, but that if it proceeded as successfully as he expected, they would not fail to give him the appointment for the remainder. The sight of so much obstinacy and distrust in the Syndics and Wardens was so surprising to Filippo, that if he had not known himself to be the only person capable of conducting the work, he would not have laid a hand upon it; but desiring, as he did, to secure the glory of its completion, he accepted the terms, and pledged himself to conduct the undertaking perfectly to the end. The writing Filippo had given was copied into a book wherein the purveyor kept the accounts of the works in wood and marble, together with the obligation into which Filippo had entered as above said. An allowance was then made to him, conformably with what had at other times been given to other Masters of the works.

When the commission given to Filippo became known to the artists and citizens, some thought well of it, and others ill, as always is the case with a matter which calls forth the opinions of the populace, the thoughtless, and the envious. Whilst the preparation of materials for beginning to build was making, a party was formed among the artists and citizens; and these men proceeding to the Syndics and Wardens, declared that the matter had been concluded too hastily, and that such a work ought not to be executed according to the opinion of one man only; they added, that if the Syndics and Wardens had been destitute of distinguished men instead of being furnished with such an abundance, they would have been excusable, but that what was now done was not likely to redound to the honour of the citizens, seeing, that if any accident should happen, they would incur blame, as persons who had conferred too great a charge on one man, without considering the losses and disgrace that might result to the public. All this considered, it would be well to give Filippo a colleague, who might restrain his impetuosity (furore).

Lorenzo Ghiberti had at that time attained to high credit by the evi-

dence of his genius, which he had given in the doors of San Giovanni; and that he was much beloved by certain persons who were very powerful in the government was now proved with sufficient clearness, since, perceiving the glory of Filippo to increase so greatly, they laboured in such a manner with the Syndics and Wardens, under the pretext of care and anxiety for the building, that Ghiberti was united with Filippo in the work. The bitter vexation of Filippo, the despair into which he fell, when he heard what the Wardens had done, may be understood by the fact that he was on the point of flying from Florence; and had it not been that Donato and Luca della Robbia comforted and encouraged him, he would have gone out of his senses. A truly wicked and cruel rage is that of those men, who, blinded by envy, endanger the honours and noble works of others in the base strife of ambition: it was not the fault of these men that Filippo did not break in pieces the models, set fire to the designs, and in one half hour destroy all the labours so long endured, and ruin the hopes of so many years. The Wardens excused themselves at first to Filippo, encouraging him to proceed, reminding him that the inventor and author of so noble a fabric was still himself, and no other; but they, nevertheless, gave Lorenzo a stipend equal to that of Filippo. The work was then continued with but little pleasure on the part of Filippo, who knew that he must endure all the labours connected therewith, and would then have to divide the honour and fame equally with Lorenzo. Taking courage, nevertheless, from the thought that he should find a method of preventing the latter from remaining very long attached to that undertaking, he continued to proceed after the manner laid down in the writing given to the Wardens. Meanwhile the thought occurred to the mind of Filippo of constructing a complete model, which, as yet, had never been done. This he commenced forthwith, causing the parts to be made by a certain Bartolommeo, a joiner, who dwelt near his studio. In this model (the measurements of which were in strict accordance with those of the building itself, the difference being of size only), all the difficult parts of the structure were shown as they were to be when completed; as, for example, staircases lighted and dark, with every other kind of light, with the buttresses and other inventions for giving strength to the building, the doors, and even a portion of the gallery. Lorenzo, having heard of this model, desired to see it, but Filippo refusing, he became angry, and made preparations for constructing a model of his own, that he might not appear to be receiving his salary for nothing, but that he also might seem to count for something in the matter. For these models Filippo received fifty lire and fifteen soldi, as we find by an order in the book of Migliore di Tommaso, under date of the 3rd October, 1419, while Lorenzo was paid three hundred lire for the labour and cost of his model, a difference occasioned by the partiality and favour shown to him, rather than merited by any utility or benefit secured to the building by the model which he had constructed.

This vexatious state of things continued beneath the eyes of Filippo until the year 1426, the friends of Lorenzo calling him the inventor of the work, equally with Filippo, and this caused so violent a commotion in the mind of the latter, that he lived in the utmost disquietude. Various improvements and new inventions were, besides, presenting themselves to his thoughts, and he resolved to rid himself of his colleague at all hazards, knowing of how little use he was to the work. Filippo had already raised the walls of the Cupola to the height of twelve braccia in both vaults, but the works, whether in wood or stone, that were to give strength to the fabric, had still to be executed, and as this was a matter of difficulty, he determined to speak with Lorenzo respecting it, that he might ascertain whether the latter had taken it into consideration. But Lorenzo was so far from having thought of this exigency, and so entirely unprepared for it, that he replied by declaring that he would refer that to Filippo as the inventor. The answer of Lorenzo pleased Filippo, who thought he here saw the means of removing his colleague from the works, and of making it manifest that he did not possess that degree of knowledge in the matter which was attributed to him by his friends, and implied in the favour which had placed him in the situation he held. All the builders were now engaged in the work, and waited only for directions, to commence the part above the twelve braccia, to raise the vaults, and render all secure. The closing in of the Cupola towards the top having commenced, it was necessary to provide the scaffolding, that the masons and labourers might work without danger, seeing that the height was such as to make the most steady head turn giddy, and the firmest spirit shrink, merely to look down from it. The masons and other masters were therefore waiting in expectation of directions as to the manner in which the chains were to be applied, and the scaffoldings erected; but, finding there was nothing determined on either by Lorenzo or Filippo, there arose a murmur among the masons and other builders, at not seeing the work pursued with the solicitude previously shown; and as the workmen were poor persons who lived by the labour of their hands, and who now believed that neither one nor the other of the architects had courage enough to proceed further with the undertaking, they went about the building employing themselves as they best could in looking over and furbishing up all that had been already executed.

But one morning Filippo did not appear at the works: he tied up his head, went to bed complaining bitterly, and causing plates and towels to be heated with great haste and anxiety, pretending that he had an attack of pleurisy. The builders, who stood waiting directions to proceed with their work, on hearing this, demanded orders of Lorenzo for what they were to do; but he replied, that the arrangement of the work belonged to Filippo, and that they must wait for him. " How? " said one of them, " do not you know what his intentions are? " " Yes," replied Lorenzo, " but I would not do anything without him." This he said by way of excusing

himself; for as he had not seen the model of Filippo, and had never asked him what method he meant to pursue, that he might not appear ignorant, so he now felt completely out of his depth, being thus referred to his own judgment, and the more so as he knew that he was employed in that undertaking against the will of Filippo. The illness of the latter having already lasted more than two days, the purveyor of the works, with many of the master-builders, went to see him, and repeatedly asked him to tell them what they should do; but he constantly replied, " You have Lorenzo, let him begin to do something for once." Nor could they obtain from him any other reply. When this became known, it caused much discussion: great blame was thrown upon the undertaking, and many adverse judgments were uttered. Some said that Filippo had taken to his bed from grief, at finding that he had not power to accomplish the erection of the Cupola, and that he was now repenting of having meddled with the matter; but his friends defended him, declaring that his vexation might arise from the wrong he had suffered in having Lorenzo given to him as a colleague, but that his disorder was pleurisy, brought on by his excessive labours for the work. In the midst of all this tumult of tongues, the building was suspended, and almost all the operations of the masons and stone-cutters came to a stand. These men murmured against Lorenzo, and said, " He is good enough at drawing the salary, but when it comes to directing the manner in which we are to proceed, he does nothing; if Filippo were not here, or if he should remain long disabled, what can Lorenzo do? and if Filippo be ill, is that his fault? The wardens, perceiving the discredit that accrued to them from this state of things, resolved to make Filippo a visit, and having reached his house they first condoled with him on his illness, told him into what disorder the building had fallen, and described the troubles which this malady had brought on them. Whereupon Filippo, speaking with much heat, partly to keep up the feint of illness, but also in part from his interest in the work, exclaimed, " What! is not Lorenzo there? why does not he do something? I cannot but wonder at your complaints." To this the wardens replied, " He will not do anything without you." Whereunto Filippo made answer, " But I could do it well enough without him." This acute and doubly significant reply sufficed, to the Wardens, and they departed, having convinced themselves that Filippo was sick of the desire to work alone; they therefore sent certain of his friends to draw him from his bed, with the intention of removing Lorenzo from the work. Filippo then returned to the building, but seeing the power that Lorenzo possessed by means of the favour he enjoyed, and that he desired to receive the salary without taking any share whatever in the labour, he bethought himself of another method for disgracing him, and making it publicly and fully evident that he had very little knowledge of the matter in hand. He consequently made the following discourse to the Wardens (Operai), Lorenzo being present: — " Signori Operai, if the time

we have to live were as well secured to us as is the certainty that we may very quickly die, there is no doubt whatever that many works would be completed, which are now commenced and left imperfect. The malady with which I have had the misfortune to be attacked, might have deprived me of life, and put a stop to this work; wherefore, lest I should again fall sick, or Lorenzo either, which God forbid, I have considered that it would be better for each to execute his own portion of the work: as your worships have divided the salary, let us also divide the labour, to the end that each, being incited to show what he knows and is capable of performing, may proceed with confidence, to his own honour and benefit, as well as to that of the republic. Now there are two difficult operations which must at this time be put into course of execution — the one is the erection of scaffoldings for enabling the builders to work in safety, and which must be prepared both for the inside and outside of the fabric, where they will be required to sustain the weight of the men, the stones and the mortar, with space also for the crane to draw up the different materials, and for other machines and tools of various kinds. The other difficulty is the chain-work, which has to be constructed upon the twelve braccia already erected, this being requisite to bind and secure the eight sides of the Cupola, and which must surround the fabric, enchaining the whole, in such a manner, that the weight which has hereafter to be laid on it shall press equally on all sides, the parts mutually supporting each other, so that no portion of the edifice shall be too heavily pressed on or over-weighted, but that all shall rest firmly on its own basis. Let Lorenzo then take one of these works, whichever he may think he can most easily execute, I will take the other and answer for bringing it to a successful conclusion, that we may lose no more time." Lorenzo having heard this, was compelled, for the sake of his honour, to accept one or other of these undertakings; and although he did it very unwillingly, he resolved to take the chain-work, thinking that he might rely on the counsels of the builders, and remembering also that there was a chain-work of stone in the vaulting of San Giovanni di Fiorenza, from which he might take a part, if not the whole, of the arrangement. One took the scaffolds in hand accordingly, and the other the chain-work, so that both were put in progress. The scaffolds of Filippo were constructed with so much ingenuity and judgment, that in this matter the very contrary of what many had before expected was seen to have happened, since the builders worked thereon with as much security as they would have done on the ground beneath, drawing up all the requisite weights and standing themselves in perfect safety. The models of these scaffolds were deposited in the hall of the wardens. Lorenzo executed the chain-work on one of the eight walls with the utmost difficulty, and when it was finished the wardens caused Filippo to look at it. He said nothing to them, but with some of his friends he held discourse on the subject, declaring that the building required a very different work of ligature and security to that

one, laid in a manner altogether unlike the method there adopted; for that this would not suffice to support the weight which was to be laid on it, the pressure not being of sufficient strength and firmness. He added that the sums paid to Lorenzo, with the chain-work which he had caused to be constructed, were so much labour, time, and money thrown away. The remarks of Filippo became known, and he was called upon to show the manner that ought to be adopted for the construction of such a chain-work; wherefore, having already prepared his designs and models, he exhibited them immediately, and they were no sooner examined by the Wardens and other masters, than they perceived the error into which they had fallen by favouring Lorenzo. For this they now resolved to make amends; and desiring to prove that they were capable of distinguishing merit, they made Filippo chief and superintendent of the whole fabric for life, commanding that nothing should be done in the work but as he should direct. As a further mark of approbation, they presented him moreover with a hundred florins, ordered by the Syndics and Wardens, under date of August 13, 1423, through Lorenzo Paoli, notary of the administration of the works, and signed by Gherardo di Messer Filippo Corsini: they also voted him an allowance of one hundred florins for life. Whereupon, having taken measures for the future progress of the fabric, Filippo conducted the works with so much solicitude and such minute attention, that there was not a stone placed in the building which he had not examined. Lorenzo on the other hand, finding himself vanquished and in a manner disgraced, was nevertheless so powerfully assisted and favoured by his friends, that he continued to receive his salary, under the pretext that he could not be dismissed until the expiration of three years from that time.

Drawings and models were meanwhile continually prepared by Filippo, for the most minute portions of the building, for the stages of scaffolds for the workmen, and for the machines used in raising the materials. There were nevertheless several malicious persons, friends of Lorenzo, who did not cease to torment him by daily bringing forward models in rivalry of those constructed by him, insomuch that one was made by Maestro Antonio da Verzelli, and other masters who were favoured and brought into notice — now by one citizen and now by another, their fickleness and mutability betraying the insufficiency of their knowledge and the weakness of their judgment, since having perfection within their reach, they perpetually brought forward the imperfect and useless.

The chain-work was now completed around all the eight sides, and the builders, animated by success, worked vigorously; but being pressed more than usual by Filippo, and having received certain reprimands concerning the masonry and in relation to other matters of daily occurrence, discontents began to prevail. Moved by this circumstance and by their envy, the chiefs among them drew together and got up a faction, declaring that the work was a laborious and perilous undertaking, and that they would

not proceed with the vaulting of the Cupola, but on condition of receiving large payments, although their wages had already been increased and were much higher than was usual: by these means they hoped to injure Filippo and increase their own gains. This circumstance displeased the wardens greatly, as it did Filippo also; but the latter, having reflected on the matter, took his resolution, and one Saturday evening he dismissed them all. The men seeing themselves thus sent about their business, and not knowing how the affair would turn, were very sullen; but on the following Monday Filippo sent ten Lombards to work at the building, and by remaining constantly present with them, and saying, " do this here " and " do that there," he taught them so much in one day that they were able to continue the works during many weeks. The masons seeing themselves thus disgraced as well as deprived of their employment, and knowing that they would find no work equally profitable, sent messengers to Filippo, declaring that they would willingly return, and recommending themselves to his consideration. Filippo kept them for several days in suspense, and seemed not inclined to admit them again; they were afterwards reinstated, but with lower wages than they had received at first: thus where they had thought to make gain they suffered loss, and by seeking to revenge themselves on Filippo, they brought injury and shame on their own heads.

The tongues of the envious were now silenced, and when the building was seen to proceed so happily, the genius of Filippo obtained its due consideration; and, by all who judged dispassionately, he was already held to have shown a boldness which has, perhaps, never before been displayed in their works, by any architect, ancient or modern. This opinion was confirmed by the fact that Filippo now brought out his model, in which all might see the extraordinary amount of thought bestowed on every detail of the building. The varied invention displayed in the staircases, in the provision of lights, both within and without, so that none might strike or injure themselves in the darkness, were all made manifest, with the careful consideration evinced by the different supports of iron which were placed to assist the footsteps wherever the ascent was steep. In addition to all this, Filippo had even thought of the irons for fixing scaffolds within the Cupola, if ever they should be required for the execution of mosaics or pictures; he had selected the least dangerous positions for the places of the conduits, to be afterwards constructed for carrying off the rain-water, had shown where these were to be covered and where uncovered; and had moreover contrived different outlets and apertures, whereby the force of the winds should be diminished, to the end that neither vapours nor the vibrations of the earth, should have power to do injury to the building: all which proved the extent to which he had profited by his studies, during the many years of his residence in Rome. When in addition to these things, the superintendents considered how much he had accomplished in the shaping, fixing, uniting, and securing the stones of this immense pile, they

were almost awestruck on perceiving that the mind of one man had been capable of all that Filippo had now proved himself able to perform. His powers and facilities continually increased, and that to such an extent, that there was no operation, however difficult and complex, which he did not render easy and simple; of this he gave proof in one instance among others, by the employment of wheels and counterpoises to raise heavy weights, so that one ox could draw more than six pairs could have moved by the ordinary methods. The building had now reached such a height, that when a man had once arrived at the summit, it was a very great labour to descend to the ground, and the workmen lost much time in going to their meals, and to drink; they also suffered great inconvenience in the heat of the day from the same cause; arrangements were therefore made by Filippo, for opening wine-shops and eating-houses in the Cupola; where the required food being sold, none were compelled to leave their labour until the evening, which was a relief and convenience to the men, as well as a very important advantage to the work. Perceiving the building to proceed rapidly, and finding all his undertakings happily successful, the zeal and confidence of Filippo increased and he laboured perpetually; he went himself to the ovens where the bricks were made, examined the clay, proved the quality of the working, and when they were baked he would select and set them apart, with his own hands. In like manner, while the stones were under the hands of the stone-cutters, he would look narrowly to see that they were hard and free from clefts; he supplied the stone-cutters with models in wood or wax, or hastily cut on the spot from turnips, to direct them in the shaping and junction of the different masses; he did the same thing for the men who prepared the iron-work; Filippo likewise invented hooked hinges, with the mode of fixing them to the door-posts, and greatly facilitated the practice of architecture, which was certainly brought by his labours to a perfection that it would else perhaps never have attained among the Tuscans.

In the year 1423, when the utmost rejoicing and festivity was prevailing in Florence, Filippo was chosen one of the *Signori* for the district of San Giovanni, for the months of May and June; Lapo Niccolini being chosen Gonfalonier for the district of Santa Croce: and if Filippo be found registered in the Priorista as " di Ser Brunellesco Lippi," this need not occasion surprise, since they called him so after his grandfather, Lippo, instead of " di Lapi," as they ought to have done. And this practice is said to prevail in the Priorista, with respect to many others, as is well known to all who have examined it, or who are acquainted with the custom of those times. Filippo performed his functions carefully in that office, and in others connected with the magistracy of the city, to which he was subsequently appointed, he constantly acquitted himself with the most judicious consideration.

The two vaults of the Cupola were now approaching their close, at the

circular window where the lanthorn was to begin, and there now remained to Filippo, who had made various models in wood and clay, both of the one and the other, in Rome and Florence, to decide finally as to which of these he would put in execution, wherefore he resolved to complete the gallery, and accordingly made different plans for it, which remained in the hall of the Wardens after his death, but which by the neglect of those officials, have since been lost. But it was not until our own days, that even a fragment was executed on a part of one of the eight sides (to the end that the building might be completed), but as it was not in accordance with the plan of Filippo, it was removed by the advice of Michelagnolo Buonarotti, and was not again attempted.

Filippo also constructed a model for the lanthorn, with his own hand; it had eight sides, the proportions were in harmony with those of the Cupola, and for the invention as well as variety and decoration, it was certainly very beautiful. He did not omit the staircase for ascending to the ball, which was an admirable thing; but as he had closed the entrance with a morsel of wood fixed at the lower part, no one but himself knew its position. Filippo was now highly renowned, but notwithstanding this, and although he had already overcome the envy and abated the arrogance of so many opponents, he could not yet escape the vexation of finding that all the masters of Florence, when his model had been seen, were setting themselves to make others in various manners; nay, there was even a lady of the Gaddi family, who ventured to place her knowledge in competition with that of Filippo. The latter, meanwhile, could not refrain from laughing at the presumption of these people, and when he was told by certain of his friends that he ought not to show his model to any artist lest they should learn from it, he replied that there was but one true model, and that the others were good for nothing. Some of the other masters had used parts of Filippo's model for their own, which, when the latter perceived, he remarked, " The next model made by this personage will be mine altogether." The work of Filippo was very highly praised, with the exception, that, not perceiving the staircase by which the ball was to be attained, the model was considered defective on that point. The superintendents determined, nevertheless, to give him the commission for the work, but on condition that he should show them the staircase; whereupon Filippo, removing the morsel of wood which he had placed at the foot of the stair, showed it constructed as it is now seen, within one of the piers, and presenting the form of a hollow reed, or blow-pipe, having a recess or groove on one side, with bars of bronze, by means of which the summit was gradually attained. Filippo was now at an age which rendered it impossible that he should live to see the lanthorn completed; he therefore left directions, by his will, that it should be built after the model here described, and according to the rules which he had laid down in writing, affirming that the fabric would otherwise be in danger of falling, since, being constructed with the pointed arch,

it required to be rendered secure by means of the pressure of the weight to be thus added. But, though Filippo could not complete the edifice before his death, he raised the lanthorn to the height of several braccia, causing almost all the marbles required for the completion of the building to be carefully prepared and brought to the place. At the sight of these huge masses as they arrived, the people stood amazed, marvelling that it should be possible for Filippo to propose the laying of such a weight on the Cupola. It was, indeed, the opinion of many intelligent men that it could not possibly support that weight. It appeared to them to be a piece of good fortune that he had conducted it so far, and they considered the loading it so heavily to be a tempting of Providence. Filippo constantly laughed at these fears, and having prepared all the machines and instruments required for the construction of the edifice, he ceased not to employ all his time in taking thought for its future requirements, providing and preparing all the minutiae, even to guarding against the danger of the marbles being chipped as they were drawn up; to which intent the arches of the tabernacles were built within defences of wood-work; and for all beside the master gave models and written directions, as we have said.

How beautiful this building is, it will itself bear testimony. With respect to the height, from the level ground to the commencement of the lanthorn, there are one hundred and fifty-four braccia; the body of the lanthorn is thirty-six braccia high; the copper ball four braccia; the cross eight braccia; in all two hundred and two braccia. And it may be confidently affirmed that the ancients never carried their buildings to so vast a height, nor committed themselves to so great a risk as to dare a competition with the heavens, which this structure verily appears to do, seeing that it rears itself to such an elevation that the hills around Florence do not appear to equal it. And of a truth it might seem that the heavens did feel envious of its height, since their lightnings perpetually strike it. While this work was in progress, Filippo constructed many other fabrics, which shall now be enumerated in their due order.

For the family of the Pazzi, Filippo prepared with his own hand, the model for the chapter-house of Santa Croce, in Florence, a work of great and varied beauty. He likewise made the model of the Busini Palace, a dwelling calculated for two families, as also the model for the house and loggia of the Innocenti, the vaulting of which was completed without scaffolding, a method which is still observed in the present day. It is said that Filippo was invited to Milan, to construct the model of a fortress for the Duke Filippo Maria, and that he left the building of the house of the Innocenti meanwhile to the care of his intimate friend Francesco della Luna. This Francesco made the bordering of an architrave increasing from the upper to the lower part, which is a violation of architectural rules. When Filippo returned, and reproached him for having done such a thing, Francesco replied that he had taken it from the church of San Giovanni, which

is antique. "One sole fault," answered Filippo, "is to be found in that building, and that thou hast imitated." The model of this edifice, by Filippo's own hand, was for many years to be seen in the house of the Guild of Por Santa Maria, and was highly valued, as a portion of the fabric still remains to be finished, but it is now lost. Filippo likewise prepared the model for the abbey of the Canons-regular of Fiesole, for Cosimo de' Medici. The architecture is of a richly-decorated character, and the building is cheerful, commodious, and truly magnificent. The church, of which the vaultings are coved, is lofty, and the sacristy has its due conveniences, as have all the buildings of the monastery. But the circumstance most worthy of consideration, and most important, is, that having to erect that edifice, properly levelled, on the declivity of the mountain, he availed himself with infinite judgment, of the descent, and placed therein the cellars, laundries, bakehouses, kitchens, stables, wood chambers, and many other offices beside, so that it is not possible to imagine anything more commodious. He thus secured a level space for the edifice; insomuch that he was able to place the loggia, the refectory, the infirmary, the novitiate, the dormitory, the library and other principal apartments proper to a monastery, on the same plane: all which was executed at his own cost by the magnificent Cosmo de' Medici, who was moved to this partly by the piety which he constantly displayed in all matters touching the Christian faith, and partly by the affection which he bore to Don Timoteo da Verona, a most excellent preacher of the above-mentioned order, in whose conversation he took so much pleasure, that, for the better enjoyment thereof, he caused several rooms to be constructed in the monastery for his own use, and occasionally resided in them. On this building, Cosimo expended one hundred thousand scudi, as may be seen on an inscription still remaining there. The model for the fortress of Vicopisano was likewise prepared by Filippo, who moreover designed the old citadel of Pisa, and by whom the Ponte a Mare was also fortified. In like manner he also gave the design for the new citadel, whereby the bridge was closed by the two towers, and made the model for the fortifications of the harbour of Pesaro. Having then returned to Milan, he prepared the designs of various works for the duke, among others, the plans for the masters who were constructing the cathedral of that city.

It was at this time that the church of San Lorenzo, in Florence, was commenced by the inhabitants, who had chosen the prior superintendent of the building. That personage made profession of much knowledge in that matter, and busied himself with architecture by way of pastime. The edifice was already commenced, with columns constructed of brick, when Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, who had promised the inhabitants and the prior to build the sacristy and one of the chapels at his own expense, invited Filippo one day to dine with him. After conversing on various matters, Giovanni asked what he thought of the commencement made at San Lorenzo. Filippo

was constrained by the entreaties of Giovanni, to give his opinion, and truth compelled him to point out many faults, the consequence of its being directed by a person who had, perhaps, more learning than practical experience in matters of that kind. Thereupon Giovanni inquired of Filippo if a better and more beautiful fabric could be devised, to which Filippo replied, " Without doubt, and I wonder that you, who are the chief of the undertaking, do not expend a few thousand crowns, and build such a church, with its proper appurtenances, as might be worthy of the place, and of the many noble families whose sepulchres are there. Moreover, if you were seen to commence the work, these families would then set about building their chapels to the very best of their ability, and the more readily, as knowing that no memorial remains of our existence but the walls, which bear testimony to those who erected them, hundreds or thousands of years before." Encouraged by the words of Filippo, Giovanni determined to construct the sacristy, the principal chapel, and the whole body of the church, although seven families only were willing to aid in the building, the remainder not possessing the means. Those who took part in the work were the Rondinelli, Ginori, Dalla Stufa, Neroni, Ciai, Marignolli, Martelli and Marco di Luca whose chapels were all to be made in the cross isle. The sacristy was the first portion of the structure put in progress, and afterwards the church gradually proceeded; but, as it went on very slowly, the remaining chapels were granted by degrees to various Florentine citizens. The roof of the sacristy was not completed when Giovanni de' Medici departed to another life, leaving Cosimo his son, who possessing more zeal than his father, and taking pleasure in the memorials of other times, caused the edifice to proceed. This was the first building that he constructed, and he found so much enjoyment in the occupation, that from that time forward, he continued constantly building, even to his death. Cosimo pressed forward the work in hand with infinite zeal, and while one part was in progress, he caused others to be carried to completion. So much pleasure did he take in the work, that he was almost always present himself; and his eagerness was such that, while Filippo erected the sacristy, he made Donato prepare the ornaments in stucco, with the stone decorations of the small doors, and the doors of bronze. In the centre of the sacristy, used by the priests for assuming their vestments, Cosimo caused the tomb of his father Giovanni to be constructed, beneath a broad slab of marble, supported by four small columns; and in the same place he made a sepulchre for his family, wherein he separated the tombs of the men from those of the women. In one of the two small rooms which are on each side of the sacristy, having the altar between them, he made a well in one corner, with a place for a lavatory. The whole work, in short, is seen to have been completed with much judgment. Giovanni and the masters first employed, had determined to construct the choir in the centre, and beneath the tribune, but this Cosimo altered at the request of Filippo, who increased the size of the

principal chapel, — which was at first assigned but a small recess, — so that the choir could be made as we see it in the present day. This being finished, there still remained the central tribune and the remainder of the church, which tribune and the rest was not vaulted until after the death of Filippo. The length of this church is one hundred and forty-four braccia. Many errors may be perceived in it: among others, that of the pilasters being placed on the ground, instead of being raised on a dado, the height of which should have been equal to the level of the bases supporting the columns, which are placed on the steps; since the consequence of the pilaster being shorter than the column is, that the whole work looks stunted and ungraceful. But all this was caused by the counsels of those who came after Filippo, who envied his fame, and who had made models for the purpose of opposing his views during his lifetime. For these they had been rendered contemptible, by sonnets which Filippo had written; and in this manner they avenged themselves after his death, not in this work only, but in all that remained to be executed by them. Filippo left the model of San Lorenzo complete, and a part of the capitular buildings for the priests was finished, making the cloister one hundred and forty-four braccia in length.

While this fabric was in course of erection, Cosimo de' Medici resolved to construct his own palace, and forthwith imparted his intentions to Filippo, when the latter set every other occupation aside, and made him a large and very beautiful model for the building, which he intended to erect on the Piazza, opposite to San Lorenzo, proposing that it should stand entirely isolated on every side. On this occasion the genius and art of Filippo were so nobly displayed, that Cosimo, believing the building would be too vast and sumptuous, could not resolve to have it executed, but he abandoned it more in fear of envy, than because he was deterred by the expense. Whilst this model was in progress, Filippo used to say, that he thanked his fortune for so fair an opportunity, since he had now a house to build, such as he had desired to have for many years; but when he heard the determination of Cosimo not to put his design into execution, he broke the model, in his anger, into a thousand pieces. And deeply did Cosimo repent of not having adopted the plans of Filippo, when at a later period he had built his palace on a different model; and when alluding to Filippo, he would often say, that he had never spoken with a man of higher intelligence or bolder mind, than was possessed by Brunellesco. For the noble family of the Scolari, Filippo made the model of that most fanciful and remarkable church of the Angeli, which remained incomplete and in the state wherein we now see it, because the Florentines spent the money (which was placed in the Monte for the expenses of the building), for certain exigencies of their city, or as some say, in the wars which they then carried on against the Lucchesi, and wherein they also expended the funds which had been left in like manner by Niccolò da Uzzano, to erect

the college of the Sapienza, as we have related at length elsewhere. And of a truth, if this church of the Angeli had been completed according to the model of Brunellesco, it would have been one of the most extraordinary buildings in Italy; since that which we see of it cannot be sufficiently praised. The drawings for the ground-plan, and those for the completion of this octagonal temple by the hand of Filippo, are preserved in our book with other designs of the same master.

In a place called Ruciano, outside the gate of San Niccolò at Florence, Filippo constructed a rich and magnificent palace for Messer Luca Pitti, but this was not by any means equal to that which he commenced for the same person within the city of Florence, and which he completed to the second range of windows, with so much grandeur and magnificence, that no more splendid or more beautiful edifice in the Tuscan manner has yet been seen. The doors of this palace are double; the height of each fold being sixteen braccia and the breadth eight: the first and second ranges of windows being similar to the doors; the vaultings are also double, and the whole building is of such high art, that richer, more beautiful, or more magnificent architecture cannot be imagined. The builder of this palace was the Florentine architect Luca Fanelli, who executed many buildings for Filippo, and who constructed the principal chapel of the Nunziata in Florence for Leon Batista Alberti, by whom it was designed at the command of Ludovico Gonzaga. Luca Fanelli was afterwards taken by Gonzaga to Mantua, where he executed many works, and having chosen a wife in that city, he there lived and died, leaving heirs, who, from his name, are still called the Luchi. The palace designed for Luca Pitti was purchased, not many years since, by the most illustrious lady, Leonora of Toledo, duchess of Florence, advised to do so by the most illustrious Signor, the duke Cosmo, her consort, and she so greatly enlarged the property in all directions, that she succeeded in forming a very extensive garden, partly in the plain, partly on the summit of the hill, and partly on the declivities: this she filled with all kinds of trees, indigenous and exotic, very finely arranged, and caused beautiful groves to be planted of various kinds of evergreens, which flourish all the year round; to say nothing of the waters, fountains, fishponds, and aviaries, the espaliers, and many other things truly worthy of a magnanimous prince, which I do not describe, because it is impossible that he who does not see them should ever imagine their grandeur and beauty. And it is certain that duke Cosmo could not have found any undertaking more worthy of the elevation and greatness of his mind than the completion of this palace, which would seem to have been erected by Messer Luca Pitti, expressly for his most illustrious excellency. Messer Lucca left it unfinished, being constantly occupied with his labours for the state; and his heirs, not having means wherewith to complete the building, were glad to give it up to the duchess, who continued to expend money on it during the whole of her life, but not to such an amount as to

give hope that it could be quickly finished. It is true that she had intended, as I have heard, to expend 40,000 ducats on it in one year only, if she lived, to the end that she might see it if not finished, at least on the way to completion. The model of Filippo has not been found, and his excellency has therefore had another made by Bartolommeo Ammanati, an excellent sculptor and architect. It is according to this that they are now working, and a great part of the inner court is already completed in rustic work, similar to that of the outer court. And of a truth, whoever reflects on the grandeur of this work, will be amazed that the mind of Filippo was capable of conceiving a building so vast and so truly magnificent, not only in its external form, but also in the distribution of all its apartments. Of the views from this palace, which are most beautiful, I say nothing, nor yet of the pleasant hills which form almost an amphitheatre around the edifice, in the direction of the city walls, because it would occupy me too long, as I have said, to describe these things in full, nor could anyone who has not seen it, imagine how greatly this palace is superior to every other royal edifice.

It is said that the machinery for the " paradise " of San Felice in Piazza, in the same city, was invented by Filippo for the festival of the Annunciation, which was solemnized by a Representation, in the manner customary in old times among the Florentines. This was without doubt a most extraordinary thing, giving proof of great ability and industry in him who was the inventor, since there was the spectacle of a heaven full of living figures moving about on high, with an infinity of lights, which appeared and disappeared almost as does the lightning. All who could have described these things from their own knowledge are now dead, and the machinery itself is destroyed without a hope that it can ever be reconstructed, seeing that the place is no longer inhabited as of old by the monks of Camaldoli, but by the nuns of San Pier Martire; and also because the monastery of the Carmine suffered considerable injury from that machinery, which pulled down the timbers of the roof. I will therefore not refuse the labour of describing it exactly as it was. Filippo, then, for the purposes of this Representation, had suspended between two of the beams which support the roof, the half of a globe, resembling an empty bowl, or rather the basin used by barbers, with the edge downwards; this half-globe was formed of light and thin planks, secured to an iron star, passing round the outer circle; they were narrowed towards the centre, the whole being held in equilibrium by a large ring of iron, around which moved the iron star, whereby the planks forming the basin were supported. The whole machine was upheld by a strong beam of pine-wood, well bound with iron, and placed across the main timbers of the roof: to this beam was fastened the ring which held the basin suspended and balanced; the latter, as seen from below, really presenting the appearance of a heaven. Within the lower edge of the machine were then fixed brackets of wood, exactly large enough to

give space for the feet to stand on, but not larger, above each of these, at the height of a braccia, was provided an iron fastening; this was done to the end that a child of about twelve years old might be placed on each bracket, and the child was so bound to the iron above that it could not possibly fall even if it would. These children, twelve in number, being arranged as we have said, were dressed to represent angels with gilded wings, and hair formed of gold threads; they took each other by the hand at the proper time, and waving their arms appeared to be dancing, the rather as the basin was perpetually moving and turning round. Within this concave framework and above the heads of the angels were fixed three chaplets or garlands of lights, formed of minute lamps that could not be overturned, and which when seen from below, had the appearance of stars. The brackets also, being covered with cotton wool, presented the semblance of clouds. From the ring above described, there proceeded a very strong iron bar with a second ring, to which was affixed a slender cord, descending towards the ground, as shall be explained in due time; this strong bar of iron had eight branches or arms, which revolved in an arc sufficiently large to fill the space of the hollow basin: at the end of each arm was a stand about the size of a plate, and on every stand was placed a child of about nine years old, well secured to an iron fixed in the upper part of the branch or vane, but yet in such a manner that it could turn itself in all directions. These eight angels, upheld by the above-mentioned iron bar, were gradually lowered by means of a small windlass, and descended from the hollow of the circular space, to the depth of eight braccia below the level of the woodwork supporting the roof, in such sort that they could be seen without concealing from view the twelve angels within the edge of the machine. In the centre of this *bouquet* of the eight angels, (for so was it very appropriately called), was a halo or glory (*Mandorla*) of copper, wherein were numerous perforations, displaying small lamps placed on an iron in the form of a tube, which, on the pressing down of a spring, was concealed within the copper "*mandorla*"; but when the spring was not pressed, all the lamps appeared lighted through the apertures formed for that purpose in the mandorla. When the group of angels had reached its appointed place, this mandorla, which was suspended by a small cord, was moved softly down by means of another little windlass, and descended gradually to the platform, whereon the representation was exhibited. At that point of the platform where the mandorla was to rest, an elevated place in the manner of a throne was erected, with four steps; in the centre of this elevation was an opening into which the pointed iron of the mandorla descended: the latter having reached its place, a man concealed beneath the throne fixed it securely, without being seen himself, by means of a bolt, so that it rested firmly on its own basis. Within the mandorla was a youth of about fifteen years old, in the guise of an angel, he was bound by an iron cincture to the centre of the man-

dorla, and secured at the foot of it also in such a manner that he could not fall; but to admit of his kneeling before the Virgin, the iron fastenings were divided into three pieces, which glided one within the other with an easy motion, as the youth knelt down. Then, when the *bouquet* of angels had descended, and the mandorla was fixed into its place, the man who had secured it by means of the bolt, also unfastened the iron which supported the angel, whereupon he, having issued forth, proceeded across the platform, and approaching the spot where sat the Virgin, he made his salutation and uttered the announcement. He then returned into the mandorla, and the lights, which had been extinguished on his leaving it, having been rekindled, the iron which supported him was again secured by the man concealed below, that which held the mandorla to its place was taken away, and the latter was drawn up; while the angels of the *bouquet*, and those who were moving about in the heaven above, all singing, produced such an effect, that the show really appeared to be a paradise. And this illusion was the more effectually produced, because, in addition to the above-described choir of angels, and those forming the group, there was a figure representing God the Father, placed near the convex side of the basin, and surrounded by other angels similar to those already described; all arranged by the help of irons in such a manner, that the circle representing heaven, the group of angels, the figure of God the Father, the mandorla with its infinitude of light, and the exquisite accords of soft music, did truly represent paradise. Then to all this was added, that Filippo, for the purpose of permitting the heaven to open and shut, had caused two large folding-doors, each five braccia high, to be constructed, and had provided them with iron or copper rollers, running in grooves beneath, and these last were well oiled, so that when a slender cord placed on each side was drawn by a little windlass, the doors opened or shut as was desired; the two folds gradually retiring from or closing towards each other by means of the channels beneath as aforesaid. These doors, thus constructed, served a double purpose, the one that when they were moved their weight caused them to produce a sound resembling thunder, the other, that when closed they formed a stage whereon to arrange and make ready the angels, and prepare many other things which it was necessary to do out of sight. This machinery then, constructed as has been described, was invented by Filippo, with many other engines of various kinds, although there are those who affirm that they had been invented long before. However this may be, it was proper to speak of them, seeing that they are altogether gone out of use.

But we will now return to Filippo, whose name and renown had increased to such an extent that he was sent for from distant places by whomsoever proposed to erect important fabrics, all desiring to have their designs and models from the hand of so great a master, insomuch that powerful means were used, and much friendship displayed, for that pur-

pose. Thus the Marquis of Mantua, among others, desiring to secure the services of Filippo, wrote with very earnest instances respecting him to the Signoria of Florence, by whom the master was accordingly sent to the marquis in that city, where, in the year 1445, he prepared designs for the construction of dams on the Po, with other works, according to the wish of that prince, who caressed him infinitely, being wont to say that Florence was as worthy to number Filippo among her citizens as he to have so noble and beautiful a city for his birthplace. At Pisa, in like manner, Filippo gave proof of his pre-eminence to the Count Francesco Sforza and Niccolò da Pisa, whom he had surpassed in the construction of certain fortifications, and who commended him in his presence, saying, that if every state possessed a man like Filippo, all might live in peace, without the use of arms. In Florence, also, Filippo gave the design for the Barbadori Palace, near the tower of the Rossi, in the suburb of San Jacopo, but this was not put in execution. He likewise prepared the design for the palace of the Giuntini on the piazza d'Ognissanti sopr' Arno. At a subsequent period, the leaders of the Guelphic party, in Florence, determined to erect a building wherein there should be a hall, with an audience chamber, for the transaction of their affairs; and the care of this they intrusted to Francesco della Luna. The work was commenced, and was raised ten braccia from the ground, many faults having been committed in it, when it was put into the hands of Filippo, who constructed the palace in the form, and with the magnificence which we now see. In the execution of this work, Filippo had to compete with the said Francesco, who was favoured by many, and this was indeed the case with Filippo while he lived; he was ever striving, now with this man, and now with that; for many were hostile to him, and contending with him, and causing him perpetual vexations; nay, they not unfrequently sought to gain honour for themselves from his designs, by which he was ultimately brought to refuse to show anything or to confide in anyone. The hall of the above-named palace is no longer used by those captains of the Guelphs before mentioned, seeing that the flood of 1557 having done much injury to the papers of the Monte, Duke Cosimo, for the greater security of the writings appertaining thereto, and which are of the utmost importance, removed them, together with the offices of the institution, to that hall. But, to the end that the ancient staircase of this palace should still serve for the office of the captains, who had given up the hall, which is used as the Monte, and had retired to a different part of the palace, his excellency gave commission to Giorgio Vasari for the construction of the very commodious staircase which now ascends to the said hall of the Monte, and which was erected by him accordingly. A balcony of wrought stone has also been executed, from a design by the same architect, and this has been placed, according to the intentions of Filippo, on fluted columns of a hard grey stone, called *macigno*.

In the church of Santo Spirito, the sermons during Lent were one year preached by Maestro Francesco Zoppo, then very popular with the Florentines. In these sermons the preacher had earnestly recommended the claims of the convent and schools for youth, but more particularly those of the church which had been burnt about that time, to the consideration of his hearers. Thereupon the chief persons of that quarter, Lorenzo Ridolfi, Bartolommeo Corbinelli, Neri di Gino Capponi, and Goro di Stagio Dati, with many other citizens, obtained an order from the Signoria for the rebuilding of the church of Santo Spirito, of which they made Stoldo Frescobaldi proveditor. Frescobaldi, moved by the interest he felt in the old church, the high altar and principal chapel of which had been constructed by his family, devoted extraordinary care to the building; nay, from the very beginning, and before the funds had been gathered from those who, having chapels and burial-places in the church, were proportionally taxed for the purpose, he expended many thousands of scudi, of his own money, but which were afterwards repaid to him.

When the matter had been fully resolved on, Filippo was sent for, and he made a model, comprising all the requisites demanded for the due completion of a Christian temple, whether as regards utility or beauty. On this occasion Filippo laboured much to persuade those who had authority in the matter, to agree that an entire change should be made in the ground-plan of the edifice, which he would have turned completely round, and this because he greatly desired that the space in front of the Church should extend to the shores of the Arno, to the end that he who arrived in the city from Genoa, and the Riviera, or from the Pisan and Lucchese territories, should behold the magnificence of this fabric. But as many of the citizens, unwilling to have their houses destroyed, refused to agree to this, the desire of Filippo did not take effect. He made the model of the church, therefore, together with the buildings for the dwelling-place of the monks, in the form that we now see it. The length of the church was one hundred and sixty-one braccia, the breadth fifty-four, and the whole building is so well ordered that no work could be constructed, which, for the arrangement of the columns and other ornaments, would be richer, more graceful, or more airy than is this church of Santo Spirito. Nay, were it not for the malevolence of those who perpetually ruin the beautiful commencement of things for the purpose of appearing to understand more than others, it would now be the most perfect church in Christendom. Even as it is, the building is more graceful and more conveniently arranged than any other, although it was not completed according to the model: this we perceive from the beginnings of certain parts of the outside, which have not been executed in accordance with the order observed within; as it appears that the model would have had the doors and the framework of the windows to do. There are some errors which I will not enumerate, and which are attributed to Filippo, but it is not to be believed that he would have en-

dured their presence had he completed the building, seeing that all his works are brought to perfection with great judgment, prudence, ingenuity, and art, and that this building itself proves him to have possessed a genius truly sublime.

Filippo was truly facetious in conversation, and acute in repartee, as was shown on a certain occasion, when he desired to vex Lorenzo Ghiberti, who had bought a farm at Monte Morello, called Lepriano, on which he spent double the income that he derived from it. This caused Lorenzo great vexation, insomuch that he sold the farm. Filippo was asked about that time, what was the best thing that Lorenzo had done — being expected perhaps to answer in terms of depreciation respecting the works of Lorenzo on account of the enmity between them — when he replied, "To sell Lepriano." At length when he had become very old, (he was sixty-nine years of age that is to say), Filippo departed to a better life, on the 16th of April, 1446, after having laboured much in the performance of those works by which he earned an honoured name on earth, and obtained a place of repose in heaven. His death was deeply deplored by his country, which appreciated and esteemed him much more when dead than it had done while living. He was buried with most honourable and solemn obsequies in Santa Maria del Fiore, although his family sepulchre was in San Marco, beneath the pulpit and opposite the door, where may be found his escutcheon, bearing two fig-leaves with waves of green on a field of gold. His family belongs to the Ferrarese, and came from Ficaruolo, a castle on the Po, and this is expressed by the leaves, which denote the place, and by waves which signify the river. The death of Filippo was mourned by large numbers of his brother artists, more especially by those who were poor, and whom he constantly aided and benefited. Thus living in so Christian-like a manner he left to the world the memory of his excellence, and of his extraordinary talents. To me it appears, that from the time of the Greeks and Romans to the present, there has appeared no more excellent or more admirable genius than Filippo; and he is all the more worthy of praise, because in his time the German (Gothic) manner was in high favour through all Italy, being that in practice among all the elder artists, as may be seen in numerous edifices. It was Filippo who revived the use of the antique cornices, and who restored the Tuscan, Corinthian, Doric, and Ionic orders to their primitive forms. He had a disciple from Borgo a Buggiano, who was called Il Buggiano; it was this artist who executed the lavatory of the sacristy of Santa Reparata, where there are figures of children, by whom the water is poured forth. He also executed the portrait of his master, taken from the life, in marble, and this, after the death of Brunellesco, was placed in Santa Maria del Fiore, at the door on the right hand as you enter the church; where there is still to be seen the following epitaph, placed there on the part of the public to do him honour, after his death, as he had done honour to his country during his life.

" Quantum Philippus architectus arte Dædalea valuerit, cum hujus celeberrimi templi mira testudo, tum plures aliæ divino ingenio ab eo adinventæ machinæ documento esse possunt. Quapropter ab eximias sui animi dotes, singularesque virtutes, XV *Kal. Maias anno* MCCCCXLVI *ejus b. m. corpus in hac humo supposita grata patria sepeliri jussit."*

To do the master the greater honour, the two inscriptions following were added by others.

" Filippo Brunellesco antiquæ architecturæ instauratori S. P. Q. F. *civi suo benemerenti."*

The second was written by Gio. Battista Strozzi, and is as follows:

" Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi;
Che cosi, passo passo
Alto girando, al ciel mi ricondussi."

Other disciples of Filippo Brunellesco were Domenico del Lago of Lugano, Geremia da Cremona, who worked extremely well in bronze, with a Sclavonian, who performed various works in Venice: Simone, who, after having executed the Madonna in Or San Michele for the Guild of the Apothecaries, died at Vicovaro, while occupied with an important work for the Count di Tagliacozzo. Antonio and Niccolò, both Florentines, who executed a horse in bronze at Ferrara, in the year 1461, for the Duke Borso; with many others, whom it would take too long to enumerate more particularly. Filippo was unfortunate in some respects; for besides that he had always to be contending with one another, many of his buildings remained unfinished in his own time, nor have they all been completed at any subsequent period. Among these fabrics was that of the church of the Angeli, and it is indeed much to be regretted, that the monks of the Angeli could not complete the building commenced by Filippo, since after they had spent, on what we now see, more than 3,000 scudi, received partly from the Guild of the Merchants, and partly from the *Monte,* where the funds were placed, the capital was squandered, and the church remained unfinished as it still continues. Wherefore, as we have remarked in the life of Niccolo da Uzzano, he who desires to leave a memorial of his existence in this kind, let him do it for himself while he has life, and not confide the charge to any man, for what we have said of this church may be said of many other edifices planned by Filippo Brunelleschi.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

About 1448–1506

By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE [1] (1790–1869)

IN THE spring of 1471, at midday, beneath a sun that scorched the roads of Andalusia, on a hill about half a league from the little seaport of Palos, two strangers, travelling on foot, their shoes almost worn out, their dress, which still retained the marks of gentility, soiled with dust, and their foreheads streaming perspiration, stopped to sit down in the shade of the porch of a little convent called Santa Maria de Rabida. Their appearance and fatigue were a sufficient prayer for hospitality. The Franciscan convents were at that period hostelries for all pedestrians whose poverty prevented their seeking another refuge. These two strangers attracted the attention of the monks.

One was a man scarcely at the prime of life, tall, powerfully built, of majestic gait, with a noble forehead, open countenance, thoughtful look, and pleasing mouth. His hair, formerly a light auburn, was sprinkled about the temples with the white streaks prematurely traced by misfortune and anxiety. His complexion, once rosy, was now pale by study, and bronzed by sun and sea. His voice was deep and sonorous, powerful and impressive, as that of a man accustomed to utter profound reflections. There was nothing of levity in his behaviour: everything was deliberate, even in his slightest movement: he seemed to have a modest self-respect, and to retain the demeanour of a pious worshipper, as though he always felt himself in the presence of God.

The other was a child of eight or ten. His features, more feminine, but already matured by the fatigues of life, bore so strong a resemblance to those of the other stranger, that it was impossible to avoid taking him for a son or a brother of the elder.

The two strangers were Christopher Columbus and his son Diego. The monks, moved at the sight of the countenance of the father and the elegance of the child, in strong contrast with the poverty of their condition, invited them to partake of shelter, food, and rest. While Columbus and his child were recruiting their strength, their hosts informed the prior of

[1] Reprinted from *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters,* anonymous translation, N. Y., 1854.

The introductory paragraphs are omitted and the translation has been revised by the editor.

This *Life* was written originally in French.

their arrival, and of the singular interest inspired by their appearance. The prior came down to converse with them.

The superior of La Rabida was Juan Perez de la Marchenna, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella, who then reigned over Spain with Ferdinand. A man of piety, science, and thought, he had preferred the retirement of the cloister to the honours and intrigues of court; but this retirement had secured him great respect in the palace, and great influence over the queen. Providence appeared to have directed the steps of Columbus, as if it had intended to open to him the readiest approaches to the ear, the mind, and the heart of the sovereigns.

The prior saluted the stranger, caressed the child, and kindly inquired into the circumstances which obliged them to travel on foot through the by-roads of Spain, and to seek the humble roof of a lonely monastery. Columbus related his obscure life, and unfolded his stirring thoughts to the attentive monk. This life, these thoughts, were but an expectation and a foreboding.

Christopher Columbus was the eldest son of a Genoese wool-carder, a business now low, but then respectable and almost noble. In the manufacturing and commercial republics of Italy, the operatives, proud of their discoveries and inventions, formed guilds, which were ennobled by their arts, and influential in the state. Christopher was born in 1436. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whom he afterward sent for, to share his labors, his fame, and his adversity. He had also a sister, younger than her brothers. She married a Genoese artisan, and obscurity long sheltered her from the glory and misfortunes of her kindred.

Our tastes depend on the first views which nature presents to us in the places of our birth, especially when these views are majestic and infinite, like mountains, sea, and sky. Our imagination is the reflection of the scenes which have originally struck us. The first looks of Columbus were upon the heavens and the Sea of Genoa. Astronomy and navigation soon directed his thoughts to the spaces spread before his eyes. He peopled them in his imagination before he filled their charts with continents and islands. Contemplative, taciturn, and from his earliest years disposed to piety, his genius carried him, while yet a child, far and high through space, not only to vaster discoveries, but to more fervent worship. What, in the divine works, he sought beyond all things was God himself.

His father, a man of liberal mind and wealthy in his trade, did not attempt to oppose the studious bent of his son's inclinations. He sent him to Pavia, to study geometry, geography, astronomy, astrology, and navigation. His powers soon overstepped the limits of those sciences in their then incomplete state. He was one of those that always pass beyond the boundary at which the common run of people stop, and cry " enough." At fourteen he knew all that was taught in the schools, and he returned to his family at Genoa. His mind could not brook the unintellectual confinement

of his father's business. He sailed for several years in trading vessels and ships of war, and in the expeditions which the great houses of Genoa launched on the Mediterranean, to contest its waves and its ports with the Arab, the Spaniard, and the Moor; a sort of perpetual crusade, in which trade, war, and religion made these fleets of the Italian republics schools of commerce, wealth, heroism, and devotion. Sailor, philosopher, and soldier, he embarked in one of the vessels his country lent the Duke of Anjou when he went to conquer Naples, in the fleet which the King of Naples sent to attack Tunis, and the squadrons dispatched by Genoa against Spain. He even rose, it is said, to the command of some of the obscure naval expeditions of the city. But history loses sight of him in his early career. His destiny was not there; he felt himself trammeled in the narrow seas amid those small events. His thoughts were vaster than his country. He meditated a conquest for the human race.

Between expeditions, Columbus found means of satisfying, by the study of his art, his fondness for geography and navigation, and of increasing his fortune. He drew, engraved, and sold nautical charts, and this afforded him a scanty livelihood. He looked to it less with a view to gain than to the progress of science. His mind and feelings, always fixed on the sea and stars, secretly pursued an object known but to himself.

A shipwreck, caused by his vessel taking fire in the roads of Lisbon after a naval engagement, obliged him to remain in Portugal. He threw himself into the water, and, supporting himself by an oar with one hand, and swimming with the other, he reached shore. Portugal, then completely occupied with the passion for discovery, was a field suited to his inclinations. He hoped to find opportunities of sailing where he pleased: he only found the unpleasing labor of the geographer, obscurity, and love. As he went daily to attend services in the church of a convent at Lisbon, he became attached to a young recluse, whose beauty had struck him. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman in the service of Portugal. Her father had confided her to the sisters before starting on a distant naval expedition. Her name was Filippa da Palestrello. Attracted by the thoughtful and majestic beauty of the young stranger, whom she saw regularly attending service, she felt the same passion she had inspired. Both without relations and fortune, in a foreign land, there was nothing to interfere with their mutual attachment; and they married, relying on Providence and on labor. In order to support himself, with his wife and mother-in-law, he continued making maps and globes, which were much sought after on account of their accuracy, by the Portuguese mariners. The papers of his father-in-law, which his wife handed over to him, and his correspondence with Toscanelli, the famous Florentine navigator, gave him, it is said, precise information about the distant seas of India, as well as the means of rectifying the then confused or fabulous elements of navigation. He was entirely absorbed in his domestic happiness and studies when his wife gave

birth to a son, whom he called Diego, after his brother. His intimate associates were only mariners returned from distant expeditions, or dreaming of unknown lands and unbeaten paths in the ocean. His warehouse of charts and globes was a source of ideas and projects, which kept his imagination fixed on unsolved problems. His wife, the child and sister of seamen, shared his enthusiasm. While turning his globes, or dotting his charts with islands and continents, his attention had been seized by the immense space in the middle of the Atlantic. On that side, the earth seemed to want the counterpoise of a continent. The imaginations of navigators were excited by vague, wondrous, and terrible rumours of shores indistinctly seen from the mountains of the Azores — said by some to be floating, and by others fixed, appearing at intervals in clear weather, but disappearing or seeming to retire when any venturous pilot endeavoured to approach them. Marco Polo, then regarded as an inventor of fables, and whose veracity time has since shown, related to the West the wonders of the deserts, states, and civilization of Tartary, then supposed to extend to the longitudes in reality occupied by the Americas. Columbus expected to find, on the other side of the Atlantic, those countries of gold, pearls, and myrrh, from which Solomon drew his wealth — the Ophir of the Bible, since veiled by the clouds of distance and credulity. It was not a new continent, but a lost continent, that he sought. The pursuit of a falsehood was leading him to truth.

His calculations, founded on Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers, led him to suppose that the earth was a globe which it was possible to journey round. He considered this globe less by some thousands of miles than it really is, and concluded that the extent of sea to be passed before reaching India was less than navigators thought. The existence of these lands seemed confirmed by the singular testimony of pilots who had sailed farthest beyond the Azores. Some had seen, on the waves, branches of trees unknown in the West; others, pieces of wood carved, but not with steel tools; others, huge pines hollowed into canoes of a single log capable of carrying eighty rowers; others, gigantic reeds; others, again, had seen corpses of white or copper-colored men, whose features did not at all resemble the races of Western Europe, Asia, or Africa.

All these indications, floating from time to time in the ocean after storms, combined with the vague instinct which always precedes events, appeared as marvels to the ignorant, but were regarded by Columbus as proofs that other lands existed beyond those engraved by geographers on their maps of the world. But he was convinced that these lands were only the prolongation of Asia, which would thus occupy more than a third of the globe. This circumference being then unknown to philosophers and geometricians, the extent of the ocean which would have to be crossed to reach this imaginary Asia was left to conjecture. Some thought it incommensurable; others considered it a boundless ether, in which navigators

might lose themselves, as aeronauts do now in the wastes of the atmosphere. The greater number, ignorant of the laws of gravity and of the attraction which draws all things toward the centre, nevertheless admitting the roundness of the globe, thought that vessels and men, if they could reach the antipodes, would start away from the earth and fall through infinite space. The laws which govern the level and movement of the ocean were alike unknown to them. They considered the sea — beyond a certain horizon bounded by isles already known — as a chaos whose waves rose into inaccessible mountains, leaving between them bottomless abysses into which they rolled down in irresistible cataracts, which would swallow any vessels daring enough to brave them. The more learned, admitting the laws of gravity and of a certain level in the liquid spaces, thought that the spherical form of the earth would give the ocean a slope toward the antipodes, might carry vessels onward to nameless shores, but would not allow them to return up this slope to Europe. From these prejudices concerning the nature, form, extent, ascents and descents, of the ocean, there resulted a mysterious dread, on which only enterprising minds would speculate, and which none but superhuman boldness would venture to brave in ships. It would be a struggle between the mind of man and the illimitable sea; to attempt this seemed to demand more than a mortal.

The unconquerable predilection of the geographer for this enterprise was the real cause that detained Columbus so long in Lisbon. It was during the time that Portugal, governed by John II — an enlightened and enterprising prince, and imbued with the spirit of colonization, commerce, and adventure — was making incessant attempts to connect Asia with Europe by sea, and when Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese colonist, was on the point of discovering the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, convinced that he should find a more open and direct road by dashing straight to the west, obtained, after repeated solicitations, an audience of the king, to whom he explained his plans, and applied for the means of accomplishing them, to the advantage and honour of his states. The king listened with interest; he did not think the stranger's faith in his hopes sufficiently devoid of foundation to be classed as chimerical. Columbus, besides natural eloquence, possessed the eloquence of earnest conviction. He induced the king to appoint a council, composed of learned men and politicians, to examine his proposals, and report upon the probability of their success. This council, consisting of the king's confessor and of some geographers who enjoyed all the more credit in the king's court from falling in with common prejudices, declared the ideas of Columbus to be chimerical, and contrary to the laws of nature and religion.

A second board of examiners, to whom Columbus appealed by the king's permission, confirmed the first decision. Nevertheless, with a perfidy to which the king was no party, they communicated the plans of Columbus to a pilot, and secretly sent a vessel to try the passage to Asia which he

pointed out. This vessel, after cruising for some days beyond the Azores, came back, its crew frightened by the immensity of the void abyss, and confirmed the council in their contempt for the conjectures of Columbus.

Pending these solicitations, Columbus had lost his wife, the love of his heart and the consolation of his thoughts. His fortune, neglected for these expectations, was ruined; his creditors seized the produce of his labor, even his maps and globes, and actually threatened his liberty. Many years had thus been lost in expectation: his age was increasing, his child growing, and the extreme of misery was his only prospect, in place of the New World which he contemplated. He escaped by night from Lisbon, on foot, without any resources for his journey but chance hospitality; and sometimes leading his son by the hand, sometimes carrying him on his shoulders, he entered Spain, with the determination of offering to Ferdinand and Isabella, who then governed it, the continent or empire which Portugal had refused.

It was during this pilgrimage to the shifting quarters of the Spanish court that he reached the gate of La Rabida. He intended first to go to Huerta, in Andalusia, in which there lived a brother of his wife, with whom he was going to leave his son Diego, and then he would set forth to encounter delays, risks, and perhaps unbelief, at the court of Isabella and Ferdinand.

It has been said that, before going to Spain, he had thought it right, as an Italian and a Genoese, to offer his discovery to Genoa, first, and that he then offered it to the Venetian Senate; but that these two republics, occupied with ambitious projects and rivalries nearer home, had met his applications with cold refusals.

The prior of La Rabida was better versed in the sciences relating to his profession than was usual for a man of his class. His convent, within sight of the sea, and near the port of Palos, then one of the busiest in Andalusia, had thrown the monk into contact with the mariners and armourers of the town, which was dependent on the sea. During his residence in the capital and at court, he had occupied himself with the natural sciences, and of the problems which were then of interest. He first felt pity, and his daily conversations with Columbus soon produced enthusiasm and confidence, for a man who appeared so superior to his condition. He saw in him one of those sent by God, but thrust from the gates of cities and princes to whom their poverty brings the invisible treasures of truth. He felt disposed to be among those trusting few who share in the revelations of genius, by faith. Providence almost always sends to superior men one of these believers, to prevent their being discouraged by the incredulity, harshness, or persecutions of the multitude. They exhibit friendship in its noblest form. They are the friends of disowned truth, believers in the impossible future.

Juan Perez felt himself predestined to introduce Columbus to the favour of Isabella, and to preach his great design to the world. What he loved

in Columbus was not only the design, but the man himself; the beauty, courage, modesty, eloquence, virtue, grace, patience, and misfortune nobly borne, revealing a disposition marked with perfections by that divine stamp which prevents our forgetting, and compels us to admire a great man. After his first conversation, the stranger won over not only the opinion, but also the heart of the monk; and, what was stranger, he never lost it. Columbus had gained a friend.

Juan Perez persuaded Columbus to accept for some days a resting-place for himself and child, in the convent. During this stay, the prior communicated to some of his friends and neighbours the arrival and the adventures of his guest. He begged them to come to converse with the stranger upon his conjectures, and plans, to see how his theories agreed with the practical views of the seamen of Palos. An eminent man and friend of the prior, the physician Fernandez and a skilful pilot, Pedro de Velasco, spent several evenings in the convent; listened to Columbus; felt their eyes opened by his conversation; entered into his plans with all the warmth of earnest minds and simple hearts, and formed that first conclave in which every new faith is hatched, with the cognizance of a few proselytes, under the shadow of intimacy, solitude, and mystery. Every great truth begins as a secret among friends before bursting forth to the world. The first adherents won over to his belief by Columbus in the cell of a poor monk, were perhaps dearer to him than the applause of all Spain when success had confirmed his predictions. The first believed on the faith of his word, the others only on seeing his discoveries ascertained.

The monk, having tested his impressions by the science of Fernandez and the experience of Velasco, was more than ever charmed with his guest. He persuaded Columbus to leave the child in his care, to go to court to offer the discovery of the New World to Ferdinand and Isabella, and to ask them for the assistance necessary to carry out his plans. Chance made the poor monk a powerful intercessor at court. He had lived there long, had governed the conscience of Isabella, and, when his taste for retirement induced him to withdraw, he had kept up relations with the new confessor whom he recommended to the queen. The confessor at that time was Fernando de Talavera, superior of the Prado monastery, a man of merit, reputation, and virtue, to whom all the doors in the palace were open. Juan Perez gave Columbus a strong letter of recommendation to Talavera, and furnished him with the equipment necessary to appear decently at court — a mule, a guide, and a purse of zecchins. Then, embracing him, he recommended him and his designs to the care of God, and the chances which favour great ideas.

Full of gratitude for the first generous friend, whose eyes and heart never quitted him, and to whom he always ascribed the origin of his good fortune, Columbus set out for Cordova. He went with that confidence of success which is the illusion of genius, but also its source of fortune. It

was not long before this illusion was to be dispelled. The moment seemed badly chosen for the adventurer to offer a new world to the crown of Spain. Far from dreaming of conquering questionable possessions beyond unknown seas, Ferdinand and Isabella were occupied with the recovery of their own kingdom from the Moors. These conquerors after a long and prosperous occupation, saw snatched from them, one by one, the towns and provinces they had made their country. Vanquished everywhere despite their exploits, all that they now possessed were the mountains and valley surrounding Granada, the capital and wonder of their empire. Ferdinand and Isabella employed all their powers, and all the resources of their united kingdoms, to wrest from the Moors this citadel. United by a marriage of policy, by affection, and by a glory shared by both, one had brought the kingdom of Arragon, and the other the crown of Castile, to their double throne. But, though the king and queen had thus united their provinces into one country, each maintained a distinct dominion over his hereditary kingdom with a council and ministers for the separate interests of their own subjects. These councils were only fused into one on questions of common importance.

Nature seems to have endowed them with beauty, qualities, and excellences of mind and body different, but nearly equal, as if one was intended to supply what was wanting in the other for the conquests, the civilization, and prosperity which were in store for them.

Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was a skilful warrior and consummate politician. Before sad experience teaches others to understand men, he could see through them. His only defect was a certain coldness and suspicion, arising from mistrust, and closing the heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

But these virtues, in which he was somewhat wanting, were supplied by the tenderness and genius of Isabella. Young, beautiful, admired by all, adored by him, well-educated, pious without superstition, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for great achievements, of admiration for great men, she stamped on the mind and policy of Ferdinand the heroism which springs from the heart, and the love of the marvellous which arises from the imagination. She inspired — he executed. The one found her reward in the fame of her husband; the other, his glory in the affection of his wife. This double reign, destined to become of almost fabulous import, only awaited, in order to immortalize itself, the arrival of the destitute foreigner who came to beg admittance within the palace, with the letter of a poor friar in his hand.

This letter, read with prejudice and unbelief by the queen's confessor, opened to Columbus a long vista of delay, exclusion, and discouragement. It is only in solitude that men are open to bold ideas. Amid the tumult of business and courts, they have neither the kindness nor the time. Columbus was driven from every door, as the historian Oviedo, his contemporary,

relates, " because he was a foreigner, poorly clad, and because he brought the courtiers and ministers no other recommendation than a letter from a Franciscan monk, long since forgotten at court."

The king and queen did not even hear of him. Isabella's confessor, either from indifference or contempt, completely belied the expectations of Juan Perez. Columbus, with the obstinacy that arises from certainty biding its time, stayed at Cordova, near enough to watch for a favourable moment. After exhausting the scanty purse of the prior, he earned a slender livelihood by his trade in globes and maps, thus trifling with the images of the world he was destined to conquer. His hard and patient life during many years is a tale of misery, labour, and blighted hope. Young in heart, however, and affectionate, he loved, and was beloved, in those years of trial; for a second son, Fernando, was about this time the offspring of a mysterious attachment, never sanctioned by marriage, of which he records the fact and the repentance in touching language in his will. He brought up this son with as much tenderness as his other son Diego.

His grace and dignity, however, showed themselves, despite his humble profession. The distinguished men with whom his trade occasionally brought him into contact received an impression of astonishment and attraction — the magnetic influence of a great mind. His trade and conversation by degrees gained him friends in Cordova, and even at court. Among those whose names history has preserved as associated by gratitude to the New World are those of Alonzo de Quintanilla, high-treasurer of Isabella; Geraldini, tutor of the young princes, her children; Antonio Geraldini, papal nuncio; and, lastly, Mendoza, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who enjoyed such favour that he was called the third king in Spain.

The Archbishop — at first alarmed at these geographical novelties, which seemed to clash with the notions of celestial mechanics contained in the Bible — was soon quieted by the sincere piety of Columbus. He ceased to fear blasphemy in ideas which increase the proofs of the wisdom and greatness of God. Persuaded by the system and delighted with the man, he obtained from his sovereigns an audience for his protégé. After two years, Columbus appeared at this audience with the modesty becoming a poor foreigner, yet with the confidence of a tributary who brings his masters more than they can give him in return. " Thinking on what I was," he afterward remarks, " I was overwhelmed with humility; but thinking of what I brought, I felt myself on an equality with the two crowns: I perceived that I was no longer my humble self, but the instrument of God, chosen for the accomplishment of a great design."

Ferdinand listened to Columbus with attention, Isabella with enthusiasm. From his first look and tones, she felt for this messenger of God an admiration amounting to fanaticism — an attraction which partook of affection. Nature had given Columbus the personal recommendations which fascinate the eye, as well as the eloquence which persuades the mind. It

might have been supposed that he was destined to have for his first apostle a queen, and that the truth with which he was to enrich his age was to be first received and fostered in the heart of a woman. Isabella's constancy never wavered before the indifference of her court, before his enemies, or his reverses. She believed in him from the day she first saw him: she was his proselyte on the throne, and his friend even to the grave.

Ferdinand appointed a council of examination at Salamanca, under Talavera. This consisted of the men the most versed in divine and human knowledge in the kingdoms. It assembled in the literary capital of Spain, in the Dominican convent where Columbus was received as a guest. At that time priests and monks managed everything in Spain. Kings were concerned only with acts: ideas belonged to the priest. The Inquisition watched and struck all that savoured of heresy, even at the foot of the throne.

To this council the king had added the professors of astronomy, geography, mathematics, and all the sciences taught at Salamanca. The audience did not alarm Columbus. He expected to be tried by his peers, but he was tried only by his despisers. The first time he appeared in the great hall, the monks and so-called wise men, convinced that all theories surpassing their ignorance were but the dreams of a diseased or arrogant mind, saw in this obscure foreigner only an adventurer seeking his fortune by these chimeras. None deigned to listen to him save two or three friars of the convent of St. Stephen, monks without any influence, who devoted themselves to studies despised by the superior clergy. The others puzzled Columbus by quotations from the Bible, the Prophets, the Psalms, the Gospels, and the fathers of the Church, who demolished by indisputable texts, the theory of the globe, and the absurd and impious idea of antipodes. Among others, Lactantius had expressed himself deliberately on this subject in a passage which was cited: " Can anything be more absurd, than to believe in the existence of antipodes having their feet opposed to ours — men who walk with their feet in the air and their heads down, in a part of the world where everything is topsy-turvy — the trees growing with roots in the air, and branches in the earth? " St. Augustine had gone further, branding with impiety the mere belief in antipodes; " for," he said, " it would involve the supposition of nations not descended from Adam. Now the Bible says that all men are descended from the same father." Other doctors, taking a poetical metaphor for a system of cosmogony, quoted the verse of the psalm where it is said that God spread the sky above the earth as a tent; from which it followed that the earth was flat.

In vain Columbus replied with a piety which did not clash with nature; in vain, following them respectfully into theology, he proved himself more orthodox than they, because more intelligent and more reverent of the works of God. His eloquence lost all its power and brilliancy amid the wilful darkness of their obstinate ignorance. A few monks only appeared either doubtful or convinced that Columbus was right. Diego de Deza, a

Dominican friar — a man beyond his age, who later became Archbishop of Toledo — ventured boldly to oppose the prejudices of the council, and to give the weight of his influence to Columbus. Even this unexpected assistance could not overcome the indifference or obstinacy of the examiners. The conferences were many, without coming to a conclusion. They still lingered and avoided truth by delay. They were interrupted by a fresh contest of Ferdinand and Isabella with the Moors of Granada. Columbus — sorrowful, despised, put off, and dismissed, encouraged only by Isabella and the conversion of Diego de Deza to his views — followed the court and army from camp to camp, from town to town, waiting in vain for an hour's attention, which the din of war prevented him from receiving. The queen, however, as faithful in her secret favour as fortune was cruel, continued to hope well of, and to protect, this disowned genius. She had a house or tent reserved for him wherever the court stopped. Her treasurer was instructed to provide for him — not as for an undesired guest who demands hospitality, but as a distinguished stranger, who honours the kingdom, and whom the sovereigns wish to retain in their service.

Thus passed several years, during which the Kings of Portugal, England, and France, hearing of this man who promised monarchs a new world, made overtures to Columbus to enter their service. The gratitude he owed to Isabella, and his love for Beatrice Enriquez of Cordova, mother of his second son, made him reject these offers. He reserved to the queen an empire in return for her kindness. He was present at the siege and conquest of Granada. He saw Boabdil give up the keys of his capital, the palace of the Abencerrages, and the Alhambra. He took part in the procession which escorted the sovereigns in their triumphal entry into this last refuge of Islam. He was already looking beyond the ramparts of Granada to fresh conquests, and other triumphal entries into vaster territories. Compared with the greatness of his ideas, everything seemed small.

The peace which followed this conquest in 1492 caused a second assembly of examiners at Seville to give their advice to the crown. This advice, long opposed, as at Salamanca, by Diego de Deza, was to reject the offer of the adventurer, if not as impious, at least as chimerical, and as compromising the dignity of the crown, which could not undertake an enterprise on such slender prospects. Ferdinand, however, influenced by Isabella in communicating this decision of the council, softened its harshness, and gave him to understand that as soon as he was in quiet possession of Spain by the expulsion of the Moors, the court would assist him with money and ships.

While waiting, without too sanguine hopes, the accomplishment of the king's promises, Columbus tried to persuade two great Spanish nobles, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi, to carry out this enterprise at their own expense. Each possessed ports and ships on the Spanish coast. They first smiled at these prospects of glory and maritime possessions

for their own families, and then abandoned them through incredulity or indifference. Envy preyed on Columbus even before he had earned it by success; it persecuted him by anticipation even through his hopes; it contested with him even what it termed his follies. He again, with tears, gave up his endeavours. The unwillingness of the ministers to listen to him, the obstinacy of the priests in opposing his ideas as an impiety, the vain promises and delays of the court, threw him, after six years, into such discouragement, that he gave up all idea of again soliciting the government of Spain, and resolved to offer his undiscovered empire to the King of France.

Ruined in fortune, disappointed in hope, worn out by delay, and heart-broken at the necessity of quitting Beatrice, he again set out on foot from Cordova, without any views for the future except to seek out his faithful friend, Juan Perez. He intended to fetch his son Diego — to bring him back to Cordova, and to place him under the care of Beatrice. The brothers, thus brought up together by the care of one woman, would love each other with a fraternal affection, the only inheritance he had to leave them.

Tears flowed from the eyes of Juan Perez at seeing his friend coming on foot, more miserably clad than at first, to knock at the gate of the convent, sufficiently attesting, by his clothes and the sadness of his face, the incredulity of men and the ruin of his hopes. But Providence had again hidden the key of Columbus's fortune in the bosom of friendship. The friar's faith in the future discoveries of his protégé, made him bear up against it, with a kindly indignation at his disappointment. He embraced his guest, condoled and wept with him; but soon, recalling his energy and resolution, sent to Palos for the physician Fernandez, Alonzo Pinzon, a rich seaman of that port, and Sebastian Rodriguez, a skilful pilot of Lepi. The ideas of Columbus, again unfolded before this conclave of friends, raised the fanaticism of his audience still higher than before. They begged him to stay and try his fortune again, and to reserve for Spain, though unbelieving and ungrateful, the glory of an enterprise unrivalled in history. Pinzon promised to assist with his wealth and vessels the equipment of this memorable flotilla as soon as the government should consent to sanction it. Juan Perez wrote, now to the queen herself, to interest her conscience as much as her glory in an enterprise which would convert whole nations from idolatry to religion. He spoke in the name of heaven and earth; he drew warmth and persuasion from his desire for the greatness of his country and from his personal friendship. Columbus, thoroughly discouraged, refusing to take this letter to a court of which he had so long experienced the delays and neglect, Rodriguez undertook to carry it himself to Granada, where the court then resided. He set out, followed by the vows and prayers of the convent, and of the friends of Columbus. The fourteenth day after his departure, he came back in triumph. The queen had read the letter and all her prepossessions in favour of the mariner had

returned. She sent for the prior to come instantly to court, and desired Columbus to await, at La Rabida, the return of the monk and the decision of the council.

Juan Perez, delighted with his friend's good fortune, saddled his mule and at once set out by night, alone, to cross a country infested with Moors. He felt that in him Heaven protected the great design which he held in trust for his friend. He arrived; the gates of the palace were opened to him; he saw the queen, and aroused in her, by the strength of his own conviction, the faith and zeal she herself felt for this great work. The Marchioness of Maya, Isabella's favourite, interested herself in the friar's protégé. The hearts of two women, involved by the eloquence of a monk in the projects of an adventurer, triumphed over the opposition of the court. Isabella sent Columbus money from her private treasury to purchase a mule and clothes, and directed him to come at once to court. Juan Perez remained with her, to support his friend by his exertions and influence, and forwarded the news and pecuniary succours to La Rabida by a messenger, who gave the letter and money to Fernandez, to be handed over to Columbus.

Having bought a mule and hired a servant, Columbus went to Granada, and discussed his plans and requirements with the ministers of Ferdinand. "Then was seen," says an eyewitness, "an obscure and unknown follower of the court, classed by the ministers among the troublesome applicants, feeding his imagination in the antechambers with the magnificent project of discovering a new world; grave, melancholy, and depressed amid the public rejoicing, he seemed to look with indifference upon the completion of the conquest of Granada, which filled with pride a nation and two courts. This man was Christopher Columbus! "

This time the objections were raised by Columbus. Certain of the continent he offered Spain, he wished, even out of respect to the greatness of the gift he was about to make to the world and his sovereigns, to obtain for himself and descendants conditions worthy, not of his position, but of his work. If he had been wanting in proper pride, he would have thought himself wanting in faith in God and the worthiness of his mission. Poor, unsupported, and dismissed, he treated of possessions which he as yet only saw in thought, as if he had been a monarch. "A beggar," said Talavera, "stipulates with kings for royal conditions." He demanded the title and privileges of admiral, the rank and power of viceroy over all the lands his discoveries might annex, and the perpetuity of the title, for himself and descendants, with all the revenues of these possessions. "Singular demands for an adventurer," said his enemies in the council: "they secure to him beforehand the command of a fleet, and, if he succeeds, an unlimited viceroyalty, while he undertakes nothing in case of failure, because he has nothing to lose."

These requirements at first excited astonishment, and at last indignation: he was offered conditions less burdensome to the crown. Notwith-

standing his indigence, he refused all. Wearied, but not overcome, by eighteen years of expectation, he would have blushed to abate one jot of his price for the gift God had given him. He respectfully retired from the conference, and mounting his mule, alone and unprovided, he took the road to Cordova, to proceed from thence to France.

Isabella, hearing of his departure, had a presentiment that these great prospects were deserting her. She was indignant at the commissioners, who, she said, were haggling with God for the price of an empire, and of millions of souls whom their fault would leave to idolatry. The Marchioness of Maya, and Quintanilla, Isabella's treasurer, encouraged these feelings. The king, more calculating, hesitated: the expense of the undertaking, and an empty treasury, made him hold back. " Well! " said Isabella, in a transport of enthusiasm, " I will undertake the enterprise alone, for Castile. I will pawn my jewels to meet the expenses."

This womanly burst of feeling triumphed over the king's economy, and, by a nobler estimate, acquired incalculable treasures in wealth and territory to the two kingdoms.

The fugitive was followed. The queen's messenger overtook him a few leagues from Granada, on the bridge of Pinos, in the famous defile where the Moors and Christians had so often mixed their blood in the torrent which separates the two races. Columbus, much moved, returned. The Queen's tears obtained from Ferdinand the ratification of his conditions. While serving the hopeless cause of this great man, she thought she was serving the cause of God himself, unknown to that part of the human race which he was to bring over to the faith. She thought of the Kingdom of Heaven in the possessions which her favourite was to acquire for the empire. Ferdinand only saw the earthly kingdom. The champion of Christendom in Spain, and conqueror of the Moors, as many of the faithful as he brought over to the faith, so many subjects had the Pope added to his rule. The millions he was to rally round the Cross by the discoveries of this stranger, had been by anticipation given over to his dominion by the court of Rome. Everyone who was not a Christian was in its eyes a slave. Every portion of the human race not stamped with the seal of Christianity stood without the pale of humanity. It gave or exchanged them in the name of its spiritual supremacy. Ferdinand was sufficiently credulous, and, at the same time, sufficiently cunning to accept them.

The treaty between Ferdinand and Isabella and the adventurer, was signed in the plain of Granada on the 17th of April, 1492. Isabella took upon herself, on behalf of her kingdom, all the expenses of the expedition. It was right that she, who had first believed, should run the greatest risk, and it was also right that the glory of success should be attached to her name rather than to any other. Palos was assigned to Columbus as the place of equipment for his expedition, and the port from which his squadron was to sail. The idea conceived at La Rabida, by Juan Perez and his

friends, thus returned to the place of its birth. The prior was to take charge of arrangements, and to see from his retreat the sails of his friend spread for that new world they had both beheld with the eye of faith.

Numberless impediments, seemingly insurmountable, now crossed the favours of Isabella and the fulfilment of Ferdinand's promises. The royal treasury was short of money. Vessels were leaving Spanish ports on more urgent expeditions. The seamen refused to engage for so long and mysterious voyage, or deserted after enlistment. The seacoast towns, ordered by the court to supply vessels, hesitated to obey, and unrigged their ships, which were considered as devoted to certain destruction. Unbelief, fear, envy, ridicule, avarice, even mutiny, rendered useless to Columbus, in spite of the royal officers, the means of equipment which Isabella had placed at his disposal. It seemed as though some evil genius tried to keep separate for ever these two continents which one man wished to unite.

Columbus superintended everything from La Rabida, where he was again the guest of Juan Perez. Without his influence the expedition would again have failed. The orders of the court were powerless and disobeyed. The monk had recourse to his friends at Palos. They yielded to his conviction, his entreaties, and his advice. Three brothers, wealthy mariners at Palos, the Pinzons, were at last imbued with the faith and spirit which inspired the friend of Columbus. They imagined they heard the voice of God in that old man. They volunteered to join in the undertaking: they found the money, they equipped three vessels of the kind then called *caravellas,* hired seamen in Palos and Moguer, and, in order to give an impulse and an example of courage to their sailors, two of the brothers, Martin Alonzo and Vincent Yanès Pinzon, resolved to embark, and to take command in person of their own vessels. Thanks to this generous assistance, three ships, the *Santa Maria,* the *Pinta,* and the *Niña,* were ready to put to sea on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492.

At break of day, Columbus, escorted to the shore by the prior and monks, who blessed the sea and his vessels, embraced his son, whom he left with Juan Perez, and embarked in the largest of his three barks, the *Santa Maria,* on board which he hoisted his flag as admiral of an unknown sea and viceroy of undiscovered lands. The people of the two harbours and of the coast came in crowds to be present at their departure. It was a mourning procession rather than an augury of a happy result: there was more sorrow than hope. The mothers, wives, and sisters of the seamen secretly cursed the stranger, whose enchanted words had seduced the mind of the queen, and risked so many men's lives on the accomplishment of a dream. Columbus, unwillingly followed, launched upon the unknown expanse amid maledictions.

The appearance of this flotilla, scarcely equal to a fishing or coasting squadron, offered a strong contrast in the people's eyes to the magnitude of the dangers it was so rashly to brave. Of the three vessels, only one

was decked, that on board which he himself was; a narrow trading craft, already old and weather-beaten. The others were open boats, which a heavy breaker might have swamped. But the poop and forecastle of these, raised high out of the water like the ancient galleys, had two half decks, under which the sailors could find shelter in bad weather, and would prevent the caravel from foundering if she shipped a sea. They had two masts, one amidships, the other aft. On the foremast they carried one great square sail, on the other a triangular lateen. In calm weather, long sweeps, used but seldom and then with difficulty, fixed in the low gunwale of the waist, could, in case of need, give slow motion to the vessel. These ships contained 120 men of whom the crews were composed. He alone went on board with a calm face, and a courageous heart. His conjectures had assumed after the lapse of eighteen years, the shape of certainty. Though he was past middle life, being in his fifty-seventh year, he looked upon the years that had gone by as though they were nothing. In his idea, all his life was to come. He felt the youthfulness of hope and his future immortality. As if to take possession of those worlds for which he spread his sails, he wrote and published, before embarking, a solemn account of all the vicissitudes his mind and fortunes had passed through up to that period; he added an enumeration of all the titles, honours, and dignities with which he had been invested by his sovereigns in respect of his future possessions, and invoked God and man to support his faith and bear witness to his constancy. " And it is for this purpose," he concludes, " that I have determined never to sleep during this voyage, and until these things shall have been accomplished."

A favourable wind wafted them toward the Canaries, the last resting-place of those who sailed into the Atlantic. Although he gave thanks to God for these auguries which calmed his crew, he would have preferred that a gale had swept him out of the beaten track. He feared, with reason, that the sight of land so far from Spain might recall the idea of home to the minds of his sailors. In momentous enterprises, no time must be given to men for reflection, and no opportunity for repentance. Columbus knew this, and he burned to pass the limits of the known waters, and to lock in his own breast the possibility of returning. His impatience to lose sight of the Old World was but too well founded. The *Pinta,* which had the rudder broken and leaked in the hold, obliged him, against his will, to put into the Canaries to change this vessel for another. He lost three weeks, without being able to find any craft fit for his voyage. All he could do was to repair the *Pinta's* damage, and procure a new sail for the *Niña,* a heavy and slow sailor, which delayed his voyage. He took in fresh provisions and water, for the small stowage in his vessels only allowed him to carry victuals for a limited number of days.

On quitting the Canaries, the appearance of Teneriffe, whose eruption illuminated the heavens, cast terror into the minds of his men. They

thought they saw in it the flaming sword of the angel who expelled the first man from Eden, driving back the children of Adam from the entrance to forbidden seas and lands. The admiral passed from ship to ship to disperse this panic, and to explain scientifically to these simple people the physical laws of the phenomenon. But the disappearance of the volcano's peak, as it sank below the horizon, caused them as much sadness as the eruption had caused them fright. It was their last beacon of the Old World. Losing sight of it seemed to be losing the last traces of their road through space. They felt as if they were detached from earth, and sailing in the atmosphere of a new planet, and were seized with a general prostration of mind and body. The admiral again called them round him in his own ship, infusing his own energy into their minds; and giving way to the eloquence of his hopes, he described, as if he had already beheld them, the lands, seas, kingdoms, riches, vegetation, sunshine, mines of gold, sands covered with pearls, mountains shining with precious stones, plains loaded with spice, that to his mind's eye already loomed in sight, beyond the expanse of which each wave carried them nearer to these wonders. These images, tinged with the colours of their leader's imagination, infused hope into their minds; and the trade-winds, blowing constantly from the east, seemed to second the impatience of the seamen. Distance alone could now terrify them. To deceive them as to the space across which he was hurrying, Columbus used to subtract a certain number of leagues from his reckoning, and made his pilots and seamen think they had gone only half the distance they had actually traversed. Privately he noted the true reckoning, in order that he alone might know the number of waves he had crossed and the track of his path. The crews, deceived by the steadiness of the wind, and the long roll of the waves, thought they were slowly crossing the farthest seas of Europe.

He would also have wished to conceal from them a new phenomenon, which began to disconcert his own science at about 200 leagues from Teneriffe. It was the variation of the compass, his last and, as he thought, infallible guide, but which now began to vacillate before its approach to an untracked hemisphere. For several days he kept to himself this terrible doubt; but the pilots, who watched the binnacle as closely as he, soon discovered this variation. Seized with the same astonishment, but less firm in their resolution than he, they imagined that the very elements were troubled, or changed the laws of their existence on the verge of infinite space. The supposed giddiness of Nature affected their minds. The evil tidings passed from one to another, and they left their vessels to the direction of the winds and waves, now their only guides. The hesitation of the pilots paralysed the sailors. Columbus, who endeavoured in vain to explain to himself a mystery of which science still seeks the cause, had again recourse to his fertile imagination. He invented an explanation, false, but

specious enough to uneducated minds, of the variation of the needle. He attributed it to new stars revolving round the pole, whose alternating motion was followed by the compass. This explanation, according with the astrological notions of the day, satisfied the pilots, and their credulity renewed the faith of the sailors. The sight of a heron and a tropical bird, which came next day, and flew round the masts, acted upon their senses, as the admiral's explanation had swayed their minds. They appeared two witnesses who came to confirm the reasoning of Columbus. They sailed with more courage on the faith of these birds. The mild climate on this part of the ocean, the clearness of the sky, the transparency of the waves, the dolphins playing across their bows, the warmth of the air, the perfumes which the waves brought from afar, the greater brilliancy of the stars and constellations — everything seemed to breathe serenity. They felt the presentiment of the still invisible world. They recalled the bright days, clear stars, and shining nights of an Andalusian spring. " It only wanted the nightingale," says Columbus.

The sea also began to bring its warnings. Unknown vegetations were often seen floating on its surface. Some, as the historians of this first voyage relate, were marine substances, which only grow on the shallows near the coast; some were rock plants, that had been swept off the cliffs by the waves; some were fresh-water plants; and others, recently torn up, were still full of sap; one carried a live crab on a tuft of grass. These plants and creatures could not have passed many days in the water without fading and dying. One of those birds, which never settle on the waves, crossed the sky. Whence came he? Where was he going? And could the place of his rest be far off? Further on, the sea changed its temperature and colour, proof of an uneven bottom. Elsewhere it resembled immense meadows, and the prow cut its way slowly among weed-strewn waves. At eve and morning, the distant clouds, like those that gather round mountain-tops, took the form of cliffs and hills skirting the horizon. The cry of land was on the tip of every tongue. Columbus was unwilling either to confirm or extinguish these hopes, which served his purpose by encouraging his companions. But he thought himself still only 300 leagues from Teneriffe, and he calculated that he had 700 or 800 more to go before he should reach land.

Nevertheless, he kept his conjectures to himself, finding no friend whose heart was firm enough to support his resolution, or safe enough to entrust with his secret fears. During the passage he conversed only with his own thoughts, with the stars, and with God. Almost without sleep, he occupied the days in his cabin, noting down, in characters intelligible to none but himself, the latitude, and the space he thought he had traversed. The nights he passed on deck with his pilots, studying the stars, and watching the sea. Alone, his thoughtful gravity impressed upon his companions sometimes respect, and sometimes mistrust and awe that kept them aloof — an

isolation generally observable in men superior to their fellows in conception and determination.

The land, so often pointed out, was seen to be only a mirage. Each morning the bows of the vessels plunged through the fantastic horizon, which the evening mist had made them mistake for a shore. They kept rolling on through the boundless abyss. The regularity of the east wind which drove them on, without their having had to shift their sails once in so many days, was a source of anxiety. They fancied that this prevailed eternally in this region of the ocean which encircled the world, and that, after carrying them on so easily to the west, it would be an insurmountable obstacle to their return. How should they ever get back against this wind but by beating across the immense space? And, if they had to make endless tacks to reach the Old World, how would their provisions and water, already half consumed, hold out through the long months of their return voyage? Who could save them from the horrible prospect of dying of hunger and thirst? Several already began to count the number of days, and the rations fewer than the days, and murmured against the obstinacy of their chief, and blamed themselves for persevering in an obedience which sacrificed the lives of 120 men to the madness of one.

But each time the murmurs threatened to break into mutiny, Providence seemed to send them more convincing and more unexpected signs, which changed their complaints to hope. Thus, on the 20th of September, these favorable breezes veered to the southwest. The sailors hailed this change, though opposed to their course, as a sign of life in the elements. At evening, delicate little birds, that build their nests in the shrubs of garden and orchard, hovered warbling about the masts. Their wings and joyous notes bore no marks of weariness or fright, as of birds swept far to sea by a storm. Their song, like those the sailors used to hear in the groves of myrtles and orange-trees of their Andalusian home, reminded them of their country, and invited them to the now neighbouring shore. They recognized sparrows, which always dwell beneath the roof of man. The green weed on the surface of the waves looked like waving corn before the ear is ripe. The vegetation beneath the water seemed the forerunner of land, and delighted the eyes of the sailors. But it soon became so thick that they were afraid of entangling their rudders and keels, and of remaining prisoners, as the ships of the northern seas are shut in by ice. Thus joy soon changed to fear, so terrible to man is the unknown. Columbus was obliged to appear to understand what surprised himself, and to invent an explanation for every cause that astonished his men.

The calms of the tropics alarmed them. If all things, including even the winds, perished in these latitudes, whence should spring up the breeze to fill their sails? The sea suddenly rose without wind: they ascribed it to submarine convulsions. An immense whale was seen sleeping on the waters: they fancied there were monsters which would devour their ships. The

roll of the waves drove them upon currents they could not stem for want of wind: they imagined they were approaching the cataracts of the ocean, and that they were being hurried toward the abysses into which the deluge had poured its world of waters. Fierce and angry faces crowded round the mast; the murmurs rose louder and louder; they talked of compelling the pilots to put about, and of throwing the admiral into the sea as a madman who left his companions no choice but between suicide and murder. Columbus defied them by his bold bearing, or disconcerted them by his coolness.

Nature at length came to his assistance by giving him fresh breezes from the east, and a calm sea. Before the close of day, Alonzo Pinzon, in command of the *Pinta,* which was sailing sufficiently near the admiral to hail him, gave the first cry of " Land ho! " All the crews, repeating this cry, fell on their knees, and struck up the hymn, " Glory be to God in Heaven and upon Earth."

This, the first hymn that ever rose from the new ocean, rolled slowly over the waves. When it was over, all climbed as high as they could up the masts, yards, and rigging, to see the shore which Pinzon had discovered to the southwest. Columbus alone doubted; but he was too willing to believe to think of contradicting the hopes of his crews. Though he himself only expected to find land to the westward, he allowed them to steer south through the night, rather than lose the temporary popularity caused by their illusion. The sunrise destroyed it but too quickly. The imaginary land disappeared with the morning mist, and the admiral resumed his course westward.

Again the surface of the sea was still, and the sun was shining on it as brightly as in the sky above. Numberless dolphins bounded in their wake. The water was full of life; the flying fish leaped from their element, and fell on the decks. Everything in nature seemed to combine with the efforts of Columbus in raising the hopes of his sailors, who almost forgot how the days passed. On the 1st of October, they thought they were only 600 leagues beyond the usual track of ships; but the secret reckoning gave more than 800. The signs of approaching land became more frequent, yet none loomed in the horizon. Terror again took possession of the crews. Columbus himself felt some anxiety. He feared lest he might have passed among the isles of an archipelago without seeing them, and have left behind him the extremity of that Asia which he sought, to wander in another ocean.

The lightest vessel, the *Niña,* which led the way, at length, on the 7th of October, hoisted the signal of land in sight, and fired a gun to announce it to her companions. On nearing it, they found that the *Niña* had been deceived by a cloud. The wind scattered their fond hopes, and converted them to fear. Reproaches against the admiral were heard from all quarters. It was now no longer for their fatigues and difficulties that they accused

him, but for their lives hopelessly sacrificed: their bread and water were beginning to fail.

Columbus, disconcerted by the immensity of this space, of which he had hoped already to have reached the boundary, abandoned the route he had traced on the map, and followed for two days and nights the flight of the birds. The instinct of these birds, he reasoned, would not direct them all toward one point if they did not see land there. But even the birds seemed to the sailors to join with the expanse of ocean, and the treacherous stars, to sport with their vessels and their lives. At the end of the third day, the pilots, going up the shrouds when the setting sun shows the most distant horizon, beheld him sink into the same waves whence he had risen in vain for so many mornings. They believed in the infinite expanse of waters. The despair which depressed them changed to fury. What terms had they now to keep with a chief who had deceived the court of Spain, and whose titles and authority, fraudulently obtained from his sovereigns, were about to perish? Would not following him further make them the accomplices of his guilt? Did the duty of obedience extend beyond the limits of the world? Was there any other hope if even that now remained, but to turn their ships to Europe, and beat back against the winds that had favoured the admiral, whom they would chain to the mast of his vessel as a mark for their dying curses, if they were to die, or give him up to the vengeance of Spain if they were permitted to see again the ports of their country?

These complaints had now become clamorous. The admiral restrained them by the calmness of his countenance. He reminded the mutineers of the authority with which their sovereigns had invested him. He called upon Heaven to decide between him and them. He flinched not: he offered his life as the pledge of his promises; but he asked them to suspend for three days their unbelief and their determination to put back. He swore a rash but necessary oath, that if, on the third day, land was not visible, he would steer for Europe. The signs of the neighbourhood of a continent or islands were so obvious that, in begging these three days, he felt certain of being able to attain his end. He tempted God by fixing a limit to his revelation; but he had to manage men. These men reluctantly allowed him the three days.

At sunrise on the second day, some rushes recently torn up were seen near the vessels. A plank evidently hewn by an axe; a stick skilfully carved by some instrument; a bow of hawthorn in blossom; and, lastly, a bird's nest built on a branch which the wind had broken, and full of eggs, on which the parent bird was sitting amid the gently rolling waves, were seen floating past. The sailors brought on board these living witnesses of their approach to land. The mutineers fell on their knees to the admiral they had insulted, craved pardon for their mistrust, and struck up a hymn of thanksgiving to God for associating them with his triumph.

Night fell on these songs welcoming a new world. The admiral gave orders that the sails should be close reefed, and the lead kept going; and that they should sail slowly, being afraid of breakers and shoals, and feeling certain that the first gleam of daylight would discover land under their bows. On that last anxious night none slept. Impatient expectation had removed all heaviness from their eyes; the pilots and men, clinging about the masts, yards, and shrouds, each tried to keep the best place and the closest watch to get the earliest sight of the new hemisphere. The admiral had offered a reward to the first who should cry land, provided his announcement was verified by its actual discovery. Providence, however, reserved to Columbus himself this first glimpse. While walking the quarter-deck alone at midnight, and sweeping the dark horizon with his keen eye, a gleam of fire passed and disappeared, and again showed itself on the level of the waves. Fearful of being deceived by the phosphorescence, he quietly called a Spanish gentleman of the court, named Guttierez, in whom he had more confidence than in the pilots, pointing out the direction in which he had seen the light, and asked whether he could discern anything there. Guttierez replied that he did indeed see a flickering light. To make still more sure, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, another in whom he had confidence. Sanchez had no more hesitation than Guttierez in pronouncing that there was a light. But the blaze was hardly seen before it again disappeared, to show itself the next moment. It might be the light of a fire on a low shore alternately appearing and disappearing beyond the horizon, or the floating beacon of a fisherman's boat, now rising on the waves and now sinking in the trough of the sea. Thus both land and safety appeared together to Columbus and his friends, on the night of the 11th and 12th of October, 1492. The admiral, enjoining silence to Rodrigo and Guttierez, kept his observation to himself, for fear of again raising false hopes. He lost sight of the light and remained on deck until two in the morning, praying, hoping, and despairing alone, awaiting the triumph or the return which the morrow was to decide.

He was seized with that anguish which precedes the great discoveries of truth, when a cannon shot, sounding a few hundred yards in advance of him, burst upon his ear — the announcement of a new-born world, which made him tremble and fall upon his knees. It was the signal of land, as had been arranged with the *Pinta*. At this a general shout of " Land ho! " arose from all the ships. The sails were furled, and daybreak was anxiously awaited. The mystery of the ocean had breathed its first whisper in the bosom of night. Delicious perfumes reached the vessels from the dim outline of the shore, with the roar of waves on the reefs and the soft land breeze. The fire seen by Columbus indicated the presence of man and the first element of civilization. Never did the night appear so long in clearing away from the horizon.

The dawn, as it spread over the sky, gradually raised the shores of an island from the waves. Its distant extremities were lost in the mist. It ascended gradually, like an amphitheatre, from the low beach to the summit of the hills, whose dark green covering contrasted with the clear blue of the heavens. Within a few paces of the foam of the waves breaking on the sand, forests of tall trees stretched away, over the successive terraces of the island. Green valleys and bright clefts in the hollows afforded a half glimpse into these mysterious wilds. Here and there could be seen scattered huts, which, with their roofs of dry leaves, looked like beehives, and thin columns of smoke rose above the tops of the trees. Half-naked groups of men, women, and children, more astonished than frightened, appeared among the thickets, advancing timidly, and then drawing back, exhibiting, by their demeanour, as much fear as curiosity at the sight of these strange vessels which the night had brought to their shores.

Columbus, after gazing in silence on this foremost shore of the land so often determined by his calculations, and so magnificently coloured by his imagination, found it to exceed even his own expectations. He burned with impatience to be the first to set foot on the sand, and to plant the Cross and the flag of Spain. But he restrained the eagerness of himself and his crew, being desirous of giving the act of taking possession of a new world a solemnity worthy of the greatest deed, perhaps, ever accomplished by a seaman; and to call God and his angels, sea, earth, and sky, as witnesses of his conquest of an unknown hemisphere.

He put on all his insignia as admiral and viceroy, wrapped himself in his purple cloak, and, taking a flag embroidered with a cross, in which the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella were interlaced, and surmounted by a crown, he entered his boat, and pulled toward shore, followed by Alonzo and Yanès Pinzon. On landing, he fell on his knees to acknowledge the greatness of God. He kissed the ground, and, with his face on the earth, wept tears of a double import and a double meaning — tears of joy for Columbus; the overflowing of a proud spirit, grateful and pious — tears of sadness for this virgin soil, seeming to foreshadow the devastation, with fire and sword, which the strangers were to bring with their pride, their knowledge, and their power.

" Almighty and eternal God," said Columbus, as he raised his forehead from the dust, with a Latin prayer which his companions have handed down to us, " who, by the energy of Thy creative word, hast made the firmament, the earth, and sea, blessed and glorified be Thy name in all places! May thy majesty and dominion be exalted for ever, as Thou has permitted Thy Holy Name to be made known and spread by the most humble of Thy servants in this hitherto unknown portion of Thy empire."

He then baptized this land with the name of Christ — the Island of San Salvador.

His lieutenants, pilots, and seamen, full of gladness, and impressed with

a superstitious respect for him whose glance had pierced beyond the visible horizon — overcome by the evidence of their eyes, and by that superiority which overawes the minds of men — fell at the feet of the admiral, kissed his hands and clothes, and recognized for a moment the power and the almost divine nature of genius.

During the ceremony of taking possession, the inhabitants, first kept at a distance and afterward attracted by that instinctive curiosity which forms the first connection between man and man, had drawn near. They were talking with each other. These vessels, working their sails, yards, and masts, like huge limbs opening and closing at will, seemed to them supernatural beings, descended from the firmament which surrounded their horizon. Struck with respect at the sight of the boats, and of men in brilliant clothing, and covered with armour, they at last came close, as if fascinated by almighty power. They worshipped them with the simplicity of children, unsuspicious of the approach of evil. The Spaniards, on examining them, were in their turn astonished at not finding in them any of the physical characteristics, or even the colour, of the African, Asiatic, or European races with which they came in contact. Their copper complexion, their lank hair falling loose over their shoulders, their eyes dark as their sea, their delicate feminine features, their open countenances, their nakedness, and the coloured patterns with which they stained their skins, marked them as a race distinct from any of the human families spread over the ancient hemisphere — a race still preserving the simplicity and gentleness of infancy, lost for centuries in this unknown portion of the world, and retaining, through ignorance of wrong, the mildness, truthfulness, and innocence of the world's youth.

Columbus, satisfied that this island was but an outpost of India, gave them the name of Indians, which they retained until their extermination, the verbal error having lasted long after the mistake was explained.

The Indians, soon becoming accustomed to their stranger-guests, showed them their springs, houses, villages, and canoes, and brought them as offerings their eatable fruit, cassava bread, which replenished the provisions of the Spaniards, and some ornaments of pure gold, which they wore in their ears and nostrils, or as bracelets, necklaces, or anklets among the women. They were ignorant of commerce or of the use of money, and were delighted to receive the merest trifles in exchange for their valuables. In their eyes, novelty was value. The Spaniards, who sought the country of gold and precious stones, asked by signs whence this metal came. The Indians pointed to the south; the admiral and his companions understood that in that direction there was an island or continent of India, corresponding by its riches and its arts with the wonders related by Marco Polo. The land they now thought themselves near was, they supposed, the fabulous Zipangu, or Japan, the sovereign of which walked on a pavement of gold. Their impatience to resume their course made them return quickly

to their ships. They had supplied themselves with water from the springs, and their decks were loaded with fruit, cassava cakes, and roots, which the Indians had given them. They took one of the aborigines with them to learn their language and to act as interpreter.

On getting clear of the island, they found themselves lost in the channels of an archipelago of more than a hundred isles of various sizes, but all with an appearance of the most luxurious fertility of vegetation. They landed on the largest and most populous. They were surrounded by canoes hollowed from the trunk of a tree; they traded with the inhabitants, exchanging buttons and trinkets. Their navigation and stoppages amid this labyrinth of islands were but a repetition of the scene at their landing at San Salvador. They were everywhere received with the same inoffensive curiosity. They were enchanted with the climate, flowers, perfumes, colours, and the plumages of unknown birds, which each of these oases offered to their senses; but their minds, impressed with the idea of discovering the land of gold at what they supposed to be the extremity of Asia, rendered them less attentive to these natural treasures, and prevented their suspecting the existence of the new continent, of which these isles were the outposts. Guided by the Indians, who pointed out a region still more splendid than their own archipelago, Columbus steered for the coast of Cuba, where he landed after three days' pleasant sailing, without losing sight of the beautiful Bahamas which enamelled his path.

Cuba, with its long terraces stretching into the far distance, and backed by cloud-piercing mountains, with its havens, estuaries, gulfs, bays, forests, and villages, reminded him, on a more majestic scale, of Sicily. He was uncertain whether it was a continent or an island. He cast anchor in the shady bosom of a mighty river, and, going ashore, strolled about the shores and forests, the groves of oranges and palm-trees, and the villages and dwellings of the inhabitants. A dog was the only living thing he found in these huts, which had been abandoned at his approach. He re-embarked, and ascended the river, shaded by broad-leaved palms, and gigantic trees bearing fruit and flowers. Nature seemed to have bestowed, without labour, the necessities of life and happiness without work, on these fortunate races. Everything reminded them of the Eden of Holy Writ. Harmless animals, birds with azure and purple plumage, parrots, macaws, and birds of paradise, shrieked and sang, or flew in coloured clouds from branch to branch; luminous insects lighted the air by night; the sun, softened by the breeze of the mountain, the shade of the trees, and the coolness of the water, fertilized everything without scorching; the moon and stars were reflected in the river with a mild light which took away the terror of darkness. A general enthusiasm had seized upon the minds and senses of Columbus and his companions; they felt that they had reached a new country, more fresh and yet more fruitful than the land they had left behind. " It is the most beautiful isle," says Columbus, in his notes, " that ever the eye

of man beheld. One would wish to live there always. It is impossible to think of misery or death in such a place."

The scent of the spices which reached his vessels from the interior, and his finding pearl oysters on the coast, satisfied him more and more that Cuba was a continuation of Asia. He fancied that beyond the mountains he should find the empires, the civilization, the gold mines, and the wonders which travellers had attributed to Cathay and Japan. Being unable to seize any of the natives, he sent two of his companions, one of whom spoke Hebrew and the other Arabic, to look for the cities in which he supposed the sovereign of Cathay to dwell. These envoys were loaded with presents for the inhabitants. They had orders to exchange them for nothing but gold, of which they thought there were inexhaustible treasures.

The messengers returned without having discovered any other capital than huts of savages and an immense wilderness of vegetation, perfumes, fruits, and flowers. They had succeeded, by means of presents, in encouraging some of the natives to come back with them. Tobacco, a plant of slightly intoxicating quality, which they made into little rolls, lighting them at one end to inhale the smoke at the other; the potato, a farinaceous root, which heat converted at once into bread; maize, cotton spun by the women, oranges, lemons, and other nameless fruits, were the only treasures they had found about the houses in the glades of the forest.

Disappointed, the admiral, on some misunderstood directions of the natives, unwillingly quitted this country to sail on to the east, where he still placed his imaginary Asia. He took on board some men and women from Cuba, bolder and more confident than the rest, to serve as interpreters for the neighbouring countries, to convert them to the true faith, and to offer to Isabella these souls which his generous enterprise had saved.

Convinced that Cuba, of which he had not ascertained the limits, was a part of Asia, he sailed several days at a short distance from the coast of the true American continent without seeing it. Envy had risen in the minds of his companions on the very day that his discoveries had crowned the hopes of his existence. Amerigo Vespucci, an obscure Florentine, embarked in one of his vessels, gave his name to this new world, to which Columbus alone had been the guide. Vespucci owed this good fortune entirely to chance and to his subsequent voyages with Columbus in the same latitudes. A subaltern officer, devoted to the admiral, he had never sought to rob him of his glory. The caprice of fortune gave it to him, and custom has retained it.

Envy already began to pray upon the mind of Alonzo Pinzon. He commanded the *Pinta*. Pinzon pretended to lose the others in the night, and got away from his commodore. He had resolved to take advantage of Columbus' discovery, to find out other lands by himself, without genius and without trouble, and, after giving them his name, to be the first to return to Europe, to reap the glory, and gather the rewards due to his master and guide.

Columbus had for some days noticed the insubordination of his second in command. But he owed much to Pinzon; for, without his encouragement and assistance, he would never have succeeded in equipping his vessels or in engaging seamen. Gratitude had prevented his punishing the first acts of disobedience of a man to whom he was so deeply indebted. The modest, magnanimous, and forgiving character of Columbus made him avoid all harshness. Full of justice and virtue himself, he expected to find equal justice and virtue in others. This goodness, which Pinzon took for weakness, served as an encouragement to ingratitude. He boldly dashed between Columbus and the new discoveries of which he had resolved to deprive him.

The admiral understood and regretted the fault, but pretended to believe that the *Pinta's* separation was accidental, and steered with his two vessels to the southeast, toward a dark shade that he perceived over the sea, and made the island of Hispaniola, since called San Domingo. Had it not been for this cloud, which induced him to put about, he would have reached the mainland. The American archipelago, by enticing him to wander from isle to isle, seemed to keep him from the goal which he almost touched without seeing. This phantasm of Asia now stood between America and him, to deprive him of the reality by the substitution of a chimera.

This vast new country, surrounded by an atmosphere as clear as crystal, and bathed by a sea with perfume in its waves, appeared to be the marvellous island, detached from India, that he had sought under the fabulous name of Zipangu. He named it Hispaniola, to mark it as his adopted country. The natives, simple, mild, hospitable, open-hearted, and respectful, crowded round them on the shore as though they were beings of a superior order. A numerous and happy population then covered the plains and valleys of Hispaniola. The men and women were models of strength and beauty. The peace which reigned among these nations gave their countenances an expression of gentleness and benevolence. Their laws were only the best instincts of the heart, passed into traditions and customs. They might have been supposed a young race, whose vices had not yet had time to develop, and whom the natural inspirations of innocence sufficed to govern. Of agriculture, gardening, and the other arts of life, they knew enough for their government, their building, and the necessities of existence. Their fields were admirably cultivated, and their elegant cottages were grouped in villages on the edges of forests of fruit-trees, in the neighbourhood of rivers or springs. In a genial climate, without the severity of winter or the heat of a tropical summer, their clothing consisted only of personal ornaments, or of belts and aprons of cotton cloth, sufficient to protect their modesty. Their form of government was as simple as their ideas. It was but the circle of the family, enlarged in the course of generations, but always grouped round an hereditary chief, called the cacique. These caciques were the heads, not the tyrants, of their tribes. Their customs, laws unwritten yet inviolable as divine ordinances, governed

these petty princes — an authority paternal on the one side, and filial on the other, rebellion against which seemed out of the question.

The Cuban natives, whom Columbus had brought with him, already began to comprehend Spanish. They partly understood the language of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, a branch of the same race. They thus established an easy means of communication.

The supposed Indians fearlessly conducted the Spaniards into their houses, and presented them with cassava bread, unknown fruits, fish, sweet roots, tame birds with rich plumage and melodious notes, flowers, palms, bananas, lemons. They treated them as guests, as brothers, almost even as gods. " Nature," says Columbus, " is there so prolific, that property has not produced avarice or cupidity. These people seem to live in a golden age, happy and quiet amid open and endless gardens, neither surrounded by ditches, divided by fences, nor protected by walls. They behave honourably toward one another, without laws, books, or judges. They consider him wicked who takes delight in harming another. This aversion of the good to the bad seems to be all their legislation. Their religion also was but the sentiment of their own inferiority, and of gratitude and love for the Being who had granted them life and happiness.

As Columbus was exploring the bays and havens, the pilot ran the vessel aground while the admiral was asleep. The ship, threatened with destruction, was abandoned by the pilot and part of the crew, who, under pretence of taking an anchor ashore, pulled to the other vessel, thinking Columbus doomed to inevitable death. The admiral's energy again saved, not the ship, but the lives of his companions. He faced the breakers as long as a plank held, and having placed his men on a raft, he landed as a shipwrecked mariner on the same shore he had just visited as a conqueror. He was soon joined by the only vessel he had left. His misfortune did not cool the hospitality of the cacique, whose guest he had been some days previously. This cacique, named Guacanagari, the first friend and afterward the first victim of these strangers, shed tears of compassion over Columbus's disaster. He offered his house, his provisions, and assistance. The riches of the Europeans, rescued from the waves and spread upon the beach, were preserved, as if sacred, from all pillage, and even from troublesome curiosity. These men, who knew no property as between each other, seemed to respect it in their guests. Columbus, in his letters to the king and queen, is loud in his praise of the generosity of this race. " There is nowhere in the universe," he exclaims, " a better nation or a better country. They love their neighbours as themselves; their language is soft and gracious, and the smile of kindness is ever on their lips. They are naked, it is true, but veiled by modesty and frankness."

Columbus, having established with the young cacique relations of the closest intimacy, was presented by him with some gold ornaments. At the sight of gold, the countenances of the Europeans suddenly expressed such

passionate avidity, that the cacique and his subjects took alarm, as if their new friends had changed their disposition toward them. It was but too true. The companions of Columbus were only coveting the fancied riches of the East, while he himself was seeking the mysterious remnant of the world. The sight of gold had recalled their avarice: their faces had become stern and savage as their thoughts. The cacique, informed that this metal was the god of the Europeans, explained, by pointing to the mountains beyond the range they saw, the situation of a country from which he received this gold in abundance. Columbus no longer doubted that he had reached the source of Solomon's wealth, and, preparing everything for his speedy return to Europe, to announce his triumph, he built a fort in the cacique's village, to afford security to a party whom he left behind. He selected forty men, whom he placed under the command of Pedro de Arana. He instructed them to collect information about the gold region, and to keep up the respect of the Indians for the Spaniards. He then set out on his return to Europe, loaded with the gifts of the cacique, and bringing all the ornaments of gold he had been able to procure from the natives during his stay, either by gift or exchange.

While coasting round the island, he met his faithless companion, Pinzon. Concealed in a deep inlet of the island, he had landed, and instead of imitating the mildness of Columbus, had marked his first steps with blood. The admiral, having found his lieutenant, appeared satisfied with his excuses, and willing to attribute his desertion to the night. He ordered Pinzon to follow him to Europe with his vessel. They set sail together, impatient to announce the news of their wonderful navigation. But the ocean seemed with adverse winds to drive them back from the land to which they were so anxious to return. Columbus alone knew the course and the true distances. His companions thought they were still thousands of miles from Europe, while he was already aware of being near the Azores. He soon perceived them. Tremendous squalls of wind and lightning such as he had never before seen flash across the heavens and disappear in the sea — huge waves driving his vessels helplessly about, seemed alternately to open and close the gates of death even on the very threshold of their country. The signals which the two vessels made reciprocally at night, disappeared. Each, driving before the tempest, between the Azores and the Spanish coast, believed the other lost. Columbus, who did not doubt that the *Pinta* was buried beneath the waves, and whose own torn sails and damaged rudder would no longer steer his bark, expected every instant to founder beneath one of these mountains of water that he laboured up, to be swept down again from their foaming crests. He had risked his life freely, but he could not bear to sacrifice his glory. To feel that the discovery he was bringing to the Old World was to be buried with him even when so near port, seemed such a cruel sport of Providence, that he could not make even his piety bend to it. To die when he had but touched with

his foot the soil of Europe, and after having placed his secret and his treasure upon the records of his country, was a destiny he could joyfully accept; but to allow a second world to perish (so to speak) with him, and to carry to the grave the solution of the earth's problem, was a thousand deaths in one. In his vows to all the shrines of Spain, he only asked of God that he might carry to the shore, even with his wreck, the proof of his discovery. Meanwhile storm followed storm; the vessel became waterlogged, and the savage looks, angry murmurs, or the sullen silence of his companions, reproached him for the obstinacy which had persuaded them to this fatal cruise. They considered this continued wrath of the elements as the vengeance of ocean, angry that the boldness of man should have penetrated its mystery. They talked of throwing him into the sea, in order, by a grand expiation, to still the waves.

Columbus, heedless of their anger, but completely taken up with the fate of his discovery, wrote upon parchment several short accounts of his voyage, and closed up some in rolls of wax, and others in cedar cases, and threw them into the sea, in hopes that perchance after his death they might be carried ashore. It has been said that one of these cases drifted about for three centuries and a half, and that not long since a sailor from a European vessel, while getting ballast on the African coast, opposite Gibraltar, picked up a petrified cocoa-nut, and brought it to his captain as a natural curiosity. The captain, on opening the nut to see whether the kernel had resisted the action of time, found that the shell concealed a parchment, which contained, in a Gothic character, these words: "We cannot survive the storm one day longer. We are between Spain and the newly-discovered Eastern Isles. If the caravel founders, may someone pick up this testimony! — Christopher Columbus."

The ocean kept this message for 358 years, and did not give it to Europe until America — colonized, flourishing, and free — already rivalled the old continent.

The next day "Land ho!" was cried. It was the Portuguese isle of St. Mary, the last of the Azores. Columbus was driven from it by the jealous persecution of the Portuguese. Again given up to the sufferings of hunger and tempest for many days, it was not until the 4th of March that they entered the Tagus, where they at length anchored off a European shore. Columbus, on being presented to the King of Portugal, related his discoveries, without explaining his course, lest this prince might anticipate the fleets of Isabella. The nobles of the court of John II advised him to have the navigator assassinated, in order to bury with him his secret, as well as the rights of the Spanish crown over these new lands. John was indignant at this cowardly advice. Columbus was treated with honour, and permitted to send a courier to his sovereigns, to announce his success, and his approaching return by sea to Palos.

He landed there on the 15th of March, 1493, at sunrise, in the midst of a

crowd frantic with joy and pride, which rushed into the water to carry him triumphantly ashore. He threw himself into the arms of his friend and protector, Juan Perez. Columbus walked barefoot at the head of a procession to the monastery to return thanks for his safety, for his glory, and for the acquisition to Spain. The whole population followed him with blessings to the door of this humble convent. Never has any man brought to his country or posterity such a conquest since the creation of the globe, execept those who have given to earth the revelation of a new idea; and this conquest of Columbus had until then cost humanity neither a crime, a single life, a drop of blood, nor a tear. The most delightful days of his existence were those he passed while resting at La Rabida, in the arms of his children, and in the company of his friend the prior.

And as if Heaven had thought fit to crown his happiness and avenge him on the envy which was pursuing him, Alonzo Pinzon brought the *Pinta* next day into the harbour of Palos, where he hoped to arrive before his commander. But foiled in his design, and fearing lest the admiral might punish his desertion, Pinzon died of vexation and disappointment on seeing the vessel of Columbus at anchor. Columbus was too generous to rejoice, much more to have punished him; and the malice that pursues the steps of the great seemed to expire at his feet.

Ferdinand and Isabella, informed of the return and discoveries of their admiral, awaited him at Barcelona with honour and munificence worthy the greatness of his services. The nobility came from all the provinces to meet him. He made a triumphal entry as a prince of future kingdoms. The Indians brought over as a living proof of the existence of new races in these newly-discovered lands, marched at the head of the procession, their bodies painted with divers colours, and adorned with gold necklaces and pearls. The animals and birds, the unknown plants, and the precious stones collected on these shores, were exhibited in golden basins, carried on the heads of Moorish or negro slaves. The eager crowd pressed close upon them, and wondrous tales were circulated about the officers and companions of Columbus. The admiral himself, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger presented by the king, next appeared, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade of courtiers and gentlemen. All eyes were directed toward the man inspired of Heaven, who first had dared lift the veil of Ocean. People sought in his face for a sign of his mission, and thought they could discern one. The beauty of his features, the majesty of his countenance, the vigour of eternal youth joined to the dignity of age, the combination of thought with action, of strength with experience, a thorough appreciation of his worth, combined with piety made Columbus then appear (as those relate who saw him enter Barcelona) like a prophet, or a hero of Holy Writ or Grecian story.

"None could compare with him," they say; "all felt him to be the greatest or most fortunate of men."

Ferdinand and Isabella received him on their throne, shaded from the sun by a golden canopy. They rose up before him as though he had been an inspired messenger. They then made him sit on a level with themselves, and listened to the circumstantial account of his voyage. At the end of his recital, which habitual eloquence had coloured with his exuberant imagination, the king and queen, moved to tears, fell on their knees and repeated the *Te Deum,* a thanksgiving for the greatest conquest the Almighty had yet vouchsafed to sovereigns.

Couriers were dispatched to carry the news and fame of Columbus to all the courts of Europe. The obscurity with which he had until then been surrounded changed to a brilliant renown, filling the earth with his name. The discovery of the poor geographer became the subject of conversation for the world. Columbus neither suffered his mind to be elated by the honour decreed to his name, nor his pride to be humiliated by the jealousy which began to arise.

One day, when dining at the table of Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the guests, envious of the honour paid to the wool-comber's son, asked him sneeringly whether he thought no one else would have discovered the new hemisphere if he had not been born. Columbus did not answer the question, for fear of saying too much or too little of himself; but he took an egg between his fingers, and, addressing the whole company asked them if they could make it stand upright. None could manage this. Columbus then crushed the egg at one end, and, placing it erect on the broken extremity, showed his detractors that, if there were no merit in a simple idea, yet none could find it out before some inventor showed others the example; thus rendering to God the honour of the discovery, but taking to himself the credit of being the first by whom it was made.

Honours, titles, and territorial rights over the lands he should hereafter discover, became, by treaty with the court, the reward of Columbus. He obtained the viceroyalty and the government, with one-fourth of the produce of the seas, islands, and continents on which he should plant the cross of the Church and the flag of Spain. The Archdeacon of Seville, Fonseca, received the title of Patriarch of the Indies, and was charged with the preparation of the new expedition which Columbus was preparing. But, from that day, Fonseca became the secret rival of the navigator; and, as if he had been desirous of crushing the genius it was his duty to second, while appearing to procure aid for Columbus, was really raising obstacles. His delays and false pretences reduced to seventeen sail the fleet which was to escort the admiral back across the Atlantic.

The adventurous disposition of the Spaniards of that day, the ardour of religious proselytism, and the spirit of chivalry, collected in these vessels a great number of priests, gentlemen, and adventurers; some anxious to spread the faith, others desirous of winning renown and fortune by being the first to settle in these new countries. Workmen of all trades, labourers

from all climates, domestic animals of all races, seeds, plants, vine-shoots, slips of fruit-trees, sugar-canes, and specimens of all the arts and trades of Europe, were embarked on these ships, to try the climate and soil, to tempt the inhabitants, and to rob them of the gold, pearls, perfumes, and spices of India, in return for worthless trifles. It was the crusade of religion, war, industry, and avidity — for some, heaven; for others, earth; for all, the unknown and the marvellous.

The most illustrious of those who embarked was Alonzo de Ojeda, formerly a page of Isabella, and the handsomest, bravest, and most adventurous of her court. His mind and body were so overflowing with courage, that he carried his hardihood to the verge of madness. One day, when Isabella had ascended the lofty tower called the Giralda of Seville to look down on the streets and houses, appearing like an open ant-heap at her feet, he sprung on to a narrow beam which projected over the cornice, and, balancing himself on one foot at the end of it, executed the most extraordinary feats of boldness to amuse his sovereign, without being in the least alarmed or dizzy at the fear of imminent death.

On the 25th of September, 1493, the fleet left the Bay of Cadiz. Shouts of joy from the shore accompanied this second departure, which seemed destined to a continued triumph. The two sons of Columbus accompanied their father on board his flagship. He gave them his blessing and left them in Spain, that at least the better half of his existence might remain sheltered from the perils he was going to encounter. His squadron consisted of three large ships and fourteen caravels. The fleet discovered on the 2d of November the island of Guadaloupe, and cruised among the Caribbean islands, to which he gave names derived from his pious recollections; and soon afterward making the point of Hispaniola now called Hayti, Columbus set sail for the gulf where he had built the fort in which he had left his companions. Night concealed the shore from view, when, full of hope and anxiety, he cast anchor. He did not wait for dawn to announce his arrival. A salute from his guns boomed over the waves to acquaint the Spaniards with his return; but the fort remained silent, and this salute was answered only by the echo from the lonely cliffs. Next morning, with daybreak, he discovered the beach deserted, the fort destroyed, the guns half buried under its ruins, the bones of the Spaniards bleaching on the shore, and the village abandoned by its inhabitants. The few natives who appeared in the distance, at the edge of the forest, seemed afraid to come near, as if they were withheld by a feeling of remorse or by dread of revenge. The cacique, more confident in his innocence and in the justice of Columbus, at length advanced, and related the crimes of the Spaniards, who had abused the hospitality of his subjects by oppressing the natives, carrying off their wives and daughters, reducing their hosts to slavery, and, at length, rousing the hatred of the tribe. After having slaughtered a great number of Indians

and burned their huts, they had themselves been killed. The ruined fort was the first monument of the contact of these two races, one of which was bringing slavery and destruction on the other. Columbus wept over the crimes of his companions and the misfortunes of the cacique. He resolved to seek another place to disembark and colonize the island.

The most beautiful among the young Indian girls captured from the neighbouring isles, and kept prisoners in the ships, named Catalina, had attracted the attention of a cacique who visited Columbus on his ship. A plan of escape was arranged between the cacique and the girl by signs which the Europeans did not understand. The night Columbus set sail, Catalina and her companions, foiling their guards, sprang into the water. They swam, pursued in vain by the Europeans, toward the shore, where the cacique had lighted a fire to guide them. The lovers, united by this feat, took shelter in the forests, and concealed themselves from the Europeans.

Columbus landed on virgin soil some distance farther on, and founded the town of Isabella. He established friendly relations with the natives, built, cultivated, and governed the first European colony; and sent round detachments to scour the plains and mountains. He first attracted, and finally subjected, by equitable laws, the various tribes of this vast island. He built forts, and marked out roads toward the different parts of the empire. He searched for gold, which he discovered to be less abundant than he expected in these regions, which he still took for India; he found only the inexhaustible fertility of a rich land, and a people as easy to govern as to subdue. He sent back the greater part of his vessels to Spain, to ask his sovereign for fresh supplies of men, animals, tools, plants, and seeds, required by the immensity of the countries he was going to win over. But the disaffected and the envious were the first to rush on board his fleet, to raise murmurs, accusations, and calumnies against him. He himself remained behind, afflicted with the gout; condemned to inactivity of body and unceasing mental anxiety, and harassed by the rivalries, seditions, plots, disgraceful insubordination, and famine of his companions.

Always indulgent and noble-minded, Columbus triumphed, through sheer force of character, over the turbulence of his countrymen and the disobedience of his lieutenants, and was satisfied with confining the mutineers on board the vessels. On recovering from his long illness, he traversed the island with a picked body of men, seeking in vain for the mines of Solomon, but studying the natural history and peculiarities of the soil, and spreading respect and affection for his name.

He found, on his return, the same disorder, mutiny, and vice. The Spaniards made bad use of the superstition and fear with which they and their horses inspired the natives. The Indians took them for monstrous beings — horse and rider forming but one creature — striking down, and blasting with fire the enemies of the Europeans. By the influence of this dread,

they enslaved, violated, and tortured this gentle and obedient race. Columbus again interfered to punish the tyranny of his companions. He desired to bring the Indians the religion and arts of Europe, not its yoke and its sins. After re-establishing some sort of order, he embarked to visit the island of Cuba. He reached it, and sailed for a time past its shores, without discovering the extremity of the land, which he took for a continent. He sailed from thence toward Jamaica, another island of immense extent, whose mountain peaks he saw among the clouds. Then, crossing an archipelago, which he called the Garden of the Queen, from the richness and perfume of the vegetation on its isles, he returned to Cuba, and succeeded in establishing relations with the natives. These looked on with respect at the ceremonies of worship which the Spaniards celebrated in a recess among the palm-trees by the shore. One of their old men came up to Columbus after the ceremony, and said, in a solemn tone, "What thou hast done is well, for it appears to be thy worship of the universal God. They say that thou comest to these lands with great power beyond all resistance. If that be so, hear from me what our ancestors have told our fathers, who have repeated it to ourselves. When the souls of men are separated by the divine will from their bodies, they go, some to a country without sun and trees, others to a region of beauty and delight, according as they have acted ill or well here below, by doing evil or good to their fellows. If, therefore, thou art to die like us, have a care to do no wrong to those who have never injured thee."

This discourse of the old Indian, related by Las Casas, showed that they had a religion rivaling Christianity in the simplicity of its precepts and purity of its morality — either a mysterious emanation or primitive nature untarnished by depravity and vice, or the tradition of an ancient civilization long since exhausted.

After a long and fatiguing voyage of discovery, Columbus returned in a dying state to Hispaniola. His fatigue and anxiety, added to suffering and the approach of age, unfelt by his mind, but weighing upon his body, for a time triumphed over his genius. His sailors brought him back to Isabella insensible and exhausted. But Providence watched over him during the abeyance of his faculties. On recovering he found his beloved brother Bartholomew sitting by his bedside. He had come from Europe to Hispaniola, as though he had felt a presentiment of his brother's need. Bartholomew was endowed with the strength of the family, as Diego had the gentleness and Christopher the genius. The vigour of his body equalled the energy of his mind. Of athletic frame and iron nerve, with robust health, a commanding aspect, and a powerful voice that could be heard above wind and waves; a sailor from his youth, a soldier and adventurer; gifted with the boldness that secures obedience, and the integrity which ensures submission; as fit for command as for contest — he was the very man Columbus most wanted in the extremity to which anarchy had reduced his

kingdom; and besides, he was imbued with as much respect as attachment for the head and honour of his house. His relationship made Columbus certain of the fidelity of his lieutenant. The attachment of the brothers to each other was the best pledge of confidence on one side, and submission on the other. Columbus, during the long months throughout which exhausted nature compelled himself to inaction, gave up the government to him, under the title of Adelantado, or superintendent and vice-governor. Bartholomew, a severer administrator than Christopher, commanded more respect, but raised more opposition.

The rashness and treachery of the young Spanish warrior, Ojeda, raised a war of despair between the Indians and the colony. That intrepid adventurer, having advanced with some horsemen into the most distant and independent portions of the island, persuaded one of the caciques to return with him to Isabella, with a number of Indians, to see the grandeur and wealth of the Europeans. The cacique was induced to follow him. After some days, when they halted on the bank of a river, Ojeda, practising on the simplicity of the chief, showed him a pair of handcuffs of polished steel, whose brilliancy dazzled him. Ojeda told him that these were bracelets, which the kings of Europe wore on grand days when they met their subjects. His host was induced to wear them, and to ride on horseback like a Spaniard, that his subjects might see him in this pretended dress of the sovereigns of the Old World. The cacique had scarcely put on the handcuffs and mounted behind the cunning Ojeda, when the horsemen galloped off with their prisoner, crossed the island, and brought him to the colony, where they kept him in the irons which his childish vanity had induced him to put on.

A vast insurrection roused the Indians against this perfidy of strangers whom they had at first considered as guests, friends, benefactors, and gods. This insurrection brought down upon them the vengeance of the Spaniards. They reduced the Indians to a state of slavery, and sent four vessels to Spain loaded with these victims of their avarice, to make an infamous traffic in human cattle; thus making up for the gold they expected to pick up like dust in countries where they found nothing but blood, the war degenerated into a man hunt. Dogs brought from Europe, and trained to this chase in the forests, tracking down, throttling, and worrying the natives, assisted the Spaniards in this inhuman devastation.

Columbus, on reassuming the reins of government, was himself drawn into the wars which had broken out during his illness. He gained some decisive battles over the Indians, obliged them to submit to the yoke which gentleness and policy made easy, and merely subjected them to a small tribute of gold and the fruits of their country, rather as a token of alliance than of slavery. The island again flourished under his moderation; but the unhappy and confiding cacique, Guacanagari, who had been the first to receive the strangers, vexed to despair at having been the involuntary ac-

complice of his country's ruin, fled into the mountains of the interior, and died there a freeman, rather than live a slave under the laws of those who had taken a shameful advantage of his kindness.

During the sickness of Columbus and the troubles in the island, his enemies at court had injured him in the favour of Ferdinand. Isabella, more firm in her admiration, tried in vain to interpose her protection. The court sent to Hispaniola a magistrate invested with secret powers, authorizing him to take informations concerning alleged crimes of the viceroy, and to dispossess him of his authority and send him back to Europe if the accusations were confirmed. This partial judge, named Aguado, arrived at Hispaniola while the viceroy was at the head of the troops in the interior, employed in pacifying and managing the country. Forgetting the gratitude he owed Columbus as the first cause of his wealth, Aguado, even before collecting information, declared Columbus guilty, and provisionally deprived him of his authority. Surrounded and applauded on landing by the malcontents of the colony, he ordered Columbus to come to Isabella, and acknowledge his authority. Columbus, surrounded by friends and his devoted soldiery, might easily have refused obedience to the insolent commands of a subordinate. He, however, bowed before the mere name of his sovereign, went unarmed to Aguado, and giving up his authority, allowed him to carry on the infamous trial.

But at the very moment when his fortune was thus waning before persecution, it bestowed on him the favour of all others the most sure to reconcile him with the court. One of his young officers, Miguel Diaz, having killed one of his companions in a duel, fled into one of the back parts of the island. The tribe that inhabited that district was governed by the widow of a cacique, a young Indian of great beauty. She became deeply enamoured of the fugitive, and married him. But Diaz, though loved and presented with a crown by the object of his affection, could not forget his country, or conceal the sadness which his exile threw over him. His wife, questioning him as to his melancholy, was informed that gold was the passion of the Spaniards, and that they would come and live with him in that country if they could find the precious metal. The young Indian, overjoyed at having the means of retaining the man she loved, told him of the existence of inexhaustible mines hidden in the mountains. Having learned this secret, and being certain that it would procure his pardon, Diaz hastened to inform Columbus. Bartholomew went off with Diaz and an armed escort to verify the discovery. In a few days they reached a valley in which a stream rolled down gold dust among its sand, and where the rocks in the river were covered with shining particles of the metal. Columbus established a fort in the neighbourhood, worked and enlarged mines opened long before, and collected immense wealth for his sovereigns, becoming more and more convinced that he had discovered the fabulous land of Ophir. Diaz, grateful to the young Indian to whom he owed his pardon, his fortune, and his

happiness, had his marriage with her blessed by the priests of his own faith, and governed her tribe in peace.

After this, Columbus yielded without hesitation to the orders of Aguado, and embarked with his judge for Spain. He arrived, after eight months, more like a criminal led to execution than a conqueror returning with trophies. Calumny, incredulity, and reproach met him at Cadiz. Spain, which expected wonders, saw nothing but broken adventurers, accusers, and naked slaves. The unfortunate cacique, still confined in fetters, and taken over as a living trophy for Ferdinand and Isabella, died at sea, cursing his confidence in the Europeans and their treachery.

Columbus, adapting his dress to the misery of his situation, went to Burgos, where the court then was, in a Franciscan's dress, with nothing over it but a cord for a girdle; his head bowed down with years, care, and affliction; white-haired, and barefooted. Isabella alone received him with compassion, and persisted in giving credit to his virtue and services. This constant though secret favour of the queen sustained the admiral against the calumnies of the court. He proposed new voyages and vaster discoveries. They consented to trust him with more vessels, but made him waste, by systematic delays, the few years for which his advanced age left him strength. The pious Isabella, while granting him fresh titles and powers, stipulated on behalf of the Indians for conditions of liberty and humanity far in advance of the ideas of her time. The instinct of a woman's heart condemned that slavery which religion and philosophy could not abolish until 400 years later. At length Columbus was acquitted, and again allowed to sail for his new country; but hatred and envy followed him even on board his vessel. Breviesca, treasurer of the Patriarch of the Indies, and Fonseca, outrageously abused the admiral just as he was heaving anchor. Columbus, who, until then, had been restrained by his own strength of character, his patience, and his feeling of the greatness of his mission, now first gave vent to his wrath. At this last insult he gave way to passion, and striking with all the vigour of his spirit and the strength of his arm, redoubled by anger, at his persecutor, he felled him to the deck, and trampled him under foot. Such was the farewell to the jealousy of Europe of him who seemed too great or too fortunate for a mortal. This sudden vengeance raised a new cause of hatred in the heart of Fonseca, and gave his enemies a new point of attack. The wind which sprung up carried him out of reach of the insults and out of sight of the shore of his country.

In this voyage he changed his course, and reached the island of Trinidad, which he named. He rounded this island, and coasted the shore of the American continent near the mouth of the Orinoco. The freshness of the sea-water, which he tasted, ought to have convinced him that a river which poured a sufficient flood upon the ocean to freshen its waves could only come from a continent. He landed, however, without suspecting that it was the shore of the unknown world. He found it deserted and

silent. A distant column of smoke, an abandoned hut, and some traces of feet on the sand, were all that he beheld of America. He did but pass a single night under the sail which served for a tent; but even this ought to have been sufficient to bequeath his name to the new hemisphere.

He quitted the Gulf of Paria, and after a laborious survey of these seas, revisited Hispaniola. His afflictions of mind and body, his long delay in Spain, the ingratitude of his countrymen, the coldness of Ferdinand, the hatred of his ministers, his want of sleep during his voyages, and the infirmities of age, had affected him more than fatigue. His eyes were inflamed from want of rest, and from gazing upon maps and stars; his limbs, aching with the gout, could scarcely support him. His mind alone was vigorous; and his genius carried him in thought beyond his sufferings and beyond his time. Bartholomew, who had governed the colony during his absence, was again his consolation and succour. He came to meet the admiral as soon as his scouts signalled a sail in sight.

Bartholomew related the vicissitudes of the colony during his absence. He had scarcely finished the exploration and subjugation of the country, when the disorders of the Spaniards and the conspiracies of his own lieutenants undid the effects of his wisdom and energy. A superintendent named Roldan, popular and cunning, got together a party of sailors and adventurers, the refuse of Spain. He established himself with them on the opposite shore of San Domingo, and leagued against Bartholomew with the caciques of the neighbouring tribes. He built or captured forts, in which he defied the authority of his chief. The Indians, seeing these divisions among their tyrants, took advantage of them to rise in insurrection and to refuse the tribute. The new settlement was in complete anarchy. The heroism of Bartholomew alone retained some fragments of power in his hands. Ojeda freighted vessels on his own account for Spain; he cruised and made a descent on the southern shore of the island, and leagued himself with Roldan. Then Roldan betrayed Ojeda, and ranged himself again under the governor. During these disturbances, a young Spaniard of remarkable beauty, Don Fernando de Guerara, won the love of the daughter of Anacoana, widow of the cacique Ojeda had sent to Spain, but who died on the voyage. Anacoana herself was still young, and celebrated among the tribes for her beauty, her genius, and her poetical talent, which made her the Sibyl of her countrymen. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of her husband, she entertained a great admiration and predilection for the Spaniards. The numerous tribes which she and her brother governed afforded a safe asylum to these strangers. She extended to them hospitality, money, and protection. Her subjects, more civilized than the other tribes, lived in peace, rich and happy under her government.

Roldan, who ruled over that part of the island which was under Anacoana, became jealous of the influence of Guerara at the court of this princess. He forbade him to marry her daughter, and ordered him to embark.

Fernando refused and conspired against Roldan, but was taken prisoner by Roldan's soldiery in the house of Anacoana, and sent to Isabella to be tried. An expedition left the capital under pretence of surveying the island, and was received with great kindness in Anacoana's capital. The perfidious chief of this expedition had induced the queen to invite thirty caciques from the south of the island to see the festivities. The Spaniards, during the dances and feasts, arranged to fire the house, and kill their hostess, with her family, guests, and people. They persuaded Anacoana, her daughter, and the thirty caciques to see from their balcony the evolutions of their horse, and a sham fight among the cavaliers of their escort. The cavalry suddenly fell upon the unarmed populace that curiosity had collected in the square; they sabred them, and rode them down under the horses' feet; then, throwing a body of infantry round the palace, to prevent escape, they fired the building, still containing the remains of the feast at which they had themselves been seated, and beheld the unhappy Anacoana, forced back into her palace, expire among the flames, imprecating upon her murderers the vengeance of her gods.

This crime threw the island into a horror and commotion, which Columbus, with all his policy and virtue, was for long unable to subdue. The flames of the palace and the blood of this queen roused the oppressed against the oppressors: the island became a field of carnage, a prison, and a grave to the unhappy Indians. The Spaniards, as fanatical in their proselytism as they were barbarous in their avarice, now entered in Hispaniola upon the career of crime and cruelty which was shortly afterward to depopulate Mexico. The embrace of the two races was fatal to the weaker.

While Columbus was trying to pacify these different portions of the population, Ferdinand, informed by his enemies of the misfortunes of the island, imputed them to the governor. Columbus had asked the court to send him a magistrate of high rank, whose decision might command the respect of his undisciplined companions. The court sent him Bobadilla, a man of unimpeachable morality, but fanatical, and of excessive pride. The ill-defined power with which the royal decree had invested him, while it made him a subordinate, yet raised him above all authority. On arriving at Hispaniola, prejudiced against the admiral, he summoned him to appear before him as a prisoner, and, having had chains brought, ordered the soldiers to confine their general. The soldiers, accustomed to respect and love their chief, whom age and glory had made more venerable in their eyes, refused, and remained still, as if they had been desired to commit a sacrilege. But Columbus, holding out his hands to receive the chains his king had sent him, allowed himself to be fettered by one of his own domestics — a volunteer executioner, a ruffian in his own pay and service — called Espinosa, whose name Las Casas has preserved as the type of servile insolence and ingratitude.

Columbus himself ordered his brothers, who still commanded the army

in the interior, to submit to his judge. He was shut up in the dungeon of Fort Isabella for several months, while the informations were taken for his trial, in which his rebellious subjects and all his enemies, now accusers and jury, vied with each other in charging him with the most absurd and hateful imputations. An object of public scorn and detestation, he heard from his prison the savage jests and boasts of his persecutors who assembled round him every evening to insult his misfortunes. He expected hourly to see the order for his execution. But Bobadilla did not venture upon this last crime. He ordered the admiral to be banished and sent to Spain, to meet the justice or mercy of the king. Alonso de Villejo was appointed to guard him during the passage — a man of honour, obedient from a sense of military duty; but disgusted at his orders and merciful to his prisoner. Columbus, seeing him enter his dungeon, did not doubt that his last hour had come. Human nature, however, made him feel some anxiety. " Where are you going to take me? " he asked the officer. " To the vessel in which you are to embark, my lord," said Villejo. " To embark? " said Columbus, hesitating to believe this message, which implied that his life was safe; " do not deceive me, Villejo! " " No, my lord," replied the officer, " I swear, before God, that nothing is more true." He assisted the tottering steps of the admiral, and placed him on board, loaded with irons, and pursued by the hooting of a vile populace.

The vessel had hardly set sail, when Villejo and Andreas Martin, commanders of the ship, respectfully addressed him at the head of the crew, and desired to take off his irons. Columbus, to whom these were a sign of obedience to Isabella and a symbol of the wickedness of men, thanked them, but obstinately refused to take off his gyves. " No," said he, " my sovereigns have written to me to submit to Bobadilla. It is in their names that I have been put in these irons, which I will wear until they themselves order them removed; and I will afterward preserve them," he added, " as a reminiscence of the reward bestowed by men upon my labours."

His son and Las Casas relate that Columbus faithfully kept his promise; that he had his chains hung up in his sight wherever he lived; and that, in his will, he ordered them to be placed in his coffin.

Party hatred did not cross the ocean. The spoliation, the imprisonment, and the fetters of Columbus roused the pity and indignation of the people of Cadiz. When they saw the old man who had presented a new empire to their country — brought back from that empire as a miscreant, and repaid for his services with disgrace — all exclaimed against Bobadilla. Isabella, then at Granada, shed tears over this indignity, and commanded that his fetters should be changed for rich robes, and his jailers for an escort of honour. She sent for him to Granada; he fell at her feet, and sobs of thankfulness interrupted his speech. The king and queen did not even deign to examine the accusations laid to his charge. He was acquitted as much in consequence of their respect as of his own merits. They kept the

admiral some time at their court, and sent out another governor, Ovando, to replace Bobadilla. Ovando had the principles which make a man honest rather than the virtues which produce generosity of character. He was one of those with whom everything is narrow, even to their sense of duty, and in whom honesty seems rather to have arisen from contracted scruples than from a feeling of honour. Least of all was he fitted to replace a great man. He was ordered by Isabella to protect the Indians, and forbidden to sell them as slaves. The share in the revenue, guaranteed by treaty to Columbus, was to be remitted to him in Spain, as well as the treasures of which he had been deprived by Bobadilla. A fleet of thirty sail escorted the new governor to Hispaniola.

Columbus, unaffected by old age, and recruited from his sufferings, was impatient of rest and even of the honours of the whole country. Vasco de Gama had just discovered the road to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The world was full of admiration of this discovery of the Portuguese mariner. A noble spirit of chivalry occupied the mind of the Genoese navigator. Convinced of the circularity of the earth, he thought to reach the prolongation of the eastern continent by sailing straight westward, and he solicited from the court the command of a fourth expedition. He embarked at Cadiz on the 19th of May, 1502, for the last time, accompanied by his brother Bartholomew and his son Fernando, then fourteen years of age. His squadron consisted of four small vessels adapted for cruising on the coast, and exploring the gulfs and estuaries he wished to examine. His crews only mustered 150 strong. Although nearly seventy, his vigorous old age had, from his mental energy, resisted the waste of years: neither his illnesses nor the approach of death could turn him from his purpose. "Man," he would say, "is an instrument that must work until it breaks in the hands of Providence, which uses it for its own purposes. As long as the body is able, the spirit must be willing."

He had intended to touch at Hispaniola to refit, and had authority to do so. He crossed the ocean in stormy weather, and arrived with broken masts and torn sails, short of water and provisions. His experience made him foresee a hurricane more terrible than any he had yet encountered. He sent a boat to ask Ovando's leave to take shelter in the roads of Isabella. Aware of the impending danger, Columbus warned Ovando to delay the departure of a numerous convoy ready to start for Spain, laden with all the treasures of the New World. Ovando refused Columbus a brief refuge in the very port he himself had discovered. He bore away indignantly, and, seeking shelter under the remotest cliffs of the island, beyond the jurisdiction of Ovando, waited for the tempest. It destroyed the governor's whole fleet, with all its treasures, and cost the lives of 1000 Spaniards. Columbus felt its effects even in this distant roadstead. He sighed over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and, leaving this inhospitable island, revisited Jamaica, and at length landed on the continent in the bay of

Honduras. He encountered sixty days of continued tempest, buffeted about on the unknown shore of that America whose conquest the elements seemed to dispute with him. He lost one of his vessels, and the fifty men who composed its crew, at the mouth of a river which he named Desastro.

As the sea seemed to obstruct the road to the Indies, he cast anchor between the continent and a charming island. He was visited by the Indians, and kept seven of them with him, that he might learn their language and obtain intelligence. He cruised with them along a shore where the natives had gold and pearls in abundance. At the beginning of the year 1504, he ascended the river Veragua, and sent Bartholomew, at the head of sixty men, to visit the villages on its banks, and search for gold. He found nothing but forests and savages. The admiral quitted this river, and sailed up another, of which the banks were peopled by Indians, who exchanged gold with his crews for the commonest trifles. He thought he had obtained the object of his hopes, but he had reached the climax of his misfortunes. War broke out between this handful of Europeans and the numerous population. Bartholomew struck down with his own hand the most powerful and dreaded cacique, and made him prisoner. A village which Columbus had built on the coast to establish trade with the interior was burned by the natives. Eight Spaniards, pierced by arrows, perished under the ruins of their cabins. Bartholomew rallied the boldest of his men and drove back the savages into the forest; but the blood that had been shed increased the mutual hatred, and the Indian canoes in great force attacked a boat from the squadron, which was trying to pull further up the river. All the Europeans were massacred. During this struggle, Columbus, confined to his ship by his infirmities and sickness, kept the cacique and the chiefs prisoners on board. These chiefs, being told of the wasting of their territories and the capture of their wives, tried to escape during a dark night by lifting the hatch. The crew, aroused by the noise, drove them below, and fastened the scuttle with an iron bar. The next day, when the scuttle was opened to give them food, they were all found dead. They had killed one another in despair, to escape slavery.

Columbus was shortly afterward separated by the breakers from Bartholomew, who had remained ashore with the remainder of the expedition, and his only means of communication was owing to the courage of an officer, who swam to and fro across the surf with news that became worse every day. He could not leave his companions, or abandon them in their misfortunes. Anxiety, sickness, hunger — the prospect of a shipwreck without relief, and unwitnessed, on the fatal continent — were warring in his breast with his constancy and submission to the commands of God, of whom he felt that he was at once the messenger and the victim. He thus described the state of his mind during his vigils: "I was tired, and had fallen asleep, when a sad and piteous voice spoke these words to me: 'Weak man, slow to believe and serve the God of the Universe! How otherwise did

God unto Moses and David his servants? From thy birth, he has had great care of thee. As soon as thou reachedst man's estate, he made thy obscure name wonderfully known throughout the world; he gave thee possession of the Indies, the favoured part of his creation; he let thee find the key of the gates of the unmeasured ocean, until then an impassable barrier. Turn thee toward Him, and bless his mercies; and if there is yet a great enterprise to be accomplished, thy age will be no obstacle to his designs. Was not Abraham more than a hundred when he begat Isaac, or was Sarah young? Who caused thy present afflictions, God or the world? The promises he made thee he hath never broken. He never told thee, after thou hadst done his bidding, that thou hadst not understood his orders. He renders all that he owes, yea, and more besides. What thou sufferest today is thy payment for the labour and danger thou hast undergone for other masters. Fear nothing, therefore; take courage even in thy despair. All thy tribulations are engraven on marble, and not without reason, for surely will they be accomplished'; and the voice which had spoken to me left me full of consolation and courage."

A change of season at length brought about a change of weather, and the brothers, so long separated, again met on board. They sailed slowly toward Hispaniola. One of the three remaining caravels foundered from utter decay as they neared shore. He had now only two crazy old vessels for himself and his three crews. His companions, depressed in spirits, without provisions and strength, his anchors lost, his vessels leaky, and their planks worm-eaten, the storms driving him back from Hispaniola toward Jamaica, he had just time to run his vessels aground on the sand of an unknown bay. He tied them together with cables, and, joining their decks with a platform, over which he spread an awning, he waited for the help of Providence.

The Indians, attracted by the singular fortress built upon their beach, exchanged provisions for worthless objects. But months passed, provisions were getting scarce, and fear for the future, and the seditious murmurs of the crews, gave rise to great anxiety. The only hope of safety was in making Ovando acquainted with his position. But fifty leagues of sea rolled between Hispaniola and Jamaica. An Indian canoe was the only craft he could set afloat; and who would risk his life upon such a perilous voyage in a hollow tree, without any guidance but a paddle? Diego Mendez, a young officer, who had shown that disregard of self which makes heroes, presented himself to the admiral's mind. He had him secretly called to his bed, to which he was confined by the gout, and said to him, " My son, of all here, you and I alone understand the present danger, in which our only prospect is death. There still remains an experiment to be tried — for one of us to expose himself to death in the endeavour to save all. Will you be that one? " Mendez answered, " My lord, I have several times risked

my life for my companions; but some of them murmur, and say that your favour always singles me out when there is any daring exploit to be attempted. Call upon the crew tomorrow morning for one of them to undertake the duty you offer me. If no one volunteers, I will accept it." The admiral did as Mendez desired. All the crew said it was unreasonable to require them to make such a long passage in a mere morsel of wood. Mendez then stepped forward modestly, and said, " I have but a single life to lose, but I am ready to risk it in your service, and in the hope of saving all. I confide myself to the protection of God." He set off, and soon disappeared in the dimness of the horizon.

But hopeless expectation, isolation from the known world, and misery, excited his companions against the admiral, to whom they attributed their misfortunes. Two of his favourite officers, Diego and Francesco de Porras, whom he had treated as his own sons and intrusted with the command under himself, were the first to raise against him murmurs and abuse, and at last open sedition. They took advantage of a crisis of his complaint, and, drawing after them half the sailors and soldiers, they seized on a portion of the provisions and arms, assembled their accomplices to the cry of " Castile! Castile! ", and abused and insulted the admiral. Columbus, who could scarcely raise his hands to heaven to pray, in vain begged them to return to their duty. They despised alike his entreaties and his orders. They reproached him with his age, his white hairs, his sufferings, and even raised their weapons against him. Bartholomew seized his lance and rushed between the mutineers and the admiral, who was supported in the arms of his servants. Assisted by a part of the crew, he succeeded in saving the life and maintaining the authority of his brother. The two Porras, and fifty accomplices, quitted the ships, ravaged the country, raised the enmity of the natives by their excesses, and tried unsuccessfully to build vessels to enable them to reach Hispaniola — an attempt in which part of them perished. They then came back and attacked Columbus and their fellow-countrymen on board the ships, but were repulsed by the stalwart arm of Bartholomew, who killed their chief, Francesco Porras; and the remainder at length submitted to their duty, begging Columbus to forgive their ingratitude and rebellion.

Meanwhile, the messenger of Columbus, in his frail bark, guided by Providence across the waters, had at length been thrown upon the rocks of Hispaniola. Guided across the island by the natives, he had succeeded, after endless fatigue and dangers, in reaching Ovando. He gave him the admiral's message, and added to the interest of his mission by the pity which his account of the desperate situation ought to have inspired. But, whether from incredulity or ignorance, or a secret hope of effecting the ruin of a rival too great not to be embarrassing, the Spanish authorities allowed, under various pretences, days, even months, to pass. Then they

sent, as it were unwillingly, a small vessel commanded by Escobar, merely to reconnoitre the position of the shipwrecked vessels, without landing or speaking with the crews. This vessel had appeared at a distance one night to Columbus and his sailors, and disappeared so mysteriously that their superstition had made them take it for a phantom ship, which came to mock their hopes or announce their death.

Ovando at length made up his mind to send ships to the admiral, to rescue him from sedition, famine, and death. After a sixteen months' shipwreck, the admiral, overcome with infirmities, increased by his misfortunes, revisited, for a short season, the island he had made an empire, and from which jealousy and ingratitude had driven him. He remained some months in the house of the governor, well received in appearance, but deprived of all influence in the government, seeing his enemies in favour, and his friends banished or persecuted for their fidelity to him; grieving over the ruin and slavery of the land which he had found a garden, and now left a grave to his beloved Indians. His own property confiscated, his revenues plundered, his estates depopulated or wasted, he was exposed to poverty, want, and sickness. He, and his son and brother, with a few servants, were at length put on board a vessel bound for Europe, and a continued tempest swept him on through storm after storm to San Lucar, where he disembarked on the 7th of November. He was thence removed to Seville, where he arrived in a dying state, but unsubdued in spirit, unconquerable in will, and full of hope.

The possessor of so many islands and continents had not where to lay his head. " If I want to eat or to sleep," he writes to his son, " I must knock at the door of an inn, and oftentimes I have not the money to pay for a meal or a bed." His misfortunes and poverty were less burdensome than the misery of his companions and servants, whom his expectations had induced to follow his fortunes, and who reproached him with their want. He wrote to the king and queen on their behalf. But the ungrateful Porras had preceded him and prejudiced Ferdinand against his benefactor. " I have served your majesty," Columbus wrote to the king and queen, " with as much zeal and constancy as I would have worked for the hope of heaven, and if I have failed in any thing, it is because my skill or power could not reach it."

He relied with reason on the favour of Isabella, but this support was also about to fail him. Domestic misfortune had reached her also; she was languishing, inconsolable for her favourite daughter's death. While dying, she wrote in her will this evidence of her humility, and of constant love for the husband to whom she wished to remain united even in death. " I desire that my body be buried in the Alhambra, in a grave level with the ground and trodden down, and that my name be engraved on a flat tombstone. But if my lord the king choses a burial-place in some other temple or other part of our dominions, then I desire that my body be exhumed, and buried

by the side of his, that the union of our bodies in the grave may attest the union of our hearts during our lives, and I hope, by the mercy of God, the union of our souls in heaven."

On hearing of the death of his benefactress, Columbus wrote to Diego: "O, my son, let this serve to teach you what is now your duty. The first thing is to recommend the soul of our sovereign lady piously and affectionately to God. She was so good and holy, that we may feel sure of her eternal glory, and of her being now sheltered in the bosom of God from the tribulations of this world. The second thing I have to desire is, that you will labour with all your might for the king's service: he is the chief of Christendom. Remember, with regard to him, that when the head suffers, the limbs feel it. All the world ought to pray for the peace and preservation of his life, especially we who are his servants."

Such were Columbus' feelings, even at the height of his disappointments. But the death of Isabella affected not only his fortunes, but his life. Obliged to stop at Seville for want of means and by increasing infirmities, his only comforters were his brother Bartholomew and his son Fernando. This son, now sixteen years of age, exhibited all the serious qualities of middle life, with all the graces of youth: "Love him as a brother," Columbus writes to his eldest son Diego, then at court; "you have no other. Ten brothers would not be too many for you. I never had better friends than my brothers." He desired Bartholomew to take the youth to court, and commend him to the care of Diego. Bartholomew started with Fernando for Segovia, where the court then resided. He in vain solicited attention and justice for Columbus. When the approach of spring made the air more genial, Columbus, with his brother and sons, set out himself for Segovia. His presence was troublesome to the king, and his poverty was felt as a reproach. The judgment on his conduct, and the question of restoring his property, were referred to courts of conscience, which, without venturing to deny his rights, wore out his patience by delay. They were, at the same time, wearing out his life. His mental anxiety, and his sense of the poverty in which he was likely to leave his brothers and sons, added to his bodily sufferings. From his sick-bed he wrote to the king: "Your majesty does not think fit to keep the promises I have received from you and from the queen, who is now in glory. To struggle with your will would be wrestling with the wind. I have done my duty. May God, who has always been good to me, accomplish what remains, according to his divine justice!"

He felt that life, and not his firmness, was about to fail him. Bartholomew and Diego had gone by his order to petition Queen Juana, Isabella's daughter, who was returning from Flanders to Castile. Physical sufferings and mental anguish; the feeling that his days were drawing to a close; the triumph of his enemies at court, the contempt of the courtiers, the coldness of the prince, the approach of death, the loneliness in a forgetful or ungrateful town by the absence of his brother and sons; the remem-

brance of a life of which half was spent in waiting for the advent of a great destiny, and the other half in brooding over the uselessness of genius; doubtless, also, pity for the innocent and happy race of Indians, whom he had found free in their garden of delight, and whom he left slaves, despoiled and outraged, in the hands of oppressors; his brothers without support, and his sons without inheritance; doubts as to the judgment of posterity on his fame; the agony of genius misunderstood — all these afflictions of his limbs, body, soul, and mind — of the past, present, and future — united in weighing upon the old man in his chamber in Segovia. He asked one of his servants — the old and last remaining companion — to bring to his bedside a little breviary, a gift made him by Pope Alexander VI, at the time when sovereigns treated him as a sovereign. He wrote his will, with a weak hand, on a page of this book, to which he attributed the virtue of divine consecration.

Strange sight for his poor servant! An old man, abandoned by the world, and dying on a pauper's bed in a hired chamber at Segovia, distributing, in his will, seas, hemispheres, islands, continents, nations, and empires! He appointed, as his principal heir, his legitimate son Diego; in case of his dying without issue, his rights were to pass to his natural brother, Fernando: and if Fernando also died without children, the inheritance passed to his uncle, Don Bartholomew, and his descendants. "I pray my sovereigns and their successors," he continued, "to maintain for ever my wishes in the distribution of my rights, goods, and charges; for I, a native of Genoa, came to Castile to serve them, and have discovered in the far west the continent and the isles of India! . . . My son is to inherit my office of Admiral of the Seas to the westward of a line drawn from one pole to the other! . . ." Passing from this to the distribution of the revenue guaranteed him by his treaty, he divided, with liberality and wisdom, the millions which were to accrue to his family between his sons and Bartholomew. He assigned one fourth to his brother, and two millions a year to Fernando. He remembered the mother of this child, Beatrice Enriquez, whom he had never married, and with whose abandonment his conscience reproached him. He charged his heir to make a liberal pension to her who had been the companion of his days of obscurity, when he was struggling at Toledo. He even seemed to accuse himself of ingratitude or neglect toward his second love, for he appends to the legacy on her behalf these words, which must have hung heavy on his dying hand: "and let this be done for the relief of my conscience, for her name and recollection are a heavy load upon my soul."

Then, he called to mind the city of Genoa, in which time had swept away all his father's house, but where he still had some distant relatives. "I command Diego, my son," he writes, "always to maintain in Genoa a member of our family, who may reside there with his wife, and secure to him an honourable sustenance, such as befits a relative of ours. I desire

that this relative may retain his domicile and the citizenship of that city; for there was I born, and thence did I come.

" Let my son," he adds, with that chivalrous sentiment of his own allegiance to the sovereign which at that time constituted almost a second religion, " serve, in remembrance of me, the king and queen and their successors, even to the loss of the goods of this life, since, after God, it was they who furnished me with the means of making my discoveries.

" It is very true," he goes on, with involuntary bitterness, " that I came from afar to make the offer, and that much time elapsed before anyone would believe in the gift I brought their majesties; but this was natural; for it was for all the world a mystery, which could not fail to excite unbelief! Wherefore I must share the glory with these sovereigns, who were the first to put faith in me."

Columbus' thoughts next reverted to God, whom he had always looked upon as his only true suzerain, as if he had been the immediate vassal of that Providence whose instrument and minister above all others he felt himself to be. Resignation and enthusiasm, the two mainsprings of his life, did not fail him in the hour of death. He humbled himself beneath the hand of nature, and was exalted by the hand of God. He was full of repentance for his faults, and of hope in his double immortality. A poet at heart, as may be seen in his discourses and writings, he took from the Psalms the last yearnings of his soul and the last utterance of his lips. He pronounced in Latin his farewell, and yielded up aloud his soul to the Creator. A servant satisfied with his work, and dismissed from the visible world, he departed for the invisible world, to take possession of the expanse of the infinite universe.

The envy and ingratitude of his age and of his king vanished with the last breath of the great man they had made their victim. His contemporaries seemed anxious to make amends to the dead for the persecutions they had inflicted on the living. They gave Columbus a royal funeral. His body, and afterward that of his son, after having successively occupied several monuments in various Spanish cathedrals, were removed and buried, according to their wishes, in Hispaniola, as conquerors in the land they had won. They now rest in Cuba. But, by a singular decision of Providence or an ungrateful caprice of man, of all the lands of America which disputed the honour of retaining his ashes, not one retained his name.

All the characteristics of the truly great man are united in Columbus. Genius, labour, patience, obscurity of origin, overcome by energy of will; mild, but persisting firmness, resignation toward heaven, struggle against the world; long conception of the idea in solitude, heroic execution of it in action; intrepidity and coolness in storms, fearlessness of death in civil strife; confidence in the destiny, not of an individual, but of the race; a life risked without hesitation in venturing into the unknown ocean, 1500 leagues across, and on which the first step no more allowed of second

thoughts than Cæsar's passage of the Rubicon! — untiring study, knowledge as extensive as the science of his day, skilful but honourable management of courts to persuade them to truth; propriety of demeanour, nobleness and dignity in bearing; language adapted to the grandeur of his thoughts; eloquence which could convince kings, and quell the mutiny of his crews; a natural poetry of style, which placed his narrative on a par with the wonders of his discoveries and the marvels of nature; an immense, ardent, and enduring love for the human race, piercing even into that distant future in which humanity forgets those that do it service; legislative wisdom and philosophic mildness in the government of his colonies; paternal compassion for those Indians, whom he wished to give over to the guardianship of the Old World; magnanimous forgiveness of his enemies; and, lastly, piety, that virtue which includes and exalts all other virtues, when it exists as it did in the mind of Columbus — the constant presence of God in the soul, of justice in the conscience, of mercy in the heart, of resignation in reverses, of worship always and everywhere.

Such was the man. We know of none more perfect. He contained several impersonations within himself. He was worthy to represent the ancient world before that unknown continent on which he was the first to set foot, and to carry to these men of a new race all the virtues, without any of the vices, of the elder hemisphere. So great was his influence on the destiny of the earth, that none more than he ever deserved the name of *Civilizer*.

His influence on civilization was immeasurable. He completed the world; he realized the physical unity of the globe. He advanced, far beyond all that had been done before, the work of God — the *spiritual unity of the human race*. This work, in which Columbus had so largely assisted, was indeed too great to be worthily rewarded even by affixing his name to the fourth continent. America bears not that name; but the human race, drawn together by him, will spread his renown over the face of the earth.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

1452–1519

By Giorgio Vasari [1] (1511–1571)

The richest gifts are occasionally seen to be showered, as by celestial influence, on certain human beings, nay, they sometimes supernaturally and marvellously congregate in one sole person; beauty, grace, and talent being united in such manner, that to whatever the man thus favoured may turn himself, his every action is so divine as to leave all other men far behind him, and manifestly to prove that he has been specially endowed by the hand of God himself, and has not obtained his pre-eminence by human teaching, or the power of man. This was seen and acknowledged by all men in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, in whom, to say nothing of his beauty of person, which yet was such that it has never been sufficiently extolled, there was a grace beyond expression which was rendered manifest without thought or effort in every act and deed, and who had besides so rare a gift of talent and ability, that to whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he presently made himself absolute master of it. Extraordinary power was in his case conjoined with remarkable facility, a mind of regal boldness and magnanimous daring; his gifts were such that the celebrity of his name extended most widely, and he was held in the highest estimation, not in his own time only, but also, and even to a greater extent, after his death, nay, this he has continued, and will continue to be by all succeeding ages.

Truly admirable, indeed, and divinely endowed was Leonardo da Vinci; this artist was the son of Ser Piero da Vinci; he would without doubt have made great progress in learning and knowledge of the sciences, had he not been so versatile and changeful, but the instability of his character caused him to undertake many things which having commenced he afterwards abandoned. In arithmetic, for example, he made such rapid progress in the short time during which he gave his attention to it, that he often confounded the master who was teaching him, by the perpetual doubts he started, and by the difficulty of the questions he proposed. He also com-

[1] Reprinted from *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects: Translated from the Italian of Giorgio Vasari . . .* by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, London, 1850.

The first edition of Vasari appeared in 1550. In 1568 a much revised edition was published.

menced the study of music, and resolved to acquire the art of playing the lute, when, being by nature of an exalted imagination and full of the most graceful vivacity, he sang to that instrument most divinely, improvising at once the verses and the music.

But, though dividing his attention among pursuits so varied, he never abandoned his drawing, and employed himself much in works of relief, that being the occupation which attracted him more than any other. His father, Ser Piero, observing this, and considering the extraordinary character of his son's genius, one day took some of his drawings and showed them to Andrea del Verrocchio, who was a very intimate friend of his, begging him earnestly to tell him whether he thought that Leonardo would be likely to secure success if he devoted himself to the arts of design. Andrea Verrocchio was amazed as he beheld the remarkable commencement made by Leonardo, and advised Ser Piero to see that he attached himself to that calling, whereupon the latter took his measures accordingly, and sent Leonardo to study in the bottega or workshop of Andrea. Thither the boy resorted therefore, with the utmost readiness, and not only gave his attention to one branch of art, but to all the others, of which design made a portion. Endowed with such admirable intelligence, and being also an excellent geometrician, Leonardo not only worked in sculpture (having executed certain heads in terra-cotta, of women smiling, even in his first youth, which are now reproduced in gypsum, and also others of children which might be supposed to have proceeded from the hand of a master); but in architecture likewise he prepared various designs for ground-plans, and the construction of entire buildings: he too it was who, though still but a youth, first suggested the formation of a canal from Pisa to Florence, by means of certain changes to be effected on the river Arno. Leonardo likewise made designs for mills, fulling machines, and other engines, which were to be acted on by means of water; but as he had resolved to make painting his profession, he gave the larger portion of time to drawing from nature. He sometimes formed models of different figures in clay, on which he would arrange fragments of soft drapery dipped in plaster; from these he would then set himself patiently to draw on very fine cambric or linen that had already been used and rendered smooth, these he executed in black and white with the point of the pencil in a most admirable manner, as may be seen by certain specimens from his own hand which I have in my book of drawings. He drew on paper also with so much care and so perfectly, that no one has ever equalled him in this respect: I have a head by him in chiaroscuro, which is incomparably beautiful. Leonardo was indeed so imbued with power and grace by the hand of God, and was endowed with so marvellous a facility in reproducing his conceptions; his memory also was always so ready and so efficient in the service of his intellect, that in discourse he won all men by his reasonings, and confounded every antagonist, however powerful, by the force of his arguments.

This master was also frequently occupied with the construction of models and the preparation of designs for the removal or the perforation of mountains, to the end that they might thus be easily passed from one plain to another. By means of levers, cranes, and screws, he likewise showed how great weights might be raised or drawn; in what manner ports and havens might be cleansed and kept in order, and how water might be obtained from the lowest deeps. From speculations of this kind he never gave himself rest, and of the results of these labours and meditations there are numberless examples in drawings, etc., dispersed among those who practise our arts: I have myself seen very many of them. Besides all this he wasted not a little time, to the degree of even designing a series of cords, curiously intertwined, but of which any separate strand may be distinguished from one end to the other, the whole forming a complete circle: a very curiously complicated and exceedingly difficult specimen of these coils may be seen engraved; in the midst of it are the following words: — *Leonardus Vinci Academia.* Among these models and drawings there is one, by means of which Leonardo often sought to prove to the different citizens — many of them men of great discernment — who then governed Florence, that the church of San Giovanni in that city could be raised, and steps placed beneath it, without injury to the edifice: he supported his assertions with reasons so persuasive, that while he spoke the undertaking seemed feasible, although every one of his hearers, when he had departed, could see for himself that such a thing was impossible. In conversation Leonardo was indeed so pleasing that he won the hearts of all hearers, and though possessing so small a patrimony only that it might almost be called nothing, while he yet worked very little, he still constantly kept many servants and horses, taking extraordinary delight in the latter: he was indeed fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this it is related, that when he passed places where birds were sold, he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost. Leonardo was in all things so highly favoured by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection, that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him.

Leonardo, with his profound intelligence of art, commenced various undertakings, many of which he never completed, because it appeared to him that the hand could never give its due perfection to the object or purpose which he had in his thoughts, or beheld in his imagination; seeing that in his mind he frequently formed the idea of some difficult enterprise, so subtle and so wonderful that, by means of hands, however excellent or able, the full reality could never be worthily executed and entirely realized. His conceptions were varied to infinity; philosophizing over natural objects; among

others, he set himself to investigate the properties of plants, to make observations on the heavenly bodies, to follow the movements of the planets, the variations of the moon, and the course of the sun.

Having been placed then by Ser Piero in his childhood with Andrea Verrocchio, as we have said, to learn the art of the painter, that master was engaged on a picture the subject of which was San Giovanni baptizing Jesus Christ; in this Leonardo painted an angel holding some vestments; and although he was but a youth, he completed that figure in such a manner, that the angel of Leonardo was much better than the portion executed by his master, which caused the latter never to touch colours more, so much was he displeased to find that a mere child could do more than himself.

Leonardo received a commission to prepare the cartoon for the hangings of a door which was to be woven in silk and gold in Flanders, thence to be despatched to the king of Portugal; the subject was the sin of our first parents in Paradise: here the artist depicted a meadow in chiaroscuro, the high lights being in white lead, displaying an immense variety of vegetation and numerous animals, respecting which it may be truly said, that for careful execution and fidelity to nature, they are such that there is no genius in the world, however God-like, which could produce similar objects with equal truth. In the fig-tree, for example, the foreshortening of the leaves, and the disposition of the branches are executed with so much care, that one finds it difficult to conceive how any man could have so much patience; there is besides a palm-tree, in which the roundness of the fan-like leaves is exhibited to such admirable perfection and with so much art, that nothing short of the genius and patience of Leonardo could have effected it: but the work for which the cartoon was prepared was never carried into execution, the drawing therefore remained in Florence, and is now in the fortunate house of the illustrious Ottaviano de' Medici, to whom it was presented, no long time since, by the uncle of Leonardo.

It is related that Ser Piero da Vinci, being at his country house, was there visited by one of the peasants on his estate, who, having cut down a fig-tree on his farm, had made a shield from part of it with his own hands, and then brought it to Ser Piero, begging that he would be pleased to cause the same to be painted for him in Florence. This the latter very willingly promised to do, the countryman having great skill in taking birds and in fishing, and being often very serviceable to Ser Piero in such matters. Having taken the shield with him to Florence therefore, without saying anything to Leonardo as to whom it was for, he desired the latter to paint something upon it. Accordingly, he one day took it in hand, but finding it crooked, coarse, and badly made, he straightened it at the fire, and giving it to a turner, it was brought back to him smooth and delicately rounded, instead of the rude and shapeless form in which he had received it. He then covered it with gypsum, and having prepared it to his liking, he began to consider what he could paint upon it that might best and most effectually

terrify whomsoever might approach it, producing the same effect with that formerly attributed to the head of Medusa. For this purpose therefore, Leonardo carried to one of his rooms, into which no one but himself ever entered, a number of lizards, hedgehogs, newts, serpents, dragon-flies, locusts, bats, glow-worms, and every other sort of strange animal of similar kind on which he could lay his hands; from this assemblage, variously adapted and joined together, he formed a hideous and appalling monster, breathing poison and flames, and surrounded by an atmosphere of fire; this he caused to issue from a dark and rifted rock, with poison reeking from the cavernous throat, flames darting from the eyes, and vapours rising from the nostrils in such sort that the result was indeed a most fearful and monstrous creature: at this he laboured until the odours arising from all those dead animals filled the room with a mortal fetor, to which the zeal of Leonardo and the love which he bore to art rendered him insensible or indifferent. When this work, which neither the countryman nor Ser Piero any longer inquired for, was completed, Leonardo went to his father and told him that he might send for the shield at his earliest convenience, since so far as he was concerned, the work was finished; Ser Piero went accordingly one morning to the room for the shield, and having knocked at the door, Leonardo opened it to him, telling him nevertheless to wait a little without, and having returned into the room he placed the shield on the easel, and shading the window so that the light falling on the painting was somewhat dimmed, he made Ser Piero step within to look at it. But the latter, not expecting any such thing, drew back, startled at the first glance, not supposing that to be the shield, or believing the monster he beheld to be a painting, he therefore turned to rush out, but Leonardo withheld him, saying: " The shield will serve the purpose for which it has been executed, take it therefore and carry it away, for this is the effect it was designed to produce." The work seemed something more than wonderful to Ser Piero, and he highly commended the fanciful idea of Leonardo, but he also silently bought from a merchant another shield, whereon there was painted a heart transfixed with an arrow, and this he gave to the countryman, who considered himself obliged to him for it to the end of his life. Some time after Ser Piero secretly sold the shield painted by Leonardo to certain merchants for one hundred ducats, and it subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Milan, sold to him by the same merchants for three hundred ducats.

No long time after Leonardo painted an admirable picture of Our Lady, which was greatly prized by Pope Clement VII; among the accessories of this work was a bottle filled with water in which some flowers were placed, and not only were these flowers most vividly natural, but there were dewdrops on the leaves, which were so true to nature that they appeared to be the actual reality. For Antonio Segni who was his intimate friend, Leonardo delineated on paper a Neptune in his chariot drawn by sea-horses, and

depicted with so much animation that he seems to be indeed alive; the turbulent waves also, the various phantasms surrounding the chariot, with the monsters of the deep, the winds, and admirable heads of marine deities, all contribute to the beauty of the work, which was presented by Fabio Segni, the son of Antonio, to Messer Giovanni Gaddi, with the following lines: —

Pinxit Virgilius Neptunum, pinxit Homerus;
Dum maris undisoni per vada flectit equos.
Mente quidem vates illum conspexit uterque,
Vincius ast oculis; jureque vincit eos.

Leonardo also had a fancy to paint the head of a Medusa in oil, to which he gave a circlet of twining serpents by way of head-dress; the most strange and extravagant invention that could possibly be conceived: but as this was a work requiring time, so it happened to the Medusa as to so many other of his works, it was never finished. The head here described is now among the most distinguished possessions in the palace of the Duke Cosimo, together with the half-length figure of an angel raising one arm in the air; this arm, being foreshortened from the shoulder to the elbow, comes forward, while the hand of the other arm is laid on the breast. It is worthy of admiration that this great genius, desiring to give the utmost possible relief to the works executed by him, laboured constantly, not content with his darkest shadows, to discover the ground tone of others still darker; thus he sought a black that should produce a deeper shadow, and be yet darker than all other known blacks, to the end that the lights might by these means be rendered still more lucid, until he finally produced that totally dark shade, in which there is absolutely no light left, and objects have more the appearance of things seen by night, than the clearness of forms perceived by the light of day, but all this was done with the purpose of giving greater relief, and of discovering and attaining to the ultimate perfection of art.

Leonardo was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, beards or hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such, more than commonly attractive, through the whole day, until the figure of the person would become so well impressed on his mind that, having returned home, he would draw him as readily as though he stood before him. Of heads thus obtained there exist many, both masculine and feminine; and I have myself several of them drawn with a pen by his own hand, in the book of drawings so frequently cited. Among these is the head of Amerigo Vespucci, which is a very beautiful one of an old man, done with charcoal, as also that of the Gypsy Captain Scaramuccia, which had been left by Gianbullari to Messer Donato Valdambrini, of Arezzo, Canon of San Lorenzo. A picture representing the Adoration of the Magi was likewise commenced by Leonardo, and is among the best of his

works, more especially as regards the heads; it was in the house of Amerigo Benci, opposite the Loggia of the Peruzzi, but like so many of the other works of Leonardo, this also remained unfinished.

On the death of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, in the year 1493, Ludovico Sforza was chosen in the same year to be his successor, when Leonardo was invited with great honour to Milan by the Duke, who delighted greatly in the music of the lute, to the end that the master might play before him; Leonardo therefore took with him a certain instrument which he had himself constructed almost wholly of silver, and in the shape of a horse's head, a new and fanciful form calculated to give more force and sweetness to the sound. Here Leonardo surpassed all the musicians who had assembled to perform before the Duke; he was besides one of the best *improvisatori* in verse existing at that time, and the Duke, enchanted with the admirable conversation of Leonardo, was so charmed by his varied gifts that he delighted beyond measure in his society, and prevailed on him to paint an altar-piece, the subject of which was the Nativity of Christ, which was sent by the Duke as a present to the Emperor. For the Dominican monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, he also painted a Last Supper, which is a most beautiful and admirable work; to the heads of the Apostles in this picture the master gave so much beauty and majesty that he was constrained to leave that of Christ unfinished, being convinced that he could not impart to it the divinity which should appertain to and distinguish an image of the Redeemer. But this work, remaining thus in its unfinished state, has been ever held in the highest estimation by the Milanese, and not by them only, but by foreigners also: Leonardo succeeded to perfection in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the Apostles, and the desire felt by them to know by whom their Master is to be betrayed; in the faces of all appear love, terror, anger, or grief and bewilderment, unable as they are to fathom the meaning of their Lord. Nor is the spectator less struck with admiration by the force and truth with which, on the other hand, the master has exhibited the impious determination, hatred, and treachery of Judas. The whole work indeed is executed with inexpressible diligence even in its most minute part, among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude, that the linen-cloth itself could scarcely look more real.

It is related that the Prior of the Monastery was excessively importunate in pressing Leonardo to complete the picture; he could in no way comprehend wherefore the artist should sometimes remain half a day together absorbed in thought before his work, without making any progress that he could see; this seemed to him a strange waste of time, and he would fain have had him work away as he could make the men do who were digging in his garden, never laying the pencil out of his hand. Not content with seeking to hasten Leonardo, the Prior even complained to the Duke, and

tormented him to such a degree that the latter was at length compelled to send for Leonardo, whom he courteously entreated to let the work be finished, assuring him nevertheless that he did so because impelled by the importunities of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing the Prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length respecting art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension, that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be labouring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his master, had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the Creator of the world: with regard to that second, however, he would make search, and after all — if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior. This made the Duke laugh with all his heart, he declared Leonardo to be completely in the right, and the poor Prior, utterly confounded, went away to drive on the digging in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace: the head of Judas was then finished so successfully, that it is indeed the true image of treachery and wickedness; but that of the Redeemer remained, as we have said, incomplete. The admirable excellence of this picture, the beauty of its composition, and the care with which it was executed, awakened in the King of France a desire to have it removed into his own kingdom, insomuch that he made many attempts to discover architects, who might be able to secure it by defences of wood and iron, that it might be transported without injury. He was not to be deterred by any consideration of the cost that might be incurred, but the painting, being on the wall, his Majesty was compelled to forego his desire, and the Milanese retained their picture.

In the same refectory, and while occupied with the Last Supper, Leonardo painted the portrait of the above-named Duke Ludovico, with that of his first-born son, Maximilian: these are on the wall opposite to that of the Last Supper, and where there is a Crucifixion painted after the old manner. On the other side of the Duke is the portrait of the Duchess Beatrice, with that of Francesco, their second son: both of these princes were afterwards Dukes of Milan: the portraits are most admirably done.

While still engaged with the paintings of the refectory, Leonardo proposed to the Duke to cast a horse in bronze of colossal size, and to place on it a figure of the Duke, by way of monument to his memory: this he commenced, but finished the model on so large a scale that it never could be completed, and there were many ready to declare (for the judgments of men are various, and are sometimes rendered malignant by envy) that Leonardo had begun it, as he did others of his labours, without intending ever to finish it. The size of the work being such, insuperable difficulties presented themselves, as I have said, when it came to be cast; nay, the casting could not be effected in one piece, and it is very probable that, when this result was known, many were led to form the opinion alluded to above, from the fact that so many of Leonardo's works had failed to receive completion. But of a truth, there is good reason to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment; perpetually seeking to add excellence to excellence, and perfection to perfection; this was, without doubt, the true hindrance, so that, as our Petrarch has it, the work was retarded by desire. All who saw the large model in clay which Leonardo made for this work, declared that they had never seen anything more beautiful or more majestic; this model remained as he had left it until the French, with their King Louis, came to Milan, when they destroyed it totally. A small model of the same work, executed in wax, and which was considered perfect, was also lost, with a book containing studies of the anatomy of the horse, which Leonardo had prepared for his own use. He afterwards gave his attention, and with increased earnestness, to the anatomy of the human frame, a study wherein Messer Marcantonio della Torre, an eminent philosopher, and himself, did mutually assist and encourage each other. Messer Marcantonio was at that time holding lectures in Pavia, and wrote on the same subject; he was one of the first, as I have heard say, who began to apply the doctrines of Galen to the elucidation of medical science, and to diffuse light over the science of anatomy, which, up to that time, had been involved in the almost total darkness of ignorance. In this attempt Marcantonio was wonderfully aided by the genius and labour of Leonardo, who filled a book with drawings in red crayons, outlined with the pen, all copies made with the utmost care from bodies dissected by his own hand. In this book he set forth the entire structure, arrangement, and disposition of the bones, to which he afterwards added all the nerves, in their due order, and next supplied the muscles, of which the first are affixed to the bones, the second give the power of cohesion or holding firmly, and the third impart that of motion. Of each separate part he wrote an explanation in rude characters, written backwards and with the left-hand, so that whoever is not practised in reading cannot understand them, since they are only to be read with a mirror. Of these anatomical drawings of the human form, a great part is now in the possession of Messer Francesco da Melzo, a Milanese gentleman,

who, in the time of Leonardo, was a child of remarkable beauty, much beloved by him, and is now a handsome and amiable old man, who sets great store by these drawings, and treasures them as relics, together with the portrait of Leonardo of blessed memory. To all who read these writings it must appear almost incredible that this sublime genius could, at the same time, discourse, as he has done, of art, and of the muscles, nerves, veins, and every other part of the frame, all treated with equal diligence and success. There are, besides, certain other writings of Leonardo, also written with the left-hand, in the possession of N. N., a painter of Milan; they treat of painting, of design generally, and of colouring. This artist came to see me in Florence no long time since; he then had an intention of publishing this work, and took it with him to Rome, there to give this purpose effect, but what was the end of the matter I do not know.

But to return to the labours of Leonardo. During his time the King of France came to Milan, whereupon he (Leonardo) was entreated to prepare something very extraordinary for his reception. He therefore constructed a lion, and this figure, after having made a few steps, opened its breast, which was discovered to be entirely filled full of lilies. While in Milan, Leonardo took the Milanese Salai for his disciple; this was a youth of singular grace and beauty of person, with curled and waving hair, a feature of personal beauty by which Leonardo was always greatly pleased. This Salai he instructed in various matters relating to art, and certain works still in Milan, and said to be by Salai, were retouched by Leonardo himself.

Having returned to Florence, he found that the Servite Monks had commissioned Filippino to paint the altar-piece for the principal chapel in their church of the Nunziata, when he declared that he would himself very willingly have undertaken such a work. This being repeated to Filippino, he, like the amiable man that he was, withdrew himself at once, when the Monks gave the picture to Leonardo. And to the end that he might make progress with it, they took him into their own abode with all his household, supplying the expenses of the whole, and so he kept them attending on him for a long time, but did not make any commencement; at length, however, he prepared a cartoon, with the Madonna, Sant' Anna, and the infant Christ, so admirably depicted that it not only caused astonishment in every artist who saw it, but, when finished, the chamber wherein it stood was crowded for two days by men and women, old and young; a concourse, in short, such as one sees flocking to the most solemn festivals, all hastening to behold the wonders produced by Leonardo, and which awakened amazement in the whole people. Nor was this without good cause, seeing that in the countenance of that Virgin there is all the simplicity and loveliness which can be conceived as giving grace and beauty to the Mother of Christ, the artist proposing to show in her the modesty and humility of the Virgin, filled with joy and gladness as she contemplates the beauty of her Son, whom she is

tenderly supporting in her lap. And while Our Lady, with eyes modestly bent down, is looking at a little San Giovanni, who is playing with a lamb, Sant' Anna, at the summit of delight, is observing the group with a smile of happiness, rejoicing as she sees that her terrestrial progeny have become divine; all which is entirely worthy of the mind and genius of Leonardo. This cartoon was subsequently taken to France, as will be related hereafter. Leonardo then painted the portrait of Ginevra, the wife of Amerigo Benci, a most beautiful thing, and abandoned the commission entrusted to him by the Servite Monks, who once more confided it to Filippino, but neither could the last-named master complete it, because his death supervened before he had time to do so.

For Francesco del Giocondo, Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife, but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. This work is now in the possession of the King Francis of France, and is at Fontainebleau. Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature, may do so to perfection in this head, wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil has been faithfully reproduced. The eyes have the lustrous brightness and moisture which is seen in life, and around them are those pale, red, and slightly livid circles, also proper to nature, with the lashes, which can only be copied, as these are, with the greatest difficulty: the eyebrows also are represented with the closest exactitude, where fuller and where more thinly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from the skin, every turn being followed, and all the pores exhibited in a manner that could not be more natural than it is: the nose, with its beautiful and delicately roseate nostrils, might be easily believed to be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outline, has the lips uniting the rose-tints of their colour with that of the face, in the utmost perfection, and the carnation of the cheek does not appear to be painted, but truly of flesh and blood: he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses, and it may be truly said that this work is painted in a manner well calculated to make the boldest master tremble, and astonishes all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he took the precaution of keeping someone constantly near her, to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful, and so that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they take. In this portrait of Leonardo's, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression, and a smile so sweet, that while looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it has ever been esteemed a wonderful work, since life itself could exhibit no other appearance.

The excellent productions of this divine artist had so greatly increased and extended his fame, that all men who delighted in the arts (nay, the

whole city of Florence) were anxious that he should leave behind him some memorial of himself, and there was much discussion everywhere in respect to some great and important work to be executed by him, to the end that the commonwealth might have the glory, and the city the ornament, imparted by the genius, grace, and judgment of Leonardo, to all that he did. At that time the great Hall of the Council had been constructed anew, the architecture being after designs by Giuliano di San Gullo, Simone Pollaiuoli, called Cronaca, Michelagnolo Buonarroti, and Baccio d' Agnolo, as will be related in the proper place. The building having been completed with great rapidity, as was determined between the Gonfaloniere and the more distinguished citizens, it was then commanded by public decree that Leonardo should depict some fine work therein. The said hall was intrusted, accordingly, to that master by Piero Soderini, then Gonfaloniere of Justice, and he, very willing to undertake the work, commenced a cartoon in the hall of the Pope, an apartment so called, in Santa Maria Novella. Herein he represented the History of Niccolò Piccinino, Captain-General to the Duke Filippo of Milan, in which he depicted a troop of horsemen fighting around a standard, and struggling for the possession thereof. This painting was considered to be a most excellent one, evincing great mastery in the admirable qualities of the composition, as well as in the power with which the whole work is treated. Among other peculiarities of this scene, it is to be remarked that not only are rage, disdain, and the desire for revenge apparent in the men, but in the horses also. Two of these animals, with their forelegs intertwined, are attacking each other with their teeth, no less fiercely than do the cavaliers who are fighting for the standard. One of the combatants has seized the object of their strife with both hands, and is urging his horse to its speed, while he, lending the whole weight of his person to the effort, clings with his utmost strength to the shaft of the banner, and strives to tear it by main force from the hands of four others, who are all labouring to defend it with uplifted swords, which each brandishes in the attempt to divide the shaft with one of his hands, while he grasps the cause of contention with the other. An old soldier, with a red cap on his head, has also seized the standard with one hand, and raising a curved scimitar in the other, is uttering cries of rage, and fiercely dealing a blow, by which he is endeavouring to cut off the hands of two of his opponents, who, grinding their teeth, are struggling in an attitude of fixed determination to defend their banner. On the earth, among the feet of the horses, are two other figures foreshortened, who are obstinately fighting in that position; one has been hurled to the ground, while the other has thrown himself upon him, and, raising his arm to its utmost height, is bringing down his dagger with all his force to the throat of his enemy; the latter, meanwhile, struggling mightily with arms and feet, is defending himself from the impending death. It would be scarcely possible adequately to describe the skill shown by Leonardo in this work, or to do justice to

the beauty of design with which he has depicted the warlike habiliments of the soldiers, with their helmets, crests, and other ornaments, infinitely varied as they are; or the wonderful mastery he exhibits in the forms and movements of the horses; these animals were, indeed, more admirably treated by Leonardo than by any other master; the muscular development, the animation of their movements, and their exquisite beauty, are rendered with the utmost fidelity.

It is said that, for the execution of this cartoon, Leonardo caused a most elaborate scaffolding to be constructed, which could be increased in height by being drawn together, or rendered wider by being lowered: it was his intention to paint the picture in oil, on the wall, but he made a composition for the intonaco, or ground, which was so coarse that, after he had painted for a certain time, the work began to sink in such a manner as to induce Leonardo very shortly to abandon it altogether, since he saw that it was becoming spoiled.

Leonardo da Vinci was a man of very high spirit, and was very generous in all his actions: it is related of him that, having once gone to the bank to receive the salary which Piero Soderini caused to be paid to him every month, the cashier was about to give him certain paper packets of pence, but Leonardo refused to receive them, remarking, at the same time, "I am no penny-painter." Not completing the picture, he was charged with having deceived Piero Soderini, and was reproached accordingly; when Leonardo so wrought with his friends, that they collected sums which he had received and took the money to Piero Soderini with offers of restoration, but Piero would not accept them.

On the exaltation of Pope Leo X to the chair of St. Peter, Leonardo accompanied the Duke Giuliano de' Medici to Rome.[2] The Pontiff was much inclined to philosophical inquiry, and was more especially addicted to the study of alchemy: Leonardo, therefore, having composed a kind of paste from wax, made of this, while it was still in its half-liquid state, certain figures of animals, entirely hollow and exceedingly slight in texture, which he then filled with air. When he blew into these figures he could make them fly through the air, but when the air within had escaped from them they fell to the earth. One day the vine-dresser of the Belvedere found a very curious lizard, and for this creature Leonardo constructed wings, made from the skins of other lizards, flayed for the purpose; into these wings he put quicksilver, so that when the animal walked, the wings moved also,

[2] "Vasari has here left a great chasm in his history," remarks the German annotator, passing from 1504 to 1515, and omitting all mention of the travels undertaken by Leonardo during that period, as well as the labours he performed as an engineer and architect. During a part of this time he travelled through certain districts of Italy as architect and engineer to Valentino Borgia, by whom he was commissioned to inspect the fortresses of his states: it is even believed that he made a journey to France, but this seems doubtful. — See Amoretti, *Memorie Storiche*, &c.; see also Della Valle, *Sienese Edition of Vasari*. — Translator's note.

with a tremulous motion. He then made eyes, horns, and a beard for the creature, which he tamed and kept in a case; he would then show it to the friends who came to visit him, and all who saw it ran away terrified. He more than once, likewise, caused the intestines of a sheep to be cleansed and scraped until they were brought into such a state of tenuity that they could be held within the hollow of the hand, having then placed in a neighbouring chamber a pair of blacksmith's bellows, to which he had made fast one end of the intestines, he would blow into them until he caused them to fill the whole room, which was a very large one, insomuch that whoever might be therein was compelled to take refuge in a corner: he thus showed them transparent and full of wind, remarking that, whereas they had previously been contained within a small compass, they were now filling all space, and this, he would say, was a fit emblem of talent or genius. He made numbers of these follies, in various kinds, occupied himself much with mirrors and optical instruments, and made the most singular experiments in seeking oils for painting, and varnishes to preserve the work when executed. About this time he painted a small picture for Messer Baldassare Turini, of Pescia, who was Datary to Pope Leo: the subject of this work was Our Lady, with the Child in her arms, and it was executed by Leonardo with infinite care and art, but whether from the carelessness of those who prepared the ground, or because of his peculiar and fanciful mixtures for colours, varnishes, etc., it is now much deteriorated. In another small picture he painted a little Child, which is graceful and beautiful to a miracle. These paintings are both in Pescia, in the possession of Messer Giulio Turini. It is related that Leonardo, having received a commission for a certain picture from Pope Leo, immediately began to distil oils and herbs for the varnish, whereupon the Pontiff remarked, " Alas! the while, this man will assuredly do nothing at all, since he is thinking of the end before he has made a beginning to his work." There was perpetual discord between Michelagnolo Buonarroti and Leonardo, and the competition between them caused Michelagnolo to leave Florence, the Duke Giuliano framing an excuse for him, the pretext for his departure being that he was summoned to Rome by the Pope for the Façade of San Lorenzo. When Leonardo heard of this, he also departed and went to France, where the king, already possessing several of his works, was most kindly disposed towards him, and wished him to paint the cartoon of Sant' Anna, but Leonardo, according to his custom, kept the king a long time waiting with nothing better than words. Finally, having become old, he lay sick for many months, and, finding himself near death, wrought diligently to make himself acquainted with the Catholic ritual, and with the good and holy path of the Christian religion: he then confessed with great penitence and many tears, and although he could not support himself on his feet, yet, being sustained in the arms of his servants and friends, he devoutly received the Holy Sacrament, while thus out of his bed. The king, who was

accustomed frequently and affectionately to visit him, came immediately afterwards to his room, and he, causing himself out of reverence to be raised up, sat in his bed describing his malady and the different circumstances connected with it, lamenting, besides, that he had offended God and man, inasmuch as that he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done. He was then seized with a violent paroxysm, the forerunner of death, when the king, rising and supporting his head to give him such assistance and do him such favour as he could, in the hope of alleviating his sufferings, the spirit of Leonardo, which was most divine, conscious that he could attain to no greater honour, departed in the arms of the monarch, being at that time in the seventy-fifth [sixty-seventh] year of his age.

The death of Leonardo caused great sorrow to all who had known him, nor was there ever an artist who did more honour to the art of painting. The radiance of his countenance, which was splendidly beautiful, brought cheerfulness to the heart of the most melancholy, and the power of his word could move the most obstinate to say, "No," or "Yes," as he desired; he possessed so great a degree of physical strength, that he was capable of restraining the most impetuous violence, and was able to bend one of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horseshoe, as if it were lead: with the generous liberality of his nature, he extended shelter and hospitality to every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence; the poorest and most insignificant abode was rendered beautiful and honourable by his works; and as the city of Florence received a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, so did it suffer a more than grievous loss at his death. To the art of painting in oil this master contributed the discovery of a certain mode of deepening the shadows, whereby the later artists have been enabled to give great force and relief to their figures. His abilities in statuary were proved by three figures in bronze, which are over the north door of San Giovanni; they were cast by Gio Francesco Rustici, but conducted under the advice of Leonardo, and are, without doubt, the most beautiful castings that have been seen in these later days, whether for design or finish.

We are indebted to Leonardo for a work on the anatomy of the horse, and for another much more valuable, on that of man; wherefore, for the many admirable qualities with which he was so richly endowed, although he laboured much more by his word than in fact and by deed, his name and fame can never be extinguished. For all these things Messer Gio. Batista Strozzi has spoken to his praise in the following words: —

Vince costui pur solo
Tutti altri, e vince Fidia, e vince Apelle,
E tutto il lor vittorioso stuolo.

The Milanese artist, Gio. Antonio Boltraffio, was a disciple of Leonardo; he was an intelligent and able master, and, in the year 1500, he painted a

picture in oil in the church of the Misericordia, outside the city of Bologna. The subject of this work is Our Lady, with the Child in her arms; there are besides figures of San Giovanni Battista, San Bastiano (Sebastian), a nude figure, and that of the person for whom the work was executed, painted in a kneeling position; a truly admirable picture, on which the artist inscribed his name, with the fact of his being a disciple of Leonardo. The same painter executed many other works in Milan and elsewhere, but it shall suffice me to have mentioned this one, which is his best. Marco Uggioni was likewise a disciple of Leonardo, and painted the Assumption of Our Lady in the church of Santa Maria della Pace, with the Marriage at Cana of Galilee, also in the same church.

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478–1535

By William Roper[1] (1496–1578)

Forasmuch as Sir Thomas More, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, a man of singular virtue and of a clear unspotted conscience (as witnesseth Erasmus), more pure and white than the whitest snow, and of such an angelical wit as England, he saith, never had the like before nor ever shall again: universally, as well in the laws of the realm (a study, in effect, able to occupy the whole life of a man) as in all other sciences, right well studied, was in his days accounted a man worthy perpetual famous memory — I, William Roper (though most unworthy), his son-in-law by marriage of his eldest daughter, knowing no one man that of him and of his doings understood so much as myself — for that I was continually resident in his house by the space of sixteen years and more — thought it therefore my part to set forth such matters touching his life as I could at this present call to remembrance, among which things very many notable, not meet to have been forgotten, through negligence and long continuance of time are slipped out of my mind. Yet to the intent that the same should not all utterly perish, I have — at the desire of divers worshipful friends of mine, though very far from the grace and worthiness of him, nevertheless, as far forth as my mean wit, memory and knowledge would serve me — declared so much thereof as in my poor judgment seemed worthy to be remembered.

This Sir Thomas More, after he had been brought up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's in London, was by his father's procurement received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate Cardinal Morton where, though he was young of years, yet would he at Christmastide suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers-on more sport than all the players beside. In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him unto the nobles that divers times dined with him, " This child

[1] The original title is *The Mirrour of Vertue in worldly greatness; or, The Life of Syr Thomas More, Knight, Sometime Lord Chancellor of England.* It circulated in MS until 1626, when it was first published in Paris. The spelling and punctuation have been modernized.

here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." Whereupon for his better furtherance in learning, he placed him at Oxford, where when he was both in the Greek and Latin tongues sufficiently instructed, he was then, for the study of the law of the Realm, put to an Inn of Chancery, called New Inn; where for his time he very well prospered, and from thence was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, with very small allowance, continuing there his study until he was made and accounted a worthy utter barrister. After this, to his great commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei,* in the church of St. Lawrence in the old Jewry, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn, an excellent cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London. Then was he made reader of Furnival's Inn, so remaining by the space of three years and more. After which time he gave himself to devotion and prayer in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there without vow about four years, until he resorted to the house of one Master Colte, a gentleman of Essex, that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there specially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her, never the more discontinuing his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, but applying still the same until he was called to the Bench, and had read there twice, which is as often as any judge of the law doth ordinarily read. Before which time he had placed himself and his wife at Bucklersbury in London, where he had by her three daughters and one son, in virtue and learning brought up from their youth, whom he would often exhort to take virtue and learning for their meat, and play for their sauce. Who, ere ever he had been reader in Court, was in the latter time of King Henry the Seventh made a Burgess of the Parliament, wherein was demanded by the king (as I have heard reported) about three fifteenths for the marriage of his eldest daughter, that then should be the Scottish Queen. At the last debating whereof he made such arguments and reasons thereagainst, that the king's demands were thereby clean overthrown; so that one of the king's privy chamber, named Master Tyler, being present thereat, brought word to the king out of the Parliament house, that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose. Whereupon the king, conceiving great indignation against him, could not be satisfied until he had some way revenged it. And forasmuch as he nothing having, nothing could lose, his grace devised a causeless quarrel against his father, keeping him in the Tower until he had made him pay to him a hundred pounds fine. Shortly hereupon it fortuned that this Sir Thomas More coming in a suit to Doctor Fox, Bishop of Winchester, one of the

king's privy council, the bishop called him aside, and pretending great favour towards him, promised that if he would be ruled by him, he would not fail into the king's favour again to restore him, meaning, as it was afterwards conjectured, to cause him thereby to confess his offence against the king, whereby his highness might with the better colour have occasion to revenge his displeasure against him. But when he came from the bishop, he fell in communication with one Master Whitforde, his familiar friend, then chaplain to that bishop, and afterward a father of Sion, and showed him what the bishop had said to him, desiring to have his advice therein; who, for the passion of God, prayed him in no wise to follow his counsel, for " My lord, my master," quoth he, " to serve the king's turn will not stick to agree to his own father's death." So Sir Thomas More returned to the bishop no more, and had not the king soon after died, he was determined to have gone over-sea, thinking that being in the king's indignation he could not live in England without great danger. After this he was made one of the under-sheriffs of London, by which office and his learning together (as I have heard him say) he gained without grief not so little as four hundred pounds by the year: sith there was at that time in none of the prince's courts of the laws of this realm any matter of importance in controversy, wherein he was not with the one party of counsel. Of whom, for his learning, wisdom, knowledge and experience, men had such estimation that before he came into the service of King Henry the Eighth, at the suit and instance of the English merchants, he was, by the king's consent, made twice ambassador in certain great causes between them and the merchants of the Stilliard. Whose wise and discreet dealing therein, to his high commendation, coming to the king's understanding, provoked his highness to cause Cardinal Wolsey, then Lord Chancellor, to procure him to his service. And albeit the Cardinal, according to the king's request, earnestly travailed with him therefore, among many other his persuasions, alleging unto him how dear his service must needs be unto his majesty, which could not with his honour with less than he should yearly lose thereby, seem to recompense him. Yet he, loath to change his estate, made such means unto the king, by the Cardinal, to the contrary, that his grace for that time was well satisfied. Now happened there, after this, a great ship of his, that was then Pope, to arrive at Southampton, which the king claiming for a forfeiture, the Pope's ambassador, by suit unto his grace, obtained that he might for his master the Pope have counsel learned in the laws of this realm; and the matter in his own presence (being himself a singular civilian), in some public place to be openly heard and discussed. At which time there could none of our law be found so meet to be of counsel with this ambassador as Sir Thomas More, who could report to the ambassador in Latin all the reasons and arguments by the learned counsel on both sides alleged. Upon this the counsellors on either part, in presence of the Lord Chancellor and other the judges in the Star Chamber

had audience accordingly. Where Sir Thomas More not only declared to the ambassador the whole effect of all their opinions, but also in defence on the Pope's side argued so learnedly himself, that both was the aforesaid forfeiture restored to the Pope, and himself, among all the hearers, for his upright and commendable demeanour therein, so greatly renowned, that for no entreaty would the king from henceforth be induced any longer to forbear his service. At whose first entry thereunto he made him Master of the Requests, having then no better room void, and, within a month after, Knight, and one of his privy council. And so from time to time was he by the king advanced, continuing in his singular favour and trusty service twenty years and above. A good part thereof used the king upon holy days when he had done his own devotions, to send for him into his traverse, and there — sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs — to sit and confer with him. And otherwhiles in the night would he have him up into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the king and queen, after the council had supped, at the time of their supper, for their pleasure commonly to call for him to be merry with them. When he perceived them so much in his talk to delight that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and his children (whose company he most desired), and to be absent from the court two days together but that he should be thither sent for again: he much misliking this restraint of his liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little, from his former mirth to disuse himself, that he was of them from henceforth at such seasons no more so ordinarily sent for. Then died one Master Weston, Treasurer of the Exchequer, whose office, after his death, the king of his own offer, without any asking, freely gave unto Sir Thomas More. In the fourteenth year of his grace's reign there was a parliament holden, whereof Sir Thomas More was chosen speaker, who, being very loath to take this room upon him, made an oration, not now extant, to the king's highness, for his discharge thereof. Whereunto when the king would not consent, he spoke unto his grace in form following:

" Sith I perceive, most redoubted sovereign, that it standeth not with your pleasure to reform this election and cause it to be changed, but have, by the mouth of the most reverend Father in God, the Legate, your Highness' Chancellor, thereunto given your most royal assent, and have of your benignity determined far above that I may bear, to enable me, and for this office to repute me meet; rather than you should seem to impute unto your Commons that they had unmeetly chosen, I am therefore and always shall be ready obediently to conform myself to the accomplishment of your highness' pleasure and commandment, in most humble wise beseeching your most noble Majesty, that I may with your grace's favour,

before I farther enter thereinto, make my humble intercession unto your highness for two lowly petitions: the one privately concerning myself, the other the whole assembly of your Commons' House. For myself, most gracious sovereign, that if it mishap me in anything hereafter that is on the behalf of your Commons, in your high presence to be declared, to mistake my message, and in lack of good utterance by my mis-rehearsal, to pervert or impair their prudent instructions, that it may then like your most noble majesty, of your abundant grace, with the eye of your wonted pity to pardon my simpleness, giving me leave to repair again unto the Commons' House, and there to confer with them, and to take their substantial advice what things and in what wise I shall on their behalf utter and speak before your noble Grace, to the intent their prudent devices and affairs be not by my simpleness and folly hindered or impaired. Which thing, if it should so happen, as it were well likely to mishap in me, if Your Grace's benignity relieved not my oversight, it could not fail to be during my life a perpetual grudge and heaviness to my heart. The help and remedy whereof in manner aforesaid remembered, is (most Gracious Sovereign) my first lowly suit and humble petition unto your Noble Grace. Mine other humble request, most excellent Prince, is this. Forasmuch as there be of your Commons, here by your high commandment assembled for your parliament, a great number which are after the accustomed manner appointed in the Commons' House to treat and advise of the common affairs among themselves apart: and albeit, most dear Liege Lord, that according to your prudent advice, by your honourable writs everywhere declared, there have been as due diligence used in sending up to Your Highness' Court of Parliament the most discreet persons out of every quarter that men could esteem meet thereto; whereby it is not to be doubted but that there is a very substantial assembly of right wise meet and politic persons. Yet, most Victorious Prince, sith among so many wise men neither is every man wise alike, nor, among so many men alike well witted, every man alike well spoken, and it often happeth that likewise as much folly is uttered with painted polished speech, so, many, boisterous and rude in language, see deep indeed, and give right substantial council; and sith also in matters of great importance the mind is so often occupied in the matter, that a man rather studieth what to say, than how; by reason whereof the wisest man and best spoken in a whole country fortuneth while his mind is fervent in the matter, somewhat to speak in such wise as he would afterward wish to have been uttered otherwise, and yet no worse will had he when he spake it, than he hath when he would so gladly change it. Therefore, most Gracious Sovereign, considering that, in all your high Court of Parliament, is nothing treated but matter of weight and importance concerning your Realm and your own royal estate, it could not fail to let and put to silence from the giving of their advice and counsel many of your discreet Commons, to the great hindrance of the common affairs, except that

every one of your Commons were utterly discharged of all doubt and fear how any thing, that it should happen them to speak, should happen of your highness to be taken. And in this point, though your well-known and proved benignity putteth every man in good hope, yet such is the weight of the matter, such is the reverent dread that the timorous hearts of your natural subjects conceive towards Your Highness, our most redoubted King and undoubted Sovereign, that they cannot, in this point, find themselves satisfied, except your gracious bounty therein declared put away the scruple of their timorous minds and animate and encourage them and put them out of doubt. It may therefore like your Most Abundant Grace, our most Benign and Godly King, to give to all your Commons, here assembled, your most gracious licence and pardon, freely, without doubt of your dreadful displeasure, every man to discharge his conscience, and boldly, in every thing incident among us, to declare his advice; and, whatsoever happeneth any man to say, that it may like your Noble Majesty of your inestimable goodness to take all in good part, interpreting every man's words, how uncunningly soever they be couched, to proceed yet of good zeal towards the profit of your Realm and honour of your Royal Person, the prosperous estate and preservation whereof, most Excellent Sovereign, is the thing which we all, your humble loving subjects, according to the most bounden duty of our natural allegiance, most highly desire and pray for."

At this Parliament Cardinal Wolsey found himself much grieved with the burgesses thereof, for that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein but that it was immediately blown abroad in every ale-house. It fortuned at that Parliament a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the Cardinal fearing would not pass the Commons' House, determined for the furtherance thereof to be there present himself. Before whose coming, after long debating there, whether it were better but with a few of his lords, as the most opinion of the house was, or with his whole train royally, to receive him there amongst them: "Masters," quoth Sir Thomas More, "forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his poleaxes, his crosses, his hat and the great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame on those that his grace bringeth hither with him." Whereunto the house wholly agreeing, he was received accordingly. Whereafter he had in a solemn oration by many reasons proved how necessary it was the demand there moved to be granted, and further showed that less would not serve to maintain the Prince's purpose, he seeing the company sitting still silent and thereunto nothing answering, and contrary to his expectations showing in themselves towards his request no towardness of inclination, said unto them, "Masters, you have many wise and learned

men amongst you, and sith I am from the king's own person sent hither unto you for the preservation of yourselves and all the Realm, I think it meet you give me some reasonable answer." Whereat every man holding his peace, then began he to speak to one Master Marney, afterward Lord Marney. " How say you," quoth he, " Master Marney? "; who, making him no answer neither, he severally asked the same question of divers others accounted the wisest of the company; to whom, when none of them all would give so much as one word (being agreed before, as the custom was, to answer by their Speaker), " Masters," quoth the Cardinal, " unless it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your Speaker, whom you have chosen for trusty and wise (as indeed he is), in such cases to utter your minds, here is without doubt a marvellous obstinate silence." And thereupon he required answer of Master Speaker, who first reverently on his knees excusing the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in the Realm, and after by many probable arguments proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the house; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his one head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his Grace answer. Whereupon the Cardinal, displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed. And after the parliament ended, in his gallery at Whitehall in Westminster, he uttered unto him all his griefs, saying: " Would to God you had been at Rome, Master More, when I made you Speaker." " Your Grace not offended, so would I too, My Lord," quoth Sir Thomas More. And to wind such quarrels out of the Cardinal's head, he began to talk of the gallery, saying, " I like this gallery of yours, My Lord, much better than your gallery at Hampton Court." Wherewith so wisely broke he off the Cardinal's displeasant talk, that the Cardinal at that present, as it seemed, wist not what more say to him; but, for the revengement of his displeasure, counselled the king to send him ambassador to Spain, commending to His Highness his wisdom, learning and meetness for that voyage. And, the difficulty of the cause considered, none was there, he said, so well able to serve His Grace therein. Which when the king had broken to Sir Thomas More, and that he had declared unto his grace how unfit a journey it was for him, — the nature of the country, the disposition of his complexion so disagreeing together, that he should never be able to do his grace acceptable service there, knowing right well that if His Grace sent him thither he should send him to his grave; but showing himself nevertheless ready according to his duty, or were it with the loss of his life, to fulfil His Grace's pleasure in that behalf. The king, allowing well his answer, said unto him: " It is not our pleasure, Master More, to do you hurt, but to do you good we would be glad;

we therefore for this purpose will devise upon some other, and employ your service otherwise." And such entire favour did the king bear him, that he made him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster upon the death of Sir Richard Wingfield, who had that office before.

And for the pleasure he took in his company would His Grace suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time, unlooked-for, he came to dinner, and after dinner in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck. As soon as His Grace was gone, I rejoicing thereat, said to Sir Thomas More how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly entertained, as I never had seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw His Grace walk once with arm in arm. " I thank our Lord, son," quoth he, " I find His Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this Realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was war between us), it should not fail to go."

This Sir Thomas More, among all other his virtues, was of such meekness that if it had fortuned him with any learned men resorting to him from Oxford, Cambridge, or elsewhere (as there did divers, some for desire of his acquaintance, some for the famous report of his wisdom and learning, some for suits of the Universities), to have entered into argument (wherein few were comparable to him) and so far to have discoursed with them therein that he might perceive they could not without some inconvenience hold out much further disputation against him; then, lest he should discomfort them (as one that sought not his own glory, but rather would seem conquered than to discourage students in their studies, ever showing himself more desirous to learn than to teach), would he by some witty device courteously break off into some other matter and give over. Of whom, for his wisdom and learning, had the king such an opinion that at such time as he attended upon His Highness, taking his progress either to Oxford or Cambridge, where he was received with very eloquent orations, His Grace would always assign him (as one that was most prompt and ready therein) extempore to make answer thereunto. Whose manner was, whensoever he had occasion either here or beyond the sea, to be in any University, not only to be present at the readings and disputations there commonly used, but also learnedly to dispute among them himself. Who being chancellor of the duchy was made ambassador twice, joined in commission with Cardinal Wolsey; once to the Emperor Charles into Flanders, the other time to the French king into France. Not long after this, the Water-bailiff of London, sometime his servant, hearing, where he had been at dinner, certain merchants liberally to rail against his old master, waxed so discontented therewith that he hastily came to him and told him what he had heard, " And were I, sir," quoth he, " in

such favour and authority with my prince as you are, such men surely should not be suffered so villainously and falsely to misreport and slander me. Wherefore I would wish you to call them before you and, to their shame, for their lewd malice to punish them." Who, smiling upon him, said, " Why, Master Water-bailiff, would you have me punish them by whom I receive more benefit than by all you that be my friends? Let them a-God's name speak as lewdly as they list of me, and shoot never so many arrows at me as long as they do not hit me, what am I the worse? But if they should once hit me, then would it indeed not a little trouble me; howbeit I trust by God's help there shall none of them all once be able to touch me. I have more cause, I assure thee, Master water-bailiff, to pity them than to be angry with them." Such fruitful communication had he oft-times with his familiar friends. So on a time walking with me along the Thames' side at Chelsea, in talking of other things he said unto me, " Now, would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put in a sack and presently cast into the Thames." " What great things be those, Sir," quoth I, " that should move you so to wish? " " Wouldst thou know, son Roper, what they be? " quoth he. " Yea marry, with a good will, sir, if it pleases you," quoth I. " In faith, son, they be these," said he, " the first is, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace. The second, that where the Church of Christ is at this present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third, that where the matter of the king's marriage is now come in question, it were to the glory of God and quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion." Whereby as I could gather, he judged that otherwise it would be a disturbance to a great part of Christendom. Thus did it, by his doings throughout the whole course of his life, appear, that all his travail and pains, without respect of earthly commodities, either to himself or any of his, were only upon the service of God, the Prince, and the Realm, wholly bestowed and employed; whom I heard in his latter time to say that he never asked of the king for himself the value of one penny.

As Sir Thomas More's custom was daily (if he were at home), besides his private prayers with his children, to say the Seven Psalms, the Litany, and the Suffrages following, so was his guise nightly before he went to bed with his wife, children, and household to go to his chapel, and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them. And because he was desirous for godly purposes sometimes to be solitary and sequester himself from worldly company, a good distance from his mansion-house builded he a place called the New Building, wherein there was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which, as his use was on other days to occupy himself in prayer and study there together, so on the Fridays used he continually to be there from morning till evening, spending his time only in devout prayers and spiritual exercises. And to provoke his

wife and children to the desire of heavenly things, he would sometimes use these words unto them: "It is now no mastery for you children to go to heaven, for everybody giveth you good counsel, everybody giveth you good example. You see virtue rewarded and vice punished, so that you are carried up to heaven even by the chins. But if you live in the time that no man will give you good counsel, no man will give you good example, when you shall see virtue punished and vice rewarded, if you will then stand fast and firmly stick to God upon pain of life, though you be but half good, God will allow you for whole good."

If his wife or any of his children had been diseased or troubled, he would say unto them, "We may not look at our pleasures to go to heaven in featherbeds; it is not the way, for our Lord Himself went thither with great pain, and by many tribulations, which was the path wherein He walked thither, and the servant may not look to be in better case than his Master." And as he would in this sort persuade them to take their troubles patiently, so would he in like sort teach them to withstand the devil and his temptations valiantly, saying, "Whosoever will mark the devil and his temptations shall find him therein much like to an ape who, not well looked to, will be busy and bold to do shrewd turns, and contrariwise, being spied, will suddenly leap back and adventure no farther. So the devil finding a man idle, slothful and without resistance, ready to receive his temptations, waxeth so hardy that he will not fail still to continue with him until to his purpose he hath thoroughly brought him. But on the other side, if he see a man with diligence persevere to prevent and withstand his temptations, he waxeth so weary that in conclusion he utterly forsaketh him. For as the devil of disposition is a spirit of so high a pride that he cannot abide to be mocked, so is he of nature so envious that he feareth any more to assault him, lest he should thereby not only catch a foul fall himself, but also minister to the man more matter of merit." Thus delighted he evermore not only in virtuous exercises to be occupied by himself, but also to exhort his wife, children, and household to embrace the same and follow it. To whom for his notable virtue and godliness God showed as it seemed a manifest miraculous token of His special favour towards him.

At such time as my wife (as many other that year were) was sick of the sweating sickness; who lying in so great extremity of that disease as by no invention or devices that physicians in such cases commonly use (of whom she had divers both expert, wise, and well learned then continually attendant upon her) could she be kept from sleep, so that both the physicians and all other there present despaired of her recovery and gave her over; her father, as he that most entirely tendered her, being in no small heaviness for her, by prayer at God's hand sought to get her remedy. Whereupon going up after his usual manner into his aforesaid New Building, there in his chapel on his knees with tears most devoutly besought Almighty God that it would like His goodness, unto whom nothing was impossible, if it

were His blessed will, at his mediation, to vouchsafe graciously to hear his humble petition. Where incontinent came into his mind that a glister should be the only way to help her. Which when he told the physicians, they by and by confessed that if there were any hope of health that that was the very best help indeed; much marvelling of themselves that they had not before remembered it. Then was it immediately administered to her sleeping which she could by no means have been brought unto waking. And albeit, after she was thereby thoroughly awaked, God's marks (an evident undoubted token of death) plainly appeared upon her, yet she, contrary to all their expectations was, as it was thought, by her father's most fervent prayers miraculously recovered, and at length again to perfect health restored; whom, if it had pleased God at that time to have taken to His mercy, her father said he would never have meddled with worldly matters more.

Now while Sir Thomas More was chancellor of the duchy, the see of Rome chanced to be void, which was cause of much trouble. For Cardinal Wolsey, a man very ambitious, and desirous (as good hope and likelihood he had) to aspire to that dignity, perceiving himself of his expectation disappointed, by means of the Emperor Charles so highly commending one Cardinal Adrian, sometime his schoolmaster, to the cardinals of Rome in the time of their election for his virtue and worthiness, that thereupon he was chosen Pope; who from Spain, where he was then resident, coming on foot to Rome, before his entry into the city did put off his hose and shoes, and barefooted and barelegged passed through the streets towards his palace with such humbleness that all the people had him in great reverence. Cardinal Wolsey, I say, waxed so wood therewith, that he studied to invent all ways of revengement of his grief against the Emperor; which as it was the beginning of a lamentable tragedy, so some part thereof, as not impertinent to my present purpose, I reckoned requisite here to put in remembrance. This Cardinal therefore, not ignorant of the king's inconstant and mutable disposition, soon inclined to withdraw his devotion from his most noble, virtuous, and lawful wife Queen Katherine, aunt to the Emperor, upon every light occasion; and upon other, to her in nobility, wisdom, virtue, favour, and beauty far incomparable, to fix his affection; meaning to make this his so light disposition an instrument to bring about his ungodly intent, devised to allure the King (then already contrary to his mind nothing less looking for than falling in love with the Lady Anne Bullen) to cast fantasy unto one of the French King's sisters. Which thing (because of the enmity and war that was at that time between the French King and the Emperor, whom, for the cause before remembered, he mortally maligned) he was very desirous to procure. And for the better achieving thereof requested Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, being ghostly father to the King, to put a scruple into His Grace's head, that it was not lawful for him to marry his brother's wife. Which the King not sorry to hear of, opened

it first to Sir Thomas More, whose counsel he required therein, showing him certain places of Scripture that seemed somewhat to serve his appetite. Which when he had perused, and thereupon, as one that never had professed the study of divinity, himself excused to be unmeet many ways to meddle with such matters, the King, not satisfied with his answer, so sore still pressed upon him therefor, that in conclusion he condescended to His Grace's motion. And farther, forasmuch as the case was of such importance as needed good advisement and deliberation, he besought His Grace of sufficient respite advisedly to consider of it. Wherewith the King, well contented, said unto him that Tunstal and Clarke, Bishops of Bath and Durham, with other learned of his privy council, should also be dealers therein. So Sir Thomas More departing, conferred those places of Scripture with the exposition of divers of the old holy doctors. And at his coming to the court in talking with His Grace of the foresaid matter, he said, " To be plain with Your Grace, neither my Lord of Durham, nor my Lord of Bath, though I know them both to be wise, virtuous, learned and honourable prelates, nor myself with the rest of your council, being all Your Grace's own servants, for your manifold benefits daily bestowed on us so much bounden unto you, be in my judgment meet counsellors for Your Grace herein. But if Your Grace mind to understand the truth, such counsellors may you have devised, as neither for respect of their own worldly commodity, nor for fear of your princely authority, will be inclined to deceive you." To whom he named then St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and divers other old holy doctors, both Greeks and Latins: and moreover showed him what authorities he had gathered out of them. Which although the King (as disagreeable to his desire) did not very well like of, yet were they by Sir Thomas More (who in all his communication with the King in that matter had always most discreetly behaved himself) so wisely tempered, that he both presently took them in good part, and oftentimes had thereof conference with him again. After this were there certain questions among his council proponed, whether the King needed in this case to have any scruple at all, and if he had, what way were best to be taken to deliver him of it? The most part of them were of the opinion that there was good cause of scruple, and that for the discharging of it, suit were meet to be made to the see of Rome, where the King hoped by liberality to obtain his purpose; wherein, as it after appeared, he was far deceived.

Then was there, for the examination and trial of this matrimony, procured from Rome a commission in which Cardinal Campegius, and Cardinal Wolsey were joined commissioners, who for the determination thereof sat at the Black-Friars in London, where a libel was put in for the annulling of the said matrimony, alleging the marriage between the King and Queen to be unlawful. And for proof of the marriage to be lawful was there brought in a dispensation, in which after divers disputations thereupon holden, there appeared an imperfection; which, by an instrument or brief, found upon

search in the treasury of Spain and sent to the commissioners in England, was supplied. And so should judgment have been given by the Pope accordingly, had not the King, upon intelligence thereof, before the same judgment, appealed to the next general council; after whose appellation the cardinals upon that matter sat no longer.

It fortuned, before the matter of the said matrimony brought in question, when I in talk with Sir Thomas More (of a certain joy) commended unto him the happy estate of this Realm, that had so Catholic a Prince that no heretic durst show his face; so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving obedient subjects all in one faith agreeing together. " Troth, it is indeed, son Roper," quoth he, (and went far beyond me in commending all degrees and estates of the same), " and yet, son Roper, I pray God," said he, " that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we gladly would wish to be at league and composition with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." After that I had told him many considerations why he had no cause to say so. " Well," said he, " I pray God, son Roper, some of us live not till that day "; showing me no reason why I should put any doubt therein. To whom I said, " By my troth, sir, it is very desperately spoken." That vile term, I cry God mercy, did I give Him, who, by these words perceiving me in a fume, said merrily unto me, " Well, well, son Roper, it shall not be so, it shall not be so," whom in sixteen years and more, being in his house conversant with him, I could never perceive as much as once in a fume.

But now to return again where I left. After the supplying of the imperfection of the dispensation sent, as is before rehearsed, to the commissioners into England, the King, taking the matter for ended and then meaning no farther to proceed in that matter, appointed the Bishop of Durham and Sir Thomas More to go ambassadors to Cambray, a place neither Imperial nor French, to treat a peace between the Emperor, the French King, and him. In the concluding whereof Sir Thomas More so worthily handled himself, procuring in our league far more benefits unto this Realm than at that time by the King or his council was thought possible to be compassed, that for his good service in that voyage the King, when he after made him Lord Chancellor, caused the Duke of Norfolk openly to declare to the people, as you shall hear hereafter more at large, how much all England was bounden unto him. Now upon the coming home of the Bishop of Durham and Sir Thomas More from Cambray, the King was as earnest of persuading Sir Thomas More to agree to the matter of his marriage as before, by many and divers ways provoking him thereunto, for which, as it was thought, he the rather soon after made him Lord Chancellor, and farther declaring unto him that though at his going over-sea to Cambray he was in utter despair thereof, yet he had conceived since some

good hope to compass it. For albeit his marriage, being against the positive laws of the church, and against the written law of God, was holpen by the dispensation, yet was there another thing found out of late, he said, whereby his marriage appeared to be so directly against the law of nature that it could in no wise by the church be dispensable, as Doctor Stokesley, whom he had then [newly] preferred to be Bishop of London, and in that case chiefly credited, was able to instruct him: with whom he prayed him in that point to confer. But for all his conference with him he saw nothing of such force as could induce him to change his opinion therein. Which notwithstanding, the Bishop showed himself in his report of him to the King's Highness so good and favourable, that he said he found him in His Grace's cause very toward, and desirous to find some good matter wherewith he might truly serve His Grace to his contentation.

This Bishop Stokesley, being by the Cardinal not long before in the Star Chamber openly put to rebuke, and awarded to the Fleet, not brooking this contumelious usage and thinking that forasmuch as the Cardinal, for lack of such forwardness in setting forth the King's divorce as His Grace looked for, was out of His Highness' favour, he had now a good occasion offered him to revenge his quarrel; farther to increase the King's displeasure towards him, busily travailed to invent some colourable device for the King's furtherance in that behalf; which, as before is remembered, he to His Grace revealed, hoping thereby to bring the King to the better liking of himself and the more misliking of the Cardinal, whom His Highness therefore soon after of his office displaced, and to Sir Thomas More, the rather to move him to incline to his side, the same in his stead committed. Who between the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being brought through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, the Duke of Norfolk, in audience of all the people there assembled, showed that he was from the King himself straightly charged by special commission, there openly in presence of them all to make declaration how much all England was beholden unto Sir Thomas More for his good service, and how worthy he was to have the highest room in the Realm, and how dearly His Grace loved and trusted him, for which, said the Duke, he had great cause to rejoice. Whereunto Sir Thomas More, amongst many other his humble and wise sayings not now in my memory answered, that although he had good cause to take comfort of His Highness' singular favour towards him, that he had, far above his deserts, so highly commended him, to whom therefore he acknowledged himself most deeply bounden; yet nevertheless he must for his own part needs confess that in all things by His Grace alleged he had done no more than was his duty: and farther disabled himself to be unmeet for that room wherein, considering how wise and honourable a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he said he had no cause thereof to rejoice. And as they had charged him, on the King's behalf, uprightly to administer indifferent justice to the people,

without corruption or affection, so did he likewise charge them again that if they saw him at any time in any thing digress from any part of his duty in that honourable office, even as they would discharge their own duty and fidelity to God and the King, so should they not fail to disclose it to His Grace, who otherwise might have just occasion to lay his fault wholly to their charge.

While he was Lord Chancellor, being at leisure (as seldom he was), one of his sons-in-law on a time said merrily unto him, "When Cardinal Wolsey was Lord Chancellor, not only divers of his privy chamber, but such also as were his doorkeepers, gat great gain"; (and since he had married one of his daughters, and gave still attendance upon him, he thought he might of reason look for some); where he indeed, because he was ready himself to hear every man, poor and rich, and keep no doors shut from them, could find none; which was to him a great discouragement. And whereas some for friendship, some for kindred, and some for profit would gladly have his furtherance in bringing them to his presence, if he should now take anything of them, he knew, he said, he should do them great wrong, for that they might do as much for themselves as he could do for them. Which condition, though he thought in Sir Thomas More very commendable, yet to him, he said, being his son he found it nothing profitable. When he had told him this tale, "You say well, son," quoth he. "I do not mislike that you are of conscience so scrupulous; but many other ways be there, son, that I may both do you good, and pleasure your friend also. For some time may I by my word stand your friend in stead, and some time may I by my letter help him; or if he have a cause depending before me, at your request I may hear him before another. Or if his cause be not all the best, yet may I move the parties to fall to some reasonable end by arbitrament. Howbeit this one thing, son, I assure thee on my faith, that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, then all-were-it my father stood on the one side, and the devil on the other, his cause being good, the devil should have right." So offered he his son as he thought, he said, so much favour as he could with reason require. And that he would for no respect digress from justice, well appeared by a plain example of another of his sons-in-law called Master Heron. For when he, having a matter before him in the Chancery, and presuming too much of his favour, would by him in nowise be persuaded to agree to any indifferent order, then made he in conclusion a flat decree against him. This Lord Chancellor used commonly every afternoon to sit in his open hall, to the intent that if any person had any suit unto him, they might the more boldly come to his presence, and there open their complaints before him. Whose manner was also to read every bill himself, ere he would award any *subpœna*, which bearing matter worthy a *subpœna*, would he set his hand unto, or else cancel it. Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery, by the Court of

the King's Bench, if his father (one of the judges thereof) had been seated or he came, he would go into the same court, and there reverently kneeling down, in the sight of them all, duly ask his father's blessing. And if it fortuned that his father and he at readings in Lincoln's Inn met together (as they sometimes did), notwithstanding his high office he would offer in argument the pre-eminence to his father, though he, for his office' sake, would refuse to take it. And for the better declaration of his natural affection towards his father, he not only, while he lay in his deathbed, according to his duty, oft-times with comfortable words most kindly came to visit him, but also at his departure out of the world, with tears taking him about the neck most lovingly kissed and embraced him, commending him into the merciful hands of Almighty God, and so departed from him. And as few injunctions as he granted while he was Lord Chancellor, yet were they by some of the judges of the law misliked; which I understanding, declared the same unto Sir Thomas More, who answered me that they should have little cause to find fault with him therefore, and thereupon caused he one Master Crooke, chief of the Six Clerks, to make a docket containing the whole number and causes of all such injunctions as either in his time had already passed, or at present depended in any of the King's courts at Westminster before him. Which done, he invited all the Judges to dine with him in the council chamber at Westminster, where, after dinner, when he had broken with them what complaints he had heard of his injunctions and moreover showed them both the number and causes of every one of them, in order so plainly that, upon full debating of those matters, they were all enforced to confess that they, in like case, could have done no otherwise themselves. Then offered he this unto them, that if the justices of every court unto whom the reformation of the rigour of the law, by reason of their office, most especially appertained, would upon reasonable considerations by their own discretions, as they were, as he thought, in conscience bound, mitigate and reform the rigour of the law themselves, there should from thenceforth by him no more injunctions be granted. Whereunto, when they refused to condescend, then said he unto them, "Forasmuch as yourselves, my lords, drive me to that necessity for awarding out injunctions to relieve the people's injury, you cannot hereafter any more justly blame me." After that he said secretly to me: "I perceive, son, why they like not so to do. For they see that they may, by the verdict of the jury, cast off all quarrels from themselves upon them, which they account their chief defence; and therefore am I compelled to abide the adventure of all such reports."

And, as little leisure as he had to be occupied in the study of the Holy Scripture, and controversies about religion and such other virtuous exercises, being in a manner continually busied about the affairs of the King and the Realm, yet such watch and pain in setting forth of divers profit-

able works in the defence of the true Christian religion, against heresies secretly sown abroad in the Realm, assuredly sustained he, that the bishops (to whose pastoral care the reformation thereof most principally appertained) thinking themselves by his travail (wherein by their own confession they were not able with him to make comparison) of their duties in that behalf discharged; and, considering that for all his Prince's favour, he was no rich man, nor in yearly revenues advanced as his worthiness deserved; therefore, at a convocation among themselves and others of the clergy, they agreed together and concluded upon a sum of four or five thousand pounds, at the least, to my remembrance, for his pains to recompense him. To the payment whereof every bishop, abbot, and the rest of the clergy were after the rate of their abilities liberal contributors, hoping that this portion should be to his contentation. Whereupon Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, Clarke, Bishop of Bath, and as far as I can call to mind, Vaysye, Bishop of Exeter, repaired unto him, declaring how thankfully for his travails to their discharge in God's cause bestowed, they reckoned themselves bounden to consider him. And that albeit they could not according to his desert so worthily as they gladly would, requite him therefor, but must refer that only to the goodness of God; yet for a small part of recompense in respect of his estate, so unequal to his worthiness, in the name of their whole convocation they presented unto him that sum, which they desired him to take in good part. Who, forsaking it said that like as it was no small comfort unto him that so wise and learned men so well accepted his simple doings, for which he never intended to receive reward but at the hands of God only, to whom alone was the thank thereof chiefly to be ascribed; so gave he most humble thanks unto their honours all for their so bountiful and friendly consideration. When they, for all their importunate pressing upon him (that few would have weened he could have refused) could by no means make him to take it, then besought they him to be content yet that they might bestow it on his wife and children. " Not so, my lords," quoth he, " I had liever see it cast into the Thames than either I or any of mine should have thereof the worth of a penny. For though your offer, my lords, be indeed very friendly and honourable, yet set I so much by my pleasure and so little by my profit, that I would not, in good faith, have lost the rest of so many a night's sleep as was spent upon the same, for much more than your liberal offer. And yet wish would I for all that, upon condition that all heresies were suppressed, that all my books were burned, and my labour utterly lost." Thus departing, were they fain to restore unto every man his own again.

This Lord Chancellor, albeit he was to God and the world well known to be of notable virtue, though not so of every man considered, yet, for the avoiding of singularity, would he appear no otherwise than other men in his apparel and other behaviour. And albeit he appeared outwardly honourable like one of his calling, yet inwardly he no such vanities es-

teeming, secretly next his body wore a shirt of hair. Which my sister More, a young gentlewoman, in the summer as he sat at supper singly in his doublet and hose, wearing thereupon a plain shirt without either ruff or collar, chancing to espy, began to laugh at it. My wife, not ignorant of his manner, perceiving the same, privily told him of it, and he being sorry that she saw it, presently amended it. He also sometimes used to punish his body with whips, the cords knotted, which was known only to my wife, his eldest daughter whom, for her secrecy, above all other he specially trusted, causing her, as need required, to wash the same shirt of hair. Now shortly upon his entry into the high office of the Chancellorship, the King eftsoons again moved him to weigh and consider his great matter. Who falling down on his knees, humbly besought His Highness to stand his Gracious Sovereign, as ever since his entry into his gracious service he had found him, saying there was nothing in the world had been so grievous unto his heart as to remember that he was not able (as he willingly would with the loss of one of his limbs), for that matter, anything to find whereby he could serve His Grace to his contentation, as he that always bare in mind the most godly words that His Highness spake unto him at his first coming into his noble service, the most virtuous lesson that ever prince taught his servant; willing him first to look unto God, and after God unto him; as in good faith, he said, he did, or else might His Grace well account him his most unworthy servant. To this the King answered that if he could not therein with his conscience serve him, he was content to accept his service otherwise and, using the advice of other of his learned council whose consciences could well enough agree therewith, would nevertheless continue his gracious favour towards him, and never with that matter molest his conscience afterward. But Sir Thomas More in process of time seeing the King fully determined to proceed forth in the marriage of Queen Anne; and when he with the bishops and nobles of the higher House of Parliament were, for the furtherance of that marriage, commanded by the King to go down unto the Commons' House, to show unto them both what the Universities, as well of other parts beyond the seas as of Oxford and Cambridge, had done in that behalf, and their seals also testifying the same, all which matters, at the King's request, not showing of what mind himself was therein, he opened to the Lower House of the Parliament. Nevertheless, doubting lest further attempts after should follow, which, contrary to his conscience, by reason of his office, he was likely to be put unto, he made suit unto the Duke of Norfolk, his singular dear friend, to be a mean to the King that he might, with His Grace's favour, be discharged of that chargeable room of the Chancellorship wherein, for certain infirmities of his body, he pretended himself unable any longer to serve. This Duke, coming on a time to Chelsea to dine with him, fortuned to find him at the church, in the choir, with a surplice on his back, singing. To whom, after service, as they went homeward to-

gether arm in arm, the Duke said, " God's body, God's body, my Lord Chancellor, a parish clerk, a parish clerk! You dishonour the King, and his office." " Nay," quoth Sir Thomas More, smiling on the Duke, " Your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will with me for serving of God his master, be offended, or thereby account his office dishonoured."

When the Duke, being thereunto often solicited, by importunate suit had at length of the King obtained for Sir Thomas More a clear discharge of his office, then, at a time convenient, by His Highness's appointment, repaired he to His Grace to yield up to him the great seal. Which, as His Grace with thanks and praise for his worthy service in that office, courteously at his hands received, so pleased it His Highness to say more unto him; that for the good service which he before had done him, in any suit which he should after have unto him, that should either concern his honour — for that word it pleased His Highness to use unto him — or that should appertain unto his profit, he should find His Highness good and gracious lord unto him. After he had thus given over the Chancellorship, and placed all his gentlemen and yeomen with noblemen and bishops, and his eight watermen with the Lord Audley that in the same office succeeded him (to whom also he gave his great barge), then calling us all that were his children unto him, and asking our advice how he might now in this decay of his ability, by the surrender of his office so impaired, that he could not as he was wont, and gladly would, bear out the whole charges of them all himself, from thenceforth be able to live and continue together, as he wished we should. When he saw us silent, and in that case not ready to show our opinions unto him, " Then will I," said he, " show my poor mind to you. I have been brought up," quoth he, " at Oxford, at an Inn of the Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and also in the King's court, and so forth from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present left me little above a hundred pounds by the year. So that now we must hereafter, if we like to live together, be contented to become contributaries together. But by my counsel it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first; we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right-worshipful and of good years do live full well. Which, if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then we will the next year go one step down to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented. If that exceed our ability too, then will we, the next year after, descend to Oxford fare, where many grave learned and ancient fathers be continually conversant. Which, if our ability stretch not to maintain neither, then may we yet, with bags and wallets, go a-begging together, and hoping that for pity some good folk will give us their charity, at every man's door to sing *Salve Regina,* and so still keep company and be merry together."

And whereas you have heard before, he was by the King from a very worshipful living taken into His Grace's service, with whom, in all the great and weighty causes that concerned His Highness or the Realm, he consumed and spent with painful cares, travail, and trouble, as well beyond the seas as within the Realm, in effect, the whole substance of his life, yet with all the gain he got thereby, being never wasteful spender thereof, he was not able, after the resignation of his office of Lord Chancellor, for the maintenance of himself and such as necessarily belonged unto him, sufficiently to find meat, drink, fuel, apparel, and such other necessary charges. All the land that ever he purchased — which also he purchased before he was Lord Chancellor — was not, I am well assured, above the value of twenty marks by the year; and after his debts paid, he had not, I know, his chain excepted, in gold and silver left him, the worth of one hundred pounds. And whereas upon the holydays, during his High Chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church was done, ordinarily used to come to my lady his wife's pew-door, and say unto her, " Madam, my lord is gone," the next holyday after the surrender of his office and departure of his gentlemen, he came unto my lady his wife's pew himself, and making a low curtsey, said unto her, " Madam, my lord is gone." But she, thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal. Whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing, but they, after search, saying they could find none, he replied, " Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry? " Of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible that she went from him in a rage.

In the time somewhat before his trouble he would talk unto his wife and children of the joys of heaven and pains of hell, of the lives of holy martyrs, of their grievous martyrdoms, of their marvellous patience, and of their passions and deaths that they suffered rather than they would offend God, and what a happy and blessed thing it was for the love of God to suffer the loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of lands, and life also. He would farther say unto them that upon his faith, if he might perceive his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it should so comfort him that for very joy thereof it would make him merrily run to death. He showed to them before what trouble might after fall unto him; wherewith and the like virtuous talk he had so long before his trouble encouraged them, that when he after fell into trouble indeed, his trouble was to them a great deal the less. *Quia spicula prævisa minus lædunt.*

Now upon this resignment of his office, came Sir Thomas Cromwell, then in the King's high favour, to Chelsea to him with a message from the King. Wherein when they had thoroughly communed together, " Master Cromwell," quoth he, " you are now entered into the service of a most

noble, wise, and liberal Prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall, in your counsel-giving to His Grace, ever tell him what he ought to do, but never what he is able to do. So shall you show yourself a true faithful servant, and a right wise and worthy counsellor. For if a lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

Shortly thereupon was there a commission directed to Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, to determine the matter of the matrimony between the King and Queen Katharine, at St. Alban's where, according to the King's mind, it was thoroughly determined; who, pretending because he had no justice at the Pope's hands, from thenceforth sequestered himself from the see of Rome, and so married the Lady Anne Bullen. Which Sir Thomas More understanding, said unto me, " God give grace, son, that these matters within a while be not confirmed with oaths." I, at that time, seeing no likelihood thereof, yet fearing lest for his forespeaking it would the sooner come to pass, waxed therefore for his so saying much offended with him.

It fortuned not long before the coming of Queen Anne through the streets of London from the Tower to Westminster to her coronation, that he received a letter from the Bishops of Durham, Bath and Winchester, requesting him both to keep them company from the Tower to the coronation, and also to take twenty pounds, that by the bearer thereof they had sent him, to buy a gown withal; which he thankfully receiving and at home still tarrying, at their next meeting said merrily unto them: " My lords, in the letters which you lately sent me you required two things of me: the one, sith I was so well content to grant you, the other therefore I thought I might be the bolder to deny you. And like as the one, because I took you for no beggars, and myself I knew to be no rich man. I thought I might the rather fulfil, so the other did put me in remembrance of an emperor who ordained a law that whosoever had committed a certain heinous offence (which I now remember not), except it were a virgin should suffer the pains of death — such a reverence had he to virginity. Now so it happened that the first committer of that offence was indeed a virgin, whereof the emperor hearing, was in no small perplexity, as he that by some example would fain have had that law put in execution. Whereupon when his council had sat long, solemnly debating this cause, suddenly rose there up one of his council, a good plain man, amongst them, and said, ' Why make you so much ado, my lords, about so small a matter? Let her first be deflowered, and then after may she be devoured.' And so, though your lordships have in the matter of the matrimony hitherto kept yourselves pure virgins, yet take good heed, my lords, that you keep your virginity still. For some there be that by procuring your lordships first at the coronation to be present, and next to preach for the setting forth of it, and finally to write books to all the world in defence thereof, are desirous to deflower you, and when they have deflowered you then will they not

fail soon after to devour you. Now, my Lords," quoth he, "it lieth not in my power but that they may devour me, but God being my good Lord, I will so provide that they shall never deflower me."

In continuance: when the King saw that he could by no manner of benefit win him to his side, then lo, went he about by terror and threats to drive him thereunto. The beginning of which trouble grew by occasion of a certain nun dwelling in Canterbury, for her virtue and holiness of life among the people not a little esteemed; unto whom, for that cause, many religious persons, doctors of divinity, and divers others of good worship of the laity, used to resort. Who affirming that she had revelations from God to give the King warning of his wicked life and of the abuse of the sword and authority committed to him by God, and understanding my Lord of Rochester, Bishop Fisher, to be a man of notable virtuous living and learning, repaired to Rochester, and there disclosed unto him all her revelations, desiring his advice and council therein. Which the bishop perceiving might well stand with the laws of God and His holy church, advised her (as she before had warning and intended) to go to the King herself, and to let him know and understand the whole circumstance thereof. Whereupon she went to the King and told him all her revelations, and so returned home again. And in short space after, making a journey to the nuns of Sion, by means of one Master Raynolds, a father of the same house, she there fortuned, concerning such secrets as had been revealed unto her (some part whereof seemed to touch the matter of the King's supremacy and marriage which shortly followed), to enter into talk with Sir Thomas More. Who, notwithstanding he might well at that time without danger of any law — though after, as himself had prognosticated before, those matters were established by statutes and confirmed by oaths — freely and safely have talked with her therein, nevertheless in all the communication between them (as in process it appeared) had always so discreetly demeaned himself, that he deserved not to be blamed, but contrariwise to be commended and praised. And had he not been one that in all his great offices and doings for the King and the Realm, so many years together, had from all corruption and wrong-doing or bribes-taking kept himself so clear, that no man was able therewith once to blame or blemish him, or make any just quarrel against him, it would without doubt in this troublous time of the King's indignation towards him have been deeply laid to his charge, and of the King's Highness most favourably accepted. As in the case of one Parnell it most manifestly appeared; against whom, because Sir Thomas More, while he was Lord Chancellor, at the suit of one Vaughan his adversary, had made a decree, this Parnell to His Highness most grievously complained that he, for making the decree, had of the said Vaughan, unable to travel abroad himself for the gout, by the hands of his wife taken a fair great gilt cup for a bribe. Who thereupon, by the King's appointment being called before the whole council

where the matter was heinously laid to his charge, forthwith confessed that forasmuch as that cup was, long after the foresaid decree, brought him for a New Year's gift, he, upon her importunate pressing upon him thereof, of courtesy refused not to receive it. Then the Lord of Wiltshire, for hatred of his religion preferrer of this suit, with much rejoicing said unto the lords: " Lo, my lords, did I not tell you, my lords, that you should find this matter true? " Whereupon Sir Thomas More desired their lordships that as they had heard him courteously tell the one part of his tale, so that they would vouchsafe of their honours indifferently to hear the other. After which obtained, he farther declared unto them, that albeit he had indeed with much work received that cup, yet immediately thereupon caused he his butler to fill it with wine, and of that cup drank to her; and that when he had so done and she pledged him, then as freely as her husband had given it to him, even so freely gave he the same again to her to give unto her husband for his New Year's gift; which, at his instant request, though much against her will, at length yet she was fain to receive, as herself and certain others there present before them deposed. Thus was the great mountain turned scant to a little molehill.

So I remember that at another time, upon a New Year's day, there came unto him one Mistress Croker, a rich widow, for whom with no small pains he had made a decree in the Chancery against the Lord of Arundel, to present him with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in Angels in them for a New Year's gift. Of whom he thankfully receiving the gloves, but refusing the money, said unto her: " Mistress, since it were against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for your money I utterly refuse." So, much against her mind, enforced he her to take her gold again. And one Master Gresham likewise at the same time, having a cause depending in the Chancery before him, sent him for New Year's gift a fair gilt cup, the fashion whereof he very well liking, caused one of his own, though not in his fantasy of so good a fashion, yet better in value, to be brought out of his chamber, which he willed the messenger, in recompense to deliver unto his master, and under other conditions would he in no wise receive it. Many things more of like effect for the declaration of his innocency and clearness from all corruption or evil affection could I here rehearse besides, which for tediousness omitting, I refer to the readers by these few fore-remembered examples with their own judgments wisely to weigh and consider.

At the Parliament following was there put into the Lords' House a bill to attaint the nun, and divers other religious persons, of high treason, and the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More, and certain others of misprison of treason; the King presupposing of likelihood that this bill would be to Sir Thomas More so troublous and terrible that it would force him to relent and condescend to his request; wherein His Grace was much deceived. To which bill Sir Thomas More was a suitor personally to be

received in his own defence to make answer. But the King not liking that, assigned the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Master Cromwell, at a day and place appointed, to call Sir Thomas More before them. At which time I, thinking that I had a good and fit opportunity, earnestly advised him to labour to those lords for the help of his discharge out of the Parliament bill; who answered me he would. And at his coming before them, according to their appointment, they entertained him very friendly, willing him to sit down with them, which in no wise he would. Then began the Lord Chancellor to declare unto him how many ways the King had showed his love and favour towards him; how fain he would have had him continue in his office; how glad he would have been to have heaped more benefits upon him; and finally how he could ask no worldly honour nor profit at His Highness's hands that were likely to be denied him; hoping, by the declaration of the King's kindness and affection towards him, to provoke him to recompense His Grace with the like again, and unto those things which the Parliament, the bishops, and the Universities had already passed, to add his consent. To this Sir Thomas More mildly made answer, saying, "No man living is there, my lords, that would with better will do the thing that should be acceptable to the King's Highness than I, which must needs confess his manifold benefits and bountiful goodness, most benignly bestowed upon me. Howbeit, I verily hoped I should never have heard of this matter more, considering that I have from time to time always from the beginning so plainly and truly declared my mind unto His Grace, which His Highness ever seemed to me, like a most gracious prince, very well to accept, never minding, as he said, to molest me more therewith. Since which time any further thing that was able to move me to any change could I never find; and if I could, there is none in all the world that would have been gladder of it than I." Many things more were there of like sort uttered on both sides.

But in the end, when they saw they could by no manner of persuasions remove him from his former determination, then began they more terribly to touch him, telling him that the King's Highness had given them in commandment if they could by no gentleness win him, in his name with his great ingratitude to charge him, that never was there servant to his sovereign so villainous, nor subject to his prince so traitorous as he. For he by his subtle sinister slights most unnaturally procuring and provoking him to set forth a book of the assertion of the seven Sacraments and maintenance of the Pope's authority, had caused him, to his dishonour throughout all Christendom, to put a sword in the Pope's hand to fight against himself.

When they had thus laid forth all the terrors they could imagine against him, "My lords," quoth he, "these terrors be arguments for children, and not for me. But to answer that wherewith you do chiefly burthen me,

I believe the King's Highness of his honour will never lay that to my charge, or none is there that can in that point say in my excuse more than His Highness himself, who right well knoweth that I was never procurer nor counsellor of His Majesty thereunto, but after it was finished, by His Grace's appointment and consent of the makers of the same, I was only a sorter out and placer of the principal matters therein contained. Wherein when I found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strong arguments mightily defended, I said unto His Grace, 'I must put Your Highness in remembrance of one thing, and that is this: the Pope, as Your Grace knoweth, is a Prince as you are, and in league with all other Christian princes; it may hereafter so fall out that Your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity and war between you both; I think it best therefore that that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched.' 'Nay,' quoth His Grace, 'that it shall not: we are so much bounden unto the see of Rome that we cannot do too much honour unto it.' Then did I farther put him in remembrance of the Statute of Præmunire, whereby a good part of the Pope's pastoral care here was pared away. To that answered His Highness: 'Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we received from that see our crown imperial'; which I never heard of before till His Grace told it me with his own mouth. So that I trust when His Grace shall be truly informed of this, and call to his gracious remembrance my doing in that behalf, His Highness will never speak of it more, but clear me therein thoroughly himself."

And thus displeasantly departed they. Then took Sir Thomas More his boat towards his house at Chelsea, wherein by the way he was very merry, and for that I was nothing sorry, hoping that he had gotten himself discharged out of the Parliament bill. When he was landed and come home, then walked we twain alone in his garden together; where I, desirous to know how he had sped, said: "I trust, Sir, that all is well, because that you be so merry." "It is so indeed, son Roper, I thank God," quoth he. "Are you then put out of the Parliament bill?" quoth I. "By my troth, son Roper," quoth he, "I never remembered it!" "Never remembered it!" said I, "a case that toucheth yourself so near, and us all for your sake! I am sorry to hear it, for I verily trusted, when I saw you so merry, that all had been well." Then said he: "Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry?" "That would I gladly, Sir," quoth I. "In good faith, I rejoiced, son," said he, "that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far as without great shame I could never go back again." At which words waxed I very sad; for though himself liked it well, yet liked it me but a little.

Now upon the report made by the Lord Chancellor and the other lords to the King of all their whole discourse had with Sir Thomas More, the

King was so highly offended with him, he plainly told them he was fully determined that the foresaid Parliament bill should undoubtedly proceed forth against him. To whom the Lord Chancellor and the rest of the lords said that they perceived the lords of the Upper House so precisely bent to hear him in his own defence make answer himself, that if he were not put out of the bill, it would without fail be utterly an overthrow of all. But for all this, needs would the King have his own will therein, or else he said that at the passing thereof he would be personally present himself. Then the Lord Audley and the rest, seeing him so vehemently set thereupon, on their knees most humbly besought His Grace to forbear the same, considering that if he should in his own presence receive an overthrow, it would not only encourage his subjects ever after to contemn him, but also through all Christendom redound to his dishonour for ever; adding thereunto that they mistrusted not in time against him to find some meeter matter to serve His Grace's turn better; for in this cause of the nun he was accounted, they said, so innocent and clear, that for his dealing therein, men reckoned him far worthier of praise than reproof.

Whereupon, at length, through their earnest persuasion, he was content to condescend to their petition; and on the morrow, after Master Cromwell meeting me in the Parliament House, willed me to tell my father that he was put out of the Parliament bill. But because I had appointed to dine that day in London, I sent the message by my servant to my wife to Chelsea. Whereof when she informed her father: " In faith, Megg," quoth he, " *Quod differtur non aufertur.*" After this, as the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Thomas More chanced to fall in familiar talk together, the Duke said unto him: " By the Mass, Master More, it is perilous striving with princes, therefore I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure. For by God's body, Master More, *Indignatio principis mors est.*" " Is that all, my lord? ", quoth he. " Then in good faith the difference between Your Grace and me is but this, that *I shall die today and you tomorrow.*"

So fell it out, within a month or thereabout, after the making of the Statute for the Oath of the Supremacy and Matrimony, that all the priests of London and Westminster, and no temporal men but he, were sent for to appear at Lambeth before the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Secretary Cromwell, commissioners appointed there to tender the oath unto them. Then Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner was always ere he entered into any matter of importance — as when he was first chosen of the King's privy council, when he was sent ambassador, appointed Speaker of the Parliament, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any like weighty matter upon him — to go to church and be confessed, to hear Mass, and be houseled, so did he likewise in the morning early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lambeth. And whereas he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them

bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants there took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly a while, at the last he rounded me in the ear and said: "Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won." What he meant thereby I wist not, yet loath to seem ignorant, I answered: "Sir, I am thereof very glad." But, as I conjectured afterwards, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that it conquered all his cardinal affections utterly.

Now at his coming to Lambeth, how wisely he behaved himself before the commissioners at the ministration of the oath unto him, may be found in certain letters of his sent to my wife remaining in a great book of his works. Where by the space of four days he was betaken to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, during which time the King consulted with his council what order were meet to be taken with him. And albeit in the beginning they were resolved that with an oath, not to be acknown, whether he had to the supremacy been sworn, or what he thought thereof, he should be discharged; yet did Queen Anne by her importunate clamour so sore exasperate the King against him that, contrary to his former resolution, he caused the said Oath of the Supremacy to be administered unto him; who albeit he made a discreet qualified answer, nevertheless was committed to the Tower. Who as he was going thitherward wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell, that had the charge of his conveyance thither, advised him to send home his chain to his wife or to some of his children. "Nay, Sir," quoth he, "that I will not: for if I were taken in the field by my enemies I would they should somewhat fare the better for me." At whose landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Master porter," quoth he, "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gown." And so was he by Master Lieutenant conveyed to his lodging, where he called unto him one John-a-Wood, his own servant there appointed to attend him, who could neither write nor read, and sware him before the Lieutenant, that if he should hear or see him at any time speak or write any matter against the King, the council, or the state of the Realm, he should open it to the Lieutenant, that the Lieutenant might incontinent reveal it to the council.

Now when he had remained in the Tower little more than a month, my wife, longing to see her father, by her earnest suit at length got leave to go unto him. At whose coming after the seven psalms and litany said (which whensoever she came to him, ere he fell in talk of any worldly matters, he used accustomedly to say with her) among other communi-

cation he said unto her: "I believe, Megg, that they that have put me here ween that they have done me a high displeasure: but I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and ye that be my children (whom I account the chief part of my charge), I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as straight a room, and straighter too. But since I am come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help supply my lack among you. I find no cause, I thank God, Megg, to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house, for methinketh God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on his lap and dandleth me." Thus, by his gracious demeanour in tribulation, appeared it that all the trouble that ever chanced unto him, by his patient sufferance thereof, were to him no painful punishments, but of his patience profitable exercises.

And at another time, when he had first questioned with my wife a while of the order of his wife, children, and state of his house in his absence, he asked her how Queen Anne did. "In faith, Father," quoth she, "never better." "Never better, Megg!" quoth he, "alas Megg, alas! it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come." After this, Master Lieutenant coming into his chamber to visit him, rehearsed the benefits and friendship that he had many ways received at his hands, and how much bounden he was therefore friendly to entertain him, and to make him good cheer; which since, the case standing as it did, he could do not without the King's indignation, he trusted, he said, he would accept his good-will, and such poor cheer as he had. "Master Lieutenant," quoth he again, "I verily believe as you say, so are you my good friend indeed, and would, as you say, with your best cheer entertain me, for the which I most heartily thank you: and assure yourself, Master Lieutenant, I do not mislike my cheer, but whensoever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors."

Whereas the oath confirming the Supremacy and Matrimony was by the first statute in few words comprised, the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Secretary did of their own heads add more words unto it, to make it appear to the King's ears more pleasant and plausible, and that oath, so amplified, caused they to be ministered to Sir Thomas More, and to all other throughout the Realm. Which Sir Thomas More perceiving, said unto my wife: "I may tell thee, Megg, they that have committed me hither for the refusing of this oath, not agreeable with the statute, are not by their own law able to justify mine imprisonment: and surely, daughter, it is great pity that any Christian Prince should by a flexible council ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace, constantly to stand to their learning, with flattery be so shamefully abused." But at length the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Secretary, espying their oversight in that behalf, were fain afterward to find the means that another

statute should be made for the confirmation of the oath so amplified with their additions.

After Sir Thomas More had given over his office and all worldly doings therewith, to the intent he might from thenceforth settle himself the more quietly to the service of God, then made he a conveyance for the disposition of all his lands, reserving to himself an estate thereof only for term of his own life; and after his decease assuring some part thereof to his wife, some to his son's wife for a jointure in consideration that she was an inheretrix in possession of more than a hundred pounds' land by the year, and some to me and my wife in recompense of our marriage money, with divers remainders over. All which conveyance and assurance was perfectly finished long before the matter whereupon he was attainted was made an offence, and yet after by statute clearly voided; and so were all his lands that he had to his wife and children by the said conveyance in such sort assured, contrary to the order of law, taken from them and brought into the King's hands, saving that portion which he had appointed to my wife and me. Which although he had in the foresaid conveyance reserved as he did the rest for term of life to himself, nevertheless upon consideration two days after by another conveyance he gave the same immediately to my wife and me in possession; and so because the statute had undone only the first conveyance, giving no more to the King but so much as passed by that, the second conveyance, whereby it was given to my wife and me, being dated two days after, was without the compass of the statute, and so was our portion by that means clearly reserved to us.

As Sir Thomas More, in the Tower, chanced on a time, looking out of his window, to behold one Master Raynolds, a religious, learned and virtuous father of Sion, and three monks of the Charterhouse, for the matter of the Supremacy and Matrimony, going out of the Tower to execution, he, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing there beside him: "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage? Wherefore thereby mayest thou see, mine own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have in effect spent all their days in a straight, hard, penitential and painful life, religiously, and such as have in the world, like worldly wretches, as thy poor father hath done, consumed all their time in pleasure and ease licentiously. For God, considering their long-continued life in most sore and grievous penance, will no longer suffer them to remain here in this vale of misery and iniquity, but speedily hence taketh them to the fruition of His everlasting Deity. Whereas thy silly father, Megg, that like a most wicked caitiff hath passed forth the whole course of his miserable life most sinfully, God, thinking him not worthy so soon to come to that eternal felicity, leaveth him here yet still in the world further to be plagued and turmoiled with misery."

Within a while after, Master Secretary coming to him into the Tower from the King, pretended much friendship towards him, and for his comfort told him that the King's Highness was his good and gracious lord, and mindeth not with any matter wherein he should have any cause of scruple henceforth to trouble his conscience. As soon as Master Secretary was gone, to express what comfort he received of his words, he wrote with a coal, for ink then he had none, these verses:

" Eye-flatt'ring fortune, look thou ne'er so fair,
Or ne'er so pleasantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruin all repair,
During my life thou shall not me beguile:
Trust shall I, God, to enter in a while,
Thy haven of heaven sure and uniform,
E'er after thy calm look I for a storm."

When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my lady, his wife, obtained licence to see him; who, at her first coming, like a simple ignorant woman and somewhat worldly too, with this manner of salutation bluntly saluted him: " What the good-yere, Master More," quoth she, " I marvel that you that have been always hitherto taken for so wise a man will now so play the fool to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favour and good-will both of the King and his council if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned of this Realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your gallery, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in the company of me your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what a-God's name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry." After he had a while quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her: " I pray thee, good Mistress Alice, tell me one thing! " " What is that? ", quoth she. " Is not this house," quoth he, " as nigh heaven as mine own? " To whom she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered: " Tylle valle, Tylle valle! " " How say you, Mistress Alice, is it not so? " " *Bone Deus, bone Deus,* man, will this gear never be left? ", quoth she. " Well then, Mistress Alice, if it be so," quoth he, " it is very well. For I see no great cause why I should much joy in my gay house, or in any thing thereunto belonging, when if I should but seven years lie buried under the ground and then arise and come thither again, I should not fail to find some therein that would bid me get out of doors, and tell me it were none of mine. What cause have I then to like such a house as would so soon forget his master? " So her persuasions moved him but a little.

Not long after came to him the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk

and Suffolk, with Master Secretary, and certain other of the privy council, at two several times by all policies possible procuring him either precisely to confess the Supremacy, or precisely to deny it, whereunto, as appeareth by his examinations in the said great book, they could never bring him. Shortly thereupon Master Rich, afterward Lord Rich, then newly made the King's Solicitor, Sir Richard Southwell, and one Master Palmer, servant to the Secretary, were sent to Sir Thomas More into the Tower to fetch away his books from him. And while Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer were busy in the trussing up of his books, Mr. Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, as it seemed, said thus unto him: " Forasmuch as it is well known, Master More, that you are a man both wise and well learned as well in the laws of the Realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, sir, let me be so bold, as of good will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, sir," quoth he, " an act of Parliament that the Realm should take me for King, would not you, Mr. More, take me for king? " " Yes, sir," quoth Sir Thomas More, " that would I." " I put the case further," quoth Mr. Rich, " that there were an act of Parliament that all the Realm should take me for pope, would you not then, Master More, take me for pope? " " For answer, sir," quoth Sir Thomas More, " to your first case, the Parliament may well, Master Rich, meddle with the state of temporal princes, but to make answer to your other case, I will put you this case: suppose the Parliament would make a law that God should not be God, would you then, Master Rich, say that God were not God? " " No, sir," quoth he, " that would I not, sith no Parliament may make any such law." " No more," said Sir Thomas More (as Master Rich reported him), " could the Parliament make the King supreme head of the church." Upon whose only report was Sir Thomas More indicted of high treason on the statute to deny the King to be Supreme Head of the Church, into which indictment were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously* and *diabolically.*

When Sir Thomas More was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall to answer to the indictment, and at the King's Bench bar there before the judges arraigned, he openly told them that he would upon that indictment have abiden in law, but that he thereby should have been driven to confess of himself the matter indeed, that was the denial of the King's supremacy, which he protested was untrue. Therefore he thereunto pleaded not guilty, and so reserved unto himself advantage to be taken of the body of the matter after verdict to avoid that indictment; and moreover added, that if those only odious terms, *maliciously, traitorously,* and *diabolically,* were put out of the indictment, he saw therein nothing justly to charge him. And for proof to the jury that Sir Thomas More was guilty of this treason, Master Rich was called forth to give evidence unto them upon his oath, as he did; against whom thus sworn, Sir Thomas More began in this wise to say: " If I were a man, my lords, that did not regard

an oath I needed not, as it is well known, in this place, and at this time, nor in this case to stand here as an accused person. And if this oath of yours, Master Rich, be true, then I pray that I never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to win the whole world." Then recited he to the court the discourse of all their communication in the Tower according to the truth, and said: " In good faith, Master Rich, I am sorrier for your perjury than for mine own peril, and you shall understand that neither I nor no man else to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as in any matter of importance I or any other would at any time vouchsafe to communicate with you. And I, as you know, of no small while have been acquainted with you and your conversation, who have known you from your youth hitherto, for we long dwelled together in one parish. Whereas yourself can tell — I am sorry you compel me to say — you were esteemed very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of no commendable fame. And so in your house at the Temple, where hath been your chief bringing up, were you likewise accounted. Can it therefore seem likely unto your honourable lordships that I would in so weighty a cause so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust Master Rich, a man of me always reputed of so little truth, as your lordships have heard, so far above my sovereign lord the King, or any of his noble counsellors, that I would unto him utter the secrets of my conscience touching the King's supremacy, the special point and only mark at my hands so long sought for? A thing which I never did, nor never would, after the statute thereof made, reveal unto the King's Highness himself or to any of his honourable counsellors, as it is not unknown unto your honours at sundry and several times sent from His Grace's own person to the Tower unto me for none other purpose. Can this in your judgment, my lords, seem likely to be true? And if I had so done indeed, my lords, as Master Rich hath sworn, seeing it was spoken but in familiar secret talk, nothing affirming, and only in putting of cases, without other displeasant circumstances, it cannot justly be taken to be spoken *maliciously;* and where there is no malice, there can be no offence. And over this I can never think, my lords, that so many worthy bishops, so many honourable personages, and many other worshipful, virtuous, wise and well learned men, as at the making of that law were in the Parliament assembled, ever meant to have any man punished by death in whom there could be found no malice, taking *malitia* for *malevolentia;* for if *malitia* be generally taken for sin, no man is there then that can excuse himself. *Quia si dixerimus quod peccatum non habemus, nosmet ipsos seducemus, et veritas in nobis non est.* And only this word *maliciously* is in the statute material, as this term *forcibly* is in the statute of *forcible entries,* by which statute if a man enter peaceably, and put not his adversary out *forcibly,* it is no offence, but if he put him out *forcibly,* then by that statute it is an offence, and so shall he be punished by this term *forcibly.* Besides this, the manifold

goodness of the King's Highness himself, that hath been so many ways my singular good lord and gracious Sovereign, and that hath so dearly loved and trusted me, even at my very first coming into his noble service, with the dignity of his honourable Privy Council vouchsafing to admit me, and to offices of great credit and worship most liberally advanced me; and finally with that weighty room of His Grace's high chancellor, the like whereof he never did to temporal man before, next to his own royal person the highest officer in this whole Realm, so far above my qualities or merits able and meet therefore of his own incomparable benignity honoured and exalted me; by the space of twenty years and more, showing his continual favour toward me, and (until at mine own poor suit it pleased His Highness giving me licence with His Majesty's favour to bestow the residue of my life, for the provision of my soul, in the service of God, and of His special goodness thereof to discharge and unburthen me) most benignly heaped honours continually more and more upon me. All this His Highness's goodness, I say, so long thus bountifully extended towards me, were in my mind, my lords, matter sufficient to convince this slanderous surmise by this man so wrongfully imagined against me."

Master Rich, seeing himself so disproved, and his credit so foully defaced, caused Sir Richard Southwell and Master Palmer, who at the time of their communication were in the chamber, to be sworn what words had passed betwixt them. Whereupon Master Palmer upon his depositions said, that "he was so busy about trussing up Sir Thomas More's books into a sack that he took no heed to their talk." Sir Richard Southwell likewise said upon his deposition, that "because he was appointed only to look to the conveyance of those books he gave no ear to them." After this were there many other reasons, not now in my remembrance, by Sir Thomas More in his own defence alleged to the discredit of Master Rich's foresaid evidence, and proof of the clearness of his own conscience; all which notwithstanding, the jury found him guilty. And incontinent upon their verdict the Lord Chancellor, for that matter Chief Commissioner, beginning to proceed in judgment against him, Sir Thomas More said unto him: "My Lord, when I was toward the law, the manner in such case was to ask the prisoner before judgment what he could say, why judgment should not be given against him." Whereupon the Lord Chancellor, staying his judgment, wherein he had partly proceeded, demanded of him what he was able to say to the contrary; who then in this sort most humbly made answer:

"Forasmuch, my Lord," quoth he, "as this indictment is grounded upon an act of Parliament directly repugnant to the laws of God and His holy Church, the supreme government of which or any part thereof, may no temporal prince presume by any law to take upon him, as rightfully belonging to the see of Rome, a spiritual pre-eminence by the mouth of our Saviour himself, personally present upon the earth, only to Saint Peter and his

successors, bishops of the same see, by special prerogative granted; it is therefore in law, amongst Christian men, insufficient to charge any Christian man." And for proof thereof, like as amongst divers other reasons and authorities, he declared that this Realm, being but a member and small part of the church, might not make a particular law disagreeable with the general law of Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the City of London, being but one poor member in respect of the whole Realm, might make a law against an act of Parliament to bind the whole Realm; so further showed he that it was both contrary to the laws and statutes of this our land yet unrepealed, as they might evidently perceive in MAGNA CHARTA, *quod* Ecclesia Anglicana *libera sit, et habeat omnia jura sua integra, et libertates suas illæsas,* and also contrary to that sacred oath which the King's Highness himself, and every other Christian prince, always with great solemnity received at their coronations. Alleging, moreover, that no more might this Realm of England refuse obedience to the see of Rome, than might the child refuse obedience to his natural father. For, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, *I have regenerated you, my children in Christ,* so might St. Gregory, Pope of Rome (of whom, by St. Augustine his messenger, we first received the Christian faith) of us Englishmen truly say, You are my children, because I have under Christ given to you everlasting salvation (a far higher and better inheritance than any carnal father can leave to his child), and by regeneration have made you spiritual children in Christ. Then was it by the Lord Chancellor thereunto answered, that, " seeing all the bishops, universities, and best learned men of the Realm had to this act agreed, it was much marvelled that he alone against them all would so stiffly stick thereat, and so vehemently argue thereagainst." To that Sir Thomas More replied, saying: " If the number of bishops and universities be so material as your lordship seemeth to take it, then see I little cause, my lord, why that thing in my conscience should make any change. For I nothing doubt but that, though not in this Realm, yet in Christendom about, of these well learned bishops and virtuous men that are yet alive, they be not the fewer part that be of my mind therein. But if I should speak of those that already be dead, of whom many be now holy saints in heaven, I am very sure it is the far, far greater part of them that all the while they lived thought in this case that way that I now think; and therefore am I not bound, my lord, to conform my conscience to the council of one Realm, against the general council of Christendom."

Now when Sir Thomas More for the avoiding of the indictment had taken as many exceptions as he thought meet, and many more reasons than I can now remember alleged, the Lord Chancellor, loath to have the burden of the judgment wholly to depend upon himself, there openly asked the advice of the Lord Fitzjames, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and joined in commission with him, whether this indict-

ment were sufficient or not. Who, like a wise man answered, " My Lords all, by St. Julian " (that was ever his oath) " I must needs confess that if the act of Parliament be not unlawful, then is the indictment in my conscience not insufficient." Whereupon the Lord Chancellor said to the rest of the Lords: " Lo, my Lords, lo! you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith," and so immediately gave judgment against him. After which ended, the commissioners yet further courteously offered him, if he had anything else to allege for his defence, to grant him favourable audience. Who answered: " More have I not to say, my Lords, but that like as the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever, so I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."

Thus much touching Sir Thomas More's arraignment, being not there present myself, have I by the credible report of the Right Worshipful Sir Anthony Saintleger, and partly of Richard Haywood, and John Webb, gentlemen, with others of good credit at the hearing thereof present themselves, as far forth as my poor wit and memory would serve me, here truly rehearsed unto you.

Now, after his arraignment, departed he from the bar to the Tower again, led by Sir William Kingston, a tall, strong, and comely knight, Constable of the Tower, and his very dear friend. Who when he had brought him from Westminster to the Old Swan towards the Tower, there with a heavy heart, the tears running down his cheeks, bade him farewell. Sir Thomas More, seeing him so sorrowful, comforted him with as good words as he could, saying: " Good Master Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer; for I will pray for you and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever." Soon after Sir William Kingston, talking with me of Sir Thomas More, said: " In good faith, Mr. Roper, I was ashamed of myself that at my departing from your father I found my heart so feeble and his so strong, that he was fain to comfort me that should rather have comforted him."

When Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward again, his daughter, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she would never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the Tower wharf, where she knew he should pass by, before he could enter into the Tower. There tarrying his coming, as soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, she hasting towards him, without consideration or care of herself, pressing in amongst the midst of the throng and company of the guard, that with

halberds and bills went round about him, hastily ran to him, and there openly in sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him. Who well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing, and many godly words of comfort besides. From whom after she was departed, she not satisfied with the former sight of her dear father, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, having respect neither to herself nor to the press of people and multitude that were there about him, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him most lovingly; and at last, with a full and heavy heart, was fain to depart from him. The beholding whereof was to many of them that were present thereat so lamentable that it made them for very sorrow thereof to weep and mourn.

So remained Sir Thomas More in the Tower, more than a seven-night after his judgment. From whence, the day before he suffered, he sent his shirt of hair, not willing to have it seen, to my wife, his dearly beloved daughter, and a letter written with a coal (contained in the foresaid book of his works), plainly expressing the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow, in these words following: " I cumber you, good Margaret, much but would be sorry if it should be any longer than tomorrow. For tomorrow is St. Thomas even, and the Utas of St. Peter, and therefore tomorrow I long to go to God: it were a day very meet and convenient for me. Dear Megg, I never liked your manner better towards me than when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

And so upon the next morrow, being Tuesday, Saint Thomas's eve, and the Utas of Saint Peter, in the year of our Lord 1535, according as he in his letter the day before had wished, early in the morning came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good friend, on message from the King and his council, that he should before nine of the clock of the same morning suffer death; and that, therefore, he should forthwith prepare himself thereto. " Master Pope," quoth Sir Thomas More, " for your good tidings I heartily thank you. I have been always much bounden to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours that he had still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me; and yet more bounden am I to His Grace for putting me into this place, where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And so help me God, most of all, Master Pope, am I bounden to His Highness that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me out of the miseries of this wretched world, and therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for His Grace, both here, and also in the world to come." " The King's pleasure is farther," quoth Master Pope, " that at your execution you shall not use many words." " Master Pope," quoth he, " you do well to give me warning of His Grace's pleasure, for

otherwise, at that time had I purposed somewhat to have spoken; but of no matter wherewith His Grace, or any other, should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless, whatsoever I intended, I am ready obediently to conform myself to His Grace's commandment; and I beseech you, good Master Pope, to be a mean to His Highness, that my daughter Margaret may be at my burial." " The King is content already," quoth Master Pope, " that your wife, children and other friends shall have liberty to be present thereat." " Oh, how much beholden then," said Sir Thomas More, " am I unto His Grace, that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration! " Wherewithal Master Pope, taking his leave of him, could not refrain from weeping. Which Sir Thomas More perceiving, comforted him in this wise: " Quiet yourself, good Master Pope, and be not discomforted, for I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together, in joyful bliss eternally."

Upon whose departure, Sir Thomas More, as one that had been invited to some solemn feast, changed himself into his best apparel. Which Master Lieutenant espying, advised him to put it off, saying that he that should have it was but a javill. " What, Master Lieutenant? " quoth he, " shall I account him a javill that will do me this day so singular a benefit? Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold, I should think it well bestowed on him, as Saint Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirty pieces of gold." And albeit, at length, through Master Lieutenant's importunate persuasion, he altered his apparel, yet, after the example of the holy Martyr St. Cyprian, did he, of that little money that was left him send an Angel of gold to his executioner. And so was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution. Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant: " I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Then desired he all the people thereabout to pray for him, and to bear witness with him that he should now there suffer death in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. Which done, he kneeled down, and, after his prayers said, turned to the executioner with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him: " Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office: my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

So passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God, upon the very same day which he most desired. Soon after his death came intelligence thereof to the Emperor Charles. Whereupon he sent for Sir Thomas Eliott, our English ambassador, and said to him: " My Lord ambassador, we understand that the King your master hath put his faithful servant and grave wise councillor, Sir Thomas More, to death." Whereupon Sir Thomas Eliott answered that " he understood nothing thereof." " Well," said the

Emperor, " it is too true; and this will we say, that had we been master of such a servant, of whose doings ourselves have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions, than have lost such a worthy councillor." Which matter was, by the same Sir Thomas Eliott to myself, to my wife, to Master Clement and his wife, to master Heywood and his wife, and unto divers others his friends accordingly reported.

SIXTUS V

1521–1590

By LEOPOLD VON RANKE [1] (1794–1886)

IT WOULD sometimes seem that even in confusion itself there exists some occult force, by which the man capable of steering through its maze is formed and brought forward.

Hereditary principalities or aristocracies transmit their power from generation to generation throughout the world, but the sovereignty of the church has this peculiarity, that its throne may be attained by men from the lowest ranks of society. It was from a station among the most humble that a pope now appeared, by whom those qualities, intellectual and moral, demanded for the suppression of the prevalent disorders, were possessed in their highest perfection.

When the provinces of Illyria and Dalmatia first became a prey to the successful armies of the Ottomans, many of their inhabitants fled into Italy. Arriving in melancholy groups, they might be seen seated on the sea-shore, and raising their hands imploringly towards heaven; among these fugitives would most probably have been found a Sclavonian by birth, named Zanetto Peretti; this was the ancestor of Sixtus V. Sharing the frequent lot of exiles, neither Zanetto nor his descendants, who had settled in Montalto, could boast of any great prosperity in the country of their adoption. Peretto Peretti, the father of the future pope, was driven by his debts from Montalto, and it was only by marriage that he was enabled to rent a garden at Grotto a Mare, near Fermo; the place was a remarkable one: amidst the plants of the garden were seen the ruins of a temple to Cupra, the Etruscan Juno; rich fruits of the south grew up around it, for the climate of Fermo is milder and more beneficent than that of any other district in the March. Here a son was born to Peretti, on the 18th of December, 1521; but a short time before this birth, the father had been consoled by the voice of a divinity, which, speaking to him in a dream, as he bemoaned his many privations, assured him that a son should be granted to him, by whom his house should be raised to high fortunes. On this hope he seized with all the eagerness of a visionary temperament, further excited by want, and naturally disposed to mysticism. He named the boy Felix.

[1] Reprinted from *The History of the Popes,* etc., translated by E. Foster, London, 1853.

The original German work appeared in Berlin, 1834–36.

That the family was not in prosperous circumstances, appears from what is related, among other things, of the child falling into a pond, when his aunt, " who was washing clothes at this pond," drew him out; it is certain that he was employed to watch the fruit, and even to attend swine. His father was not able to spare even the five bajocchi (threepence) demanded monthly by the nearest schoolmaster; thus Felix had to learn his letters from the primers that other boys left lying beside him as they passed through the fields in their way to and from school. There was happily one member of the family who had entered the church, Fra Salvatore, a Franciscan; this relative at length permitted himself to be prevailed upon to pay the schoolmaster. Felix could then go to receive instruction with the other boys; he had a piece of bread for his dinner, and this he ate at midday by the side of a stream, which supplied him with drink for his meal. These depressed circumstances did not prevent the hopes of the father from being shared by his son. In his twelfth year he entered the order of the Franciscans, for the council of Trent had not then forbidden the vows to be taken thus early, but did not resign his name of good omen, and continued to be called Felix.

Fra Salvatore kept him in very strict order, joining the authority of an uncle to that of a father; but he sent him to school. The young Felix passed long evenings in conning his lessons, without supper, and with no better light than that afforded by the lantern hung up at the crossing of the streets; and when this failed him, he would go to the lamp that burnt before the host in some church. He was not remarked for any particular tendency to religious devotion, or profound researches in science; we find only that he made rapid progress, as well at the school of Fermo, as at the universities of Ferrara and Bologna. His particular talent seemed rather for dialectics, and he became a perfect master of that monkish accomplishment, the dexterous handling of theological subtleties. At the general convention of the Franciscans, in the year 1549, which commenced with an exhibition of skill in literary disputation, he was opposed to a certain Thelesian, Antonio Persico of Calabria, who was at that time in high repute at Perugia; on this occasion he acquitted himself with a presence of mind and intelligence, that first procured him notice and a certain degree of distinction: from this time Cardinal Pio of Carpi, protector of the order, took a decided interest in his fortunes.

But it is to another circumstance that his progress is principally to be attributed.

In the year 1552, he was appointed Lent preacher in the church of the Holy Apostles in Rome, and his sermons were very well received; his style was found to be animated, copious, fluent, and free from meretricious ornament; his matter was well arranged, his manner impressive, his utterance clear and agreeable. While preaching to a full congregation, he one day came to that pause in the sermon, customary among Italian preachers; and when he had reposed for a time, he took up the memorials, which are usually

prayers and intercessions only: while reading these, he perceived a paper lying sealed in the pulpit, and containing matter of a totally different character; all the main points of the sermons hitherto preached by Peretti, especially those touching the doctrine of predestination, were here set down, and opposite to each were written in large letters the words, " Thou liest." The preacher could not wholly conceal his amazement, he hurried to a conclusion, and instantly on reaching home dispatched the paper to the Inquisition. Very shortly afterwards the Grand Inquisitor, Michele Ghislieri, entered his room; the most searching examination ensued: in later times Peretti often described the terror caused him by the aspect of this man, with his stern brow, deep-set eyes, and strongly-marked features; but he did not lose his presence of mind, answered satisfactorily, and betrayed weakness on no point whatever. When, therefore, Ghislieri saw that there was no shadow of suspicion, that the friar was not only guiltless, but also well versed in the Catholic doctrines, and firmly fixed in the faith, he became a totally different person, embraced Peretti with tears, and was his second patron.

From that time Fra Felice Peretti attached himself with a firm hold to the severe party just then beginning to gain ascendancy in the Church; with Ignazio, Felino, and Filippo Neri, all of whom received the title of saints, he maintained the most intimate intercourse. It was of particular advantage to him that he was driven out of Venice by the intrigues of his brethren, for having attempted to reform the order. This greatly enhanced his credit with the representatives of the more rigid opinions, then fast acquiring the predominance. He was presented to Paul IV, and sometimes called to give an opinion in cases of difficulty. At the council of Trent he laboured with the other theologians, and was consultor to the Inquisition. He had a considerable share in the condemnation of the Archbishop Carranza. Patiently submitting to the labour of seeking through the Protestant writers for all those passages which Carranza was accused of embodying in his works. He gained the entire confidence of Pius V, who appointed him vicar-general of the Franciscans, with the express understanding that his authority extended to the reformation of the order. This, Peretti carried into execution with a high hand. The principal offices of the order had hitherto been controlled by the commissaries-general. These functionaries he deposed, restored the primitive constitution according to which the supreme power was vested in the provincials, and made the most rigorous visitations. The expectations of Pius were not only fulfilled, they were surpassed. He considered his inclination for Peretti as an inspiration from above; refused all credence to the calumnies by which his favourite was persecuted, bestowed on him the bishopric of St. Agatha, and in the year 1570 exalted him to the college of cardinals.

The bishopric of Fermo was also conferred on the successful monk. Robed in the purple of the church, Felix Peretti returned to the abode of his fathers; to that place where he had once guarded the fruit-trees, and fol-

lowed the swine; yet were neither the predictions of his father nor his own hopes entirely accomplished.

The various artifices employed by Cardinal Montalto, so was Peretti now called, to obtain the papal tiara, have been described and repeated, much and often. The affected humility of his deportment; how he tottered along leaning on his stick, bent to the earth, and coughing at every step; but to him who reflects, no evidence will be requisite to prove that in all this there is but little truth. It is not by such means that the highest dignities are won.

Montalto kept guard over his own interests by a life of tranquil frugality and industrious seclusion. His recreations were, the planting of vines and other trees in his gardens near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which are still visited by the stranger, and doing such service as he could to his native town. His hours of labour he devoted to the works of St. Ambrose; an edition of which he published in the year 1580. He bestowed great pains on this work, but has not always been sufficiently conscientious in adhering to the meaning of his author. In other respects his character does not appear to have been so guileless as it is occasionally represented. So early as 1574, he is described as learned and prudent, but also crafty and malignant. He was doubtless gifted with remarkable self-control. When his nephew, the husband of Vittorie Accorambuona, was assassinated, he was himself the person who requested the pope to discontinue the investigation. This quality, which was admired by all, very probably contributed to his election; when, having been put in nomination, principally by the intrigues of the conclave, in 1585, he was nevertheless elected. The authentic narrative of the proceedings assures us also that his comparatively vigorous years were taken into account, he being then sixty-four, and possessing a firm and healthy constitution; for all were persuaded that a man of unimpaired energies, whether physical or mental, was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times.

And thus did Fra Felice see himself at the summit of his wishes. It was doubtless with a feeling of proud satisfaction that he beheld the accomplishment of desires so noble and so legitimate. Evvery incident of his life in which he had ever believed himself to perceive an intimation of his exalted destiny, now recurred to his thoughts. The words he chose for his motto were these: " Thou, O God, hast been my defender, even from my mother's womb."

In all his undertakings he believed himself, from this time, to possess the immediate favour of God. At his first accession to the throne, he announced his determination to exterminate all the bandits and evil-doers. He was persuaded that in the event of his own powers failing, God would send him legions of angels for so good a work.

To this difficult enterprise he at once addressed himself with deliberate judgment and inflexible resolution.

The memory of Gregory XIII was regarded with intense dislike by his successor. Pope Sixtus departed instantly from the measures of the previous pontiff. He disbanded the greater part of the troops, and reduced the number of sbirri by one half. He determined, on the other hand, to visit with relentless severity whatever criminals should fall into his hands.

A prohibition had for some time existed against carrying short weapons, and more especially a particular kind of rifle. Four young men of Cora, nearly related to each other, were nevertheless taken with arms of this description about them. The day following was that of the coronation, and an occasion so auspicious was seized by their friends for entreating their pardon from the pontiff. " While I live," replied Sixtus, " every criminal must die." That very day the four young men were seen hanging on one gallows near the bridge of St. Angelo.

A youth of the Trastevere was condemned to death for having offered resistance to the sbirri, who were proceeding to take his ass from him. On sight of the poor boy led weeping to the place where he was to die for so venial an offence, all were moved with pity. His youth was represented to the pope, who is said to have replied, " I will add a few years of my own life to lengthen his," and he caused the sentence to be executed.

The rigour of these first acts of the pontiff impressed all with terror; immediate obedience was secured by it to the commands he next sent forth.

Barons and communes were enjoined to clear their castles and towns of banditti; the losses sustained by the bands of outlaws were at once to be made good by the noble or commune within whose jurisdiction they might take place.

It had been customary to set a price on the head of a bandit, Sixtus now decreed that this should no longer be paid by the public treasury, but by the relations of the outlaw; or, if these were too poor, by the commune wherein he was born.

It is manifest that his purpose in this proceeding was to engage the interests of the barons, the municipalities, and even the kinsmen of the outlaws on the side of his wishes; he made an effort to enlist that of the banditti themselves in the same cause, promising to any one of them who should deliver up a comrade, living or dead, not his own pardon only, but also that of some of his friends whom he was at liberty to name, with a sum of money in addition.

When these commands had been carried into effect, and certain examples of their rigorous enforcement had been exhibited, the condition of the outlaws was presently seen to assume a very different character.

It happened fortunately for the purpose of Sixtus, that pursuit had from the beginning been successfully directed against some of the most formidable chiefs of large bands.

He declared that sleep had forsaken his eyes, because the priest Guer-

cino, who called himself king of the Campagna, was still continuing his depredations, and had just committed new deeds of violence. This man had laid his commands on the subjects of the bishop of Viterbo to pay no further obedience to their lord; Sixtus prayed, as we are told by Galesinus, " that God would be pleased to deliver the church from that robber "; and the following morning intelligence arrived that Guercino was taken. A gilded crown was placed on the severed head, which was instantly set up on the castle of St. Angelo. The man who brought it received its price of two thousand scudi, and the people applauded his holiness for so effectual a mode of administering justice.

Spite of all these severities, another leader of outlaws, called Della Fara, had the boldness to present himself one night at the Porta Salara, he called up the watchmen, declared his name, and desired them to present a greeting on his part to the pope and the governor. Hearing this, Sixtus sent an order to those of the outlaw's own family, commanding them to find and bring him in, under pain of suffering death themselves. In less than a month from the date of this order, the head of Della Fara took its place beside that of Guercino.

It was on some occasions rather cruelty than justice that was now employed against the bandits.

Some thirty of them had entrenched themselves on a hill at no great distance from Urbino. The duke caused mules laden with provisions to be driven near their hold, the robbers did not fail to plunder this rich train; but the food had been poisoned, and they all died together. " When intelligence of this was carried to Sixtus V," says one of his historians, " the pope received thereby an infinite contentment."

In the capital, a father and son were led to death, though they persisted in declaring their innocence; the mother presented herself, entreating for a postponement only of the execution, when she could bring proof of innocence both for her husband and son: this the senator refused to grant. " Since you thirst for blood," she exclaimed, " I will give you enough of it! " Saying which, she threw herself from the window of the Capitol. The victims meanwhile arrived at the place of execution, neither could endure to see the other suffer, each implored permission to die first; seized with compassion, the people called aloud for mercy, while the savage executioner reproached them for causing useless delay.

The ordinances of Sixtus permitted no respect of persons; a member of one of the first families in Bologna, Giovanni count Pepoli, was known to have taken part in the excesses committed by the outlaws; he was strangled in prison, his estates and every other species of property being confiscated. No day passed without an execution: over all parts of the country, in wood and field, stakes were erected, on each of which stood the head of an outlaw. The pope awarded praises only to those among his legates and governors who supplied him largely with these terrible trophies, his demand

was ever for heads: there is a sort of oriental barbarism in this mode of administering justice.

Such of the outlaws as escaped the officers of the pontiff, were destroyed by their own comrades. The promises of forgiveness and reward before alluded to had carried dissension into their bands; none dared trust even his nearest connection, — they fell by the hands of each other.

In this manner, and before the year had come to an end, the disturbances that had so harassed the Roman states, if not extinguished at the source, were yet suppressed at the outbreak; intelligence was received in the year 1586, that Montebrandano and Arara, the two last leaders of the bandits, had been put to death.

It was matter of great pride and rejoicing to the pope, when ambassadors now arriving at his court, assured him that "in every part of his states through which their road had led, they had travelled through a land blessed with peace and security."

It was not only to the absence of vigilant control that those disorders against which the pontiff contended owed their birth, there were others also; and it is principally to his measures with regard to these, that the decided success of his efforts must be attributed. It has been common to regard Sixtus V as the sole founder of that judicial system by which the ecclesiastical states are governed; laws and institutions are ascribed to him that were in fact existing long before his day. He is extolled as an incomparable master of finance, a statesman, wholly free from prejudice, and an enlightened restorer of antiquity. This arises from the fact that his natural qualities were such as readily impress themselves on the memory of man, and dispose him to the credence of fabulous and hyperbolical narrations.

We are not then to believe all that we find related of this pontiff's regulations. It is nevertheless perfectly true, that his administration was an extremely remarkable one.

It was in certain particulars directly opposed to that of his predecessor. Gregory XIII was severe and energetic, but not clear-sighted in his general measures; individual cases of disobedience he readily overlooked. The attacks he made upon so many different interests on the one hand, with the unexampled impunity that he permitted to various offences on the other, gave rise to those miserable perplexities that he lived to bewail. Sixtus, on the contrary, was implacable towards individual cases of crime. His laws were enforced with a rigour that bordered on cruelty; but the character of his regulations generally was mild, conciliatory, almost indulgent. Under Gregory the obedient were not rewarded, nor were the refractory punished. Under Sixtus the insubordinate had everything to fear, but whoever sought to gain his approbation might safely depend on receiving proofs of his favour. This mode of proceeding was admirably calculated for the promotion of his purposes.

We have seen the many disquietudes suffered by Gregory from the claims he sought to enforce on his neighbours regarding ecclesiastical affairs; these Sixtus would in no case pursue. He declared that it was incumbent on the head of the church to uphold and extend the privileges of the temporal powers. In accordance with this principle, he restored the Milanese to their place in the Rota, of which Gregory had sought to deprive them. When the Venetians succeeded in bringing to light a brief by which their claims were definitely established in the affair of Aquileja, they did not themselves experience a more decided satisfaction than was evinced by the pope. He determined on suppressing the clause so much complained of in the bull "In Cœnâ Domini." The Congregation taking cognizance of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in foreign countries, from whose interposition it was that the greater part of the disputes between the papal see and its neighbours had originated, Sixtus abolished entirely. There is doubtless a certain magnanimity in the voluntary cession of contested rights; in the pontiff's case this course of proceeding was instantly productive of effects the most satisfactory. He received an autograph letter from the king of Spain, who informed him that he had commanded his ministers in Milan and Naples to receive the papal ordinances with obedience no less implicit than that paid to his own. This moved the pope even to tears, "That the most exalted monarch of the world should," as he said, "so honour a poor monk." The Tuscan state declared itself devoted to the church. Venice expressed entire satisfaction. These powers now adopted a different line of policy. The outlaws who had found refuge within their frontiers were given up to the pope. Venice prohibited their return into the papal states, and forbade such of her ships as should touch the Roman coasts to receive them on board. This delighted the pope. He declared that, to use his own words, "He would think of Venice for this some other day; he would suffer himself to be flayed alive for the republic, and would shed his blood for her." The bandits now found aid and refuge from no quarter, so that he no longer found it difficult to master them completely.

The unpopular measures by which Gregory had sought to enrich the treasury were wholly abandoned by Sixtus. He did not fail to punish the rebellious feudatories, but as earnestly set himself to conciliate and attach the great body of the nobles. Pope Gregory had deprived the Colonna family of its fortresses; Sixtus, on the contrary, made them advances of money, and assisted them to regulate the expenditure of their households. Those ancient enemies, the Colonna and the Orsino, he united by marriages between their respective houses, and with his own. He gave one of his grand-nieces to the constable Marc Antonio Colonna, and another to the Duke Virginio Orsino. The dower bestowed with each was of equal value, and their husbands received similar marks of favour. Their claims to precedence he adjusted by according it to the elder of either house. Highly

exalted was the position now taken up by Donna Camilla, the pontiff's sister, surrounded as she was by her children, her noble sons-in-law and grand-daughters so magnificently allied.

The pope derived extreme gratification from the power he possessed of conferring benefits and privileges.

He proved himself more particularly a good and open-handed fellow-countryman to the people of the March. He restored many of their ancient immunities to the inhabitants of Ancona. In Macerata he instituted a supreme court of justice for the whole province. The college of advocates in that district he distinguished by the grant of new privileges. Fermo he erected into an archbishopric, and Tolentino into a bishopric. The little village of Montalto, where his ancestors had first taken up their abode, he raised by a special bull to the rank of an episcopal city; " For here," said he, " did our race take its fortunate origin." During his cardinalate he had established a school of science there, and he now founded a " college of Montalto " in the university of Bologna, for fifty students from the March; Montalto holding presentations for eight, and even the little Grotto a Mare receiving the right to send two.

Loreto also he resolved to elevate into a city. Fontana pointed out to him the difficulties that opposed this plan: " Give yourself no uneasiness about it, Fontana," said the pope, " the execution of this project will not cost me so much as the resolving on it has done." Portions of land were bought from the people of Recana, valleys were filled up, hills levelled, and lines of streets marked out. The communes of the March were encouraged to build houses, Cardinal Gallo appointed new civic authorities for the holy chapel; by all which, the patriotism of Sixtus and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin were equally satisfied.

His solicitude was extended in different degrees to the several cities of all the provinces; he made arrangements for preventing the increase of their debts, and for the control and limitation of their mortgages and alienations; he caused a strict inquiry to be made into the management of their finances, and made regulations of various character, but all conducing to restore the lost importance and well-being of the communes.

Agriculture was equally indebted to the care of Sixtus V: he undertook to drain the Chiana (swamp or pool) of Orvieto and the Pontine marshes, which last he visited in person. The river Sixtus (Fiume Sisto), which, until the time of Pius VI, was the best attempt made for draining the Pontine marshes, was cut across them by his command.

Neither was he negligent with regard to manufactures: a certain Peter of Valencia, a Roman citizen, had offered his services for the establishment of a silk manufacture. The thorough-going measures by which Sixtus attempted to forward his plans are extremely characteristic of that pontiff. He commanded that mulberry trees should be planted throughout the States of the Church, in all gardens and vineyards, in every field and wood,

over all hills, and in every valley — wherever no corn was growing, these trees were to find place; for it was fixed that five of them should be planted on every rubbio of land, and the communes were threatened with heavy fines in case of neglect. The woollen manufactures, also, he sought earnestly to promote, " in order," as he says, " that the poor may have some means of earning their bread." To the first person who undertook this business he advanced funds from the treasury, accepting a certain number of pieces of cloth in return.

But we must not attribute dispositions of this kind to Sixtus alone; this would be unjust to his predecessors. Agriculture and manufactures were favoured by Pius V and Gregory XIII also. It was not so much by the adoption of new paths that Sixtus distinguished himself from earlier pontiffs, as by the energy and decision with which he pursued those on which they had already entered. Therefore it is that his actions have remained fixed in the memory of mankind.

Neither is it to him that the " congregations " of cardinals are wholly indebted for their origin — the seven most important, those for the Inquisition, namely, the index, the affairs of councils, of the bishops, the monastic orders, the *segnatura,* and the *consulta,* were already in existence. Nor were affairs of state left altogether unprovided for by these earlier congregations, the two last named having cognizance of judicial and administrative affairs. Sixtus added eight new congregations to these, of which two only were for ecclesiastical matters — one relating to the erection of new bishoprics, the other charged with the renewal and maintenance of church usages: the remaining six received the management of various departments in the government, as the inspection of roads, the repeal of oppressive imposts, the building of ships of war, the corn laws (Annona), the Vatican press, and the Roman university. The pope's disregard of all system in these arrangements is most obvious — partial and transient interests are placed on a level with those most permanent and general; his plans were nevertheless carried out well, and his regulations have, with very slight changes, been persisted in for centuries.

With regard to the personal character of the cardinals, he fixed a very high standard. " Men of true distinction, of morals most exemplary, their words oracles, their whole being a model and rule of life and faith to all who behold them; the salt of the earth, the light set upon a candlestick." Such was the cardinal in the theory of Sixtus: in his practice these demands were not always strictly adhered to. He had, for example, nothing better to plead in behalf of Gallo, whom he had raised to that dignity, than that he was his servant, for whom he had many reasons to feel regard, and who had once received him very hospitably when on a journey. He nevertheless established a rule even in this department of his government, which if it has not been adhered to invariably, has yet much affected the subsequent practice; he limited, namely, the number of cardinals to

seventy. " As Moses," he remarks, " chose seventy elders from among the whole nation, to take counsel with them."

This pontiff has also received the credit of having abolished nepotism; but, considering the question more closely, we find that this was not done by him. The habit of unduly exalting the pontifical house had greatly declined under Pius IV, Pius V, and Gregory XIII; the favours bestowed on the papal nephews had sunk to insignificance. Pius V. more especially deserves commendation in this particular, since he forbade the alienation of church property by an express law. The earlier forms of nepotism were then extinct before the times of Sixtus V, but among the popes of the succeeding century it re-appeared under a different form. There were always two favoured nephews or kinsmen, of whom one, raised to the cardinalate, acquired the supreme administration of affairs, ecclesiastical and political; the other, remaining in a secular station, was married into some illustrious family, was endowed with lands and " luoghi di monte," established a *majorat,* and became the founder of a princely house. If we now ask by whom this mode of nepotism was introduced, we shall find that though its rise was gradual, yet it grew to maturity under Sixtus V. Cardial Montalto, whom the pope loved so tenderly that he even put a restraint on the impetuosity of his temper in his favour, gained admission to the *consulta,* and a share at least in the administration of foreign affairs: his brother Michele became a marquis, and founded a wealthy house.

We are yet not to conclude that Sixtus thus introduced a system of governing by nepotism. The marquis possessed no influence whatever, the cardinal none over essential interests. To have allowed them any, would have been wholly at variance with the pontiff's mode of thinking. There was something cordial and confiding in the favours he bestowed, and they procured him the goodwill not of individuals only, but of the public also. The helm of government was, however, in no case resigned to another hand, he was himself sole ruler. He appeared to regard the " congregations " with very high consideration, and pressed the members to give their free unfettered opinions; but whenever any one of them did so, he became irritated and impatient. Obstinately did he persist in the execution of his own will. " With him," says Cardinal Gritti, " no man has a voice, even in counsel, — how much less then in decision." His personal and provincial attachments were never permitted to interfere with his general government, which was invariably rigid, thorough-going, and above all arbitrary.

These characteristics were exhibited in no department more strikingly than in that of finance.

The Chigi family in Rome are in possession of a small memorandum book, kept by Sixtus in his own handwriting while yet but a poor monk. With the utmost interest does the reader turn over the leaves of this document, wherein he has noted all the important interests of his life: the places he preached in during Lent, the commissions he received and

executed, the books that he possessed, in what manner they were bound, whether singly or together, are here noted down; finally, all the details of his small monkish housekeeping are given with the utmost exactitude. We read in these pages how Fra Felice bought twelve sheep of his brother-in-law Baptista; how he paid first twelve florins, and afterwards two florins and twenty bolognins for these sheep, so that they became his own property; how the brother-in-law kept them, receiving half the profits, as was the custom of Montalto, with many other matters of like character. We perceive with how close an economy he guarded his small savings, how minutely he kept account of them, and how at length they amounted to some hundred florins; all these details one follows with interest and sympathy, remarking throughout, the same economical exactitude which this Franciscan afterwards brought to bear on the government of the papal states. His frugality is a quality for which he gives himself due praise in every bull that affords him opportunity for introducing the subject; and even in many of his inscriptions; it is certain that no pope, either before or after him, administered the revenues of the church with so good an effect.

The treasury was utterly exhausted when Sixtus V ascended the papal chair, and he complains bitterly of Pope Gregory, whom he accuses of having spent the treasures of his predecessor and his successor, as well as his own; he conceived so bad an opinion of this pontiff, that he ordered masses to be said for his soul, having seen him in a dream enduring the torments of the other world. The revenues of the state were found to be anticipated up to the following October.

All the more earnestly did he set himself to the task of replenishing the public coffers, and in this he succeeded beyond his expectations. In April, 1586, at the close of the first year of his pontificate, he had already gathered a million of scudi in gold. To this he added a second million in November of 1587, and in the April following, a third. Thus an amount of more than four millions and a half of silver scudi was laid up by the early part of 1588. When Sixtus had got together one million, he deposited it in the castle of St. Angelo, dedicating it, as he says, "to the Holy Virgin, the mother of God, and to the holy apostles Peter and Paul." In this bull he tells us that he "not only surveyed the billows on which the little bark of St. Peter was now sometimes tossing, but also the storms that are threatening from the distance. Implacable is the hatred of the heretics; the faithful are menaced by the power of the Turk, Assur, the scourge of God's wrath." The Almighty, in whom he trusted, had taught him that "even by night also shall the father of the family be watchful, and shall follow that example given by the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who had ever large treasures stored in the temple of the Lord."

He decided, as is well known, on what contingencies those were, that would make it lawful to have recourse to this fund. They were the follow-

ing: a war undertaken for the conquest of the Holy Land, or for a general campaign against the Turks; the occurrence of famine or pestilence; manifest danger of losing any province of Catholic Christendom; hostile invasion of the ecclesiastical states; or the attempt to recover a city belonging to the papal see. He bound his successors, as they would shun the wrath of Almighty God, and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, to confine themselves within the limits thus assigned them.

The merit of this arrangement we leave for the moment unquestioned, to inquire by what means the pontiff contrived to amass a treasure, so astonishing for the times he lived in.

The direct revenues of the papal see could not account for it; these as Sixtus himself informs us, were not in their net product more than two hundred thousand scudi a year.

The savings of the pope were considerable, but not equal to this amount. His retrenchments were certainly very close, the expenses of his table being reduced to six pauls a day (nearly three shillings of our present money). He abolished many useless offices of the court, and disbanded a part of the troops. But we have the authority of the Venetian Delfino for the fact, that all this did not lessen the expenditure of the camera by more than one hundred and fifty thousand scudi; and we learn, besides, from Sixtus himself, that his reduction of expense was to the amount of one hundred and forty-six thousand scudi only.

We find then, that with all his economy and by his own showing, the net revenue was increased to 350,000 scudi, and no more. This would scarcely suffice for the buildings he was engaged in; what then would it do towards the amassing of so enormous a treasure?

The extraordinary system of finance established in the States of the Church has been already considered; we have seen the continued increase of imposts and burthens of all sorts, without any corresponding increase of the real income; we have observed the multiplicity of loans by the sale of offices and by monti, with the ever-augmenting encumbrances laid on the state for the necessities of the church. The many evils inseparable from this system are manifest, and, hearing the eulogies so liberally bestowed on Sixtus V, we at once infer that he found means to remedy those evils. What then is our amazement, when we find that he pursued the same course in a manner the most reckless; nay, that he even gave to this system so fixed a character as to render all future control or remedy impossible!

In the sale of offices it was that Sixtus found one chief source of his treasures. He raised in the first instance the prices of many that had been obtained by purchase only from periods long before his own. Thus the office of treasurer to the camera, of which the price till now had been 15,000 scudi, he sold for 50,000 to one of the Giustiniani family; and, having raised him to the college of cardinals, he sold it again to a Pepoli for 72,000 scudi. This second purchaser being also invested with the purple,

Sixtus appropriated one half the income of the office, namely 5,000 scudi, to a monte; and thus mulcted, he sold it once more for 50,000 golden scudi. In the next place he began to sell certain employments that up to his time had always been conferred gratuitously; as, for example, the notariates, the office of fiscal, with those of commissary general, solicitor to the camera, and advocate of the poor: for all these he now obtained considerable sums; as 30,000 scudi for a notariate, 20,000 for a commissariat-general, etc. Finally, he created a multitude of new offices, many of them very important ones, as were those of treasurer to the dataria, prefect of the prisons, etc., and some others. Of his invention are, besides, the "twenty-four referendaries," from which, as from notariates in the principal cities of the state, and from "two hundred cavalierates," he derived very large sums of money.

When all these means are taken into account, the mode by which Sixtus amassed his treasure is no longer problematical. The sale of offices is computed to have brought him 608,510 golden scudi, and 401,805 silver scudi, making together nearly a million and a half of silver scudi; but if this sale of places had before caused undue pressure on the state, from their involving, as we have shown, a share in the rights of government under plea of a loan, which rights were most rigorously enforced against the taxpayer, while the duties of these offices were never performed, how greatly was this evil now augmented! Offices were, in fact, considered as property conferring certain rights, rather than as an obligation demanding labour.

In addition to all this, an extraordinary increase was made by Pope Sixtus in the number of the monti; of these he founded three "non vacabili," and eight "vacabili," more than any one of his predecessors.

The monti were always secured, as we have seen, on new taxes; to this expedient Sixtus was at first most reluctant to have recourse, but he could devise no other. When he brought forward in the consistory his project of an investment of treasure for the church, Cardinal Farnese opposed the idea, by observing that his grandfather Paul III had thought of this plan, but had resigned it on perceiving that it could not be accomplished without imposing new taxes. The pope turned on him fiercely; the intimation that a previous pontiff had been wiser than himself put him in a fury. "That," he retorted, "was because there were certain great spendthrifts under Paul III, who by the blessing of God are not permitted to exist in our times." Farnese reddened and made no reply, but the result showed that he was right.

In the year 1587, Sixtus would no longer endure restraint from considerations of this kind: he laid heavy imposts on the most indispensable articles of daily use, such as firewood, and the wine sold by retail in the wine-shops of the city, as also on the most toilsome occupations, that of towing barges up the Tiber by means of buffaloes or horses, for example: with the money thus gained he established *monti*. He debased the coinage, and a small

money-changing trade having arisen from this fact, he turned even that circumstance to account, by selling permission to those who stationed themselves at the corners of the streets with a view to such traffic. His attachment to the March did not prevent him from burthening the trade of Ancona by a duty of two per cent on her imports. Even the manufactures, which were but just commencing their existence, he compelled to afford him at least an indirect advantage. In these and similar operations his principal adviser was one Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, who had fled his country from fear of the Inquisition, and having gained the confidence of the datary and of Signora Camilla, at length obtained that of the pontiff himself. The mode in which Cardinal Farnese had been silenced, rendered the whole college very cautious in their opposition of the pope; when the wine-tax just referred to was discussed in the consistory, Albano of Bergamo remarked, "Whatever pleases your holiness, I approve; but should this impost displease your holiness, I shall approve still more."

By all these means so many new sources of income were rendered available, that the pontiff was enabled to take up a loan of two millions and a half of scudi (or to be exact, 2,424,725), and pay interest thereon.

It must be admitted, however, that in this system of finance there is something exceedingly difficult to comprehend.

The country was most oppressively burthened by these taxes and by the multitude of places. Of the latter the salaries were made to depend on perquisites and fees, which must of necessity embarrass the course of justice and the administration. The taxes were imposed on the trade of the country, wholesale and retail, and could not but seriously impair its activity. And to what end was all this suffering inflicted?

If we add the proceeds of the monti to those of the offices, we shall find that the whole sum thus produced to the camera was about equal to the treasure shut up by Sixtus in the castle of St. Angelo — four millions and a half of scudi, and very little more. All the undertakings for which this pope has been so highly praised might very well have been accomplished with the amount of his savings.

To collect and hoard superfluous revenues is a proceeding sufficiently intelligible: to raise a loan for some present necessity is also easily comprehended, and in the course of things; but to borrow money and impose heavy imposts, merely for the purpose of locking up the proceeds in a fortress, as a treasure for some future contingency, this is altogether foreign to the general practice of governments. Such was nevertheless the process which has gained the admiration of the world for the government of Sixtus V.

There was doubtless much tyranny and many unpopular characteristics in the administration of Gregory XIII. The reaction of these was most pernicious; but I am decidedly of opinion that if he had succeeded in rendering the papal treasury independent of new loans and imposts for the future, the result would have been highly beneficial to the Roman states,

and would probably have rendered their progress much more prosperous.

But the energy required to carry the views of Gregory into all their consequences, was not fully possessed by that pontiff; it was more especially wanting in the last year of his life.

This practical force it was, this power of executing what he willed, that characterized Sixtus V. His accumulation of treasure by means of loans, imposts, and venal offices, did but add burthen to burthen; nor shall we fail to perceive the consequence, but the world was dazzled by his success, which, for the moment, did certainly give the papal see increased importance. For the states surrounding those of the church were in most cases always pressed for money, and the possession of wealth inspiring the pontiffs with a more perfect confidence in themselves, procured for them a more influential position in the eyes of their neighbours.

This mode of administering the state was indeed an essential part of the Catholic system of those times. Gathering all the financial strength of the realm into the hands of the ecclesiastical chief, it first rendered him the complete and exclusive organ of spiritual influence. For to what purpose could all this treasure be applied, if not to the defence and extension of the Catholic faith?

And in projects having these ends in view did Sixtus live, move, and have his being. His enterprises were sometimes directed against the East and the Turks, but more frequently against the West and the Protestants. Between these two confessions, the Catholic and Protestant, a war broke out, in which the pontiffs took most earnest part and interest. . . .

Even in her external form, the city now assumed for the third time the aspect of capital of the world.

The splendour and extent of ancient Rome are familiar to all; its ruins and its history have alike contributed to bring it clearly before our eyes: these have been zealously explored, nor would the Rome of the middle ages less richly repay our diligence. This too was a noble city. The majesty of her basilicas, the divine worship ever proceeding in her grottoes and catacombs, the patriarchal temples of her pontiffs, preserving as they did the most revered monuments of early Christianity, all aided to render her august and imposing. The palace of the Cæsars, still magnificent, and then possessed by the German kings, with the many fortresses erected by independent races, as if in defiance of those numerous powers by which they were surrounded, added further to the interest awakened.

But during the absence of the popes at Avignon, this Rome of the middle ages had fallen into decay, equally with the long-ruined Rome of antiquity.

In the year 1443, when Eugenius IV returned to Rome, the city was become a mere dwelling of herdsmen; her inhabitants were in no way distinguished from the peasants and shepherds of the surrounding country. The hills had been long abandoned, and the dwellings were gathered

together in the levels along the windings of the Tiber: no pavements were found in the narrow streets, and these were darkened by projecting balconies and by the buttresses that served to prop one house against another. Cattle wandered about as in a village. From San Silvestro to the Porta del Popolo all was garden and marsh, the resort of wild-ducks. The very memory of antiquity was fast sinking; the capital had become "the hill of goats," the Forum Romanum was "the cow's field." To the few monuments yet remaining the people attached the most absurd legends. The church of St. Peter was on the point of falling to pieces.

When Nicholas at length regained the allegiance of all Christendom, and had become enriched by the offerings of those pilgrims who had flocked to Rome for the jubilee, he determined to adorn the city with buildings that should compel all to acknowledge her as the capital of the world.

To effect this was, however, no work for the life of one man; the popes succeeding him, also laboured at it for centuries.

Their exertions are sufficiently described by their respective biographers, and I do not repeat the details; the most effective and remarkable labourers, not as to the consequences only, but also as to the contrasts they presented, were Julius II and that Sixtus whose pontificate we are now considering.

When Sixtus IV had built the simple but substantial bridge of Travertine which bears his name, thus forming a more convenient communication between the two shores of the Tiber, the inhabitants began to build on either bank with considerable activity. The lower city, which had now withdrawn to these banks of the river, was entirely restored under Julius II. Not content with his enterprise of St. Peter's church on the southern side, which was rising in great majesty under his direction, Julius also restored the palace of the Vatican, and across the declivity that separated the old buildings from the villa of Innocent VIII, called the Belvedere, he laid the foundation of the Loggie, one of the most admirably conceived works in existence. At no great distance from these erections, his kinsmen of the Riario family, and his treasurer, Agostini Chigi, were all building palaces of great beauty, each in emulation of the other. Of these, the Farnesina, that of Chigi, is unquestionably the superior, admirable for the perfection of its plan and the grace of its construction, but most of all for the rich decorations it received from the hand of Raphael. To the north of the Tiber, Julius also displayed his munificence by completing the Cancellaria with its fine court (cortile), which from the purity and harmony of its proportions is considered the most beautiful in the world. The example he gave was eagerly followed by his cardinals and nobles; among them Farnese, the magnificent entrance of whose palace has gained it the reputation of being the finest in Rome; and Francesco del Rio, who boasted of his house that "it should last till a tortoise had completed the tour of the globe." The Medici meanwhile filled their dwellings with the

most varied treasures of art and literature; while the Orsinia adorned their palace on the Campofiore with painting and sculpture both within and without. The remains of that magnificent period, when the noble works of antiquity were so boldly rivalled, do not receive all the attention they merit, from the stranger who passes them in his walks around the Campofiore and across the piazza Farnese. The genius, emulation, and fertility of spirit characterizing this bright epoch, produced a general prosperity in the city. In proportion with the increase of the people, buildings were erected on the Campo Marzo, and around the mausoleum of Augustus. These were further extended under Leo X. Julius had previously constructed the Lungara on the southern shore, and opposite to the Strada Giulia on the northern bank. The inscription still remains wherein the conservators boast that Julius had traced out and given to the public these new streets, " in proportion with the majesty of his newly-acquired dominions."

The plague and the sack of the city occasioned a large decrease of the population, which again suffered during the troubles under Paul IV. It did not recover from these injuries until some time after, when an increase of the inhabitants was seen to accompany the return of the Catholic world to its allegiance.

The reoccupation of the deserted hills had been contemplated by Pius IV. The palace of the conservators on the Monte Capitolino was founded by him, and it was for the same pontiff that Michael Angelo erected the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, on the Viminal, with a portion from the ruins of the baths of Dioclesian, and on a small part of their site. The Porta Pia, on the Quirinal, still bears his name and inscription: additions were made to the same quarter by Gregory XIII.

But these were all vain labours only, so long as the hills remained destitute of water.

And here it was that Sixtus V achieved a well-merited glory. He has distinguished himself from all other pontiffs, and rivalled the ancient Cæsars, by supplying the city with pure streams of water, brought into it by means of colossal aqueducts. This he did, as he tells us himself, " that these hills, adorned in early Christian times with basilicas, renowned for the salubrity of their air, the pleasantness of their situation, and the beauty of their prospects, might again become inhabited by man." " Therefore," he adds, " we have suffered ourselves to be alarmed by no difficulty, and deterred by no cost." He did in fact declare to the architects from the first commencement, that he desired to produce a work whose magnificence might compete with the glories of imperial Rome. He brought the Aqua Martia from the Agro Colonna, a distance of two and twenty miles, to Rome; and this in defiance of all obstacles, carrying it partly underground and partly on lofty arches. How great was the satisfaction with which Sixtus beheld the first stream of this water pouring its bright wealth into his

own vine-garden (vigna); still further did he then bear it onward to Santa Susanna, on the Quirinal. From his own name he called it the " Acqua Felice," and it was with no little self-complacency that he placed a statue by the fountain, representing Moses, who brings water, streaming from the rock, at the touch of his staff.

Not only the immediate neighbourhood, but the whole city, drew at once great advantage from that aqueduct. Twenty-seven fountains were supplied by the Acqua Felice, which gives 20,537 cubic meters of water every twenty-four hours.

From this time building on the hills was resumed with great activity, which Sixtus further stimulated by the grant of special privileges. He levelled the ground about the Trinità de' Monti, and laid the foundation of the steps descending to the Piazza di Spagna, which offer the most direct line of communication between that height and the lower city. Along the summit he laid out the Via Felice and the Borgo Felice, opening streets that even to our day continue to be the great thoroughfares from all directions to Santa Maria Maggiore. It was his purpose to connect all the other basilicas by spacious avenues with this church. The poets boast that Rome had nearly doubled her extent, and was again resuming her old abodes.

These fine constructions on the heights were not the only works by which Sixtus distinguished himself from earlier popes. His designs were, in some respects, directly opposed to the purposes and ideas of his predecessors.

Under Leo X, the ruins of ancient Rome were regarded with a species of religious veneration. The presence of a divine genius was hailed in these relics with rapturous delight; with a ready ear did that sovereign listen to him who exhorted to the preservation of " the all that yet remains to us of our city; that ancient mother of the greatness and renown of Italy."

Distant as earth from heaven were all the ideas of Sixtus from these modes of view and feeling; for the beauties of antiquity, this Franciscan had neither comprehension nor sympathy. The Septizonium of Severus, a most extraordinary work, could find no favour in his eyes, though surviving the storms of so many centuries. He demolished it entirely, and carried off a part of its columns for the church of St. Peter. His rage for destruction seemed equal to his zeal in building, and great fears were entertained that he would go beyond all bounds of moderation in both. Let us hear what Cardinal Santa Severina relates as to this matter — were it not the testimony of an eye-witness, we should find it incredible: " When it was perceived," he tells us, " that the pope seemed resolving on the utter destruction of the Roman antiquities, there came to me one day a number of the Roman nobles, who entreated me to dissuade his holiness with all my power from so extravagant a design." They addressed their petition to that cardinal, who was then, without doubt, himself considered as a confirmed zealot. Cardinal Colonna united his prayers to theirs. The pope

replied, that he would " clear away the ugly antiquities," but would restore all others that required restoration. And now for an instance of those he found " ugly." That tomb of Cecilia Metella, which was even then one of the most valuable relics of the republican times, and a monument of admirable sublimity — this it was among his purposes to destroy! How much may not have perished beneath his hand!

He could not persuade himself to endure the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican without great difficulty, and would not suffer those ancient statues with which the Roman citizens had enriched the Capitol to retain their places. He threatened to destroy the Capitol itself if they were not removed. These were a Jupiter Tonans between Apollo and Minerva; the two first-named were in fact removed, and the Minerva was permitted to remain only because Sixtus had contrived to invest her with the character of Rome, and Rome Christianized, by taking the spear of the goddess from her hand and replacing it with a gigantic cross.

The columns of Trajan and of Antonine he restored in the same spirit, removing the urn which was believed to contain the ashes of the emperor from the former, which he dedicated to St. Paul. The column of Antonine was in like manner assigned to St. Peter, and from that time the statues of the two apostles have stood confronting each other on that airy elevation, overlooking the dwellings of men. The pontiff thought that he had thus secured a triumph for Christianity over paganism.

He had set his heart on erecting the obelisk before the church of St. Peter, principally because " he desired to see the monuments of unbelief subjected to the cross on the very spot where the Christians had formerly suffered the bitter death of crucifixion."

This was indeed a magnificent design, but his mode of conducting it was highly characteristic, evincing a singular mixture of despotism, grandeur, pomp, and bigotry.

He threatened to punish the architect, Domenico Fontana, who had worked his way up under his own eyes from the condition of a mason's apprentice — should the enterprise fail, or the obelisk sustain injury.

The task was one of exceeding difficulty; to lift this monument from its base near the sacristy of the old church of St. Peter, lower it to a horizontal position, remove it to the place assigned, and fix it on a new basis.

The work was undertaken with a consciousness in those concerned, that their enterprise was one which would be famed throughout all ages. The men employed, nine hundred in number, began by hearing mass, confessing and receiving the sacrament. They then entered the enclosure set apart for their labours, the master placing himself on a raised platform. The obelisk was defended by straw mats and a casing of planks firmly secured by strong iron bands. The monstrous machine which was to upheave it with thick ropes, received motions from thirty-five windlasses, each worked by two horses and ten men. When all was ready, the signal was

given by sound of trumpet. The first turn proves the efficacy of the means employed. The obelisk was lifted from the base on which it had rested during fifteen hundred years. At the twelfth turn it had risen two palms and three quarters, where it was held fast. The architect saw the ponderous mass (weighing, with its defences, more than a million Roman pounds) in his power. This took place, as was carefully recorded, on the 30th of April, 1586, at the twentieth hour (about three in the afternoon). A salute was fired from the castle St. Angelo. All the bells of the city pealed forth, and the workmen carried their master round the enclosure in triumph, uttering joyous and reiterated acclamations.

Seven days were suffered to elapse, when the obelisk was lowered to the desired level with similar skill. It was then conveyed on rollers to its new destination; but it was not till the hot months had passed that they ventured to attempt the re-erection.

The day chosen by Sixtus for this undertaking was the 10th of September, a Wednesday (which he had always found to be a fortunate day), and that immediately preceding the festival of the Elevation of the Cross, to which the obelisk was to be dedicated. The workmen again commenced their labours by commending themselves to God, all falling on their knees as they entered the enclosure. Fontana had profited by the description given in Ammianus Marcellinus of the last raising of an obelisk for making his arrangements, and was, besides, provided with a force of a hundred and forty horses. It was considered peculiarly fortunate that the sky chanced to be clouded that day: all succeeded perfectly. The obelisk was moved by three great efforts, and an hour before sunset it was seen to sink upon its pedestal, formed by the backs of four bronze lions that seem to support it. The exulting cries of the people filled the air, and the satisfaction of the pontiff was complete. This work, which so many of his predecessors had desired to perform, and which so many writers had recommended, he had now accomplished. He notes in his diary that he has achieved the most difficult enterprise conceivable by the mind of man. He struck medals in commemoration of this event, received poems of congratulation in every language, and sent official announcements of his success to foreign powers.

The inscription he affixed has a strange effect; he boasts of having wrested the monument from the emperors Augustus and Tiberius, to consecrate it to the holy cross; and a cross was erected on the obelisk, enclosing within it a piece of the supposed true cross. This proceeding is an eloquent expression of his whole mode of thought. The very monuments of paganism were to be made ministers to the glory of the cross.

Sixtus devoted himself with his whole spirit to his architectural undertakings. A herd-boy, brought up among fields and gardens, for him the city had peculiar attractions. He would not hear mention of a villa residence; his best pleasure, as he declares himself, was " to see many roofs."

He doubtless meant that his highest satisfaction was derived from the progress of his buildings.

Many thousand hands were kept constantly employed, nor did any difficulty deter him from his purpose.

The cupola of St. Peter's was still wanting, and the architects required ten years for its completion. Sixtus was willing to give the money, but he also desired to gratify his eyes by the completed building. He set six hundred men to work, allowing no intermission even at night. In twenty-two months the whole was finished, the leaden covering to the roof alone excepted; this he did not live to see.

The arbitrary and impetuous character of the pontiff was manifest even in labours of this kind. He demolished without remorse the remains of the papal patriarchium, which were by no means inconsiderable, and were singularly interesting. These antiquities were connected with the dignity of his own office, but he destroyed them nevertheless to erect his palace of the Lateran on their site; a building not at all wanted, and which excites a very equivocal interest, solely as one of the earliest examples of the uniform regularity of modern architecture.

How complete was the revolution which then took place in the relations of the age to antiquity! As in former times men emulated the ancients, so did they now; but their earlier efforts were directed towards an approach to their beauty and grace of form; now they sought only to vie with, or exceed them, in extent and magnitude. Formerly the slightest trace of the antique spirit was reverenced in however trifling a monument; now the disposition seemed rather to destroy these traces. One sole idea held predominance among the men of this day; they would acknowledge no other. It was the same that had gained ascendancy in the church, — the same that had succeeded in making the state a mere instrument of the church. This ruling idea of modern Catholicism had penetrated throughout the being of society, and pervaded its most diversified institutions.

The pope's internal administration, with the part he took in the restoration of the church, have already been considered: we will now give some few words to the description of his policy in general.

In doing this, we cannot fail to remark the extraordinary fact, that the inexorable justice exercised by this pontiff, the rigid system of finance that he established, and the close exactitude of his domestic economy, were accompanied by the most inexplicable disposition to political plans of fantastic extravagance.

What strange ideas were permitted to enter his head!

He flattered himself for a long time that his power would suffice to put an end to the Turkish empire. He formed relations in the East — with the Persians, with certain Arab chiefs, and with the Druses. He fitted out galleys and hoped to obtain others from Spain and Tuscany. He fancied he should thus be enabled to co-operate by sea with Stephen Bathory, king

of Poland, who was appointed to make the principal attack by land. For this undertaking, Sixtus hoped to combine all the forces of the north-east and south-west. He even persuaded himself that Russia would not only enter into alliance with the king of Poland, but would consent to subject herself to his command.

Another time he amused himself with the notion that he could make the conquest of Egypt, either by his own resources, or with the aid of Tuscany alone. On this hope he founded the most extentive designs: the formation of a passage to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean; the restoration of commerce as pursued by the ancients, and the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. But supposing these plans should be found not immediately practicable, might not an incursion at least be made into Syria, in order to have the tomb of the Saviour hewn out of the rock by skilful masters in their craft, and brought, carefully wrapt and protected, to Italy? He already entertained the hope of seeing this sanctuary, the most sacred in the world, erected in Montalto. Then would his native province, the March of Ancona, where the Holy House of Loretto was already placed, comprise within its limits both the birth-place and tomb of the Redeemer.

There is yet another idea which I find attributed to Sixtus V, and which exceeds in eccentricity all those we have enumerated. A proposal is declared to have been forwarded to Henry III, after the assassination of the Guises, to the effect that he should acknowledge a nephew of the pope as his successor to the crown of France. This suggestion is said to have been made by the legate, with the knowledge of the pontiff. His holiness had persuaded himself that if this nomination were made with all due solemnity, the king of Spain would bestow the infanta in marriage on the successor so declared; all would be ready to acknowledge a succession thus constituted, and the disturbances would be brought to an end. It has been affirmed that Henry was attracted for a moment by these propositions, and might have yielded his assent, had it not been represented to him how deplorable a reputation for cowardice and want of forethought he would leave behind him by doing so.

These were plans, or rather — for that word has too definite a meaning — these were fantasies, castles in the air, of the most extraordinary character. How flagrantly are these visions in disaccord with the stern reality, the rigid practical activity, earnestly pressing forward to its end, by which this pontiff was usually distinguished!

We may nevertheless be permitted to declare, that even these had their origin in the exuberance of thoughts too mighty for accomplishment.

The elevation of Rome into the acknowledged metropolis of Christendom, to which, after a certain lapse of years, all nations, even those of America, were to resort — the conversion of ancient monuments into memorials of the subjugation of heathenism by the Christian faith — the

accumulation of a treasure, formed of money borrowed and paying interest, as a basis for the secular power of the papal states — all these are purposes surpassing the limits of the practicable, which found their origin in the ardour of religious enthusiasm, but which were yet highly influential in determining the restless activity of this pontiff's character.

From youth upward, the life of man, active or passive, is but the reflection of his hopes and wishes. The present, if we may so speak, is compassed round by the future, and the soul resigns itself with unwearied constancy to anticipations of personal happiness. But as life advances, these desires and expectations become attached to more extensive interests; they aspire to the completion of some great object in science, in politics, in the more important general concerns of life; they expand, in a word, into cares for the universal interest. In the case of our Franciscan, the fascination and stimulus of personal hopes had been ever all the more powerful, because he had found himself engaged in a career which opened to him the most exalted prospects: they had accompanied him from step to step, and had sustained his spirit in the extremity of his obscure penury. He had eagerly seized on every word foreboding prosperity, had treasured it in the depths of his heart, and, in the anticipation of success, had connected with each some magnificent design suggested by monkish enthusiasm. At length his utmost hopes were realized; from a beginning the least auspicious, the most hopeless, he had risen to the highest dignity in Christendom, — a dignity of which, eminent as it was, he yet entertained a conception exaggerated beyond the reality. He believed himself immediately selected by a special providence for the realization of those ideas that floated before his imagination.

Even when arrived at the possession of supreme power, he retained the habit and faculty of discerning, amidst all the complexities of general politics, whatever opportunity might present itself for magnificent enterprises, and employed himself in projects for their execution. But to the charms of power and lasting renown he was profoundly sensible; hence in all his acts we descry an element of a strictly personal character predominant. The lustre surrounding himself he desired to see diffused over all immediately belonging to or connected with him, his family, his birthplace, his native province. This wish was nevertheless invariably subordinate to his interest in the general welfare of Catholic Christendom: his mind was ever accessible to the influence of grand and elevated ideas. A certain difference is, however, to be remarked. To one portion of his plans he could himself give effectual accomplishment; for the execution of the other, he was compelled to depend on external aid. As a consequence, we perceive that he applied himself to the first with that inexhaustible activity which results from conviction, enthusiasm, and ambition. With regard to the last, on the contrary, he was by no means so earnest, whether because he was by nature distrustful, or because the chief part in the execu-

tion, and consequently in the gain and glory, had to be resigned to others. If we inquire what he really accomplished, towards the completion of his oriental projects, for example, we perceive that he did no more than form alliances, make exchange of letters, issue admonitions, and take similar steps — all preliminary only. That any measures, effectively adapted to the end he proposed, were ever taken, we cannot perceive. He would form the plan with all the eagerness of an excitable imagination, but since he could not immediately proceed to action, and the accomplishment of the work lay in remote distance, his will was not efficiently exerted, the project by which he had perhaps been considerably occupied was suffered to fall into oblivion, while some other succeeded to its place.

At the moment now in question, the pope was absorbed by the grandest views connected with the undertaking against Henry IV. He anticipated a decisive victory for strict Catholicism, and hoped to see the universal supremacy of the pontificate fully restored — his whole life for the moment was engrossed by these prospects. He was persuaded that all the Catholic states were entirely agreed on this point, and would turn the whole force of their united powers against the Protestant who laid claim to become king of France.

In this direction of his thoughts, and while thus ardently zealous, he was made acquainted with the fact that a Catholic power — one too with which he had believed himself in particularly good intelligence — Venice, namely, — had offered congratulations to that very Protestant. He was profoundly afflicted by this proceeding. For a moment he attempted to restrain the republic from taking further steps; he entreated the Venetians to wait. Time, he assured them, brought forth marvellous fruits; he had himself learned from the good and venerable senators to permit their arrival at maturity.

Notwithstanding this request, the republic persisted, and acknowledged De Maisse, the former ambassador of France, after he had received his new credentials as plenipotentiary of Henry IV. Hereupon the pope proceeded from exhortations to menaces. He declared that he should well know what it behoved him to do, and commanded that the old "monitoria" proclaimed against the Venetians in the time of Julius II should be sought out, and the formula of a new one prepared.

It was yet not without pain and deep regret that he did this; let us listen for a moment to the words of the pontiff, as uttered in conference with the ambassador, whom the Venetians sent to him on this occasion.

"To fall at variance with those whom we do not love," said the pope, "that is no such great misfortune; but with those whom one loves, that is indeed a sorrow. Yes! it will cause us much grief" — he laid his hand on his breast — "to break with Venice.

"But Venice has offended us. Navarre! (it was thus he called Henry IV) Navarre is a heretic, excommunicated by the Holy See: and yet Venice, in defiance of all our remonstrances, has acknowledged him.

" Does the Signory make pretension to be the most sovereign power of the earth? Does it belong to Venice to give example to all the rest of the world? There is still a king of Spain — there is still an Emperor.

" Has the republic any fear of Navarre? We will defend her, if it be necessary, with all our force — we have nerve enough.

" Or does the republic propose to inflict some injury on us? God himself would be our defender.

" The republic should prize our friendship beyond that of Navarre; we can do more for her welfare.

" I beseech you to recall at least one step. The Catholic king has recalled many because we desired it, not from fear of us, for our strength, as compared with his, is but as a fly compared with an elephant; but he has done it from love, and because it was the pope who had spoken, the vicegerent of Christ, who prescribes the rule of faith to him, and to all others. Let the Signory do as much: they can easily find some expedient that shall serve as the pretext; that cannot be difficult for them, they have wise and aged men enough, every one of whom would be capable of governing a world."

But so much was not said without eliciting a reply. The envoy extraordinary of the Venetians was Leonardo Donato, a member of the society we have described as assembled by Andrea Morosini. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of the ecclesiastical and political opposition, was a man of what would now be called the most consummate skill in diplomacy, and had already successfully conducted many difficult and delicate negotiations.

The various motives by which the Venetians were influenced could not well be set forth in Rome; Donato, therefore, gave prominence to those which the pope had in common with the republic, and which were consequently assured of finding acceptance with his holiness.

Was it not manifest, for example, that the Spanish predominance in the south of Europe became more decided, and more perilous from year to year? The pope felt this as deeply as any other Italian prince. He could take no step in Italy even at this time, without first obtaining the consent of Spain; what then would be the state of things when the Spaniards should have gained the mastery in France? On this consideration, then, on the necessity for maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and on the means by which it might be restored, Donato principally insisted. He laboured to prove that the republic, far from seeking to offend the pope, had rather arranged her policy with a view to defending and promoting the most important interests of the papal see.

The pope listened to his words, but appeared to be utterly immovable — by no means to be convinced. Donato resigned all hope of accomplishing anything, and requested an audience of leave. This he obtained on the 16th of December, 1689, when the pontiff assumed an appearance of in-

tending to refuse him his blessing. Yet Sixtus was not so perfectly enslaved but that arguments of sound reason produced their effect. He was self-willed, imperious, and obstinate; yet his convictions were not altogether incapable of change: it was not impossible to lead him into new views of things, and he was in the main good-natured — even while continuing the dispute, and stubbornly defending his position, he felt himself moved in his heart, and even convinced. In the midst of that audience he became suddenly mild and compliant. "He who has a colleague," he exclaimed, "has a master. I will speak to the congregation; I will tell them that I have been angry with you, but that you have overcome my resentment." They waited some days longer, when the pope declared that he could not approve what the republic had done, but he would refrain from adopting the measures he had contemplated against her. He gave Donato his blessing and embraced him.

This may be called an almost insensible change of mere personal feeling. The most important results were, nevertheless, involved in it. The pope himself permitted the rigour with which he had persecuted the Protestant king to relax. Neither would he absolutely condemn the Catholic party attached to Henry, and by which his former policy had been opposed. A first step is always important; because the whole tendency of the course pursued is involved in and determined by it. This was instantly perceived on the part of the opposition: it had originally sought only to exculpate itself; it now proceeded to attempt convincing and gaining over the pope himself.

Monseigneur de Luxembourg soon after appeared in Italy, bearing a charge from the princes of the blood and Catholic peers attached to Henry IV. He was permitted to enter Rome, in January, 1590; and, in spite of the warning representations of the Spaniards, Sixtus granted him an audience. The envoy expatiated particularly on the personal qualities of Henry, placing his courage, magnanimity, and kindness of heart in the most brilliant light. The pope was quite enchanted with this description. "In good truth," he exclaimed, "it repents me that I have excommunicated him." Luxembourg declared that his lord and king would now render himself worthy of absolution; and, at the feet of his holiness, would return into the bosom of the Catholic church. "In that case," replied the pope, "I will embrace and console him."

For already his imagination was powerfully excited, and he at once conceived the boldest hopes from these advances. He suffered himself to believe that the Protestants were prevented from returning to the Catholic church by political aversion to Spain, rather than by religious convictions in hostility with those of the Roman see; and thought he ought not to repel them. There was already an English ambassador in Rome — one from Saxony was announced. The pontiff was perfectly ready to hear them. "Would to God," he exclaimed, "they would all come to our feet!"

The extent of the change that had taken place in the convictions of Sixtus V was made manifest by the mode of his proceeding towards Cardinal Morosini, his legate in France. The forbearance of this minister towards Henry III had, in earlier days, been reproved as a crime; and he had returned to Italy, labouring under his sovereign's displeasure. He was now brought into the Consistory by Cardinal Montalto, and Sixtus received him with the declaration that he rejoiced to see a cardinal of his own creation, as was Morosini, obtaining universal approbation. He was invited to the table of Donna Camilla.

How greatly must this total change have astonished the strict Catholic world! The pope evinced a favourable disposition towards a Protestant whom he had himself excommunicated; and who, according to the ancient ordinances of the church, had rendered himself incapable even of receiving absolution, by the commission of a double apostasy.

That from all this there should result a reaction, was in the nature of things. The party holding rigid Catholic opinions was not so entirely dependent on the pope as to make their opposing him out of the question; and the Spanish power supplied them with a support of which they eagerly availed themselves.

The adherents of the League in France accused the pope of avarice. They asserted that he would not open his purse; but desired to retain all the money he had heaped up in the Castle of St. Angelo for his nephews and other connections. A Jesuit in Spain preached publicly on the deplorable condition of the church. "It was not the republic of Venice only that favoured the heretics; but — hush, hush," he said, placing his finger on his lips, "but even the pope himself." These words resounded through Italy. Sixtus V had become so sensitive on these subjects, that when the General of the Capuchins proclaimed an exhortation to general prayers, "to invoke the favour of God for the affairs of the church," he considered this as a personal affront, and suspended the Capuchin.

Nor was the effect confined to mere hints and private complaints. On the 22nd of March, 1590, the Spanish ambassador appeared in the papal apartments to make a formal protest in the name of his sovereign against the proceedings of the pope. There was an opinion, as these things show us, more orthodox, more Catholic, than that of the pope himself. The Spanish ambassador now appeared in the palace to give this opinion effect and expression before the very face of the pontiff. It was an extraordinary incident: the ambassador knelt on one knee and entreated his holiness for permission to execute the commands of his lord. The pope requested him to rise, saying it would be heresy to pursue the course he was contemplating against the vicar of Christ. The ambassador would not suffer himself to be disconcerted. "His holiness," he began, "ought to proclaim the excommunication of all adherents to the king of Navarre without distinction. His holiness should declare that Navarre was incapable of ascending

the French throne under every circumstance and for all time. If this were not done, the Catholic king would abandon his allegiance to his holiness, for the majesty of Spain could not permit the cause of Christ to be brought to ruin." Scarcely would the pope allow him to utter his protest to this extent; he exclaimed that this was not the business of the king. The ambassador rose, then knelt down again, resolved to continue. The pope called him a stone of offence and went away. But Olivarez was not yet content and would not permit himself to be baffled; he declared that he would and must complete his protest, should the pope condemn him to the loss of his head; he knew well that the king would avenge him and bestow the recompense of his fidelity on his children. Sixtus V, on the other hand, was violently enraged. He maintained that no prince on earth was empowered to dictate to the pope, who is appointed by God as the superior of every other sovereign; that the proceedings of the ambassador were positively sacrilegious; his instructions authorized him to make protestation only in the event of the pontiff's evincing indifference towards the cause of the League. How did he know that this was the case? Did the ambassador pretend to direct the steps of his holiness?

Catholicism in its genuine forms appeared now to have but one aim — one undivided opinion. It seemed in the road to victory, and on the very point of success; but there were formed unexpectedly within itself two parties — two systems of opinion opposing each other politically and ecclesiastically; the one disposed to make aggressions, the other prepared for resistance. The struggle was commenced by each party exerting its utmost power in the effort to win over the head of the church to its own side. The one already held possession of the pope, and now laboured to retain him by menaces, bitterness, and almost by force. Towards the other a secret feeling had disposed him at a very critical moment, and this now sought to secure him entirely for itself: attempts were made to allure him by promises; the most attractive prospects were displayed before him. For the decision of the contest, the question to which party the pontiff should attach himself, was one of the utmost importance.

The demeanour of this pope, so renowned for active energy and decision of character, was at that moment such as to fill us with amazement.

When letters arrived from Philip II, expressing the determination of that sovereign to uphold the rightful cause and support the League with all the force of his kingdom — nay, with his own blood — the pope was instantly full of zeal. Never would he expose himself, as he then declared, to the disgrace of not having opposed a heretic like Navarre.

He was none the less soon afterwards perceived to incline towards the opposite side. When the difficulties in which the affairs of France involved him were represented to the pontiff, he exlaimed, that if Navarre were present, he would entreat him on his knees to become Catholic.

No prince was ever placed in a more extraordinary position with regard

to his plenipotentiary than that occupied by Sixtus V in relation to his legate Gaetano, whom he had sent to France during the time of his most intimate alliance with the Spaniards. The pontiff had certainly not yet gone over to the side of the French, but his mind had been rendered irresolute, and he had been brought into a state of neutrality. Without the slightest regard to this change, the legate pursued his original instructions. When Henry IV besieged Paris after the victory of Ivry, it was from the papal legate that he experienced the most effectual resistance. In his presence it was that the magistrates and leaders of the people took an oath never to capitulate or make terms with Navarre. By the dignity attached to his spiritual office, and by a deportment remarkable for address and firmness, Gaetano succeeded in holding them to their engagements.

It was, in fact, by the party attached to rigidly orthodox Catholicism that the superiority in strength was finally manifested.

Olivarez compelled the pope to dismiss Luxembourg, although under the pretext of a pilgrimage to Loretto. Sixtus had intended to select Monsignore Serafino, who was believed to hold French opinions, for a mission to France. Olivarez uttered loud complaints and threatened to appear no more at the audience; the pope replied that he might depart in God's name. Olivarez, nevertheless, eventually prevailed, and the mission of Serafino was laid aside. There is an invincible force in an orthodox opinion, adhered to with unflinching steadfastness, and more especially when it is advocated by a man of vigorous mind. Olivarez had the congregation which managed affairs connected with France, and which had been constituted in earlier times, in his favour. In July, 1590, negotiations were entered into for a new alliance between Spain and the pope, and his holiness declared that he must do something in favour of the Spaniards.

But it must not be supposed that he had meanwhile abandoned the other party. There was at the papal court, at this very moment, an agent from Lesdiguieres, one of the leaders of the Huguenots, an envoy from the Landgrave, and an emissary from England. The imperial ambassador was further alarmed by the approach of the Saxon envoy, whose arrival was expected, and against whose suggestions, which he greatly dreaded, he was already seeking means of defence. The intrigues of Chancellor Crell extended their effect even to Rome.

Thus did the powerful prince of the church, the sovereign who lived in the persuasion that he was invested with a direct authority over the whole earth, and who had amassed a treasure that might well have enabled him to perform some mighty deed, remain undecided and incapable of action when the moment for decision had arrived.

Are we permitted to reproach him with this as a fault? I fear that we should do him injustice. He had seen through the condition of things, he perceived the dangers on both sides, he suffered himself to be subjected to the influence of conflicting opinions. No crisis presented itself by which he

might have been compelled to a final decision. The elements that were dividing the world had filled his very soul with the confusion of their conflict, and neither could there obtain the decisive mastery.

It is certain that by this irresolute state of his own spirit, he placed himself in a position wherein it was impossible that he should effectually influence the world. On the contrary; he was himself reacted on by the forces then agitating society, and this effect was produced in a manner highly peculiar.

Sixtus had succeeded in suppressing the banditti, principally by establishing friendly relations with his neighbours. But since these were now interrupted — since opinions prevailed in Tuscany and Venice, which were altogether different from those held in Naples and Milan, and the pope would declare himself decidedly for neither, he became the object of suspicion, first to one and then to the other of these neighbours, and under favour of this state of things, the banditti once more aroused themselves to activity.

It was in April, 1590, that they appeared again — in the Maremma under Sacripanti; in Romagna they were led by Piccolomini, and Battistella was their chief in the Campagna of Rome. They were amply provided with money, and it is said that they were observed to disburse large numbers of Spanish doubloons. They found adherents principally among the Guelfs, and were already once more traversing the country in regularly organized bands, with banners flying and military music. Nor were the papal troops by any means disposed to offer them battle. This state of things produced an immediate effect on all the relations of the country. The people of Bologna opposed themselves to the pope's intention of adding to the senators of their city with a boldness and independence of action long unthought of.

In this condition, surrounded by so many pressing disquietudes, and without having even attempted to announce a decision, or to adopt a resolution concerning the most important affairs, Pope Sixtus V died, on the 27th of August, 1590.

A storm burst over the Quirinal at the moment when he breathed his last. The ill-taught multitude persuaded themselves that Fra Felice had made a compact with the evil spirit, by whose aid he had risen from step to step, and that the stipulated period having now expired, his soul had been carried away in the tempest. It was in this manner that they signified their discontent at the number of new taxes he had imposed, and expressed those doubts of his perfect orthodoxy which had for some years been frequently agitated. With impetuous fury they tore down the statues that had been erected in his earlier days, and even came to a resolution in the Capitol, that no statue should ever again be erected to a pontiff during his lifetime.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

1542–1587

By Pierre de Bourdeille Sieur de Brantôme [1] (1540–1614)

Those who may wish to write of this illustrious Queen of Scotland have two fruitful subjects, her life on the one hand, and on the other her death; neither the one nor the other was favoured by good fortune, as I shall show in touching upon certain aspects of the matter in this little discourse, which is to be in the form of a brief essay rather than a long detailed history. This latter I leave to those who have more knowledge and wit than I.

The father of this Queen was King James, a man of worth and reputation, and a good Frenchman to boot. On the death of his wife Madame Magdaleine, a daughter of France, he requested of King François the hand of some virtuous and upright princess of his realm in marriage, being most desirous of continuing his alliance with France.

King François, knowing no one better suited to fulfil the desires of this good Prince, gave him the daughter of Monsieur de Guise, Claude de Lorraine, at that time widow of Monsieur de Longueville. She appeared so fair, honest, and virtuous in the eyes of King James that he was right well satisfied, and deemed himself most happy in having her to wife. She proved herself to be all that she had seemed. After the death of her husband she governed most wisely the whole Kingdom of Scotland. Though the King died only a few years after his marriage, and was very little with her, he gave her a lovely child, a Princess fairer than all the other princesses of that time, our Queen, of whom I am now writing. Not long after her birth, while she was still an infant at the breast, the English came and made war upon Scotland, and her mother, fearful of the fury of the enemy, took the child and sought a hiding-place in various parts of the land. Without the good help sent her by our good King Henri, she would scarce have found safety, yet was she forced to commit her child to ships, exposing her to the waves of the sea, to tempests and winds; and sent her at last to France for greater safety, where surely her evil fortune could not pursue her over the sea, nor dare touch her.

[1] *The Third Discourse: On the Queen of Scotland, Formerly Queen of Our France,* based on the latest discovered MSS. is here translated for the first time into English by Barrett H. Clark.

The *Recueil des Dames* — part of a large collection left in MS. at Brantôme's death — was not published until 1665.

Thus, as time went on and the child grew older, her great beauty began to be manifest and her virtues increase, to such an extent that when she was fifteen her fairness shone bright as the sun at high noon; nay, so bright as to eclipse the sun at his brightest, so radiant was the beauty of her person.

Yet the beauty of her mind was equally bright. She had made herself most learned in the Latin tongue. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, she recited publicly, in the presence of King Henri, the Queen, and the entire court, in a room of the Louvre, a speech in Latin composed by herself, sustaining against the common belief the thesis that it is becoming in women to be acquainted with literature and the liberal arts. What a rare and admirable thing it was to see this beauteous and learned Queen speak thus in Latin, which she understood and spoke exceeding well! For this I can vouch, for I heard her on that occasion myself.

She was likewise so deeply interested in suchlike matters that she had Antoine Fouquelin, of Chauny in the Vermandois, write a French Rhetoric, which still exists, in order that she might understand the language still more perfectly, and prove more eloquent than if she had been born in France. He forced her to speak on all occasions, with great and small alike. So long as she remained in France she reserved for practice and reading two hours out of every day. There was no field of human knowledge in which she could not intelligently discourse, but she loved poets and poetry before all else, and her favourite poets were M. de Ronsard, M. du Bellay and M. de Maisonfleur, who all wrote beautiful verses and elegies for her. When she departed from France, I was present (both in France and later in Scotland) when such poems, being read to her, drew tears from her eyes and sighs from her heart.

She even wrote verses herself, some of which I have seen. They were very beautiful and well-written, in no wise resembling those attributed to her on the love-affair of the Comte de Baudouet. These latter are too gross and unpolished to have come from her lovely shop. M. de Ronsard was of the same opinion, when we were speaking of the matter one day and reading over the verses. The poems she wrote were lovelier and more gracious, and far more spontaneous. I have often seen her retire to her private room and come back a short time after, to show a few of us, her sympathetic friends, what she had just written. She wrote remarkably well in prose, too, above all, in her letters, of which I have seen several that were fair, and eloquent, and noble.

In conversation, she spoke quietly, with a charm of manner exceeding agreeable, yet majestic — a mixture of discretion and modesty, with a notable grace. She spoke her own language — naturally barbarous-sounding, crude and harsh to the ear — so gracefully that hearing it spoken by her one might imagine it a beautiful tongue. Had any one else spoken it, it would have sounded far otherwise. Behold how the virtue, beauty and

grace of this woman were able to transform so much crude barbarism into what was delicate, courtly, and civilized! Yet this is not so marvellous as that when she was dressed like a savage (as I have seen her), in the barbaric fashion of her country, she still shone forth like a goddess. Those others who had seen her thus apparelled can also bear witness to the truth of what I say, while they who have not will have seen her portrait where she is dressed as I describe her. So true is this that I have heard the Queen-Mother and the King assert she was fairest, most agreeable and most desirable in those habiliments. How were it possible to seem fairer than in her richly ornamented clothes, dressed in the French style or the Spanish, or wearing an Italian bonnet; or in her other clothes — her mourning robes of white, which set off so marvellously her shining beauty? For the whiteness of her face rivalled the whiteness of the stuff of her robe: but because her robe was the work of artifice, the snowy whiteness of her face eclipsed even that.

Because of this a song was written about her in her white robe of mourning, which runs thus:

L'on voit sous blanc atour,
En grand deuil et tristesse,
Se pourmener maint tour
De beauté la déesse,
Tenant le trait en main
De son filz inhumain

Et amour sans fronteau,
Voleter autour d'elle,
Desguisant son bandeau
En un funebre voyle
Où sont cez motz escritz
Mourir ou estre pris.

So did the Princess appear in various dresses, barbaric, worthy, austere.

In addition to such graces as I have already described, whereby she attracted all those who saw her, she had a sweet voice, and sang very prettily to the accompaniment of the lute, which she played skilfully with that white hand of hers, and those lovely fingers so daintily shaped, rivalling in hue indeed the rosy-fingers of the dawn.

What more can I say of her many beauties? Unless, what has been already said of her, that she was as different as might be from the sun of her native Scotland, where at certain seasons of the year, it shines no more than five hours in the day, while she shone always, and so brightly that she could spare some of her shining rays to her country and her subjects, which had greater need of them than any other, since because of the position of the land, it lay farthest from the sun.

Oh, Scottish Kingdom, I verily think that now thy days are yet shorter than before, and thy nights longer, since thou hast lost this Princess who brought light to thee! Thou hast proved thyself ungrateful, having failed in thy duty and fidelity toward her!

But of this we shall speak hereafter.

The lovely Princess was so dear to us in France that she asked King Henri to form an alliance with her and give her in marriage to the Dauphin, his well-beloved son, who on his own behalf, was already deeply enamoured of her. The wedding was therefore solemnized in the great church and the palace of Paris. On this occasion she appeared a hundredfold more dazzling than a goddess of heaven, in the morning, bravely arrayed, on her way to the wedding; after the feast at the ball; and finally in the late evening when with becoming modesty and dignity she went to offer upon the altar of Hymen what she had promised and vowed. It was spoken and spoken again, and agreed throughout the court and the entire city that the Prince was blest indeed a hundredfold in his alliance with this Princess, and that if her kingdom were of some worth, she was of yet greater worth. Though she yet possessed neither sceptre nor crown, her person and beauty alone were the equal in value of a whole realm. Yet since she was a Queen, she was thus bringing to France a double fortune.

Thus was it spoken, and she was called the Queen-Dauphine, and her husband the King-Dauphin, and they both lived in pleasing concord, with much love between them.

Upon the death of the great King Henri, these two became King and Queen of France — indeed of two great realms — and both were exceeding happy, and would so have continued but for the death of the young King. By this was she left a widow in the springtime of her life, having enjoyed the pleasures and benefits of her love with the King for only four years.

Alas, this happiness lasted but for a short while, and methinks ill-fortune ought to have postponed the blow; yet the maleficene power willed that the young Princess should be thus ignobly treated. Out of her great loss she wrote this song:

En mon triste et doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un deuil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
Et en souspirs cuysans
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

Fust-il un tel malheur
De oure destinée,
Ni si triste douleur
De Dame fortunée

Qui mon cœur et mon œil
Voy en biere et cercueil?

Qui en mon doux printemps
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extresme tristesse,
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret et desir?

Ce qui m'estoit plaisant
Ores m'est peine dure.
Le jour le plus luysant
M'est nuict noire et obscure
Et n'est rien si exquis,
Oui de moy soit requis.

J'ay au cœur et à l'œil
Un pourtrait et image
Qui figure mon deuil
En mon pasle visage,
De violetes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux taint.

Pour mon mal estranger
Je ne m'arreste en place.
Mais j'ay heu beau changer,
Si ma douleur n'efface;
Car mon pis et mon mieux
Sont les plus deserts lieux.

Sy en quelque sejour,
Soit en bois on en prée
Soit sur l'aube du jour,
On soit sur la vesprée,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d'un absent.

Si parfois vers les cieux
Viens à dresser ma veue,
Le doux trait de ses yeux
Je voy en une nue;
Soudain je voy en l'eau,
Comme dans un tombeau.

Si je suis en repos
Someillant sur ma couche,
J'oy qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche.
En labeur, en recoy,
Tousjours est prez de moy.

Je ne vois autre objet,
Pour beau qui se presente,
A qui que soit subjet
Onques mon cœur consente,
Exempt de perfection
A ceste affection.

Metz chauson ici frain
A si triste complainte,
Dont sera le refrain:
Amour vraye et non fainte
Pour la separation
N'aura diminution.

Such were the regrets and sorrows that she so piteously bewailed in song, though the whiteness of her face proclaimed her sorrow yet more eloquently. Indeed I never once saw any colour in her face during the whole of the time I had the honour to be with her both in France and Scotland, whither, to her great regret, she was forced to go after eighteen months of widowhood, in order to pacify her kingdom, then in the throes of religious dissension. Alas, she had no inclination or desire to return to her country. I often heard her speak apprehensively, and dread the voyage as she would the approach of death. She had preferred an hundred times over to remain in France as a simple Dowager, happy to retain Touraine and Poitou as the dowry that was given her, rather than to rule over her barbarous Scotland. But certain of her uncles advised, nay, forced her to it. But they regretted this not long after.

There is no room for doubt that had not the young Queen taken her leave when she did, her brother-in-law Charles (the late king), had he been of age (he was then both young and small), and as much in love with her as I have seen him at a later time, would never have permitted her to leave the country, and would most certainly have married her.

Subsequently he was so enamoured of her that when he looked upon her portrait he could not take his eyes from it, nor was ever satisfied with gazing at it. In my presence he would oft-times say she was the fairest princess ever born on earth, and that his late brother was too supremely happy in having possessed so fair a woman, adding that he ought

never to regret lying dead now in the tomb, after the great privilege of calling his own such beauty and such pleasure, even though it had been for so short a time. Such happiness was more to be cherished than his whole kingdom. And he would indeed have married her had she remained in France: upon this he was determined, even though she were his sister-in-law, for the Pope at that time would not have refused a dispensation, seeing he had already given permission for a like marriage, that of the late M. de Loué with his sister-in-law. There was, besides, another like marriage that took place in Spain, of the Marquis d'Aguilar. There are other instances, besides, in the same country, where no difficulty is too great an obstacle to preserve name and family, while we in France are prone to waste and dissipate in such matters.

I have thus digressed because the subject was worth discussing, but from this point onward I shall omit speaking on other things that might divert me from my purpose of writing about our Queen, who was as I say persuaded to set sail for Scotland. The time set was the spring, yet she was able to delay it from month to month, not setting forth until the end of August.

It is worthy of note that the spring that year was so late in coming, and the weather so cold and unpleasant, that even so late as April there was no sign of the green robe that Nature was so soon to don, nor any flowers. So the gallants at Court forthwith declared that this year spring had changed her pleasant weather into a season of winter, being unwilling to deck herself in bright colours, preferring rather to preserve a sort of winter mourning over the impending departure of the Queen, who was her sole source of light. M. de Maisonfleur, a gentle knight in letters as in arms, composed a very beautiful elegy on this subject.

The beginning of autumn being now at hand, and the Queen having delayed long enough, she was at length forced to leave France. She therefore proceeded to Calais, accompanied by all her uncles, M. de Nemours and a majority of the great folk of the Court, together with many ladies, including Mme. de Guise, who all sorrowed in their hearts and shed burning tears over the going of such a Queen.

There were at the harbour two ships waiting for her, one under command of M. de Meuillon and the other under Captain Albizze, and only two auxiliary ships. After abiding six days in Calais, she made her piteous farewells, mingled with much sighing, to the whole assemblage gathered there, from the greatest to the smallest, and went aboard, accompanied by her uncles M. d'Aumale, the Grand Prior, M. d'Elbeuf, and M. Damville (today the Grand Constable), and many others of the nobility. These, including myself, were in M. de Meuillon's ship, which was the finest and safest of the fleet.

Just as we were about to leave the harbour, the Queen saw a ship which, being unable to take the current properly, foundered and suddenly

sank not far away. Most of the sailors were drowned, whereupon she cried aloud in terror: " Good God, what an evil omen is this for my voyage! "

Our ship soon cleared the harbour, the sails filled with a fresh wind, and the crew sat down to rest. The Queen listlessly leaned with her hands against the poop of the ship near the helm, and fell to weeping, casting her eyes always toward the harbour she had left, repeating over and over again the sad words, " Farewell, France! Farewell, France! " This lamentable exercise lasted nearly five hours, until night began to fall, and she was asked if she would not leave the place and eat a little supper. Then, bursting anew into a flood of tears, she spoke these words: " It is bitter, my beloved France, to lose thee from sight, to have thee veiled from view by the dark night, so jealous of my gazing at thee. This mantle is drawn before me, to deprive me of the view. Farewell, then, my beloved France. I will never see thee more! "

So saying, she left the deck, saying that she was doing the very opposite of Dido, who continued gazing at the sea after Æneas had left her, while *she* had kept her eyes on the land. After partaking only of a light salad, she wished to go down to sleep in a small cabin under the poop, but instead, her bed was brought up on deck and fitted out on the highest point of the poop, and there she lay down and rested a little, never ceasing to sigh and weep. She commanded the helmsman, as soon as day should come, that should he again catch sight of the coast of France, he should wake her, without fear or hesitation. Fortune favoured her, for the wind having died down and the oarsmen being called into service, no progress was made that night, and when day broke the coast of France was still visible. The helmsman doing as he was commanded, the Queen arose and gazed once more at her beloved France, continuing to do so as long as it was possible. At length the ship sailed on, depriving the Queen of her last happiness, and she saw the land no more. Then again she set to repeating these words: " Farewell, France, I feel I shall never see thee again! "

At that moment she ardently wished the English to appear (they were indeed threatening us), in order that she might be forced to turn about and make for the harbour she had left the day before, but in this God did not favour her, for without delay or mishap we at last cast anchor at Leith.

Of our voyage I shall relate just one small incident. The night we embarked, when Lord Chastelard (who was later executed in Scotland for his presumption, and for no crime, as I shall tell), a well-mannered knight, skilful with the sword as with the pen, saw the ship's lantern about to be lighted, he spoke these charming words: " There is in faith no need to light this lantern, or any torch to light us on our way over the sea, since the eyes of this Queen of ours are bright enough with their own lovely fire to illumine the whole sea, yea, even to set it afire."

It is also to be remarked that on Sunday morning, the day before we

reached port, there came a great fog, so thick one could not see the poop from the bow, and the pilot and crew were so confused that the anchor was lowered, and a sounding-line let down to determine where we were. The fog lasted the whole day long, and all through the night, until eight o'clock the next morning, when it was seen that we were among perilous reefs. Had we gone by ever so little to one side or the other, our ship had been wrecked and all of us have perished. On learning this, the Queen said that for her part she would have cared little, since she desired naught so much as death; yet for the general good and the sake of Scotland, she would not desire it.

The same morning when the fog lifted we perceived the Scottish coast, and there were some that saw an omen in the fog, which presaged a troublesome [2] state of affairs far from pleasant.

As we were about to disembark at Leith, there suddenly appeared the notables of that place and of Edinburgh to welcome their Queen. Therefore, after sojourning at Leith for scarce two hours, it was necessary to proceed to Edinburgh, which lies distant only one short league. The Queen rode on horseback, and the lords and ladies of her suite on native Scottish geldings, with such harness as came with them. Upon seeing such poor trappings, the Queen fell to weeping, and declared that this was no pomp, nor nothing like the magnificent mounts of France, which she had so long delighted in. Then she said that since it was meet she should change her heaven into a hell, she had best have patience.

Yet what was worse, when she was ready to retire that night in the lower part of Holyrood Abbey — a fair building, in no way resembling the country in which it lies — some five or six hundred rude fellows made their way through the doors to serenade her with villainous-sounding violins and rebecks, which are common in that country. Then they set to singing psalms, so badly and so ill-harmonized that nothing could have been worse. Ah, what music it was, and how little repose the Queen enjoyed that night!

The next morning her almoner barely escaped being murdered before her very door, and had he not quickly fled into her room, he would surely have met his death. They would have done to him what at a later time they did to her secretary David (Riccio) whom, because of his brilliant gifts, the Queen prized as secretary and manager of her affairs. Him they killed in her private room, and so close to her that his blood was spilt on her dress, and he fell dead at her feet.

A dreadful and outrageous deed!

Many other terrible things they did to her, so that one need not wonder at the ill that was spoken of her. She was so saddened and humiliated by that first attempt against her almoner that she said, " Here, forsooth, is a brave beginning in the ways of obedience among my subjects, and a fine

[2] A pun in the original on the word *Brouillard*. — Trans. note.

sort of welcome! I cannot foresee the end of it all, but I fear it will be evil."

Thus did this unfortunate Princess prove herself a second Cassandra in prophecy, as she already was in beauty.

She dwelt in Scotland for three years, observing strictly the dignity of widowhood, and would have so continued, not desiring to violate the memory of her late husband, but the men of her kingdom begged and pleaded with her to marry again, that they might have a fine king of her — such as we have today.

There are those who say that during the early wars the King of Navarre desired to marry her. He wished to divorce his wife on religious grounds, but Queen Mary was unwilling to allow this, averring that she had a soul which she refused to lose for all earthly greatness, and that her conscience would not permit her to marry a man who had divorced his wife.

In the end she married a young English Lord [Darnley] of one of the great families, though not of equal rank to her own. The marriage was not a happy one for either. I have no wish here to recount how the King her husband, after having given her a fine son (who now reigns), was killed by a mine placed in his abode. That story has already been written and published, but it is not true that the deed was done with the Queen's knowledge and consent. Such tales are lies and malicious libels, for the Queen was in no wise cruel. She was all goodness and sweetness. In France she never committed a cruel act; nor did she ever take pleasure in seeing poor criminals executed at the hands of justice, as many great ones I have known, did. While she was aboard her ship she would not allow any galley-slave to be struck; she requested this of her uncle, the Grand Prior, and gave express orders to the council, being compassionate for the misery of the poor slaves. And finally, was it possible that cruelty could find a place in the breast of a woman of such great and gentle beauty?

It is only the impostors who have spoken and written lies about her; among these is M. Buchanan, who thus so badly requited the favours done him by his Queen both in France and Scotland, in securing his recall from banishment, and saving his very life. He had far better have put his great knowledge to nobler use, and have written better things of her than to recount her love for Bothwell. In his recital of that, he even introduced certain sonnets into his account which those who were familiar with her poetry will always deny to have been hers. Nor will greater credence be given as to her love for Bothwell, who was the worst-favoured and most graceless man it is possible to imagine.

If, however, M. Buchanan spoke little good of the Queen, there were others who wrote a fine book setting forth her innocence. This I have seen, and it has so ably stated and proved the point that even the meanest persons are convinced by it, no matter how carefully her enemies seek to prevent it. So earnestly did these enemies strive to bring about her destruction

that they never rested until they had finally imprisoned her in a strong castle. This was said to be St. Andrew's, in Scotland. Having languished there a prisoner for nearly a year, she was thence delivered by the help of a brave and upright Scottish gentleman of good family, M. Beaton. I myself knew M. Beaton, who told me this story at the time when he carried the news to the King, as we were sailing past the Louvre in a boat. He was a nephew of the Bishop of Glasgow, Ambassador to France, a virtuous man and a worthy prelate of a kind we no longer have in these times. He was in faith a worthy servant of his mistress, and so remained to the day of her death — in truth, he is even more loyal to her now that she is gone.

Once set free again, the Queen gathered about her in a very short while an army composed of those that were deemed most faithful to her cause, and rode at the head of it, mounted on a good horse, and wearing a simple skirt of white taffeta, with a *crêpe* coif over it. I have known many persons to wonder at this, including the Queen-Mother herself, that a Princess so tender and delicate, as she had always been, should thus subject herself to the hardships of war. But what will one not do or endure to establish one's absolute rights as a sovereign, punishing rebellious subjects and forcing them to obedience?

Behold this Queen, so fair and generous, like a second Zenobia, leading her army toward the enemy to do battle with them. But, Oh, dire misfortune! Just when she believed that all the soldiers in her army were faithful to her, and after she had exhorted and inspired them with brave and beautiful words that would have moved the very rocks and stones, they cast down their weapons, refused to do battle, went over to the enemy and made friends with them. Then all together, confederates and fellow-conspirators as they were, formed a plot to possess themselves of the kingdom, and take the Queen a prisoner to England. M. du Croc, a gentleman of Auvergne and her major-domo, related this incident to the Queen-Mother after he had left Scotland, and when I saw him at Saint-Mor, he told it to several of us who were there present.

Then she was taken to England, and confined in a castle, where she remained closely guarded for from eighteen to twenty years, until her death, which was imposed upon her by a sentence far too cruel, based upon various reasons which are set forth in the accusations made against her. One of the chief reasons — in my opinion, well-founded — was that the Queen of England never had any love for her, and was long jealous of her beauty, which far surpassed her own. There were, besides, religious reasons. At all events, this Princess was, after her long sojourn in prison, condemned to have her head cut off. She was sentenced two months before her execution. Some declare that she knew nothing of this until she was led to the block, while others state that she was informed at once, as the Queen-Mother was at Cognac. The latter was desolated by the news. She

was even told that on the day sentence was passed the Queen's prison chamber and bed were covered with black cloth.

The Queen-Mother highly praised the fortitude of the Queen of Scotland, saying in my presence that she had never seen or heard tell of anyone so brave in adversity. She added, however, that she thought the Queen of England would not cause her to be killed, not believing her so cruel and unnatural, though in this she was mistaken. She also hoped that M. de Bellièvre, whom the King had sent with a view to saving her life, would be able to do something. But he was able to do nothing.

But to come now to that piteous death, which cannot be described save with the utmost compassion. On the 17th of February, 1587, the English Queen's representatives reached the Castle of Fotheringay, where the Queen of Scotland was then confined, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. In the presence of Paulet, her gaoler, they read their commission touching on the execution of the prisoner, and declared that the following morning between seven and eight o'clock they would proceed about their duties. The gaoler was commanded to have everything in readiness.

The Queen, without any show of astonishment, thanked them for their good news, saying that nothing could be more welcome to her, since she longed for an end to her miseries, having prepared herself for death ever since she had been sent a prisoner to England. Yet she begged the envoys to give her a little time in which to prepare herself, make her will, and set her affairs in order; this was within their power and discretion. To this the Count of Shrewsbury answered with some rudeness, "No, no, Madam, you must die, you must die. Have yourself ready between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. It cannot be delayed for a moment beyond that."

There was another of these envoys who seemed to her somewhat more courteous, and he remonstrated with her to accept some sort of consolation in order to bear up under her impending death. To him she replied that she had no need of consolation — at least from him — but that if he cared to minister to his own conscience he might send her almoner to hear her confession; for this favour she would be exceedingly grateful. As for her body, she did not believe them to be so inhuman as to refuse it the right of burial. To this he replied that she might not have a confessor, so that she was forced to write her own confession, which is as follows:

"I have today been deprived of my religion and forced to receive consolation from heretics. You will learn from Bourgoing and the others that I have truthfully made profession of my faith, in which I wish to die. I therefore demand of you to receive my confession and sacrament, which things have been refused me, together with the burial of my body and the right of making a will, or of sending any written paper save by their hands. Lacking these means, I now confess the blackness of my sins in

general, as I had intended to do to you in particular, imploring you in the name of God, to pray and keep vigil this night with me for the remission of my sins, and send me your absolution and pardon for all my transgressions against you. I shall try to see you in their presence, since they have allowed me this, and if it be further permitted, I will ask your forgiveness in the presence of all. Advise me as to the proper prayers for this night and tomorrow morning, since the time is short and I have no leisure for more writing. At all events, I will speak well of you, especially of your favours to me, and recommend you to the King. I have no more time now. Inform me by letter of all you think I should do for salvation of my soul."

After writing this and providing for the needs of her soul before all else, she lost no time of the little that remained — but long enough, and too long, indeed, for one whose constancy was weaker (but with her there was no fear of death, rather a satisfaction that she was about to leave all earthly cares) — in writing to our King; to the Queen-Mother she so honoured; to M. and Mme. de Guise, and certain others. They were piteous letters, all of them showing that even up to the very last, she had never forgotten them, and that she was eager to be delivered from her many ills, which had been upon her the last twenty years. She sent to them all gifts of such value as had been allowed in the possession of an unfortunate captive Queen.

She summoned her household, from the highest to the lowest, and had her chests opened, and saw what money she had, and distributed to each according to her ability and the services that had been rendered her. To her women she gave what rings were left her, and necklaces and head-dresses and other such things, and told them of her regret at having so little else to give them in recompense of their services, adding that her son would see to their needs. She then told her major-domo to tell her son that she sent him her blessing, and conjured him not to seek vengeance for her death, but rather leave all in the hands of God, who would carry out His own designs. Then, without tears, she bade them all farewell. She even consoled them, saying they should not weep, since she was now happy, after so much suffering. Thereon she dismissed all from her presence, save her women.

Night having fallen, she retired to her chapel, where she prayed to God two full hours, kneeling on her bare knees on the floor, as the women who saw her attest. Returning to her chamber she said to them, "I think it were well, my dears, that I should eat something and then retire, that on the morrow I may do nothing undignified, or lack courage."

What generosity! What fortitude!

She then ate food and retired to bed, but slept very little, spending the greater part of the night saying prayers.

She rose two hours before dawn, and dressed herself as neatly as possible, more so than usual, in a dress of black velvet, a jacket of crimson satin,

and a black veil. These were all her clothes she had kept for herself; so she said to her women, " I would have given you this costume yesterday, my dears, but that I must go to my death with a certain dignity, since I owe this to my exalted position. Here is a handkerchief I have also kept. With this my eyes will be covered as I approach the place. I give this to you (indicating one of the women), since I shall request of you this last favour of blindfolding my eyes.

She then retired once more to her chapel, and after bidding farewell to her women and kissing them all, she gave them detailed messages that she wished them to take to the King, the Queen and her relatives, uttering no word of vengeance, but much against it. She then performed the ceremony of the Sacrament by means of a wafer consecrated by the good Pope Pius V, which he had sent to her for such use. This she had always kept as an object of great sanctity.

Her prayers were long, for she said them all, and the sun was already risen when she had ended, and gone into her chamber. There she sat herself before the fire, conversing with her women and consoling them — instead of their consoling her — as before — telling them that the joys of this world were as naught, and that she should serve as an example to all the great ones of the earth and all the small; that she, who had once been Queen over the kingdoms of France and Scotland — over the one by right of birth and over the other by the changes of fortune — after enjoying triumphs and honours, thus found herself at last in the hands of the hangman, though wholly innocent. This was at least some consolation. The best pretext used by her enemies was that she was being killed because of her adherence to the Catholic religion, so good and so holy, which she would not abandon so long as she breathed, since she had been baptized in it. She desired in dying no other glory save that her determination should be known far and wide in France, and that her women should tell this when they returned thither. Though she knew it would grieve them to see her on the scaffold and be witnesses of so dark a tragedy, yet she wished them to be prêsent at her death, knowing well she could have no more faithful friends with her to report afterward what had occurred.

Just as she was finished speaking there came a loud knocking at the door. The women, fearing that the time had come to fetch the Queen, wished to prevent the gaolers from entering, but the Queen said to them, " That would be useless, my dears. Open the door."

The first to enter was a man carrying a white stick, who, without addressing himself to anyone, paraded about the room, saying twice over, " Here I am. Here I am." The Queen, not doubting that he came to inform her that the hour of execution was at hand, took and held in her hand a small ivory crucifix.

After the other envoys had come into the room, the Queen spoke to them, saying, " You have come for me, gentlemen. I am ready, and resolved to

meet my death. I feel that the Queen my sister is doing me a great favour, as likewise you yourselves, in thus coming to me. Let us go."

Seeing her thus steadfast, and withal so fair and gentle, the men were greatly astonished. Never had she seemed so beautiful, and there was a colour in her cheeks that rendered her doubly fair.

Sophonisba, as described by Boccaccio, must have looked thus when she addressed Massinissa, after her husband and her city had been captured. " You would have said," he writes, " that her misfortune rendered her more beautiful, adding to the gentleness of her features, and making her yet more attractive and desirable."

The envoys, as I say, were deeply moved, and pitied her. Yet, when she had left the chamber, they would not allow her women to follow, fearing that their cries and lamentations might interfere with the execution. Whereon she spoke to them: " What, good sirs! ", she asked, " would you be so strict as to refuse to allow my women to be present at my last moments? Grant me at least this favour." This was accordingly done after the Queen had promised that she would impose silence were that to become necessary.

The scaffold was erected in the middle of the large room. It measured twelve feet along each side and two feet in height, and was covered by a coarse linen cloth.

She entered the room full of grace and majesty, looking as she used to look when she came to a ball. Her features showed no sign of change as she entered.

As she came to the scaffold she summoned her major-domo and said to him: " Please help me to mount this; it is the last request I shall make of you." Then she repeated to him everything she had told him in her room, respecting what he should tell to her son. As she stood on the scaffold, she asked for her almoner, begging the officers there present to allow him to come, but this was refused point-blank, and the Count of Kent told her that he pitied her greatly to see her thus the victim of a superstition of past ages, and advised her to carry the cross of Christ rather in her heart than in her hand. To this she made answer that it would be difficult to hold a thing so lovely in the hand and not feel it thrill in the heart, and that what became every Christian in the hour of death was to carry with him the true Symbol of Redemption. But seeing that she was deprived of her almoner, she begged to have her women present, since she had been promised this, and they were brought. One of them, on entering and seeing her mistress on the scaffold, standing in the midst of her executioners, could not restrain herself from crying aloud and moaning, and changing countenance. But the Queen immediately signalled to her by putting a finger over her mouth, and the young woman was silent.

Her Majesty protested that she had never made any attempt against the life or position of the Queen, her good sister; that she had desired only

her liberty, as did all prisoners. She clearly saw, however, that the real reason for putting her to death was her religion, in which she esteemed herself most happy to die. She begged the Queen, her good sister, to have compassion on her poor servants, also held captive, out of consideration for the affection they had shown her and their desire to free her. For her sake alone these women had suffered.

A Protestant minister was brought to exhort her, but she said to him in English, " Oh, give me patience, good man! ", telling him that she would not take communion of him or have any traffic with one of his sect. She was prepared to die without his help, since men of his persuasion could bring her no consolation or peace of soul.

Then, seeing that he went on repeating prayers in his jargon, she spoke her prayers in Latin, raising her voice above his. After she had done, she said that she considered herself happy to shed the last drop of her blood for the sake of her religion, preferring that to living on and allowing nature to put an end to her; that she believed so firmly in Him who was symbolized by the Crucifix she held in her hand, before whose feet she was kneeling, that her merely physical death was for the means of entering a life everlasting among the angels and the souls of the blest, who would receive her blood and offer it to God in expiation of all the sins she had committed, and intercede on her behalf for grace and forgiveness.

So she spoke, as she knelt on the scaffold, in words that revealed her ardent spirit. She said still more, adding messages to the Pope, the Kings of France and Spain, and even the Queen of England, beseeching God to enlighten her with the Holy Spirit; to her son, as well; and finally, another prayer that the Isle of Britain and Scotland might be converted.

When this was over, she summoned her women to help her remove her black veil, her headdress and other ornaments. When the executioner attempted to do this, " Nay, my good man, touch me not! ", she said, yet she could not prevent his touching her, for when her dress had been lowered as far as her waist, the scoundrel caught her rudely by the arm and pulled off her doublet. Her skirt was cut so low that her neck and throat, whiter than alabaster, were revealed without covering of any sort. But she concealed these as well as she could, saying she was not used to disrobing in public, especially before so large an assemblage (it is said that there were perhaps four or five hundred present), nor to require the services of such valets as offered to assist her.

The executioner fell to his knees before her and implored her forgiveness, whereon the Queen told him she willingly forgave him and all who were responsible for her death, as freely as she hoped her sins would be forgiven by God. Turning to the maid to whom she had already given her handkerchief, she asked for it.

She wore a golden crucifix, made out of the wood of the true cross, with a picture of Our Lord. She was about to give this to one of her

women, but the executioner forbade it, even though Her Majesty had promised that the woman would give him thrice its value in money.

Being thus prepared, and after kissing her women once more, she bade them go, with her blessing, and made the sign of the cross over them. One of them was unable to keep from crying, so that the Queen had to impose silence upon her by saying she had promised that nothing of the kind would interfere with the business in hand. They were to stand back quietly, pray God for her soul, and bear truthful testimony of her having died in the bosom of her Holy Catholic religion.

One of her women having tied the handkerchief over her eyes, the Queen quickly, and with extreme courage, knelt down, showing no sign or indication of any faltering. So great was her bravery that all present were moved, and there were not four among them who could restrain the tears. Within their hearts they condemned themselves for the injustice that was being done.

The executioner — or rather the minister of Satan — strove to kill not only her body but her soul, and kept interrupting her prayers, but the Queen repeated in Latin the Psalm beginning *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum,* which she repeated from beginning to end. When she was through she laid her head on the block, and as she was saying *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,* the executioner struck her a great blow upon the neck, which was not, however, entirely severed until he had struck twice more, since he wished to make the victim's martyrdom the more severe. It was not so much the suffering, but the cause, that made the martyr.

Then, picking up the severed head and showing it to those present, he said, " God save Queen Elizabeth! May all enemies of the true Evangel perish thus! " So saying, he stripped off the dead Queen's headdress, in order to show the hair, which was now white, and which she had been afraid to show to everyone when she was still alive, or to have properly dressed, as she used to do when her hair was so fair and light. It was not old age that had turned it white, for she was only thirty-five when this happened, and scarcely forty when she met her death, but the troubles, misfortunes and sorrow which she suffered in her kingdom, and especially in her prison.

After the terrible tragedy had thus ended, her poor women, solicitous for the honour of their late mistress, went to Paulet, her gaoler, and begged that the executioner should not lay hands on the body, and they themselves be permitted to undress it after the public had gone. They said they were fearful lest it might suffer some indignity. They promised to give him, afterward, whatever spoils — and anything else besides — he might demand. But the wretched gaoler sent them away unceremoniously, ordering them out of the room, and the executioner despoiled the body as he wished, and after he was through, had it carried into the room adjoining

that of his servants, and locked the door, for fear the Queen's women might come to perform some pious ceremony; which was doubly hard upon the poor women, who could through the keyhole see the body only half covered with a coarse cloth that had been snatched from a billiard table. What diabolical meanness — nay, animosity and hatred — not to have given her a decent black mantle!

The poor body lay thus for a long while, until it began to show signs of corruption, and they were forced to prepare and embalm it for burial — but doing it very hastily in order to spare the expense. It was put into a leaden coffin, kept seven months, and then buried in the profane ground of Peterborough Cathedral. True, the church is dedicated to St. Peter, and Queen Catherine was buried there as a Catholic, but today the church is Protestant, like all the churches of England.

There are those who have said and written — even among the English, who wrote a book on the Queen's death and the causes leading up to it — that the clothing and valuables found on her body were given up by the executioner upon payment to him of thrice their value in silver. The same arrangement was made by the Spaniards, as I have elsewhere remarked, when they caused Francesco Pizzaro to be killed.

The cloth covering the scaffold, the boards of the floor and whatsoever else was touched by blood, were forthwith either burned or washed, for fear that at some future time they might become objects of superstition, that reverent Catholics might seek to purchase them, and treat them with respect, honour, and reverence, even as a means of augury and prophecy, as in ancient times the good fathers kept relics of the saints and made their devotions before the monuments of the martyrs. It is not in these days that the heretics have so behaved: *Quia omnia quae martyrum erant, cremabant,* as Eusebius says, *et cineres in Rhodanum spargebant, ut cum corporibus interiret corum quoque memoria.* Yet the memory of this Queen, in despite of all, will live for ever, in triumph and in glory.

Here then is the story of her death, which I have drawn from the written accounts, and personally from her two serving-women, honest, trustworthy, and faithful to the promise made to their mistress to bear witness of her constancy to her religion. Being French, they returned to their country. One of them was the daughter of Mlle. de Rare, whom I knew in France. These two women would have drawn tears from the most barbarous by the recital of their piteous story, which they rendered doubly lamentable by the tears they shed, and their soft, sad, beautiful words.

RICHARD HOOKER

1554–1600

By Isaak Walton [1] (1593–1683)

It is not to be doubted, but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near, or within the precincts, or in the city of Exeter; a city which may justly boast, that it was the birthplace of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as indeed the county may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our redemption 1553, and of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion — if we may guess by him at the age of forty — was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suitable to the aged. And it is observed, — so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time, — that at his being a schoolboy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive, " why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? why this was granted, and that denied? " This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet, serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that, children were less pregnant, less confident and more malleable, than in this wiser, but no better, age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents — who intended him for an apprentice — to continue him at school

[1] *The Life of Mr. Richard Hooker* was first published at London in 1662. It was later included in the volume known as *Walton's Lives*.

The spelling has been modernised.

till he could find out some means, by persuading his rich uncle, or some other charitable person, to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of his glory. And the good man told them also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward, than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child, and all parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the meantime his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief, that He knows the very secrets of our souls; that He punisheth our vices, and rewards our innocence; that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is catched in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits, as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good schoolmaster, whose name I am not able to recover, — and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar, — was very solicitous with John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the university, and in the meantime to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some college, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him, that his charge would not continue long; for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron, that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel; of whom this may be noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, — of which he was a fellow, — for adhering to the truth of those principles of religion, to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after, a just cause to fear a more heavy

punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the Church and State did then look more clear and comfortable; so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth; in which year this John Jewel was sent a commissioner or visitor, of the churches of the western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which county he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made Bishop of Salisbury; and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good, and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to his willingness; this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the Bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the Bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place: which was done accordingly; and then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning, and gravity, and behaviour, the Bishop gave his schoolmaster a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed: for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the Bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then president of Corpus Christi College. Which he did; and Dr. Cole had — according to a promise made to the Bishop — provided for him both a tutor — which was said to be the learned Dr. John Reynolds, — and a clerk's place in that college: which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet, with the contribution of his uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good Bishop, gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued until the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and even like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers

were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that " he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for her as for his own sake."

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from his sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, " Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease "; and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, " Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard."

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer: and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, " Whether his last ejaculations or his soul did first enter into heaven? "

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him he should neither want food nor raiment, — which was the utmost of his hopes, — for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys — sometime Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of York — had also been in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking

this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship, as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in September, 1571. A little before which time the two bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was: for the Bishop said, " I will have a tutor for my son that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin." And the Bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the university; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects; but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils, — which in time were many, — but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years, he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers; and that his behaviour there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet, gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate

life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his college; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation; being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantshire; out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the founder's statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved college, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may glory, that it had Cardinal Poole, but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson, of that foundation. The first famous for his learned apology for the Church of England, and his defence of it against Harding. The second, for the learned and wise manage of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the Head and Faith of the Church, and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent *Exposition of the Creed*, and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more noteworthy for his learning than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love, and meekness, and charity to all men.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's grace was given him for Inceptor of Arts; Dr. Herbert Westphaling, a man of note for learning, being then Vice-Chancellor: and the Act following he was completed Master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being Vice-Chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile of Merton College, being then one of the proctors. 'Twas that Henry Savile that was after Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College, and Provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous lectures; and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the History of Cornelius Tacitus, with a most excellent comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek; in which language he was a most judicious critic. It was this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker; and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577, he was so happy as to be admitted fellow of the college; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds, of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer; both which were after, and successively made presidents of Corpus Christi College: men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and

college, than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer; of whom my reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his *Speculum Europæ*, as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable travels; and for his harmonious translation of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and other poetical part of Holy Writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes Moryson, and others.

"This Cranmer," says Mr. Camden in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, — "whose Christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of Edmund Cranmer, the Archbishop's brother: he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued Master of Arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a Privy Councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitied: after whose fall, he went in place of secretary with Sir Henry Killegrew in his embassage into France: and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils there was a sacred friendship; a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years: and as the holy prophet saith, "so they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity, as bordered upon heaven: a friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

And, though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship; yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns, and leave the college and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and indeed with

such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And, as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the sacred scripture: for the understanding of which, he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written; He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that " God abhors confusion as contrary to his nature; " and as often say, " That the scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind; " of which virtues, he would as often say, ' no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed." And that this was really his judgment did appear in his future writings and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry; all which he had digested and made useful; and of all which the reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

In the year 1579, the Chancellor of the University was given to understand, that the public Hebrew lecture was not read according to the statutes; nor could be, by reason of a distemper, that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it; so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore the Chancellor writ his Vice-Chancellor, and the university, that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it: and he did, and continued to do so, till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this lecture, — namely in October, 1579, — he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others expelled his college; and this letter, transcribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

" To Sir Francis Knolles

" I am sorry, Right Honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move, but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our college; who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, forasmuch as some of our adversaries have said that the Bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your Honour, that you will desire the Bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; thought it be with vigour, so it be justice: our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of

your Honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake; whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of his manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of his Holy Spirit.

Your Honour's
in Christ to command
JOHN REYNOLDS"

LONDON, *October* 9, 1579

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then Vice-president of the college, and chaplain to Ambrose Earl of Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but, that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's house; which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse, — supposing the horse trotted when he did not; — and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon: but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in, or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon; which was, "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others

of great learning, who believe that contrary opinion intrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against — as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers — by John Elmer, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, " that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that " the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light "; but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with, — you may read it in the book of Genesis, — when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion: and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to " rejoice in the wife of his youth "; but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, " Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar! "

This choice of Mr. Hooker's — if it were his choice — may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, " There is a wheel within a wheel "; a secret sacred wheel of Providence, — most visible in marriages, — guided by His hand that " allows not the race to the swift," nor " bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men: and he that can bring good out of evil — for mortals are blind to this reason — only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage; which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney,

Esq. — then patron of it — the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God — " in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty and no doubt in long-suffering; " yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor; where they found him with a book in his hand, — it was the Odes of Horace, — he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, — for that his servant was gone home to dine, — and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, " Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, " My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me: but labour — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edward Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey, — Master of the Temple, — died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour, as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men, that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York being then at dinner with the judges, the reader, and the benches of that Society, met with a general condolement for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death,

so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the Bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the Bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantages of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it: his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise, — so he expressed the desire of his heart, — and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the Bishop's proposal; and was, by patent for life, made Master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And here I shall make a stop; and, that the reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times and temper of the people of this nation, when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place; a place which he accepted, rather than desired: and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify God by uninterrupted prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed: but Almighty God did not grant it; for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties, which till then this good man was a stranger to; and of which the reader may guess by what follows.

In this character of the times, I shall by the reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a time, in which the many pretended titles to the crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late civil war, and the sharp persecution for religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men; and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation, lest the like days should return again to them, or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the Church and State; believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time, and peace, and plenty, begot self-ends: and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign; and thus it continued too long; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of

their hearts in a reformation from the Church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows, which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs: they may for distinction be called, the active Romanists, the restless Nonconformists, — of which there were many sorts, — and the passive peaceable Protestant. The counsels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome; the second both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil: and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.

I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous plots of the Romanists against the Church and State; because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the Nonconformists: against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of Nonconformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors; yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like, — from which, good Lord, deliver us! — but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love, and mercy, and order, and peace: and more like the devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil: but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government: men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many, whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded, as to make them neither to hear reason, nor adhere to the ways of peace: men that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to over-value their own pitiful crooked wisdom so much as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of government, and to be the authors of confusion; men whom company, and conversation, and custom had at last so blinded, and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of

Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses; of which the practices of Coppinger and Hacket in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times, which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers, that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful magistrate: and yet these very men in their secret conventicles did covenant and swear to each other, to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on; but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down and were active in sowing discontents and seditions, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the Church and State; but especially against the bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructers of God's discipline! and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men, that began with tender and meek petitions, proceeded to admonitions: then to satirical remonstrances: and at last — having, like Absalom, numbered who was not, and who was, for their cause — they got a supposed certainty of so great a party, that they durst threaten first the bishops, and then the Queen and Parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the Earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her Majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of conscience; his design being, by their means, to bring such an odium upon the bishops, as to procure an alienation of their lands, and a large proportion of them for himself: which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth House.

And to these undertakings the Nonconformists of this nation were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they become so bold, that one told the Queen openly in a sermon, " She was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God's people, but obstructed his discipline." And in Scotland they were more confident; for there they declared her an atheist, and grew to such an height, as not to be accountable for anything spoken against her, nor for treason against their own King, if it were but spoken in the pulpit; showing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress, and in prison, and in danger of death, the Church denied the King their prayers for her; and at another time, when

he had appointed a day of feasting, the Church declared for a general fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles, as were inconsistent with the safety of the Church and State: and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the Church and State were forced to use such other severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery, to this numerous nation.

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose: " That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning Church government; and then, what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. That they were more able — or at least thought so — to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience, than the wisest of the most learned colleges in Italy! That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of religion; and that in this they appeared like that man, who would never cease to whet and whet his knife, till there was no steel left to make it useful." And he concluded his letter with this observation, " That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness."

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of his Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would, but could not believe, into a belief, which is repugnant even to human nature; — for the heathens believe that there are many gods; — but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God! and so, finding nothing in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, namely, " That they might be like the beasts that perish! " and in wicked company — which is the atheist's sanctuary — were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it: even into a belief that there is no God. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the Church was pestered with them, and with all those other forenamed irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin: — for heresies do usually outlive their first authors; — when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied: when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others: when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority: — in this extremity of fear, and danger of the Church and State, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of an high and fearless fortitude, they were blest in all by John Whitgift, his being made Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom Sir Henry Wotton — that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age, — gives this true character: " That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; such a temper as when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue." And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character of Sir Henry Wotton; yet I shall neither do right to this discourse, nor to my reader, if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the county of Lincoln, of a family that was ancient; and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall, — where Mr. Bradford the martyr was his tutor; — from thence he was removed to Peter House; from thence to be Master of Pembroke Hall; and from thence to the Mastership of Trinity College. About which time the Queen made him her chaplain; and not long after Prebend of Ely, and then Dean of Lincoln; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of both, by giving him the Bishopric of Worcester, and — which was not with her a usual favour — forgiving him his first fruits; then by constituting him Vice-President of the Principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, 1583, made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her Privy Council; and trusted him to manage all her ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes, he was like the ark, which left a blessing on the place where it

rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

These were the steps of this bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares: in which place — to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth* — " he devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of his Church."

And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of Church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance, by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal, his immediate predecessor, the activity of the Nonconformists, and their chief assistant the Earl of Leicester; and indeed by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw, that without a great measure of the Queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach, that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the Church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And therefore by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa, — " Agrippa, believest thou? I know thou believest," he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with her, as, by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the Queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him " her little black husband," and called " his servants her servants " : and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity shine in all his cares and endeavours for the Church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor; of which she gave many fair testimonies: and of which one was, that " she would never eat flesh in Lent, without obtaining a licence from her little black husband " : and would often say " she pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her clergy cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her Majesty, and his care of the Church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars; and therefore my desire is, that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the reader may the better understand it, he may take notice, that not many years before his being made Archbishop, there passed an Act, or Acts of Parliament, intending the better preservation of the Church lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the Crown: and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the Queen's, the Earl of Leicester was one; and the Bishop having, by his interest with her Majesty, put a stop to the Earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her; after which they both quitted the room, not friends in appearance. But the Bishop made a sudden and seasonable re-

turn to her Majesty, — for he found her alone — and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose.

" I beseech your Majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that your's and the Church's safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both: and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you, that princes are deputed nursing fathers of the Church, and owe it a protection; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruin, when you may prevent it; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation; or should forbear to tell your Majesty of the sin and danger of sacrilege. And though you and myself were born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the Church's lands and immunities are much decayed; yet, Madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as profaneness and sacrilege: and that, if there were not, they could not have names in Holy Writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, he judged no man; and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery; yet in this point of the Church's rights he was so zealous, that he made himself both the accuser, and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins; witnessed, in that he himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider, that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege: ' Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? ' supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your Majesty to consider, that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and Helena his mother; that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor: and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to his Church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not: but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God: and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them: God prevent your Majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto Church lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

" And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you forget not, that, to prevent these curses, the Church's land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the princes of this realm. For they that consult Magna Charta shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the

presence of God, and in his stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the Church lands, and the rights belonging to it: and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it. And not only Magna Charta, but many modern statutes have denounced a curse upon those that break Magna Charta; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the Jews: for as that, so these curses have, and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God; and the father's sin of sacrilege hath, and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, Madam, what account can be given for the breach of this oath at the last great day, either by your Majesty, or by me, if it be wilfully, or but negligently, violated, I know not.

" And therefore, good Madam, let not the late Lord's exceptions against the failings of some few clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of the present age; let particular men suffer for their particular errors; but let God and his Church have their inheritance: and though I pretend not to prophesy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families; that Church land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both: or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the Church's rights added to the vast treasures left him by his father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligency to preserve them.

" And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him his restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another; so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, religion is the foundation and cement of human societies; and when they that serve at God's altar shall be exposed to poverty, then religion itself will be exposed to scorn, and become contemptible; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late Act or Acts of Parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the Church lands; yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended: let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise; but put a stop to God's and the Levites' portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of his Church, as you expect comfort at the last great day; for kings must be judged. Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear Sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour; and the Lord still continue you in his."

The Queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the Church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may

appear a fair testimony, that he made her's and the Church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies given, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom, as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years; in which time he saw some flowings, but many more ebbings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester: so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining Church lands and immunities from sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which she gratified and trusted him; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles: he eased her of all her Church cares by his wise manage of them; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her deathbed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the chief mourner at her sad funeral; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death, he was the happy proclaimer, that King James — her peaceful successor — was heir to the Crown.

Let me beg of my reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more of this good Bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the Bishop's charity and humility; but this of both. He built a large almshouse near to his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a master and twenty-eight poor men and women; which he visited so often, that he knew their names and dispositions; and was so truly humble, that he called them brothers and sisters; and whensoever the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace in Lambeth, — which was very often, — he would usually the next day show the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his hospital; at which time, you may believe, there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-school, with a good accommodation and maintenance for the master and scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the French king, and resident here, at the Bishop's death, to say, " the Bishop had published many learned books; but a free-school to train up youth, and an hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning

that a bishop could leave to posterity." This good bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth; of which when the King had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the King at his departure assured him, " He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his Church." To which the good Bishop replied, *" Pro Ecclesia Dei! Pro Ecclesia Dei! "* which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.

This John Whitgift was made archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and some months; and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience: but his motto was *" Vincit qui patitur; "* and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still — but secretly — raise and cherish a faction of Nonconformists to oppose him; especially one Thomas Cartwright, a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the Bishop in Cambridge, and of the same college, of which the Bishop had been master; in which place there began some emulations, — the particulars I forbear, — and at last open and high oppositions betwixt them; and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the university can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the Earl's death, — which was 1588, — Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva Church government; and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life, appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to be printed: and to which the Bishop made a first answer, and Cartwright replied upon him; and then the Bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be, satisfied, for he wrote no more, but left the reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the Bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made master of an hospital, and lived quietly, and grew rich; and where the Bishop gave him a licence to preach, upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation: and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the Bishop surviving him but some few months; each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply

engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers, — a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's — as the Bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this: that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright and the Bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not: men that were become positive in asserting, " That a Papist cannot be saved: " insomuch, that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the Bishop that preached her funeral sermon — which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough — was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming gods, so far as to set limits to his mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-Prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they; Nash's answer being like his books, which bore these, or like titles: "An Almond for a Parrot; " " A Fig for my Godson; " " Come Crack Me this Nut," and the like; so that this merry wit made some sport, and such a discovery of their absurdities, as — which is strange — he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was Master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was lecturer there for the evening sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and the younger gentlemen of that society; and for the most part approved by Mr. Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For he continued lecturer a part of his time; Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp, — and with them some opinions, that could never be eradicated, — and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be Master of it; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons: many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this Church: insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand

each other in their sermons: for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, " The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon Geneva."

In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent Archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching, by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned her Majesty's Privy Council to have it recalled; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends: but they were not able to prevail with, or against the Archbishop, whom the Queen had entrusted with all Church power; and he had received so fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers was unpleasant to divers of his party; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered: so that, intending the Bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an answer; which he did, and dedicated it to the Archbishop; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the Bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented, — all, or most of which I have seen written, — would prove at least tedious: and therefore I shall impose upon my reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, " That the assurance of what we believe by the Word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense." And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following: —

" First: I taught that the things which God promises in his Word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see: but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove his promises to us as he doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved; otherwise it is no proof. For example: how is it that many men looking on the moon, at the same time, everyone knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth? but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion. For how falleth it out, that men being assured of any-

thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented? "

The sermon, that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring " That there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence." In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is; he makes this comfortable use of it, " Comfortable," he says, " as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence; the Holy Spirit hath his private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it."

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it; and his answer will be, Do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself: I do not, I know, I do not believe, — Mr. Hooker's own words follow: — " Well then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine; be it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief: but are they not grieved for their unbelief? They confess they are; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise? We know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not; and if they think those things to be, which they show they love, when they desire to believe them; then must it be, that, by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers: for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are: which argument all the subtilties of internal powers will never be able to dissolve. This is an abridgement of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, " That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, forasmuch as they sinned ignorantly; " and Mr. Hooker in his answer professeth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about Justification and Works, and how the foundation of Faith without works is overthrown; and then he proceeds to discover that way which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness: and having discovered the mistake, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And

these two ways he demonstrates thus; — they be his own words that follow: — " That, the way of nature; this, the way of grace; the end of that way, salvation merited, presupposing the righteousness of men's works; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, salvation bestowed upon men as a gift: presupposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, justification; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their vocation; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children: their election, a mediator in whom to be elected; this mediation, inexplicable mercy: this mercy, supposing their misery for whom he vouchsafed to die, and make himself a mediator."

And he also declareth, " There is no other meritorious cause for our justification, but Christ: no effectual, but his mercy; " and says also, " We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul and annihilate the benefit of his passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it." This belief, he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our justification; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. " Yet nevertheless," — and for this he was accused, — " considering how many virtuous and just men, how many saints and martyrs have had their dangerous opinions, amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves: because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, ' Such men are damned; there is for them no salvation? ' St. Austin says, *Errare possum, Hæreticus esse nolo.* And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved? Give me a Pope or Cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and his gospel; whose eyes are willingly open to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error, — this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands; — and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins! shall I think, because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt, but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion; but be of good comfort; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of everything in which you are mistaken."

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

" What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith; although they have in some measure all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds? although the only thing that troubleth and molesteth them be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear arising from an erroneous conceit, that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves? although they be not obstinate in this opinion? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not, to remove it? Let me die," says Mr. Hooker, " if it be ever proved, that simply an error doth exclude a Pope or Cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error: were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live."

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material; and that, as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my reader; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason, and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as " That he prayed before, and not after, his sermons; that in his prayers he named bishops; that he kneeled, both when he prayed, and when he received the sacrament; " and — says Mr. Hooker in his defence — " other exceptions so like these, as but to name, I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them."

And it is not unworthy the noting, that in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper reproof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it, was upon a like occasion of exceptions, to which his answer was, " Your next argument consists of railing and of reasons: to your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blessed the dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this Church, with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedience and truth had kissed each other; then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this Church and State had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself: but this can never be expected,

till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief, that schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is schism: and bless them also with a belief, that there may be offences taken which are not given, and, that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons, which we now see printed with his books; and of his *Answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication;* and of his most learned and useful *Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works:* and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were: and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his *Answer to the Petition of Mr. Travers*, Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple, that were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his Church discipline; insomuch, that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man: for though the chief benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment; insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief: and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the Church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children; and this he proposed to do in *Eight Books of the Law of Ecclesiastical Polity;* intending therein to show such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language, and void of any provocation, were able to do it: and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large preface, or epistle to the dissenting brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in Holy Writ; and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon: than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, " What admirable height of learning, and depth of judgment, dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man; — great in all wise men's eyes, except his own; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the spirit of love; as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the dove, had wanted gall: — let those that knew him not in his person judge by these living images of his soul, his writings."

The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple; but he found it

no fit place to finish what he had there designed; he therefore earnestly solicited the Archbishop for a remove from that place; to whom he spake to this purpose: "My Lord, when I lose the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage: but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and, to satisfy that, I have consulted the scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with, as to alter our frame of Church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does; that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences: and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

About this time the parsonage or rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarcum, and six miles from that city, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that see, — which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the See of York, and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it, — the disposal of that, and all benefices belonging to that see, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury: and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in the said year instituted, July 17, to be a Minor Prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether Haven, about ten miles from that city; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boscum he continued till he had finished four of his eight proposed books of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, and these were entered into the register-book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March, 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were with the before-mentioned large and affectionate preface, which he directs to them that seek — as they term it — the reformation of the Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his

life; — of all which more properly hereafter; — but at Boscum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell: and he presented Benjamin Russell, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The parsonage of Bishop's-Bourne in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that Archbishop's gift: but, in that latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich; by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the Queen; and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th July, 1595; in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birthplace, to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books and of his behaviour in this parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this advertisement to the reader. "I have for some causes thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the meantime the reader is requested to mend the printer's errors, as noted underneath."

And I am next to declare, that his fifth book — which is larger than his first four — was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron — for till then he chose none — the Archbishop. These books were read with an admiration of their excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen, or learned Dr. Stapleton, — both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Mr. Hooker's four books were first printed, — meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish Church did so much magnify; and therefore cause them to be sent for to Rome: and after reading them, boasted to the Pope, — which then was Clement the Eighth, — "That though he had lately said he never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author; yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin: for a poor obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws, and Church polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all

their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him: " and this begot in the Pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and, looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin; which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book; at the conclusion of which, the Pope spake to this purpose: " There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books; for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he enquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of Church polity; to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow; to which the King replied, " And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction: indeed, my Lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph, in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of Churches, or Church music, or the like, but especially of the sacraments, than I have had in reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men: and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language: but a grave, comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the scripture, the fathers, and schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And, though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author." And it is so truly true, that the King thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence; so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious King, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary, Mr. Camden, mentioning the death, the modesty, and other virtues of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished, " that, for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they were turned into the universal language." Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it: but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say, — and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now

live, and yet know him not, — that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker, and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne; in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia, then, or about that time, made one of the Prebends of Canterbury; a German by birth, and sometime a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied, and well considered the controverted points concerning episcopacy and sacrilege; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of the Low Countries; which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin; especially of three; one, of the *Degrees of Ministers*, and of the *Bishops' Superiority above the Presbytery;* a second, *Against Sacrilege;* and a third of *Christian Obedience to Princes;* the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of Church tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the Chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a treatise of a threefold episcopacy, — which he calls divine, human, and satanical, — this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that treatise as it became public; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents; leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more, than that they were most of them dedicated to his, and the Church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the Archbishop; and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of *Ecclesiastical Polity.*

This friendship being sought for by this learned doctor you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him, as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's; so that in this year of 1595, and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship

increasing daily to so high and mutual affections, that their two wills seemed to be but one and the same; and their designs both for the glory of God, and peace of the Church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues, and the desired comforts of a peaceable piety; which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover; in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others — scholars especially — went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired: and alas! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, " What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? " No, indeed: but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face: and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

The parish clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the monument dedicated to his memory by Sir William Cowper, who still lives; and the poor clerk had many rewards for showing Mr. Hooker's grave place, and his said monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mention with commendations and reverence; to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness; and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out, that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered, — you may guess why, — and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This, and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, " They had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too! "

It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish, that were desirous to receive the sacrament as in Geneva; to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink: but when they went about this work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions, — but not to kneel upon. When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the minister bade him " cease wondering, and lock the church door: " to whom he replied, " Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days: " and report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

But let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave, and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth; possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he, or his curate, to catechize after the second lesson in the evening prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal and an humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent imagination from wandering; insomuch, that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons — as indeed of all his discourses — was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter, — which he never wanted, — as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by similar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by heedless distinctions and sub-distinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher, " as a natural from an artificial beauty."

He never failed the Sunday before every ember-week to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and a pious clergy, but especially the last; saying often, " That the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric; and so convincing, that the most godless men — though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts — did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives." And to what he persuaded other, he added his own example of fasting and prayer; and did usually every ember-week take from the parish clerk the key of the church door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours; and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so: in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year especially by the boys and young people; still inclining them and all his present parishioners, to meekness, and mutual kindness and love; because "Love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities."

He was diligent to enquire who of his parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the communion, both as a strengthening of those holy resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of his mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent lawsuits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because, as St. John says, "He that lives in love, lives in God; for God is love." And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach his precepts as Enoch did, by walking with him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren, and almost incredible; yet let his memory be blessed by this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as many invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour both at Bourne and in all the places in which he lived: thus did he walk with God, and tread the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that great example of meekness and purity, even our blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of his, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked elders; or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his life, — for this holy man had heretical enemies, — a slander which this age calls *trepanning*. The

particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocency. It was said that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not Church ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer; and his name hath been told me; but I have not so much confidence in the relation as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the great day of revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many months; and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion, as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings, that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: " The Lord forgive them; and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, ' Friends are born for the days of adversity; ' and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, ' Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men.' And, O my God! neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in my own keeping; but in thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord! for when false witnesses were risen up against me; when shame was ready to cover my face; when my nights were restless; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of water; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my deliverer; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies: the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh! blessed are they that put their trust in thee! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrows, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God, art well pleased; and I will pay them."

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth; and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable; so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind, that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it, — for men would not know moderation, — Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says " vengeance is mine: "

and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker, of whom I write: for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon; and when that was denied him, his reply was, " That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment." And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour, and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia, " Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge! "

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights: but a submission to his will that makes the sick man's bed easy, by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable: and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia — who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life, — " That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason, but to live to finish his three remaining books of polity; and then ' Lord, let thy servant depart in peace; ' " which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the Church the benefit of them, as completed by himself; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts, and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at last never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretell him that the day of his dissolution drew near; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, " Are my books and written papers safe? " And being answered that they were; his reply was, " Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me."

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, — for they were supposed to be confessors to each other, — came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety

of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the Doctor should give him both that and the sacrament the following day. To which end the Doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company; and then the Doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the Doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face; but it lasted not long; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, " That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven: and Oh! that it might be so on earth! " After which words, he said, " I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gather comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done." With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: " Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the meantime, Bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning,

yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blest with what he designed, when he undertook them: which was, glory to thee, O God! on high, peace in thy Church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen. Amen.

LOPE DE VEGA

1562–1635

By George Henry Lewes[1] (1817–1878)

"It is so trite an observation that the life of a man of letters is too uniform to render the relation of it interesting," says Lord Holland, "that the remark has become as regular an introduction to literary biography, as the title-page and dedication are to a book." And the observation is as false as trite. False in the fact stated, and false in the consequence inferred; for authors' lives in general are *not* uniform — they are strangely chequered by vicissitudes; and even were the outward circumstances uniform, the inward struggles must still be various. An author's life may be either a record of events, or a record of mental struggles. Ideas are its events; works its produce. If the biographies of literary men have been barren of interest, the fault lies with the biographers. For my part I would rather have a narrative of the early hopes and disappointments, of the baffled ambition and the hard-earned success, in one word, the mental history of an author, than the most dramatic exposition of his outward career that could be written. I want to know the man. My sympathy is with him and that which is peculiar to him; not with external circumstances, which have surrounded others as well as him. An author's life derives its especial interest from being the life of an *author;* and circumstances are only interesting in as far as they may have influenced the direction of his energies.

It is a mistake to suppose that authors' lives have been uneventful; many have been tragic dramas. What a life was Dante's! and what Tasso's! what Camoens'! Where shall we look for a more romantic history than that of Cervantes? And Milton — Savage — Chatterton — Byron — Shelley, were their histories uniform? "Because Horace ran away from Philippi, or for some reason equally cogent, courage has been supposed to be a rare virtue among poets; and Menage observes that Garcilasso is the only bard upon record who actually fell in the field." And yet Cervantes lost an arm at Lepanto; Marlowe was killed in a duel; George Farcy was shot while fighting for liberty during the glorious Three Days; Æschylus was the brother of Cynergerius; and the hand that wrote the *Prometheus* was the hand that struck down the dark-haired Medes at Salamis and Marathon;

[1] Reprinted from *The Spanish Drama. Lope de Vega and Calderon.* London, 1846.

the same hand that in his epitaph wrote of his deeds in war, but left unmentioned his success in art. Boscan, Diego de Mendoza, Montemayor, Castilejo, distinguished themselves as warriors. Don Alonzo de Ercilla traversed the Atlantic and the Straits of Magellan, seeking glory and danger in another hemisphere. Camoens was a sailor and soldier, brave as he was wise. Poets, in short, have done the state some service with their swords as with their pens.

Lope de Vega was not simply a poet. His life was not wholly passed in writing those works, the number of which exceeds that of any known author; it was as chequered with adventure as the most romantic could desire. His father, Felix de Carpio, forced to quit home to seek an existence in Madrid, and acting on the convenient maxim —

when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near —

had fallen in love with a Madrileña, forgetting his poor wife. Jealousy, or love, urged his wife to follow him. Felix was not irrevocably lost; a reconciliation took place, and the birth of Lope crowned their happiness. This happened on the 25th November, 1562.

Montalvan assures us that as an infant Lope was a prodigy. At the age of five he read well not only Spanish, but Latin also; and before his hand was strong enough to guide a pen he composed and recited verses. At school he bartered his poems with his playfellows for prints and toys. Thus, as Lord Holland remarks, early turning his poetry to account; an art in which he afterwards excelled all poets, ancient or modern. This tendency to poetry Lope prettily compares to the twittering of young birds in the nest; like others before him,

He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Before he reached his twelfth year he had written plays; bad enough, as he confesses, and yet indicative of his natural genius for the stage. He was educated at Madrid; but appears to have been no very diligent scholar. There is an anecdote recorded of him which gives us a glimpse into the boy's restless and romantic nature. When about thirteen he was impelled by a vague longing to see the world; he escaped from school with a companion of equal ardour. They had taken with them all the money they could command; but that all did not long suffice. Arrived at Astorga, their empty purses painfully convinced them of the impracticability of their scheme. They resolved to abandon it; but to return was not so easy. At Segovia they were forced to sell some trinkets; the tradesman to whom they offered their wares was a cautious old fellow, who, having probably been deceived before, looked with suspicion on the youngsters; and conducted them to the Corregidor. Their adventure seemed to take a still more serious

turn. Fortunately for them, the Corregidor was a man of sufficient sagacity to divine the truth. Instead of imprisoning them, he ordered an alguazil to conduct them back to Madrid. Crest-fallen did the two illustrious travellers return, having discovered no lands more recondite than Galicia. Lope soon afterwards lost his parents. He was then without a guide in the world; nor had he fortune to procure him friends. But the world was before him, wide enough for his adventurous spirit. In his epistle to Antonio de Mendoza he tells us that in tender years (*en tiernos años*) " I endured the fatigues of war, traversed the far seas, and visited strange kingdoms, where I handled the sword, before with my pen I treated of love adventures." And this life of adventure, these distant voyages and constant perils, were the food which was hereafter to feed his poetic fire with abundant fuel. He who at fifteen left Madrid with a sword by his side, a musket on his shoulder, and a flaunting plume arrogantly dancing in his cap, was hereafter to represent on the stage of Madrid, the poetical life of the gay and gallant soldiers who then made Spain illustrious. He could say with Ovid that he sang of his own deeds, his own experience: —

Resque domi gestas et mea bella cano.

He served in Portugal and in Africa, under the Marquis de Santa Cruz, one of the great captains of the day. And he served gallantly; at least he tells us that he was always the first in an attack and the last to retire; and in one so little given to boasting we may believe this self-praise.

In 1578 he returned to Madrid, and entered the service of Don Geronimo Manrique de Lara, bishop of Avila and grand inquisitor. Of him he afterwards said, " I cannot hear Don Geronimo named without remembering that it is to him I owe my early culture, and my first studies." I presume this means that what he learned at school was not to be reckoned as culture; like so many poets, he probably was no very diligent scholar; and that which he regarded as his real education began on his quitting school. Certain it is that he ingratiated himself with the bishop by the composition of some pastoral eclogues, and a comedy called *La Pastoral de Jacinto*. The comedy is extant, and is pronounced a remarkable work for a youth of sixteen; but we must remember that youth was precocious, and had already seen something of the world. Don Geronimo was a sagacious and munificent patron. He saw the talent which his page possessed, and sent him to the university of Alcalá, there to cultivate theology, philosophy, and mathematics. He learned there Italian, Portuguese, and French.

Lope subsequently entered the service of the Duke of Alva, as secretary, and it was at his instigation that Lope composed the *Arcadia:* " a mixture of prose and verse, of romance and poetry, of pastoral and heroic, the design of which was avowedly taken from Sannazzaro," and which may be compared by the curious with Sir Philip Sidney's renowned but little read work.

Lord Holland praises the *Arcadia* for its harmonious versification, occasional beauty of expression, general facility, and above all its prodigious variety of maxims, similes, and illustrations. "The maxims, as in all Spanish authors of that time, are often trivial and untrue. When they have produced an antithesis, they think they have struck out a truth. The illustrations are sometimes so forced and unnatural, that, though they may display erudition and excite surprise, they cannot elucidate the subject, and are not likely to delight the imagination. Forced conceits and plays upon words are indeed common in this as in every other work of Lope de Vega; for he was one of the authors who contributed to introduce that taste for false wit which soon afterwards became so universally prevalent throughout Europe. Marino, the champion of that style in Italy, with the highest expressions of admiration for his model, acknowledges that he imbibed this taste from Lope, and owed his merit in poetry to the perusal of his works."

This is very true; but although Lope may have set the fashion, he did not allow himself to be seduced into all its extravagances; and in one of his prose essays he stringently denounces the bad taste of Gongora, who was the Marino of Spain.

To return: Lope's studies were not confined to theology and philosophy; the tempting problems of the occult sciences bewitched his ardent imagination for a time. He was nearly losing his reason, as he says, in this study, when he was snatched from it by a greater fascination — love. This was necessary to his existence. It was also necessary to his education as a poet. Who that ever penned a stanza will not sing as he sings here?
Thus rendered by Lord Holland —

In the green season of my flowering years,
I lived, O love! a captive in thy chains;
Sang of delusive hopes and idle fears,
And wept thy follies in my wisest strains:
Sad sport of time when under thy control,
So wild was grown my wit, so blind my soul.

Who was the fair one that enslaved the poet? Conjecture is rife, but documents are absolutely wanting. Among the most plausible conjectures is that first started by M. Fauriel, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1st Sept. 1839), which, though contradicted in a positive manner by M. Damas Hinard, is accepted, with slight modifications, by Herr Schach, the last enquirer into this matter; and with some reason, as it appears to me. This is the point. A long novel in dialogue, called *Dorotea,* which might be called a drama, did not its extension forbid all notion of its having been intended for representation, is believed by M. Fauriel to contain, in the garb of fiction, some real adventures of the author. This supposition once entertained, the novel explains many points hitherto inexplicable in

Lope de Vega's life. It is certainly a permissible assumption; but although one may admit an author to have dramatized his own experience, and in some measure to have placed himself in his work, it becomes a very delicate task for critics to separate the biographical from the fictitious — the more so as this story reflects no credit upon its author. Let us see what MM. Fauriel and Schach make of it.

In his seventeenth year, Lope returned to Madrid, and was admitted into the house of a rich and open-hearted relative. In this house, there was a charming girl named Marfisa. The bright-eyed lively young poet, and the charming girl, as a matter of course, fell in love. How many sonnets she inspired, history recordeth not; but with so fertile a muse the number must have been immense. Sonnets on the one side, and vows on the other, were not, however, potent enough to make that stream run smoothly which the poet tells us never does run so. The dreams of their true love were shattered. She was forced to accept the hand of a rich and elderly jurist. There was no avoiding the fatal act. The marriage-day arrived, and on that very day, amidst her fast-falling tears, did Marfisa swear eternal fidelity to her afflicted Lope!

It is to be supposed that the young poet was not backward in swearing also; and doubtless he thought his constancy would be invincible. But the constancy of a poet! and that poet seventeen! We know what value to attach to such oaths. Romeo has taught us how long it takes a Juliet to drive a Rosalind from a despairing heart. Poets like unhappy love very well — to write about. But their impetuous natures, avid of emotions, above all avid of love, unfit them for constancy to a mistress beyond their reach. Lope, while sighing for his lost Marfisa, encounters Dorotea, a young Madrileña, whose husband is absent, and absent in such a remote corner of the globe that his return is not to be expected. On their first meeting they love. It seems to them that they have known each other all their lives, so thoroughly have their souls mingled.

This sudden passion in two Spanish hearts admitted of no disguise. It was frank, vehement, reckless. Dorotea's mother, however she might close her eyes to the question of morality, could not close them to the fact that Lope was no illustrious suitor. She did not smile on him. Her preference was bestowed upon a rich foreigner, whom Dorotea, in spite of her passion for Lope, was cunning enough to keep at her feet. You see, at once, the agitation of these jealous lovers; you guess how Lope's constant anxiety lest he should be sacrificed to his rich rival, not only led him into perilous adventures, but also stimulated his passion; you can appreciate his delight when finally his rival was forced to quit Madrid, and leave him undisputed place. But do not fancy his happiness now complete, or that love filled up the measure of his heart. She told him one day that their *liaison* must cease — that she could not withstand the reproaches of her mother and relatives — that she was become the talk of all Madrid: — he took her at

her word. She perhaps only awaited some kind word from him to make her defy all the world and be his. That word was not uttered. Lope was bitter and vehement; he accused her of favouring Don Vela, an American; and he who never yielded an inch to his former rival, now left the place to a rival whom he wrongfully supposed preferred to him. He left Madrid.

He went to Seville, but the gloom of his spirit darkened all he saw, and that beautiful city seemed to him a desert. He went to Cadiz. But, as the poet says, a change of place is not a change of mind; and the restless Lope returned to Madrid. One day as he walked along the Prado, absorbed in his sorrowful meditations, he met two women. The one was closely enveloped in her mantilla; she preserved silence. The other addressed him and begged to learn the cause of his sorrow. Her sympathy awakened his confidence. With passionate earnestness he related his story. The mantilla was instantly thrown aside from the sweet face of the silent one, who, sobbing, exclaimed, "Oh my Lope! Joy of my life! My first and only love! would that I had never been born, rather than have caused such misery! O mother, mother! you deceived me; you have broken my heart!" She then told him of her despair at his absence, of her frequent attempts at suicide; and overpowered by her emotions sank exhausted on the ground. He was not less moved; and mingled his tears with hers. This scene ended with a perfect reconciliation.

Plans were soon formed which enabled them to continue their *liaison* without offending her relatives, and without exciting the suspicions of Don Vela. One of these plans was magnificently romantic, and worthy of the dramatist who was hereafter to be so fertile in intrigue. The young and handsome Lope came every evening in the ragged dress of a beggar, before the door of his mistress. A trusty servant brought him alms and food. In the bread which she handed him was a letter, the contents of which he devoured in secret. He laid himself upon the ground, and feigned sleep. Dorotea when unobserved sat at the window and exchanged whisperings of affection with him.

These meetings had their charm as long as Lope believed he was outwitting others. As soon as he felt convinced that he alone was loved; that Don Vela had no hold upon her heart; and that her mother was on the point of ceasing her opposition — the charm of these meetings vanished, and the beauty and fascinations of Dorotea vanished with them. The inconstant poet suddenly began to find his mistress short of perfection. He had ceased to love her. He returned to his former mistress Marfisa; and the broken-hearted Dorotea, hearing of her husband's death, took refuge in a convent. Lope's *liaison* with Marfisa did not, however, last long; and the restless adventurer once more found himself engaged in a dangerous intrigue.

The events I am now relating are all enveloped in considerable doubt,

so that the reader is not to accept them as ascertained facts. Biographers are at issue on every point. Instead, however, of wearying the reader with discussion, I content myself with the simple preadmonition that the narrative is here given such as, after duly weighing the diverse arguments, it appears to me most coherent.

Lope de Vega, when in the service of the Duke of Alva, had engaged the affections of some noble lady, and was imprudent enough to confide his secret to some friend who betrayed him. The result was his imprisonment. He escaped and fled to Valencia; where he found his friend Claudio, whom he has immortalized, and whom he rescued from the tower of Serranos.

We meet with him again at Madrid, where he re-entered the service of Don Geronimo, bishop of Avila. He began to think seriously of adopting some honourable career. After some hesitation he determined on entering the church. He prepared himself; was on the eve of being ordained when he met with a young girl, Doña Isabella de Urbina, " beautiful without artifice, clever without pretension, and virtuous without affectation," according to Montalvan. All his thoughts of religious retirement vanished at the sight of this young creature. Love once more asserted its empire over him. He married.

His domestic felicity was soon interrupted. There was at Madrid one of those *hidalgos* so often painted by the Spanish poets: poor, proud, and irritable; passing his time in houses where money was to be won from friends; gaining his existence in a fragmentary manner; borrowing when possible; paying his debts with promises; and not without a turn for ridicule. One day, in Lope's absence, the hidalgo made him the subject of his wit. Lope heard of it, and revenged himself like a wit and a poet: he composed a satire, in which the Don was so piquantly exhibited, that everyone laughingly acknowledged the truth of the portrait. The Don was furious, and challenged the poet. Lope handled the sword as adroitly as the pen, and left his antagonist on the field.

He was forced to fly. Valencia received him; and as his works had already made him celebrated, he was a welcome guest. Valencia then possessed a number of remarkable men; among others Guillen de Castro, the dramatist from whom Corneille borrowed the *Cid*. Lope's wife remained in Madrid, but frequently came to see him. These voyages, however, destroyed her health, always delicate, and sensibly affected by grief. Once she arrived unexpected and dying. Lope was from home. They sent for him. He hastened back, and arrived in time to receive the last look and the last sigh of her who had come to die in his arms.

His grief was violent. In the eclogue he afterwards composed on the subject, he paints his feelings with a mixture of pathos and ingenious *concetti*, which might lead one to suspect the sincerity of his grief, did we not know how passion accommodates itself even to the most fanciful extravagances, and that poets, in the impossibility of finding adequate expres-

sions for their feelings, endeavour in hyperboles to shadow forth their meaning. Moreover, we must remember, southern imaginations are so much more excitable than northern, that what seems wild to us will be tame to them.

The only cure for grief is action. Lope joined the Invincible Armada which Philip the Second was then preparing, and which the impetuous youth of Spain joined, eager to punish the murderers of Mary Stuart. At Lisbon Lope met his brother, whom he had not seen for years, and whom he was destined soon to see shot by his side.

" If there be any truth," says Lord Holland, " in the supposition that poets have a greater portion of sensibility in their frames than other men, it is fortunate that they are furnished by the nature of their occupations with the means of withdrawing themselves from its effects. The act of composition, especially of verse, abstracts the mind most powerfully from external objects. The poet therefore has always a refuge within reach; by inventing fictitious distress, he may be blunting the poignancy of real grief; while he is raising the affections of his readers, he may be allaying the violence of his own, and thus find an emblem of his own susceptibility of impression in that poetical spear which is represented as curing with one end the wounds it had inflicted with the other. Whether this fanciful theory be true or not, it is certain that poets have continued their pursuits with ardour under the pressure of calamity. Some indeed assert that the genius of Ovid drooped during his banishment; but we have his own testimony, and what, notwithstanding all such criticisms, is more valuable, many hundreds of his verses, to prove that this event, however it might have depressed his spirits, riveted him to the habits of composition, and taught him to seek for consolation where he had hitherto only found amusement. Thus, in an eclogue which the friendship of Pedro de Medina Medinilla consecrated to the memory of Lope's wife, the lamentations of the husband are supposed to have been actually furnished by our author. Two or three odes on the same subject are to be found in his works, and he informs us himself that during his unfortunate voyage he composed the *Hermosura de Angelica,* a poem which professes to take up the story of that princess where Ariosto had dropped it. The motive he assigns for this choice is curious. He found in Turpin that most of her remaining adventures took place in Spain, and, thinking it for the honour of his country, related them in twenty cantos.

" To complete what Ariosto had begun was no light undertaking; and the difficulty was not diminished by the publication only two years before of a poem on the same subject, called *Las Lagrimas de Angelica.* This was written by Luis Barahona de Soto, and has always been esteemed one of the best poems in the Spanish language. It is mentioned with great praise by the curate in the examination of Don Quixote's library.

" The first canto of Lope's poem is taken up with the invocation, and with the rivalship between Lido, king of Seville, and Cardiloro, son of Mandricardo; in the second, the latter enters a cave where are painted the Moorish wars in Spain, and all the events of Ariosto's poem. These are related in about twenty stanzas, without spirit, circumstance, of poetry, if we except the indignation of Cardiloro at the sight of his father's death:

> *" How with Rogero in unlucky strife,*
> *He closed the last sad passage of his life,*
> *Fain, as he saw, had angry Cardilore,*
> *E'en in the picture, slain the conquering Moor.*

" The death of Clorinarda, who died of grief on her marriage with Lido, is lamented at length by her disconsolate husband; but in a strain which bears no traces of the author having so lately experienced a similar calamity. But if the grief expressed in the speech of his hero falls short of that which we must suppose to have passed in the breast of Lope, yet in the violence of its effects it must be allowed to surpass it; for Lido actually dies of his despair, and leaves his kingdom of Seville to the most beautiful man and woman who shall appear. Most of the third and all the fourth canto are taken up with the enumeration and description of the persons who thronged to Seville for the prize. There is some sprightliness and more quaintness in his remarks on the old, the ugly, and the decrepit, leaving their homes, and travelling through dangers and difficulties in the hopes that their personal charms may procure them a kingdom. After much discussion, he seems inclined to attribute this vanity to the invention of looking-glasses, and ridicules with some spirit the pedantry of those who wished to decide the contest by the exactness of proportion in features and limbs, and to prove the beauty of a woman by rule and by compass. Angelica and Medoro arrive the last; and immediately after Zerdan, king of Numidia, and Nereida, queen of Media, the most hideous of mankind. Of Angelica he gives a long, cold, minute, and commonplace description; but there is more discrimination in the character of Medoro's beauty than is usual in Lope's poetry:

> *" And with her he, at whose success and joy*
> *The jealous world such ills had suffer'd, came,*
> *Now king, whom late as slaves did kings employ,*
> *The young Medoro, happy, envied name,*
> *Scarce twenty years had seen the lovely boy,*
> *As ringlet locks and yellow down proclaim;*
> *Fair was his height; and grave to gazers seem'd*
> *Those eyes which where they turned with love and softness beam'd.*

" Tender was he, and of a gentler kind,
A softer frame than haply knighthood needs;
To pity apt, to music much inclin'd,
In language haughty, somewhat meek in deeds;
Dainty in dress, and of accomplished mind,
A wit that kindles, and a tongue that leads;
Gay, noble, kind, and generous to the sight,
On foot a gallant youth, on horse an airy knight.

" After the decision in their favour, and a short but not inelegant compliment to his mistress Lucinda, who at this time must have been an imaginary person, he proceeds to the love which the beauty of Medoro and Angelica inspired in some of their rivals, and the rage which they excited in others. Among these, the speech of Rostubaldo, king of Toledo, affords a specimen of a different kind of poetry from any we have hitherto inserted:

" What rage your barbarous councils has possest,
Senate beset with women round? he cries;
That heedless, hasty thus, by love carest,
Won by the wanton tricks their sex devise,
To one in lisp, in dress, in air confest
A woman more than man, you grant a prize
Due to the nervous arm and daring face
Of those whose mighty limbs proclaim a manly race?

" The dying king or said, or meant to say,
For so I dare interpret his bequest,
That you ere long should choose, the realm to sway,
Of graceful knights the fairest and the best.
Then in the mighty business of the day
Shall the wild noise of women, half possest,
Accord the prize to one whose girlish air
Deserves, instead of crowns, the caps his patrons wear?

" One whom I call not man, for that's a name
I blush to squander on so soft a mien.
What covered Nero, Commodus with shame?
In their unmanly cheeks the answer's seen. —
The loom, the distaff, be Medoro's fame,
So let him spin, or deck his beauteous queen, —
For mirror-like his form reflects her charms, —
But quit the cares of state, and shun the din of arms.

" So may he trim her robe, her gems may place,
Adjust the gold, and wreathe her flowing hair;
Secure with her o'er open meads may chase
The harmless rabbit or the tim'rous hare;
May turn his eyes enamour'd on her face, etc., etc.

" He pursues the same train of thought for several stanzas, and concludes his speech with an insult and threat that many will deem too ludicrous for anything approaching epic poetry:

" Your crown then let your pretty looks defend,
For on your abject necks to trample I intend.

" Being vehemently opposed by Turcatheo the Scythian, a general war ensues; and in the course of two or three cantos, in which the adventures of Linodoro and Thisbe are related, and a long list of Spanish kings since Tubal inserted, Nereida succeeds in bewitching Medoro to love her. She conveys him and Angelica to an island, where the latter is carried away by Zerban. In the meanwhile Rostubaldo besieges Seville. The thirteenth canto is taken up with the story of a man who falls in love with Belcorayda upon seeing her picture; which, as it has no connexion with the subject of the poem, seems to have been introduced for the sake of an eulogium upon painting, and a compliment to Spagnoletto and the king of Spain. Lope was extremely fond of painting, and, among his many accomplishments, had I believe made some little proficiency in that art. Medoro is persecuted in various ways by Nereida, and Angelica is in the utmost danger of violence from Zerban. Rostubaldo visits a cave where the glories of the Spanish arms till the final conquest of Granada are foretold. In the seventeenth canto, the subject of which is the siege of Seville, Cardiloro, the original lover of Clorinarda, coming to the assistance of the besiegers, vents his grief at her death, in dull commonplace and miserable antitheses. At last Nereida changes the object of her love from Medoro to Rostubaldo; and after a variety of adventures, Medoro finds his son in an island, and his speedy recovery of Angelica is foretold by a prophetess. This fortunate event is however delayed; for the poet sees a vision in the beginning of the twentieth canto, in which all the kings of Arragon as well as Castile, and most of the battles of Philip II and the Duke of Alva, are represented by images. He sees also an inscription under a golden statue of Philip III, which, unless the imaginary vision was a real prophecy, proves that much of the poem was written after the period to which he refers it. I transcribe the passage, as they are probably the only eight Latin lines of titles and names which are to be found in modern metre, and in a poem written in a modern language:

" Philippo Tertio, Cæsari invictissimo,
Omnium maximo regum triumphatori,
Orbis utriusque et maris felicissimo,
Catholici segundi successori,
Totius Hispaniæ principi dignissimo,
Ecclesiæ Christi et fidei defensori,
Fama, præcingens tempora alma lauro,
Hoc simulacrum dedicat ex auro.

" At the end of this canto Medoro finds Angelica; laments his late delusion; embraces her as Atlas does the heavens; she dies away with joy, and the converse of the soul beginning, the lovers as well as the recording muse, with great propriety become mute.

" Such was the employment of Lope during this voyage of hardships, which, however alleviated, seem never totally to have been forgotten."

As I have never read *La Hermosura de Angelica* I can add nothing to the foregoing criticism; but one point should be noticed, as an excuse for some faults the poem may have, — viz., the difficulty of writing under such circumstances.

The fate of the Armada is known. In returning, it is conjectured that Lope visited Italy, and resided some time in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Certain it is that he finally returned to Madrid in the service of the Count de Lemos, who had also the honour of having befriended Cervantes. A short while after he married Doña Juana de Guardia. " Who would have thought," says he, " that on my return from war, I should find a sweet wife, sweet for love, and for her labours dear? "

After so troubled an existence he seems now to have enjoyed the dear domesticities of home. His lovely and beloved wife brought him a boy, whom he idolized. He has given a touching description of the child's winning ways; one so full of the " poetry of home " that I must insert it here. I can only offer the following poor version of this sweet passage:

The breaking morn would see the modest face
Of my dear wife, soft-sleeping at my side.
And then the nurse our little Charley brought,
Roses and lilies crowding on his cheek,
Prattling his little nonsense to us both.
By this Auroral light, I dressed myself.
And Charley played about, as play the lambs
Upon the tender grass when day begins.
And every nonsense his half-language made
Our doating pride would treasure as a proverb;
Repaying it with kisses.
My happiness

To see bright mornings, after the dark nights
My life had known, made my eyes wet with tears,
As I recalled the vain hopes of my youth,
And blessed my fortune that had ended thus.
Then went I with a lighter heart to work;
And, having conned old books, began to write.
Breakfast was ready; I wrote on; and often
With some impatience at their frequent calls
Told them I could not come. So obstinate,
So all subduing study!
But then my Boy,
My beauteous Charles, came to my room, and gave
Light to my eyes, and warmth unto my heart;
Taking me by the hand he led me forth
And sat me by his mother at the table.

This was the happiest, though not the most brilliant period of Lope de Vega's life. He had relinquished the precarious career of arms, to enter upon the still more precarious career of letters. But his hearth was brightened by affection; and if any man could count upon earning a subsistence by his pen, he could. His facile muse, especially adapted to captivate the public taste, and to produce rapidly, gave him an honourable subsistence even in those days of paltry remuneration to authors. Necessity, he says, was the mother of his invention:

Necessity and I made common cause
In marketable verses, and produced
Comedies written in a higher style.
I raised the abject Art, and thus engendered
More Spanish poets than the air has atoms.

Lope's vocation was early manifested. He was born a dramatist; but poverty was the happy accident which now determined him to devote himself to the stage. In those days booksellers paid little for a work, even when they paid at all. And as each town in Spain was at liberty to pirate any printed work, it would have been impossible for a publisher to give more than an insignificant sum for the best book ever written. The theatre alone could afford to pay. The theatre had become a passion; and novelty was necessary to its existence. Managers therefore paid willingly, and paid in advance. The price appears to have been five hundred reals for a play; about ten pounds, according to the present value of money. This is a pitiful price, indeed, compared to that paid to modern dramatists. It may seem strange that Lope de Vega should have received only ten, and Casimir Delavigne two thousand, pounds, for a play; or that Scribe, the modern Lope de Vega (in fertility and success at least), should make an income of six thousand pounds per annum. But we must not make such

comparisons. Ten pounds was a good price in those days; and Lope's prodigious rapidity made him comparatively rich. Besides, he had handsome presents; and every noble at the court aspired to be his Mæcenas.

But before fame had made him rich he had doubtless to struggle with poverty. Lord Holland, following Pellicer, has spoken with some severity of Lope's occasional querulous tone when speaking of the neglect, obscurity, and poverty in which his talents have been left. " How are the expectations of genius ever to be fulfilled, if Lope, laden with honours and with pensions, courted by the great and followed by the crowd, imagined that his fortunes were unequal to his deserts? " — " Who can read without surprise and indignation," says Pellicer, " his letters to his son dissuading him from poetry as unprofitable, and in confirmation of his precepts lamenting his own calamities in a strain more suited to the circumstances of Camoens and Cervantes, than to the idol of the public and the favourite of princes? "

This seems to me very uncritical. Because Lope de Vega was, later in life, the idol of the public and the favourite of princes, that is surely no reason why he should never have known poverty. We have his own abundant testimony to the fact that he was poor, very poor. It was poverty drove him to the stage; and even as a dramatist he was poor until long success had established his reputation. The complaints he utters respecting his own experience of poverty and neglect are therefore to be referred to the time when he was poor and neglected; and his exhortations to his son not to embrace so unprofitable a profession as that of a poet, may either have been dictated by a keen sense of present want, or by the recollection of that want, — which recollection showed him the precarious nature of the profession. It must be remembered that Lope wrote *against his taste,* because he wrote to please.

> *But when I see how show, and nonsense, draw*
> *The crowd's, and, more than all, the fair's, applause,*
> *I, doomed to write the public taste to hit,*
> *Resume the barbarous dress 't was vain to quit:*
> *I lock up every rule before I write,*
> *Plautus and Terence drive out from my sight,*
> *Lest rage should teach these injured wits to join,*
> *And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.*
> *To vulgar standards, then, I square my play,*
> *Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,*
> *'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,*
> *And write the nonsense that they love to hear.*

The last couplet –

> *Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo*
> *hablarle en necio para darle gusto —*

is very significant of his situation. Figure to yourself a young man greedy of fame, educated in the most religious veneration for the classics, his mind, of an elegant and fanciful turn, stored with all that antiquity and modern times had created as examples of genius, and as immortal models for succeeding artists; this man, living at a time when the recently revived study of ancient letters had made all students pedants, and all critics supercilious of what was not modelled after the antique; and finding himself condemned to write for his bread in a style which his own better taste disapproved; forced to pander to the public taste, or starve;— and then figure to yourself this popular poet as an idolizing father, watching over the development of his child with painful anxiety; and seeing a disposition towards poetry in that child which would perhaps lead him into the vortex in which his father was then struggling, conceive the father's trembling fear lest the delicate child should have to buffet with the rude winds of fortune; — is it not a natural fear that the child will never vanquish these obstacles? Do not all parents who have struggled tremble lest their children should have the same rude battle to fight? Do not all poets and all actors dread their sons following in their career? If *they* have triumphed, yet the scars remain; and no voice within them whispers that their children will triumph too. A man may be buoyed up by the afflation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him *that* which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.

This is sufficient to explain Lope de Vega's exhortations, supposing them to have been written during his prosperity. But I do not believe them to have been written then. In the very poem wherein he speaks so feelingly of his boy's winning manners, he speaks also of his poverty. The table to which Charles leads him, is not, he says, one where wealth presides. Everything is plain and frugal. An honest poverty; there is sufficient, however, for their humble wants:

Nos daba honesta y liberal pooreza
el sustento bastante: que con poco
se suele contentar naturaleza.

And in his *Eclogue to Claudio,* speaking of his children, he says:

Yo vi mi pobre mesa in testimonio
cercada y rica de fragmentos mios
dulces y amargos rios
del mar del matrimonio.

thus paraphrased by Lord Holland:

I saw a group my board surround,
And sure, to me, though poorly spread,

'Twas rich with such fair objects crowned,
Dear bitter presents of my bed!

What is this but an assertion that his riches were solely those of affection — " the sweet and bitter streams flowing from the sea of matrimony," as he quaintly but felicitously expresses himself? And as we know that his son Carlos died at seven years old, we are forced to conclude that he did not live to see his father rich; for we cannot assume Lope to have become wealthy in two or three years.

I conclude, then, that Lope at this time was active, happy, and poor; struggling with fortune to whom he had given " hostages," but gradually laying the foundations of his future greatness. This was, deeply considered, the most enviable portion of his life. After this came loud reputation, the flattery of princes, the respect of cities, wealth, dignities, and honours; but then also came terrible suffering, despondency, and gloom: his beloved wife, his still more beloved child, died, and left him, amidst all his splendour, with a tenantless heart. He turned for solace to religion; and composed the celebrated *Soliloquies,* which has been pronounced the most eloquent of Spanish works. He joined the Inquisition, and became one of the order of Saint Francis.

From this moment new duties and new habits came to vary his existence. He had built an oratory in which he said mass every morning. And it has been said of him that his extreme emotion during the service was always visible in his tears and tremblings. To clothe the poor, to visit hospitals, to succour all who were in want, were his daily duties. He was as distinguished amongst his order for the zeal and sincerity of his devotion, as he had been in early life for his gallantry and recklessness. He was seen once bent beneath the weight of the corpse of a poor priest, whom he was carrying to the grave, and for whom, having laid him in the earth, he offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven, mingling thus, in a touching instance of charity, the offices of priest and gravedigger.

The dramatist, however, continued to labour for the stage, in spite of his religious duties. From the circumstances of his position he was forced to write in accordance with the public taste; and fortunate for him, and for his art, were the circumstances which forced this. I mean fortunate, inasmuch as they gave birth to a genuine national drama instead of a feeble imitation of antiquity. For it is only pedants who can consider him as the corrupter of the Spanish stage. On the other hand it may be supposed that had his genius been greater or his necessities less, he might have founded a national drama of a still higher character. Let us turn our eyes towards Molière. In his time the farces and improvised plays which delighted the crowd were even still less artistic than the plays which delighted the Spanish public when Lope de Vega appeared. Yet Molière

created French comedy. He had to clear the stage of its masks and improvised buffooneries, and to substitute *character* and wit. On the first representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* an old man in the pit, charmed with this novelty, cried out to Molière, who was playing Mascarille: " Bravo, Molière! take courage! that is true comedy! " At this cry, which he foresaw would be the real expression of the public sentiment, Molière felt his heart expand, and he let fall this pregnant remark: " I have now only to study mankind." He did so; and a series of immortal works attest his earnestness and power.

Lope de Vega was not a Molière. But he did that which lay in his power. He could not give a new direction to comedy; but in following the route chalked out for him by predecessors he founded a national drama, and became the idol of the public. In truth those who had written before him had produced but miserable works in comparison with those which he so rapidly threw off. Even the great Cervantes was thrown into the shade. His works, which have been lost, were greatly superior to those of his contemporaries; but they sank into insignificance beside the works of the young Lope; and he retired from all contest with this " prodigy of nature and phœnix of intelligence," as he called him. He yielded the throne to Lope, as in later times Scott yielded the throne to the impetuous Byron, who remained

Sole Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

Cervantes retired to lay up stores, and meditate the composition of the greatest romance ever written — the First Part of *Don Quixote.*

It is curious, with our present knowledge and estimate of the two men, to think of Cervantes as inferior to Lope de Vega; not simply inferior in popularity, but also in dramatic talent. A lurking doubt must present itself as to whether, if the plays were extant, we should not find in them evidences of a far higher genius than was ever manifested by the Spanish phœnix. But this is hasty surmise. If we had not the poems of Shakspere to contradict the opinion, we should assuredly imagine that the poems of the author of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* surpassed anything in Spenser or Milton; but with the poems before us we cannot entertain the notion. So would it be with the comedies of Cervantes, were they extant. We may admit, as incontestable, that Cervantes was a man of greater genius than Lope de Vega; but it by no means follows that he had greater theatrical talent; it by no means follows that his faculties were so early matured as to have enabled him to surpass his rival at that period. Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed. The excellence of Lope de Vega was not, like that of Cervantes, one demanding time for maturity, one demanding abundant materials difficult of mastery. To write plays of intrigue, such as his, he needed only a knowledge of manners and the elementary passions, with a

quick perception of the requisites of the stage. With such food, a fanciful and ingenious intellect, stimulated by inexhaustible animal spirits, could produce masterpieces of this kind at an early age. To write *Don Quixote* other preparations were necessary. It required a profound and varied knowledge of mankind, founded on a minute and patient observation of moral complexities, and a clear insight into the sway exercised over our passions by our interests, and over our interests by our passions. In a word, Cervantes needed a rich psychological experience; not such knowledge as is written down in books, but such as is in action in the heads and hearts of men. Beyond this, he needed a complete and artistic mastery of his knowledge, so that he might reproduce it in the most harmonious form. A boy of twenty, with the requisite ability, could have written the best play by Lope de Vega; the same boy could not even have *understood Don Quixote* in all that constitutes its surpassing excellence. It was not until his fiftieth year, after a life wherein meditation and action held equal sway, that Cervantes commenced his immortal work. It was in his twelfth year that Lope wrote his first comedy; it was in his twenty-sixth that he was pronounced the Spanish phœnix.

There is no inconsistency then in supposing Cervantes inferior to the young Lope, and forced to yield him place. He was slowly growing while Lope was in full vigour. Nor would he have ever equalled Lope in theatrical excellence: his genius lay elsewhere. I assume this on the ground of his inferiority to Lope de Vega in those plays which he wrote after Lope had given him a model; the plays I mean published by Blas Nazarre. Hear what Cervantes himself says of them: " Some years since I returned to the ancient occupation of my leisure hours, and imagining that the age had not passed away in which I used to hear the sound of praise, I again began to write comedies. The birds, however, had flown from their nest. I could find no manager to ask for my plays, though they knew that I had written them. I threw them, therefore, into the corner of a trunk, and condemned them to eternal obscurity. A bookseller then told me that he would have bought them from me had he not been told by a celebrated author that much dependence might be placed upon my prose, but none upon my poetry. To say the truth, this information mortified me much. I said to myself: ' Certainly I am either changed, or the world, contrary to its custom, has become much wiser, for in past times I used to meet with praise.' I read my comedies anew, together with some interludes which I had placed with them. I found that they were not so bad but that they might pass from what this author called darkness into what others may perhaps term noonday. I was angry, and sold them to the bookseller, who has now printed them. They have paid me tolerably, and I have pocketed my money with pleasure, and without troubling myself about the opinions of the actors. I was willing to make them as excellent as I could; and if, dear reader, thou findest anything good in them, I pray thee, when thou meetest any other calumniator, to tell him

to amend his manners and not to judge so severely, since, after all, the plays contain not any incongruities or striking faults."

Now the plays thus spoken of, and which are said to contain no striking faults — no incongruities — are so bad, that the paradoxical and stupid admirer of Cervantes, Blas Nazarre, conceives them to have been written with the same purpose of exposing the irregularities and absurdities of the dramatists, as *Don Quixote* of exposing the follies of the romance writers: " Cervantes compusó sus comedias con la misma idea que el *Quijote,* haciéndolas de intento desarragladas y llenas de desatinos, á fin de purgar del mal gusto y mala moral el teatro." But this is preposterous. The satire in *Don Quixote* is transparent; in the comedies no one but Nazarre could suspect it. Besides, Cervantes tell us himself that he wrote the plays for representation, and thinks them worthy of it. Had he meant them as satires he would have taken pains to forewarn the public; the more so as they had been denied performance. In our days, when a tragedy is refused at every theatre, the author publishes it with a declaration that it is " meant for the closet."

I cannot bring these two great names together without endeavouring to settle the ill-conducted dispute respecting the opinion entertained of these men by each other. Some biographers and critics declare them to have been unjust towards each other. Others declare them to have been magnanimously courteous. Both sides have texts to quote; but both are wrong. The truth is that although occasional jealousies may have been excited, and harsh words have escaped during moments of irritation, these two men were fully aware of each other's greatness.

" Wherever Cervantes has mentioned the poet," says Lord Holland, " in his printed works, he has spoken of his genius not only with respect, but admiration. It is true that he implies that his better judgment occasionally yielded to the temptation of immediate profit, and that he sometimes sacrificed his permanent fame to fleeting popularity with the comedians and the public. But in saying this, he says little more than Lope himself has repeatedly acknowledged; and throughout his works he speaks of him in a manner which, if Lope had possessed discernment enough to have perceived the real superiority of Cervantes, would have afforded him as much pleasure as the slight mixture of censure seems to have given him concern. The admirers, or rather the adorers of Lope, who had christened him the Phœnix of Spain, were very anxious to crush the reputation of Cervantes. With this view they excited rivals on whom they lavished extravagant praises; they at one time decried novels and romances, and at another extolled all those who wrote them, except the one who was most deserving of their praise. If the sonnet published by Pellicer in the Life prefixed to *Don Quixote* be genuine, Cervantes was at length provoked to attack more directly the formidable reputation of their idol. In this sonnet, which contains a sort of play upon words, by the omission of the last syllable

of each, that cannot be translated, the works of Lope were somewhat severely handled; a sonnet compiled in four languages from various authors is ridiculed; the expediency of a sponge is suggested; and he is above all advised not to pursue his Jerusalem Conquistada, a work upon which he was then employed. Lope, who parodied the sonnet of Cervantes, rejected his advice, and published that epic poem, in which his failure is generally acknowledged even by his most fervent admirers." Lope retaliated; nor can we wonder at it. But only excessive irritation could have made him speak of *Don Quixote* as waste paper fit for enveloping spices, saffron dye, etc.

Por el mundo va
vendiendo especias, y azafran romi,
y al fin en muladares parara.

This was, however, only a spurt of temper. When in his *Laurel de Apolo* he comes to chronicle his serious opinion of Cervantes, he speaks magnificently of him, and touchingly alluding to the arm Cervantes lost at Lepanto, says:

——————— *que una mano herida*
pudo dar a su dueño eterna vida.

" That single hand has given to its master eternal life." And Cervantes, on a similar occasion (in the *Viage de Parnaso*), says of his rival:

Distinguished bard, whom no one of our time
Could pass or equal in his prose or rhyme.

I need quote no more.

Lope de Vega not only far outstripped his rivals in the excellence of his comedies, but also in their fertility. No writer ever approached him in rapidity. There has been much exaggeration on this point; and one would think that biographers had pledged themselves to make the marvellous incredible, so resolutely do they exaggerate. Lord Holland, who suspected the truth of some of the Spanish estimates, was not altogether free from an excess of credulity. " Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines," says he, " are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that

" The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

" It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of

his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition; become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

" As the credibility, however, of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention; yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his *Eclogue to Claudio,* that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story:

" ' His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdebieso was present and was witness of the whole; but because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the *Tercera Orden de San Francisco,* and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night; and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business: for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, " I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me." Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.'

" As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in

representing it as prodigious. 'At last appeared,' says Cervantes in his prologue, 'that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed.' Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred *autos sacramentales;* and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together. What Lope himself says upon this subject will be most satisfactorily related in his own words, though the passages are far from poetical. Having given a list in his prologue to the *Pelegrino,* written in 1604, of three hundred and forty-three plays, in his *Art de hacer Comedias,* published five years afterwards, he says:

"None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,
Who, hurried by the vulgar taste along,
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.
But what am I to do? Who now of plays,
With one complete within these seven days,
Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,
And all, save six, against the rules of wit.

"In the *Eclogue to Claudio,* one of his last works, are the following curious though prosaic passages:

"Should I the titles now relate
Of plays my endless labour bore,
Well might you doubt the list so great,
Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;
Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,
To verse reduc'd, in flowers of rhetoric drest.

"The number of my fables told
Would seem the greatest of them all;
For, strange, of dramas you behold
Full fifteen hundred mine I call;

And full a hundred times,—within a day
Passed from my muse upon the stage a play.

And again:

"The public, Avarice oft deceived,
And fix'd on others' works my name;
Vile works! which Ignorance mine believed,
Or Malice call'd, to wound my fame:
That crime I can't forgive, but much incline
To pardon some who fix'd their names on mine.

"Then spare, indulgent Claudio, spare
The list of all my barbarous plays;
For this with truth I can declare,
And though 'tis truth it is not praise,
The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

"Though these passages seem to confirm the assertions of his biographers and contemporaries, yet the complaint contained in the last, which is yet more strongly urged in his prologue to the Pelegrino, proves the light authority upon which his name was given to dramatic compositions, and consequently may suggest a probable mode of explaining the exaggeration which must have taken place with regard to their number. That there must be some exaggeration all will be disposed to admit. It is but just however to observe, that though Lope is the most wonderful, he is not the only Spanish author the number of whose verses approaches to a miracle. La Cueva mentions one who had written one thousand plays in four acts; some millions of Latin lines were composed by Mariner; and many hundred dramatic compositions are still extant of Calderon, as well as of authors of inferior merit. It was not uncommon even for the nobility of Philip the Fourth's time to converse for some minutes in extempore poetry; and in carelessness of metre, as well as in commonplace images, the verses of that time often remind us of the *improvisatori* of Italy."

Bouterwek is still more credulous. He says Lope required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves. This is an amplification of what Lope de Vega has said of himself in the couplet quoted by Lord Holland, which I have before noticed. But I would here suggest that if the couplet is to be understood to say Lope actually wrote a play in the course of four-and-twenty hours, this can only be credible on the supposition of the play being an interlude of *one* act, not a comedy of *three*. Be this as it may, Bouterwek has not the shadow of an authority for saying, "Lope sometimes wrote a play in the short space of three or

four hours; " this is a gratuitous bit of biographical exaggeration. Nor can I discover the source from which he learned that Lope wrote " upwards of two thousand comedies." The real number is not easily ascertained; but I concur with Schach and Damas Hinard in estimating them at about fifteen hundred, exclusive of *autos sacramentales* and interludes; in all eighteen hundred dramatic works. This calculation is founded upon Lope's own indications. It would be tedious to enumerate them here; let the single passage from his *Eclogue to Claudio* suffice.

Pero si ahora el numero infinito
De las fabulas comicas intento . . .
Mil y quinientas fabulas admira . . .

" But if I now come to enumerate the infinite quantity of cómic fables, you will be amazed to learn that I have composed fifteen hundred." This was written only five years before his death; and Montalvan assures us that for many years he had relinquished the theatre; so that fifteen hundred seems the highest number that can be accepted.

But fifteen hundred! and add thereto three hundred autos, and interludes, five epic poems, an *Arcadia,* an *Art of Comedy,* thirty-six romances supplied to the Romancero, the *Laurel de Apolo,* the *Gatomaquia,* a vast number of sonnets, epistles, and epitaphs, and some prose novels! It really takes one's breath away to hear of such achievements. If only as a prodigy of fecundity, this man ranks among the wonders of the world. Fifteen hundred plays, and all successful! They brought money to the treasury, competence to him, and delight to all Spain. Lope was no prodigious " unactable unacted " boasting of a barren rapidity. His fertility was owing to his mastery over the materials furnished by an ardent imagination; the rapidity of which some moderns boast is the mere torrent of words unobstructed by ideas. Lope's plays were acted, are acted still, and may still be read with pleasure. He was the idol of his nation. The nobility vied with each other in their expressions of admiration and friendship. The very Pope sent him the Cross of Malta and the degree of Doctor of Theology, accompanying them by a flattering epistle. His career as a dramatist was a bright track of glory. Whenever he appeared in the streets he was surrounded by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Phœnix. The boys ran shouting after him; and those whom old age prevented from keeping pace with the rest, stood and gazed on him in wonder as he passed.

In truth Lope had charmed, intoxicated the whole nation. He was the incarnation of the national genius in its Oriental prodigality. He threw gleams of sunny mirth into the dark countenances of the holy Inquisitors. He even charmed the sombre spirit of Philip the Second. He taught the hidalgos a refinement in the ingenuity of intrigue; and roused the joyous boisterous mirth of the common people. Those only who know the exuber-

ance of the southern temperament — its vehemence of admiration or contempt — can understand the furor excited by Lope de Vega. I have seen an Italian singer obliged to obey the call, and appear before the curtain fifteen times at the conclusion of an opera in which she had enchanted the audience; and then the excited admirers, intoxicated with their own enthusiasm, rushed out of the theatre, took the horses from her carriage, and, like exulting slaves, drew the enchantress to her home. These men were ready to fight a duel with anyone who dared to question the singer's supremacy. So in Spain, the frantic admirers of Lope declared that Spongia, who had written a severe critique upon his works, deserved nothing short of *death;* and it is probable the critic would have met this fate had he not prudently retired to a foreign land. Pilgrimages from all parts of Spain were made to see this phoenix. Even the Italians left the land of Dante and Ariosto to pay homage to the great Lope de Vega. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with something little short of veneration. A fame so loud and spread so wide, no one has yet possessed. His name was an epithet of excellence: a Lope melon, a Lope cigar, a Lope horse, were perfect specimens. There must have been something great in the man who was thus throned on the imaginations of his countrymen. There have since been absurd popularities; but they have been fleeting, and the noisy shouts died away in faint echoes, till they became inaudible. Lope de Vega has survived two centuries of change, and still is acted, still is read.

Amidst this noisy popularity Lope was not so happy as in those early days of struggle, when hope threw a spring-like verdure over the future, and when the present was irradiated by the sunny smiles of wife and child. The priceless treasures — Love and Hope — had been snatched from him. Glory could not compensate him for their loss. He was as active as ever; rather more so; fulfilled his religious duties, and solaced his leisure hours with the cultivation of his garden. This garden (*huerticillo*), if garden it could be called, having only a few feet of space, contained about a dozen plants, a vine, two trees, and a fountain rustically constructed out of a broken vase of earthenware. To vulgar eyes it was a strip of ground; to the poet's more imaginative mind it was a fairyland —

donde vivo retirad
Sí no virtuosa vida, nunco ociosa.

The space was small, but what was that to one who could make it large by peopling it with the creations of his fancy? it was humble, but he covered its poverty by the magnificence of his imagination.

Nor was his house altogether deserted. Towards 1620 one sees the graceful form of a young maiden gliding about the poet, like a guardian angel. Who was this Marcela? One knows not what to answer. Montalvan speaks of her with provoking reserve, which stimulates conjecture without satisfying it; he calls her a near relation. Lope, in his dedication to her of

El remedio en la desdicha, calls her his daughter: whence the natural conclusion is that she was an illegitimate child. He loved her tenderly, and was proud of her beauty and talents. But he was soon to lose her also. She entered a convent; obeying the voice which spoke within her, she took the veil and left him who had loved her "more like a lover than a father" (*mas galan que padre*), to lament her loss. This he has done, in the epistle just quoted, where he describes the ceremony of her taking the veil.

The following year his second, now only, son, Lope, left him, to join the Marquis de Santa Cruz, son of the valiant captain under whom Lope himself had served during the campaign in Portugal. Soon afterwards his daughter Feliciana was engaged to be married to a young cavalier, Don Luis Usategui. But the bridegroom, though noble, was poor, and demanded a dowry. Lope, with the usual improvidence of poets, had spent easily the money he so easily earned, and was in no condition to bestow on his child a dowry. After due reflection he addressed the following to the king: — "Lope says, Sire, that he served your grandfather with his sword. He did nothing remarkable then, and has since done less; but he showed his zeal and his courage. He served your father with his pen. If it has not carried your father's name and praises from one end of the world to the other, it is the fault of his want of talent, not a deficiency of zeal. Lope has a daughter, and he is old. The Muses have made him honoured, but not rich. Assist me: I am endeavouring to get my child a husband. Spare me, O great Philip, a slight portion of your riches, and may you have more gold and diamonds than I have rhymes!" — The king's answer was a generous dowry.

The drama did not exclusively occupy his fruitful muse; but the drama was after all the scene of his great triumphs. As a poet he aspired no less to the approbation of the critics than to the applause of the crowd. His epics are, however, indifferent performances. Lord Holland says, "The *Hermosura de Angelica* is perhaps the best of his heroic poems, though during his life the *Corona Tragica,* his poem on Mary Queen of Scots, attracted more notice and secured him more praise. When however we consider the quarter in which these encomiums originated, we may suspect that they were bestowed on the orthodoxy rather than on the poetry of the work. When Lope published it, the passions which religious dissension had excited throughout Europe had not subsided. The indiscriminate abuse of one sect was still sufficient to procure any work a favourable reception with the other; and the *Corona Tragica,* the subject of which was fortunately chosen for such a purpose, was not deficient in that recommendation. Queen Elizabeth is a bloody Jezebel, a second Athaliah, an obdurate sphinx, and the incestuous progeny of a harpy. He tells us also in the preface, that any author who censures his king and natural master is a perfidious traitor, unworthy and incapable of all honours, civil or military. In the second book he proves himself fully exempt from such a reproach

by selecting for the topics of his praise the actions of the Spanish monarch, which seem the least to admit of apology or excuse. He finds nothing in the wisdom or activity of Charles V so praiseworthy as his treachery to the Protestants. Philip II, whom he does everything but blame for not murdering Queen Elizabeth during her sister's reign, is most admired for sacrificing the interest of his crown, the peace and prosperity of his dominions, at the shrine of orthodoxy:

" How much the second Philip did it cost
Freedom unjust *from Flanders to withhold!*
Rather than yield the world he would have lost,
His faith so steady and his heart so bold:
The third, with just *decree, to Afric's coast*
Banish'd the remnants of that pest of old,
The Moors; and nobly ventured to contemn
Treasures which flowed from barbarous hordes like them.

" The praise of the fourth Philip is founded on an anecdote with which I am unacquainted, viz., of his adoration of the sacrament in the presence of English heretics. There is no supernatural agency in this poem; but it has not sufficient merit in other respects to allow us to draw from its failure any argument in favour of such machinery. The speech of Mary when her sentence is announced is the only passage I found in it rising at all above mediocrity:

" Thanks for your news, illustrious lords, she cried;
I greet the doom that must my griefs decide:
Sad though it be, though sense must shrink from pain,
Yet the immortal soul the trial shall sustain.

" But had the fatal sentence reached my ears
In France, in Scotland, with my husband crown'd,
Not age itself could have allayed my fears,
And my poor heart had shudder'd at the sound.
But now immur'd for twenty tedious years,
Where naught my listening ears can catch around
But fearful noise of danger and alarms,
The frequent threat of death, and constant din of arms.

" Ah! what have I in dying to bemoan?
What punishment in death can they devise
For her who living only lives to groan,
And see continual death before her eyes?
Comfort's in death, where 't is in life unknown;
Who death expects feels more than he who dies: —
Though too much valour may our fortune try,
To live in fear of death is many times to die.

" Where have I e'er reposed in silent night,
But Death's stern image stalk'd around my bed?
What morning e'er arose on me with light,
But on my health some sad disaster bred?
Did fortune ever aid my war or flight,
Or grant a refuge for my hapless head?
Still at my life some fearful phantom aim'd,
My draughts with poison drugg'd, my towers with treachery flamed.

" And now with fearful certainty I know
Is come the hour that my sad being ends,
Where life must perish with a single blow;
Then mark her death whom steadfast faith attends
My cheeks unchang'd, my inward calm shall show,
While free from foes, serene, my generous friends,
I meet my death — or rather I should say,
Meet my eternal life, my everlasting day.

" The last line of the second stanza, quoted above, reminds one of a similar sentiment in Shakspere:

> *" Cowards die many times before their deaths,*
> *The valiant never taste of death but once.*
> Julius Cæsar, act. 2, sc. 2."

I have never read these ambitious efforts; but I have read, and with considerable amusement, his Burlesque Epic called *The Battle of the Cats — Gatomaquia:* in which the heroic deeds of Marramaquiz (that Achilles of *Toms*), and the charms of Zapaquilda (that Helen of *Pussies*), are narrated with immense gusto. Such burlesques are easy to write, but not easy to write well. Lope has hit the mock heroic tone to perfection. I have also read his *New Art of Writing Comedies,* which is interesting as regards the state of the drama, but has no intrinsic merit. His *Rimas Humanas* deserve more attention than has been accorded to them, both for their intrinsic merit and their biographical allusions. Many of them are worthless; many simply ingenious; but there are some fine touches of feeling and some gorgeous imagery, with a constant facility and mastery of versification. Among the playthings of his pen may be cited the folowing sonnet, compiled from Ariosto, Camoens, Petrarch, Tasso, Horace, Serafina, Boscan, and Garcilasso:

Le donne, i cavalier, le arme, gli amori, (Ariosto)
en dolces jogos en placer continuo, (Camoens)
fuggo per piu non esser pellegrino, (Petrarca)
ma su nel cielo infra i beati chori. (Tasso)
Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori, (Horace)

sforzame amor, fortuna, el mio destino (Serafina)
ni es mucho en tanto mal ser adivino, (Boscan)
seguendo l' ire e i giovenil furori. (Ariosto)
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis, (Horace)
parlo in rime aspre, e di dolceza ignude, (Petrarca)
deste passado ben, que nunca foro, (Camoens)
No hay bien que en mal no se convierta y mude, (Garcilasso)
nec prata canis albicant pruinis (Horace)
la vita fugge, e non se arresta un hora. (Petrarca.)

This sonnet is interesting as displaying the affinity between the Latin and the southern languages, and as showing also the differences.

Lope grew old, but he did not outlive his fame; nor did he lose that readiness and presence of mind which made him witty in ludicrous circumstances, and dignified in serious. One day a cavalier insulted him; and on Lope's expostulating, replied " If you are dissatisfied, Sir, let us hence," touching his sword. " Yes," replied the old soldier, now a priest, " let us hence, and to the altar; *I* to say a mass, *you to serve me!* " Is there not something very grand, and at the same time dramatic, in this?

But in the vigour of his green old age he was again smitten by calamity. The precise nature of the evil Montalvan does not tell us; he simply says that it was great enough to subdue the heart of the boldest. Lope, ever after, was steeped in gloom. On the 6th of August, 1635, he dined with Montalvan and a friend. At dinner he said that but one hope was left him, — that of a speedy death.

This was not long delayed. On Friday the 22nd of August he rose early, as usual, but more than usually depressed. He had the night before composed a sonnet on the death of a Portuguese gentleman; and the thoughts of death, familiar to his mind as they had long been, now received another deeper tinge from the presentiment of his approaching end. He celebrated mass, and watered his little garden. In spite of his state of health, he would not relax from the severity of discipline, which imposed abstinence of meat; and he even resumed flagellation. What care had he for his worthless body, when his soul stood in need of preparation?

In the evening he went to the Scotch college, where he assisted in the philosophical debates there held. But he was taken ill, and was carried home and placed in bed. Medical aid was vain. On the Sunday evening he was given over, and demanded that the sacrament should be administered. That sad ceremony completed, he sent for his daughter, whom he blessed; and then, turning to his friends, bade them adieu with mild but earnest recommendations of peace and charity. To Montalvan he said, with touching earnestness, " True glory is in virtue. Ah! I would willingly give all the applause I have received to have performed one good action more." He sank back, and prayed silently. He passed a restless night. The

morning saw his friends kneeling by his side, while the priest poured forth his pious exhortations. Lope listened with a deep sense of devotion, his eyes raised to heaven, his lips fastened to a small crucifix which he held in his hand. It was a solemn moment. In that dark chamber no voice was heard but the low voice of the priest; sobs sometimes broke upon the ear in the solemn intervals of prayer. At last those who prayed silently heard a dying voice murmur the names of Jesus and of Mary. The poet ceased to breathe.

" The sensation produced by his death was, if possible, more astonishing than the reverence in which he was held while living. The splendour of his funeral, which was conducted at the charge of the most munificent of his patrons, the Duke of Sesa; the number and language of the sermons on that occasion; the competition of poets of all countries, in celebrating his genius and lamenting his loss; are unparalleled in the annals of poetry, and perhaps scarcely equalled in those of royalty itself." All Spain was eager to do him honour. The illustrious nobles and artists of Madrid followed the bier, and surrounded his nephew and son-in-law with the marks of their attention. All the religious congregations attended uncalled upon. The windows were crowded with the curious. Marcela had entreated that the procession might pass before the convent of the Carmelites; and it swerved from its path to grant her prayer. She wished to pay a last homage to him who living had loved her with so touching an affection. Having made a pause at the convent door, the procession moved on to the church of Saint Sebastian, where mass was celebrated with the greatest solemnity. Three bishops officiated in their pontifical robes; and in their sermons declared the great Lope to have been a saint in life, and as superior to the classic writers as Christianity was superior to Heathenism. The ceremony lasted nine days: a grand and imposing spectacle. The writings which have been selected from the prodigious quantity produced on that occasion, fill two large volumes. Everyone was anxious to contribute his quota of homage to the deceased. And when the coffin was lowered into the tomb, a deep groan burst from the assembly, as if Spain had lost its brightest ornament.

When thinking on the glory which attended the career of Lope de Vega, and the funeral pomp which closed it, the image of the poor, neglected Cervantes emerges into painful contrast. Lope and Cervantes both commenced life as adventurers; but Lope rose rapidly to distinction, and was honoured and caressed, while his immortal rival, living in the same street, was in a state of abject poverty. Lope left the society of cardinals and courtiers to write his ingenious plays. Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* to relieve the weariness of his prison into which he was thrown for some paltry debt. The nation mourned for Lope, as for a darling child. Cervantes died and was buried privately, without any kind of distinction, and not even a tombstone marked the spot where his ashes reposed.

ROBERT DEVEREUX
EARL OF ESSEX

1567–1601

and

GEORGE VILLIERS
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

1628–1687

By Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon [1] (1608–1674)

Though it shall appear an unseasonable itch of wit to say aught on this subject, and an unskilful one if invention reach not what is already said, yet I shall presume (disavowing only the vanities) to think that in the severest considerations of their persons, their educations, in their insinuations into favour, in managing that favour, in their whole education (but that they were both glorious in the eyes of their Princes), they were as distant, as unfit, as impossible for parallels as any two virtuous and great persons (for so they were both) we can direct our discourse to. Their engagements, incumbrances and disadvantages being so different, that it was the just wonder (and yet continues) of the world, that the Earl could ever fall (his whole fate being in the discretion of his own soul), and the Duke (who all his life of favour stood the mark shot at by the most petulant and malicious spirits this climate ever nourished), should stand so long.

He that shall walk in a short survey of both their times, actions, and dependencies, shall find them these.

Though the first approach of the Earl to court was under the shadow of the great Earl of Leicester, yet he owned him rather for his invitation thither, than his permanent there.

[1] Reprinted from a pamphlet entitled *The Characters of Robert Earl of Essex, Favourite to Queen Elizabeth, and George D. of Buckingham, Favourite to K. James I. and K. Ch. I. With a Comparison. By the Right Honourable Edward Late Earl of Clarendon.* London . . . , 1706.

A note in this pamphlet reads: "The reader will be here entertain'd with the pictures of Two of the Greatest Subjects in Europe, in their Time; and although one of them is inimitably drawn by the Noble Author in his History, yet this mignature will still be acceptable since 'tis all thrown into another View." Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was begun in 1644, but not published until 1702–04. Spelling and punctuation have been somewhat modernized.

For no question he found advantage from the stock of his father's reputation, the people looking on his quality with reverence (for I do not find any young nobleman had yet surprised their hopes or drawn their eyes), and on his youth with pity; for they were nothing satisfied concerning his father's death, who had been advanced to honourable dangers by the mediation of such as delighted not in his company: as it was the mysterious wisdom of those times to poison with oil, and *homines per honores ferire*. And if there were not any such compassion in the Queen, yet surely she beheld him as the son of an excellent man that died in her service, and had left a precious fame surviving.

In the court he stayed not above a year, but undertook that journey into the Low Countries with his father-in-law, and went General of the Horse in a great army, though he was not full nineteen years of age, there being then no such criticisms as interpreted the acceptance of pursuit even of the greatest dignity and command, a conspiracy against the state; but all men were glad to see him set himself so brave a task by undertaking such an employment.

From this first action he took a charter of the people's hearts, which was never cancelled, but as if they had looked only on the boldness, not the success of the enterprises, he was sure to return with triumph, though the voyage miscarried; for amongst all his foreign undertakings, if they be weighed in the people's usual scale, the cost, though there was not above one or two prosperous returns and as many that had sad and calamitous issues, yet he never suffered the least public imputation or murmur, but was received with that joy as if the fleet or army were sent out to bring him home, not any spoil or conquest, to which he had wholly dedicated his faculties.

He moved only in his proper orb; out of it he was *extra sphœram activitatis*, and rather of much business (as a man towards whom the Queen had directed some rays of affection), than of much dexterity above other men.

Surely I by no means imagine him built or furnished for a courtier.

For however the arts and mysteries of a court are undefinable, yet, as in the reformation and improvement of all sciences there are certain principles and maxims unalterable and unquestionable, so there is a certain comparity, conformity and complacency in the manners, and a discreet subtlety in the composition without which (as with those principles) no man in any age or court shall be eminent in the aulical function.

Now how ill the Earl was read in this philosophy his servant Cuffe (whose observations were sharp enough, whatever stoicisms raved in his nature) well discerned, when he said, *Amorem et odium semper in fronte gessit, nec celare novit.*

And I shall not impute it to his want of will (though that would be but an ill argument for his courtship) nor of power, for he did many greater

things; but only of skill to contrive conveniences of honours and preferments at court for such friends as might have been good out-works to have fortified and secured his own condition, except all his dependants were of another complexion than could have lived in that air.

And indeed I do not find that the Earl much inclined to, or desired, the reputation of a courtier, besides the preservation of himself and the Queen's affection (which yet he endeavoured rather to master than to win), but he seemed, though he had such places of honour and attendance as be the most significant badges of a courtier, but *in pace belli gerere negotium*, and retired only from the war to prevent peace.

Then if we visit his correspondencies abroad (which he rather maintained out of state, than contrived out of skill) we shall see they were always with an eye upon actions, and his intelligences had ever some hint of tumult and commotion; as if the King of Spain was loud or frantic at his devotions; as when he vowed at mass that he would be revenged on England though he sold all those candlesticks upon the altar; this information was given by the Earl. But it was observed then that if there were aught intended against the life or person of the Queen, though it were in the court of Spain where the Earl had especially his liegers, the first notice came over by my Lord Cecil, for whom indeed it seemed as necessary there should be treasons, as for the state that they should be prevented. Insomuch as it was then (how unjustly soever) conceived that though he created none, yet he fomented some conspiracies, that he might give frequent evidences of his loyalty, having no other advantage (as the Earl and others had in person) to justify him in an ordinary estimation but by eminent services.

And those he knew must be best relished that concerned her own preservation, and therefore in the least vacations from treason he was ever busy to set on foot some vigilant and tender law (as there was scarce any Parliament without some such) that had a peculiar eye to the Queen's safety. Which (however they are, by such as cannot apprehend the danger of those times, looked upon without much reverence) could not but make singular impression in the Queen's heart of his fidelity.

The encumbrances that the Earl had to wrestle withal (for I shall only look over his life without particular enquiry into his actions, which had all glorious ends or glorious intentions), were fewer than ever any great man met withal, and his advantages more in number and in weight.

'Tis true he was rivalled by a strong and subtile faction, which cared and consulted for his ruin, as a foundation they must build upon; and were intent to betray him abroad and misinterpret him at home; yet the danger was thus allayed, that they were all his public and professed enemies, and so known unto the Queen, that they durst never impertinently urge out against him, since they were sure their malice was concluded, when the reason of their objection happily might not be considered.

And indeed, that trick of countenancing and protecting factions (as that

Queen almost her whole reign did with singular and equal demonstration of grace look upon several persons of most distinct wishes one towards another) was not the least ground of her quiet and success. And she never doubted but that men that were never so opposite in their goodwill each to others, nor never so dishonest in their projectments for each other's confusion, might yet be reconciled into their allegiance towards her. Insomuch that during her whole reign she never endeavoured to reconcile any personal differences in the court, though the unlawful emulations of persons of nearest trust about her were even like to overthrow some of her chiefest designs. A policy seldom entertained by princes, especially if they have issues to survive them.

Among the advantages the Earl had (and he had many that will distinguish him from any man that hath, or is likely to succeed him), I shall rank the nature and the spirit of that time in the first place. For I shall not mention his interest in the Queen's favour till the last, which shall appear greatest by the circumstances that lost it.

'Twas an ingenious uninquisitive time, when all the passions and affections of the people were lapped up in such an innocent and humble obedience that there was never the least contestations nor capitulations with the Queen, nor (though she was frequently consulted with her subjects) any further reasons urged of her actions than her own will.

When there were any grievances they but reverently conveyed them to her notice, and left the time and order of the rest to her princely discretion. Once they were more importunate and formal in pursuing the complaints of the Purveyors for Provision, which without question was a crying and an heavy oppression. The Queen sent them word, they all thought themselves wise enough to reform the misdemeanors of their own families, and wished that they had so good opinion of her as to trust her with her servants, too. I do not find that the secretary who delivered this message received any reproach or check, or that they proceeded any further in their inquisition. In this excellent time the Queen's remarkable grace endeared the Earl to the regard of the people, which he quickly improved to a more tender estimation; neither was this affection of theirs ever an objection against him, till himself took too much notice of it; for the Queen had ever loved her people without the least scruple or jealousy, nor was ever offended if he was the darling of their eyes, till she suspected he inclined to be the darling of their hearts.

In his friendships he was so fortunate that though he contracted with ancient enemies and such as he had undeserved from by some unkindness as grievous and injurious, it is not known that ever he was betrayed in his trust, or had ever his secrets derived unhandsomely to any ears that they were not intended to; and this, if he had not planted himself upon such whose zeal to his service was more remarkable than their other abilities, would have preserved him from so prodigious a fate.

Lastly, he had so strong an harbour in the Queen's breast that notwithstanding those dangerous indiscretions of committing himself in his recreations and shooting-matches to the public view of so many thousand citizens, which usually flocked to see him, and made within the reach of his own ears large acclamations in his praise; notwithstanding his receiving into his troop of attendance and under that shadow bringing into the court divers persons not liked by the Queen, and some that had been in prison for suspicion of treason, as Captain Wainman; and then his glorious feather triumph, when he caused two thousand orange-tawny feathers, in despite of Sir Walter Raleigh, to be worn in the tilt-yard, even before Her Majesty's own face (all which would have found regret in the stomachs of most princes); yet neither these, nor any whispers that were distilled into the Queen's ears (for aught appears) ever lessened him in Her Highness's regard, till he committed such strange mistakes as ever have been prosecuted with most exemplary punishments by the laws themselves; which (though in jealousy of princes, they oft compound treasons out of circumstances and possibilities) yet are as tender of the reputation of great men as in any commonwealth whatsoever.

If towards his period the Queen grew a less merciful interpreter of his failings and successes, 'twas when she believed he grew too familiar and in love with his passions, and had a mind not to be satisfied but upon his conditions, and too insensible of his own errors. And, truly, that would not be unfitly applied to him that was once said of the terrible Mountford Earl of Leicester in the reign of Henry the Third (though nothing be more horrible to me than the peculancy of that wit which, for an unhandsome jest, would accuse him of a purpose to be king — for doubtless in his solemn purposes he was of a firm and unshaken allegiance —), that he had a spirit too great for a subject. For besides that he looked from above, and with a displeasure that had a mixture of scorn more than anger upon such as courted not his protection, his talk was in an high and unusual dialect: he took much delight to discover an hatred, like a contempt, of the King of Spain, and would often mention his person as familiarly as Luther did our Henry the Eighth; and as Foxe begins his Book against the Pope with the first lines of Tully's Oration against Catiline, *Quousque, tandem,* etc. And so he would write in his ordinary letters, and publish in his Apology, " I will teach that proud King to know," etc. Which sounded possibly not so acceptable to the Queen herself who, though she were perfect enough in her dislike to that King, thought that the greatest subject ought not to approach the infirmities or the mention of any king without some reverence. And the Earl in his zeal to the Hollanders (when the great design was to mediate a truce between Spain and them, and almost the whole Council board inclined that way) would not only in the violence of his opposition show a dislike to the insolency and tyranny of the Spaniards, but of the very government of a monarchy.

Then his carriage towards the Queen herself was very strange, and his usual converse upon too bold terms, which proceeded not from any distemper, but his passions (though natural choler be but an unruly excuse for roughness with princes), but 'twas a way of traffic (I know not upon what unlucky success) he had from the beginning fancied, and lasted even to his end. Insomuch as upon his first restraint, which was not many months before his conclusion, he did somewhat neglect the Queen's pardon, because it came not accompanied with a new grant of his lease of the farm of sweet wines which was then near expired; though she intimated to him that she only deferred that grace upon the physicians' maxims, *Corpora impura, quo magis pascas, laeseris.*

Lastly, if ever that uncouth speech fell from him to the Queen which is delivered to us by one that was much conversant then in the secrets of the court, that she was as crooked in her disposition as in her carcass (when haply there was a little unevenness in her shoulders), all my wonder at this destruction is taken from me, and I must needs confess I am nothing satisfied with that loose report which hath crept into our discourse that shortly after his miserable end (which indeed deserved compassion from all hearts), I know not upon what unseasonable delivery of a ring or jewel by some lady of the court, the Queen expressed much reluctancy for his death. I am sure no discovery, no expression, either to his memory, friends, or dependants, can weigh down the indignity of the sermon at Paul's Cross and set out by command, or that Discourse that was so carefully commended abroad of his treasons; which were two of the most pestilent libels against his fame that any age hath seen published against any malefactor, and could not with that deliberation have been contrived and justified by authority, had not there been some sparks of indignation in the Queen that were unquenched, even with his blood.

'Tis time to call myself homewards, to the view of those considerations in which will clearly appear the inequality of the Duke's condition to what hath been said of the Earl. And it may be I have been at my distance too bold an undertaker of these actions which were performed so many years before my cradle.

I shall not much insist on the Duke's morning, being so different from that of the Earl as would discountenance all purposes of bringing them into one circle. He had no satisfaction in his friendships, or pretence in his quality but was his own harbinger at court. For though the herald may walk in as large a field of his pedigree as shall concern any subject, yet that being no in-let to his advancements or occasion of his favour, I shall leave to such as shall have the preferment to write his life. 'Tis true that soon after his approach was found to be acceptable, and that he was like enough to be entertained by him that had most power to bid him welcome, he received pretty conveniences from the respects of some great men, which at most (being as much out of disaffection to others as

tenderness to him), yielded him rather assistance than support; so that indeed he was, if ever any, *Faber fortunæ suæ*. And all such as will not be impudent strangers to the discerning spirit of that King who first cherished him, cannot but impute it to a certain innate wisdom and virtue that was in him, with which he surprised and even fascinated all the faculties of his incomparable master. He was not sooner admitted to stand there in his own right but the eyes of all such as either looked out of judgment, or gazed out of curiosity, were quickly directed towards him, as a man in the delicacy and beauty of his colour, decency and grace of his motion, the most rarely accomplished they had ever beheld; whilst some that found inconveniences in his nearness, intended by some affront to discountenance his effeminacy, till they perceived he had masked under it so terrible a courage as would safely protect all his sweetnesses.

And now he quickly showed the most glorious star that ever shined in any court; insomuch that all nations prosecuted him with love and wonder, as fast as the King with grace; and to his last he never lost any of his lustre.

His swiftness and nimbleness in rising may be with less injury ascribed to a vivacity than any ambition in his nature, since it is certain the King's eagerness to advance him, so surprised his youth that he seemed only to submit his shoulders without resistance to such burdens as His Highness would be pleased to lay on him, and rather to be held up by the violent inclination of the King, than to climb up by any art or industry of his own. Yet once seated, he would not affront that judgment that raised him by an unseasonable diffidence of himself, but endeavoured with an understanding boldness to manage those employments which his modesty would never suffer him to court.

During the reign of his first Minister I cannot but say he enjoyed an indifferent calm in his fortune and favour; for though there were some boisterous interruptions by the clamour of the people, yet shortly again their affections were as violent, and almost as senseless, toward him as ever their accusations were before or after; insomuch as the chief rulers among them performed frequent visits to him when he was somewhat diseased in his health, and out of a zealous care of him, would have begot some jealousy, that his physicians and nearest attendants about him being, perhaps, of the same religion with the King of Spain, had a purpose by poison to revenge some injuries these people had conceived, in the right of that nation.

And here the fortunes of our great personages met, when they were both the favourites of the princes and darlings of the people. But their affections to the Duke were but very short-lived.

And now 'tis seasonable to say somewhat of the disposition and spirit of this time, since the disparity of those we treat of will be in that discerned, and the Earl be found by so much to have the advantage, that

there will be little need of conferring the particulars of their lives. 'Twas a busy, querulous, froward time, so much degenerated from the purity of the former that the people, under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty (which their great impostors scattered among them, like false glasses to multiply their fears), began *Abditos Principis census, et quid occultius parat exquirere,* extended their inquiries even to the Chamber and private actions of the King himself, forgetting that truth of the poet — *Nusquam libertas gratior extat, — quam sub Rege pio* — ; 'twas strange to see how men afflicted themselves to find out calamities and mischiefs, whilst they borrowed the name of some great persons to scandalize the state they lived in. A general disorder throughout the whole body of the commonwealth; nay, the vital part perishing, the laws violated by the judges, religion profaned by the prelates, heresies crept into the Church and countenanced; and yet all this shall be quickly rectified without so much as being beholding to the King, or consulting with the Clergy.

Surely had Petronius now lived, he would have found good cause to say, *Nostra regio tam præsentibus plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire.* For my part, whether the frenzy was nourished in the warm breast of young men (who are commonly too much in love with their own time to think it capable of reformation), or whether it was fomented by riper heads that had miscarried in their propositions of advancement and are violent in the successes of Queen Elizabeth; or whether it was only the revolution of time that had made them unconcerned in the loyal fears that governed sixty years since, I shall not presume to guess; but shall rather wish for the spirit and condition of that time, as he did for wars and commotions: *Quoniam acerbissima Dei flagella sunt, quibus hominum pertinaciam punit, ea perpetua oblivione sepelienda, potius quam memoriæ mandanda esse.*

King James being no sooner dead, but such as had, from his beginning, impertinently endeavoured to supplant him, and found that he was so deeply rooted in his sovereign's acceptance that there should be no shaking him with clamorous objections, found some means to commend over his condition and transcendent power, as they termed it, as a matter of public consequence to the people; and from this instant to his fatal end he stood, as it were, opposed, notwithstanding all the shelter of the sovereign's regard, to all the calumnies and obloquies the impudent malice of the rabble could fling on him; and in all their pretences of reformation, as if their end were only his shame, not amendment, they rather cudgel than reprehend him. Of this wild rage (not within the main purpose of an apology) I shall give one or two instances, insisting on them only as they were mentioned in the indigested noise of the people, not as they were marshalled with other employments, in any public declaration or remonstrance.

There were two errors chiefly laid to his charge, and so eagerly urged that in them he was almost concluded an enemy to the King and country; which certainly in the next age will be conceived marvellous strange objections, the one being a strong argument of his worth, the other a piece of its reward: the first was the plurality of offices, though they were immediately conferred on him by the King, or else such as he was promoted to by His Majesty's own allowance, to acquire to the which there was no condition but His Majesty was a witness if not a surety for the performance; and yet for the execution of them never man studied more to apt himself, nor descended to meaner arts to give general content. And here possibly it concerned his mirth, to see his ambition prosecuted of some, who desired to ease him of this guilt by undertaking his trust.

The other was the preferment of his kindred, upon whom His Majesty (delighting to give all gracious expressions of his affection to the Duke) would, to enliven any branch that grew from the same stock, confer both honour and living. And this surely had so little signification of offence in the Duke's conscience, that he thought he should have sinned against the law of nature and a generous disposition, that it would have been an eternal brand to his name and memory if, being so seized of this great King's favour, he had no regard but for his own advancement.

And 'tis not improbable that his noble care of his family confirmed him in the estimation of his master, who knew that all fountains ought to bestow themselves upon their neighbour brooks, and could have hoped for little effects from his service whose care was only directed for himself.

Now, whether the importunate clamour upon these two faults (whereof he found no regret, but comfort in himself) made him so to esteem of the popular discretion and honesty, or whether he esteemed it the same ignominy to have his allegiance exalted with blasphemy, as (for attending the Prince out of Spain) he was called our Redeemer, or to have his misfortunes mistaken into disloyalty when his enterprises succeeded not according to the impossible expectation of the people, certain it is that all his later time he wholly neglected all compliance with them. 'Tis not unlikely he might wonder that in all the scrutinous inquiry for reformation, there was never the least blemish of dislike towards any great man but such as were in the immediate regard and estimation of the King; as if all misdemeanors had been committed within the verge of His Majesty's own chamber.

I shall not confer any of these particulars with the Earl. When the noise of the people had disquieted him into action from court, which was his orb, though he could not put off the place, or rather the title of command, he committed himself a most willing pupil to the discretions of such as were generally thought fit to manage affairs of that nature. And here it cannot be denied but as he was a vigilant and observant student in the

contemplative part, so he improved the courage of the whole army by his example.

And surely there is no cause to doubt he would in short time have made so glorious a progress in his profession (however he seemed shaped for easier skirmishes) as the world should have seen that promptness and alacrity in his nature that could happily have travelled in any path he could direct it, had he not been cut off by that execrable treason as makes all good men tremble and posterity shall start at it; and had he not been marvellously secured in the tranquillity of his soul from any of that guilt the rabble had conferred on him, it had been no hard matter to have fortified himself against the knife of a villain, though it were sharpened in the lewdest forge of revenge the great patron of murder has countenanced since the spilling of the first blood. But he that was unsafe only in the greatness of his own spirit, could not be persuaded to wear any privy-coat, but (which he never put off) of a good conscience. And the same Providence that conveyed him into grace, with so different marks from other men, would not suffer him to fall but by such a fate as may determine all the monarchies of the world; and which had been seldom acted but upon the most eminent and honourable persons of their times.

And here again he may be said to meet with the Earl, and they both died by the people, though by very different affections, which continued so prosperous as justice upon the one (for justice is the execution of the law) was interpreted a conspiracy; and treason upon the other, conceived religion; and yet one had the royal sacrifice of his sovereign sorrow, which the other wanted.

In contriving and contracting his friendships he was provident and circumspect enough, as may appear by those marriages in which he linked his house, and in the observation of them he was so severe and real as he wanted some of that which is usually the poison of noble minds, suspicion; looking no further into the affections of those he chose than the testimony of their own hearts, though this confidence sometimes was like to prove dangerous to him. And here the Earl had the day too, for his friends were screens between him and envy, and his own infirmities taken from him and imposed on them; when the Duke was so far from that ease, or being discharged of the burthen that belonged to them, that he was traduced with all the mistakes of all his friends, kindred, and dependants, as if he were the mischievous agent, they only improvident and surprised instruments.

'Tis true, they were neither of them much skilled in the paradox of charity, loving their enemies, and yet the Duke's easiness to reconcilement and too soon forgetting the circumstances of grudges, betrayed him often to the injuries of such as had not the same spirits.

Concerning the parts and endowments of his mind, if the consideration

of learning extend itself not further than drudgery in books, the Duke's employments forbid to suspect him for any great scholar; but if a nimble and fluent expression, and delivery of his mind (and his discourse was of all subjects) in a natural and proper dialect be considered, he was well lettered. But if he had that eloquence of nature, or art, I am sure he wanted that other accident (which the best judge attributed to the Earl as an eloquence that passed the other two), the pity and benevolence of his hearers; insomuch that his words and speeches were never entertained with that candour or common charity of interpretation as civilly belongs to all delinquents. Witness that speech in the fullness of his joy he let fall to His Majesty in the behalf of his people, which was immediately perverted and carped at, as an aggravation of his other imaginary and fantastic offences.

He was besides not only of an eminent affection to learning in conferring dignities and rewards upon the most learned men; either of which is seldom without judgment; and he was the governor in a province of learning which was an argument he confuted the people by, when he suffered himself to be chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, even at the time when they had concluded his destruction as a man odious to all subjects.

In his liberalities and rewards of those he fancied, he was so cheerfully magnificent and so much at the mercy of his dependants, that if they proved improvident or immodest in their suits, the inconveniency and mischief was surely his; insomuch as he seemed wholly possessed from himself, and to be only great for their use; and he had then so happy a bravery in deriving of his favours, and conferred them with so many noble circumstances, as the manner was as obliging as the matter, and men's understandings oft-times as much puzzled as their gratitude.

If the Earl sided him here, his bounty fell upon more unthrifty men, for there are many families owe their large possessions only to the openness of the Duke's hand, though much be lost too in the ingratitudes of the receivers.

But that which shined with most lustre in him, and which indeed showed in his nature much above its proportion in other men, was an admirable affability and gentleness to all men. And this was the pomp and glory of all his titles, insomuch as though his memory were a place so taken up with high thoughts and unlikely to have any room for matters of so small importance. He was ever known to entertain his younger acquaintance with that familiarity as if they had been stairs by which he ascended to his greatness.

He had, besides, such a tenderness and compassion in his nature that such as think the laws dead if they are not severely executed, censured him for being too merciful; but his charity was grounded upon a wiser maxim of state: *Non minus turpe Principe multa supplicia; quam medico*

multa funera. And he believed, doubtless, that hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

And now, methinks, to believe a man dressed in all these real ornaments of honour could be an enemy to the public or to his country, is as ingenuous as to believe a man of a solemn friendliness to ten thousand men, and of a resolved hatred to mankind.

Of all imputations, that was the most unskilful which accused him of a purpose and design to enrich himself. Certainly that was never in his views, and possibly the auditors of his revenues do not find his estate so much increased from the time of his first master, though he enjoyed a glorious harvest of almost four years which, if it had been brought in to his own use, could not but have made an envious addition. Since then, till their evenings, these two great persons can hardly meet: let not the violence of their deaths reconcile them, since the same consideration might as well unite the great King of France and the Marshal Biron, and many others of more different conditions.

He that shall continue this argument farther, may haply begin his parallel after their deaths, and not unfitly. He may say that they were both as mighty in obligations as ever any subjects, and both their memories and families as unrecompensed by such as they had raised. He may tell you of the clients that burnt the pictures of the one, and defaced the arms of the other, lest they might be too long suspected for their dependants, and find disadvantage by being honest to their memories. He may tell you of some that grew strangers to their houses lest they might find the tracks of their own footsteps that might upbraid them with their former attendance. He may say that both their memories shall have a reverend savour with all posterity and all nations. He may tell you many more particulars, which I dare not do.

CATHERINE DE VIVONNE, MARQUISE DE RAMBOUILLET

(1588–1665)

By GÉDÉON TALLEMENT SIEUR DES RÉAUX[1] (1619–1692)

MME. DE RAMBOUILLET, as I have written elsewhere, is a daughter of the late Marquis de Pisani, and a lady named Savelli, widow of one of the Ursins. Her mother was an accomplished woman, who carefully taught her the Italian language, that she might be as familiar with that as she was with French. She was highly esteemed at court, and when the Queen-Mother landed at Marseilles, she was sent there with Mme. de Guise, directress of the Queen's household. Before the present Mme. de Rambouillet reached the age of twelve, her mother married her (with ten thousand crowns' income) to the Vidame of Le Mans.

Mme. de Rambouillet tells me that she regarded her husband, who was twice her age, as a mature man, and herself as a mere child. This attitude of mind she always preserved, and consequently she respected him the more deeply. Except for the matter of the lawsuits, no man ever behaved more considerately toward his wife. She told me that he was always in love with her, and that for her part she had never known an abler man. But as a matter of fact, he deserves no particular credit for treating his wife well, since she was invariably reasonable. Yet she maintains that had she remained single until she was twenty, and had not been obliged to marry, she would have continued single; and I believe this to be true, when I consider that after she had reached twenty she had no further desire to attend the court assemblies at the Louvre — which was a curious thing for a woman of rank who was both young and beautiful. She told me that she took delight only in watching the people there, and that on occasion she would station herself in a side room and observe all the

[1] Translated from the *Historiettes*, by Barrett H. Clark.
Though written in the 17th Century, the *Historiettes* of Tallement were not published until 1836.

confusion that reigns at such occasions in this country. It was not so much that she disliked amusement, but that she preferred to be amused in private.

She had always a taste for beautiful things, and at one time she intended to learn Latin, simply in order to read Vergil, but was prevented from so doing by an illness. Since that time she never again made the attempt, but learned Spanish instead.

She is highly gifted in many fields of activity. It was she who designed the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which originally belonged to her father. Dissatisfied with all the plans that had been made (this was in the days of the Marshal d'Ancre, when we knew nothing about building, and constructed in our small and irregular houses nothing save a hall on one side, a room opposite, and a staircase in the middle), she exclaimed one evening after giving the matter long consideration:

"Quick! Some paper! I've discovered a way of doing what I want." And at once she drew a plan. She knew how to draw, and when once she had seen a house she could design a plan of it with little trouble. It was for this reason that she carried on a controversy with Voiture, because he never remembered anything of the fine buildings he had seen. This was the occasion of the clever banter he addressed to her on the subject of the Valentino castle.

Mme. de Rambouillet's plan was carried out to the last detail, and it was from her that people learned how to put their staircases at the side, in order to permit of a long series of rooms, to make the walls higher, and to have higher and wider windows, facing each other. When the Queen-Mother planned the Luxembourg Palace she sent her architects to the Hôtel de Rambouillet. This was very much worth their while. It was she, too, who first had the idea of painting rooms other than a red or light brown; hence her principal salon was commonly called the Blue Room.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet was, in a manner of speaking, a theatre for every manner of pleasure, the meeting-place of all that was most brilliant at court, and most civilized among the gifted spirits of the time.

Though the Cardinal de Richelieu was under the greatest imaginable obligation to the Cardinal de La Valette, he was most desirous of knowing what he thought — as he so well knew of what others thought. One day, during the absence of Mme. de Rambouillet in Spain, he sent Père Joseph to Mme. de Rambouillet's house, who with every show of innocence induced her to speak of this embassy, and after telling her that her husband having been sent upon a most important negotiation, the Cardinal de Richelieu was in a position to do him a great favour, yet it was necessary that Mme. de Rambouillet should herself perform a service in return, a small favour for His Eminence. He stated that a Prime Minister could not take too many precautions; in a word, the Cardinal desired through

her to give information regarding the intrigues of the Princess and the Cardinal de La Valette.

" Father," she answered, " I do not believe that Madame la Princesse and the Cardinal have any intrigues, but if it were indeed so, I would not be the one to act as a spy in the matter." Père Joseph had gone about this without tact, for the lady was of all people the least self-seeking.

She has declared that the greatest pleasure of all is to send money to others without their knowing where it comes from. She exceeds those who maintain that giving is a king's pleasure; she declares it to be the pleasure of God.

When she told me this little anecdote, she added she was the most honourable of living beings — that she was less able to tolerate members of the clergy as gallants than she could other men. " That is one reason," said she, " why I am content not to have remained in Rome, for while I was pretty sure of doing nothing wrong, I could not be so sure that evil would not be spoken of me. It seems that if scandal had been circulated, my name would have been linked with that of some cardinal."

There was never a better friend than Mme. de Rambouillet. M. d'Andelly, who prided himself on being thought a specialist in teaching friendship, said to her one day that he wished to give her detailed instructions in the art. His lessons were exceedingly prolix, so at a single stroke, in order to make an end of it all, she said to him, " Far from failing to do all in my power for my friends, if I knew there was a deserving man in the Indies I would, though he were quite unknown to me, seek to do everything possible for his advantage." " Ah," cried d'Andelly, " You know that much? Then I have nothing further to teach you."

Mme. de Rambouillet has to this day continued to find amusement in everything. It was always one of her greatest pleasures to be surprising people. Once she did something to M. de Lisieux which he hardly expected. He had gone to see her at Rambouillet where, at the foot of the château, there is a wide meadow, in the middle of which — a freak of nature — rises a circle of rough stones; among these are several tall trees that cast an agreeable shade. Local tradition has it that here Rabelais used to amuse himself: Cardinal du Bellay (a friend of his) and the Rambouillets, who were closely related, were in the habit of spending a good deal of time at the place. There is indeed one hollow rock blackened with smoke which still goes by the name of Rabelais' Pan. The Marquise suggest that M. de Lisieux take a walk in the meadow. When he had come near enough to the rocks to see the foliage clearly, he perceived something shining between the boughs here and there. On coming nearer he thought he saw women dressed like nymphs. At first the Marquise behaved as though she had herself seen nothing of this, but at last, when they had come directly up to the rocks, they saw Mlle. de Rambouillet and all the young ladies of the château clad, as a matter of fact, like nymphs; seated

on the rocks, they formed the prettiest sight that can be imagined. The worthy man was so transported that he never since, on seeing the Marquise, failed to enquire about the rocks of Rambouillet.

If she had been able to afford it, she would assuredly have offered more costly entertainments. I have heard her say that it would have given her pleasure to build a beautiful house at the far end of the park at Rambouillet, so well concealed that not even her friends would suspect its existence. The thing would not indeed have been so very difficult, since the site is somewhat out of the way, and the park one of the most extensive in France, a musket-shot's distance away from the château, an old-fashioned building. She would then have invited her best friends to Rambouillet, and the day after their arrival, when wandering through the park, suggest that they all go to see a fair house which one of her neighbours had had built some time since. " I would then," she said, " after taking them by many circuitous paths conduct them to my new house — which would be shown them without any of my family or servants being seen; only those who were perfect strangers. At last I would have asked them to remain in this charming abode, the owner of which was a friend who would not object to my thus making free with it." " Imagine," she added, " their astonishment on learning that my secret had been kept solely in order to give them a pleasant surprise."

On one occasion she very amusingly caught the Comte de Guiche (now Marshal de Gramont) in a trap. He was still quite young when he first began to visit the Hôtel de Rambouillet. On taking leave of the Marquise one evening, M. de Chaudebonne, her closest friend and also on friendly terms with de Guiche, remarked to him: " Do not go, Count. Have supper here." " Good Heavens, you must be joking! ", exclaimed the Marquise. " Would you starve him? " " It is Madame who is joking," said Chaudebonne. " Please remain." And he did remain.

Whereupon Mlle. Paulet (all had been planned out beforehand) came in with Mlle. de Rambouillet, and supper was served. But on the table nothing was set save what the Count did not care for: during the conversation beforehand they had made him state his culinary aversions; among these were milk soup and large turkey-cock. Mlle. Paulet performed her rôle in this affair to perfection. " M. le Comte," said she, " this milk soup is the finest that ever was; you are not pleased with it? — And Good Heavens, that turkey-cock, 'tis as tender as a woodcock! But I see you are not tasting that bit of white meat I served! You should have some of these tender bits from the backbone." She bent all her energies upon serving him, while he was equally assiduous in thanking her. But he was overcome with embarrassment, and wondered over so poor a supper, crumbling bread with his fingers.

But finally, after everyone had been sufficiently diverted, Mme. de Rambouillet said to her steward: " Bring other things: M. le Comte finds

nothing to his taste." Thereupon a magnificent supper was served up, not without great merry-making.

Still another prank was played on the Count at Rambouillet. The company had partaken of a large quantity of mushrooms one evening. They persuaded the Count's valet to get possession of all the doublets belonging to him that he had brought there. They took these and sewed them in places, making them much smaller. Next morning Chaudebonne called on him as he was dressing, and as the Count began to put on his doublet, he found it at least four inches too small.

" This doublet is very small," he said to his valet. " Let me have the one I wore yesterday." But that was no larger than the first.

" Let me try them all on." But they were all too small.

" What is amiss? " he asked. " What? I'm swollen up? Did I eat too many mushrooms? "

" That may be," answered Chaudebonne. " You ate a bellyful last night." When the others came in they all said the same thing. How strong is the imagination! Though the Count's colour was as healthy as it was the evening before, he yet thought he perceived signs of fever.

At that moment the bell rang announcing Mass — it was Sunday — and the Count had time only to slip on a dressing-gown. After Mass, he was much worried over his swelling, and said with a nervous laugh, " This would indeed be a fine death — eating mushrooms at the age of twenty-one! "

The joke, apparently, was going too far, and Chaudebonne suggested an antidote which he had just called to mind. He wrote it out and handed it to the Count.

" Take a pair of scissors and cut the stitches out of your doublets,"

it ran.

Somewhat later Mlle. de Rambouillet and M. de Chaudebonne did, as a matter of fact, eat poisonous mushrooms, and heaven knows what would have happened if Mlle. de Rambouillet had not found by chance some theriac in a cupboard. This looked like a sort of revenge for the trick played on the Comte de Guiche.

Mme. de Rambouillet has six children in all: Mme. de Montausier, the eldest; Mme. d'Hyères; M. de Pisani. Then there was a fine boy who died of the plague at the age of eight. His nurse had gone to visit someone who was suffering from that disease, and on returning was so stupid as to kiss the child; both she and the boy died. Then there were Mme. de Saint-Etienne and Mme. de Pisani. All the daughters are now in religious orders, except the first, and the last, who is Mlle. de Rambouillet.

When he was born, M. de Pisani was fair, light-complexioned, and straight of limb, but in infancy he suffered an injury to the spine no one

knows how. He grew up so deformed that it is impossible to fit an armour breastplate on him. This deformity affected even his features; and he was very short, though both his parents and all his brothers and sisters are tall. They were once called the Fir-trees of Rambouillet; the brothers were tall, but none of them was the least bit stout. M. de Pisani, as though to compensate for his physical shortcomings, was well endowed with mental agility and courage. He never shone particularly in his studies, because he was afraid he might be made to enter the church, nor had he done much reading, even in his own language. But he began to be interested in reading when eight of Cicero's orations were translated by M. d'Ablancourt and M. Patru, which he liked and read frequently. He was an exceptional adept in reasoning; it seemed as though all of logic resided in his brain. He was also a quick wit, and therefore often more welcome than men with the shapeliest figures. He was exceedingly fond of gambling and women. He once, when in need of money, convinced his parents — who had spent but one night at Rambouillet in twenty-eight years — that there was some dead wood in the park that ought to be cleared out. Securing their permission, he ordered some six hundred bundles of the finest wood cut down, and sold it.

He often argued with M. le Prince, and once said to him, " Make me a royal prince in your stead, and have everything in your favour; I should always have the better of you." He invariably accompanied the Prince to war, though he was a sorry-looking fellow on horseback. People used to call him M. le Prince's pack camel. He met his death at the Battle of Nördlingen, being at the time with Marshal Gramont's flank, when it was broken. The Chevalier de Gramont shouted to him: " This way, Pisani! This is safer! " But it seemed he had no wish to fly in such bad company, for Gramont had a poor reputation for courage. Making off in another direction, he met some Croatians, who killed him.

Let me tell one pleasant story about him. Mme. de Rambouillet, who is a sensitive soul, was in the habit of saying that nothing was so ridiculous as a man in bed, and that a night-cap was a very foolish thing. Mme. de Montausier's aversion to night-caps was even greater; but Mlle. d'Arquenay (who is now the Abbess of St. Etienne in Reims), hated them even more. One day her brother requested her to come to his rooms. The moment she arrived, five or six men suddenly rushed in from another room, all of them wearing night-caps. They had white coiffes; if they had been wanting, the lady would surely have died of terror. She screamed and turned to go. Her brother cried out to her: " Good heavens, sister, you do not think I would summon you here for nothing? I beg you to sit down and eat with me." Thereupon she was forced to sit at table with him, and be served by men in night-caps.

Ever after — until he was so seriously wounded at Montansais in 1652 — the Marquis de Montausier, who knew of Mlle. d'Arquenay's aversion

for night-caps, never used one when sleeping with his wife, though she asked him to do so. This is the origin of the saying that real *Précieuses* dread night-caps.

M. de Pisani and Voiture were good friends. Once, when it was excessively cold, M. de Pisani remarked, " To think I have only one shirt! " " But how do you manage? ", asked the person he had addressed. " How do I manage! I simply shiver."

One day a healthy-looking beggar came to one of the entrances of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. He asked Mme. de Rambouillet for money, and she said to M. de Pisani: " You ought to give this poor wretch something."

" I should think not," he said. " Rather borrow from him. I hear he has over a thousand crowns."

Returning again to Mme. de Rambouillet's predilection for surprising people, she had had a spacious room built with three high windows facing in three directions, one toward the garden of the Quinze-Vingts hospital for the blind, one toward the Hôtel de Chevreuse, and one toward the garden of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. She had had this room built, painted, and furnished without it being even noticed by any one of the numerous persons who were always at her home. It was necessary for the labourers to go over to the other side of the wall separating her house from the one next it, and work from that side, since the new room juts out into the hospital garden. There was only one person — M. Arnould — who was curious enough to climb the ladder he saw standing against the wall. But when he had got only as far as the second rung, he was called elsewhere, and never again gave the matter a second thought.

There was a great meeting one evening at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and suddenly a noise was heard from the other side of the tapestries. A door then opened, and Mlle. de Rambouillet (she who is now Mme. de Montausier) appeared, clad in a magnificent dress, standing in a spacious and imposing room, beautifully illuminated. The surprise of the entire company may well be imagined, since everyone thought that nothing existed beyond the tapestries but the Quinze-Vingts garden. But now they beheld a beautiful, well decorated, spacious room. It seemed to have been transported there by magic.

Not long after, M. Chapelain brought in secret a piece of parchment and affixed it to the door of the new room. On the parchment he had written the ode in which Zyrphée, Queen of Angennes, states that she had made this bower to protect Arthenice from the relentless years. (As I shall tell, Mme. de Rambouillet suffered many ills.) Now, is it credible that a gentleman (a descendant, indeed, of Godefroy de Bouillon) who, respecting neither Zyrphée nor the great Arthenice, would rob this room, called Zyrphée's Bower, of one of its chief ornaments? M. de Chevreuse conceived the idea of building a sort of closet, which closed up the garden window. When blamed for this, he replied, " True, M. de Rambouillet

is a good neighbour, to whom I am indebted for my life. But where am I to put my clothes? " And he already had forty rooms!

After M. de Rambouillet's death, Mme. de Montausier turned her father's room into a pleasant and charming apartment. She wished to dedicate it on its completion, and gave a dinner there to her mother. Mlle. de Rambouillet, Mme. de Saint-Etienne (then in holy orders) and herself, served the meal, not one man, even M. de Montausier, being present. Mme. de Rambouillet also arranged her apartment, which was neither less charming nor expertly planned.

I remember that mother and daughter used to be told — in regard to the many alcoves and chapels here and there — that something was every year taken from the Hôtel de Chevreuse in order to avenge the insult done to Zyrphée.

I must now speak of Mme. de Rambouillet's infirmities. There is one in particular that ought to be described at length. Those who do not look closely believe it to be quite imaginary.

When she was perhaps thirty-five years old, she perceived that when she approached fire her blood became strangely heated, and caused weakness. But she liked to be warm, and did not therefore avoid coming near to fires; indeed, when the cold weather came, she would try once again whether fire had the same effect upon her as before. But she discovered that the effect was even worse. Then she tried the experiment again the following winter, and found it impossible even to approach the fire. A few years after that, even the warmth of the sun affected her, yet she would not avoid the sunlight, for no one took greater pleasure in promenading about the rural part of Paris. Yet she was forced to give up these pleasures — at least while the sun was shining; for on one occasion, when she set out for Saint-Cloud, she had no more than reached the Cours when she fainted. The blood could be actually seen seething in her veins, since she has a most delicate skin.

This strange disease became worse with the years. Once, when a stove had been inadvertently left under her bed, I saw her come down with erysipelas. Consequently, she is now forced to remain in the house almost constantly, and never seek the warmth outside. It was from necessity that she took over from the Spaniards the idea of the alcove, which is so stylish nowadays in Paris. When others are present they go into the ante-room in order to warm themselves. When the weather is very cold she sits up in bed with her legs wrapped in a bearskin sack, and says good-humouredly that she becomes deaf on St. Martin's Day and recovers at Easter. This on account of the elaborate head-gear which she must wear in wintertime.

During the long cold spells of the last winter she risked lighting a little fire in a small fire-place in one of her little alcoves. A large screen was set some distance off, and the heat was very moderate. But before long the

heat produced its usual effect upon her. This last summer she imagined she would die of the heat, though as a matter of fact, her house was quite cool.

When she last visited Rambouillet she composed prayers before the barricade, which are exceedingly well-written. She had given them to M. Conrart, for copying by Jarry, whose manuscript is in imitation of printed type; this is said to be the very finest writing imaginable. They were copied on parchment, and handsomely bound, and returned to the author. Jarry was rather simple-minded in this connexion. "If you please, Monsieur," he said, "allow me to keep some of these prayers: in the Books of Hours I copy there are occasionally some so stupid that I blush to transcribe them."

While at Rambouillet on this occasion the Marquise developed a charming idea in her park, keeping it quite secret from those whom it was intended to surprise. Like the others, I too was deceived. The house steward, Chavaroche, who used to be the Marquis de Pisani's tutor, was commissioned to show the thing to me. He led me, by a circuitous way, to a point where I heard a loud roar, like a waterfall. It was always asserted that there was no running water at Rambouillet, so that my surprise can be easily conceived when I saw before me a cascade, a jet and a pond, and besides these, a large open expanse of water all churned up. Beyond that rose a high jet, and then still another broad expanse that carried off all the water into the meadow land, where it disappeared from view. All this was shaded by the loveliest imaginable trees. The water had been brought from a large pond in the park, which was on a higher level. This Mme. de Rambouillet had brought down by pipes which appeared above the ground where the cascade suddenly seems to emerge from between the boughs of an oak-tree. Behind this, the trees were so cleverly arranged that it was not possible to see the pipe. The Marquise had directed the work to be done well and quickly, that M. de Montausier might be taken totally unawares when he arrived. The evening he came — it was at night — it was necessary to hang lanterns on the trees and set torches about, in order that the working-men might see what they were doing. Besides deriving pleasure from the splendid effects of such lighting among the leaves and the reflections in the pools of the great square pond, she was at the height of joy over the astonishment of the Marquis the following day, when he received so many various pleasurable surprises.

Mme. de Rambouillet always claimed — excessively, I think — to be able to prophesy. She told me of several instances where her prophecies have come to pass. When the late King was at the point of death, persons would declare, "The king will die tomorrow." But she had said, "No, he will not die until Ascension. I prophesied this a month ago." And on the morning of Ascension Day the King was a little better, but she declared he would die before the day was over. He did actually breathe his last on that day.

She likewise accurately foretold that Mme. la Princesse would be brought to bed on Lady Day.

She detested the King; whatever he did was distasteful to her, as though it were precisely what should not have been done. Mlle. de Rambouillet used to say, "I much fear my mother's dislike for the King will prove fatal to her."

One day in the country, as she was looking out of the window, she declared that a certain man who was riding by on horseback was an apothecary. She sent to inquire, and learned that she was right.

The Marquise is rather too inclined to compliment persons about whom it is not worth while to bother. Yet this is a rare fault nowadays, when politeness has well-nigh disappeared. She is perhaps a trifle too fastidious in her tastes: occasionally a word — in a satire or an epigram — will, she declares, arouse distasteful ideas in her. There are some expressions which no one would have the temerity to utter in her presence. This, I believe, is going to extremes, particularly in an age of freedom. In general, she and her husband are rather too ceremonious.

She is still most pleasing in appearance, though her head trembles slightly, the result of an overdose of ambergris. She has a good complexion, and some stupid persons declare it is because of this that she would never come near a fire — as though there were no such things as screens! She declared once that what she most wished for her bodily comfort, was to be able to warm herself as much as she liked.

Last winter she went to the country, the weather being moderate; yet this was exceptional, and she was only half a league away from Paris. A disease she contracted there turned her lips a disagreeable colour. She has used rouge since then. I wish she had not done so.

Her mind is as fresh and her memory as clear as though she were only thirty years old.

What is finest and best in this book, both what I have written and shall write, I have gotten from her.

She reads constantly, and with no evil effects. Reading is her chief diversion. She is somewhat too ready to believe (putting it mildly) that the Savelli family is the very finest family in the world.

JEAN-BAPTISTE POQUELIN MOLIÈRE

1622–1673

By François Arouet Voltaire [1] (1694–1778)

The predilection of many readers for the frivolous, and the desire to make up a volume out of what should fill only a few pages, are the reasons why the biographies of celebrated men are nearly always ruined by the inclusion of useless details and popular fairy tales as false as they are insipid. This is precisely what happened with the edition of Racine's plays published at Paris in 1728. It will be the writer's task to avoid that pitfall in this short account of the life of Molière: nothing will be said of him personally except what is believed to be true and deserving of repetition, while nothing will be said of his works which is contrary to the notions of the cultured public.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was born in Paris in 1620 [1622] in a house that is still standing, beneath the colonnades of the *Halles*. His father, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, a *Valet de chambre tapissier* in the King's service, and his mother Anne Boutet, gave him an education that conformed, of necessity, too closely to their position in life, which the boy was intended to accept. Up to the age of fourteen he remained in their shop, having learned there nothing beyond his trade except to read and write a little. His parents secured for him the privilege of their Court appointment under the King. But his genius was already leading him elsewhere. It has been remarked that nearly all those who have made a name for themselves in the fine arts have cultivated them in spite of their parents, and that nature has always proved herself stronger than formal education.

Poquelin had a grandfather who loved the theater, and was in the habit of taking the lad occasionally to the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. At a very early age the young man conceived an unconquerable aversion to his trade. His taste for study developed; he brought pressure to bear upon his grandfather to have him sent to school, and ultimately secured the consent of his father, who put him in a boarding-school under the direction of the Jesuits. He took this step with all the reluctance of a bourgeois who thought that learning would ruin his son's chances of success as a tradesman.

[1] Translated from the French, *La Vie de Molière* (Paris, 1739), especially for this collection, by Barrett H. Clark.

At school the young Poquelin succeeded as brilliantly as might have been expected from his ardent desire to be sent there. He studied for five years, following courses with Armand de Bourbon, first Prince de Conti, who was subsequently to become a patron of literature and of Molière.

There were at that time in the *Collège* two youths who have since acquired a reputation in the world: Chapelle and Bernier, the latter known for his *Travels in the Indies*, the other celebrated for his graceful and natural verse, which has done him the more honor since he did not seek fame as a poet.

L'Huillier, a man of independent fortune, went to considerable pains to see to the education of Chapelle, his natural son; and in order to furnish him with an object of emulation, had him study with young Bernier, whose parents were in straitened circumstances. Instead of giving his illegitimate son the first preceptor who happened to be there (as so many fathers are used to do even with the legitimate sons who are to bear their names), he engaged the services of the celebrated Gassendi.

Gassendi, who had soon perceived the genius of Poquelin, brought him together with Chapelle and Bernier in their studies. Never was there a more illustrious master with worthier disciples. He taught them the philosophy of Epicurus which, though it be as false as the other philosophies, at least had the virtue of possessing more method and being more reasonable than that of the school, and none of its barbarity.

Poquelin studied continuously under Gassendi and on leaving the *Collège* received from this philosopher the principles of a morality more useful than his Physics. During the entire course of his life he rarely departed from the principles that had been given him.

His father becoming infirm and unable longer to take his place at Court, the young man was forced to fulfil his duties for him in the King's service. He returned with Louis XIII to Paris, and there his passion for the theater, which had in the first place induced him to study, was quickly revived.

The theater was at that time beginning to flourish. Dramatic literature, so despised when it is mediocre, contributes to the glory of a state in its perfected form. Before 1625 there was no permanent troupe of actors in Paris. Only a few low mummers wandered, as in Italy, from city to city, playing the plays of Hardy, Montcrestien, or of Balthazar Baro, who was subsequently made a member of the French Academy. These authors sold their works outright to the troupes at ten crowns each.

Pierre Corneille brought the theater out of this low and barbarous state toward the year 1630. His first comedies, as good for his day as they are poor for our own, resulted in the establishment of a permanent troupe of actors in Paris. Shortly after that time Cardinal Richelieu's fondness for plays rendered the theater fashionable. There were then more private companies acting plays than there are today.

Poquelin, in association with certain gifted young persons with a talent for declamation, played in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and in the Saint-Paul Quarter. Before long this troupe eclipsed all the others, and went under the name of the *Illustre-Théâtre*. We learn from a printed tragedy of that time, entitled *Artaxerce*, by one Magnon, published in 1645, that it was acted on the stage of the *Illustre-Théâtre*.

It was during his association with this theater that Poquelin, realising his talent, determined to dedicate himself entirely to its development, to become at once an actor and an author, and to secure from his talents both profit and glory.

We know that among the Athenians the poets often acted in their own plays, and that they were not thereby dishonoured for having spoken beautifully before their fellow-citizens. Poquelin was rather encouraged by this idea than restrained by the prejudices of his day. He took the name of Molière, and in so doing he did no more than follow the example of the Italian actors and those of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. One whose family name was Le Grand, called himself Belleville when playing tragedy, and Turlupin when playing farce. (Hence the word *Turlupinage*.) Hugues Guéret was known in serious plays under the name of Fléchelles, while in farce he invariably played a certain rôle under the name of Gautier-Garguille.

Similarly, Harlequin and Scaramouche were known only by these theater names. There had already been an actor called Molière, who was author of a tragedy, *Polixène*.

The new Molière was unknown to fame during the entire time of the Civil Wars in France. These years he devoted to cultivating his talents and preparing plays. He had made a collection of Italian dramatic sketches which he developed into little comedies for performance before provincial audiences. These first very immature efforts belonged rather to the crude Italian theater from which he had taken them, than to that new theater which his genius was to bring to its culmination. Genius expands or languishes according to the circumstances that surround it. For the provinces he wrote *Le Docteur amoureux*, *Les Trois Docteurs rivaux*, and *Le Maître d'école*, of which there remain only the titles. Those interested in such matters have preserved for us two of Molière's plays written in the early style: *Le Médecin volant* and *La Jalousie du Barbouillé*. These are in prose, and entirely written out in dialogue. A few speeches and incidents of the first have been incorporated into *Le Médecin malgré lui*, while *La Jalousie du Barbouillé* is found, in a far more developed form, in the third act of *George Dandin*.

The first regular five-act play he wrote was *L'Etourdi*, a comedy which he first produced at Lyon in 1658. There was in that city then a company of provincial actors, which disbanded the moment Molière's troupe arrived.

Some of the actors of this company joined Molière. The latter's com-

pany left Lyon for the Languedoc region, with a relatively well-balanced company, composed principally of two brothers of the name of Gros-René; Duparc; a pastry-cook from the Rue St. Honoré; and the ladies Duparc, Béjart, and de Brie.

The Prince de Conti, who governed the districts of Languedoc at Béziers, remembered Molière from his college days, and extended to him his especial protection. It was before him that Molière produced *L'Etourdi*, *Le Dépit amoureux*, and *Les Précieuses ridicules*.

This last little play, written in the provinces, bears sufficient testimony to the fact that its author aimed his shafts at no other ridiculous pretensions than those of the provincial ladies. He subsequently discovered, however, that it might likewise serve to criticise the follies of court and town.

Molière was at this time thirty-four years of age, the same age at which Corneille wrote *Le Cid*. It is very difficult for any writer to succeed at an earlier age in the dramatic form, which requires an extensive knowledge of the world and the human heart.

It is sometimes averred that the Prince de Conti desired to make Molière his secretary, but that, happily for the glory of the French Theater, Molière had the courage to prefer the development of his talent to a position of honor. If this is true, it does equal honor to the Prince and to the actor. After having played in the provinces for some time — appearing at Grenoble, at Lyon, and at Rouen — he finally arrived at Paris, in 1658. The Prince de Conti introduced him to Monsieur, only brother of Louis XIV, and Monsieur presented him to the King and the Queen-Mother. The same year his troupe presented before their Majesties the tragedy of *Nicomède*, on a stage erected by order of the King in the *Salle des Gardes* of the old Louvre.

A regular company of actors had for some time been established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. The members of this company were present at the first performance of the new troupe. After the close of *Nicomède* Molière appeared on the stage and, taking the liberty of addressing the King, thanked His Majesty for his indulgence, and tactfully praised the actors of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, whose jealousy he had sufficient reason to fear. He concluded his remarks by asking leave to present a little play in one act which he had shown in the provinces.

The fashion of playing these little farces after the long plays had gone out at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. But the King accepted Molière's offer, and the troupe immediately played *Le Docteur amoureux*. Ever since that day the custom has survived of giving one-act or three-act plays at the conclusion of the usual five-act dramas.

Molière's troupe was now permitted to establish itself in Paris. They therefore remained, and shared with the Italian Actors (who had been in possession for some years) the *Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon*. Molière's company played on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, while the Italians

played on the other days. The *Hôtel de Bourgogne* troupe played only three times a week, except when they had new pieces to offer.

Molière's company was known as the *Troupe of Monsieur*, who was its protector. Two years later, in 1660, Monsieur allowed them to use the Great Room of the Palais-Royal. The Cardinal de Richelieu had had this built for the production of the tragedy *Mirame*, to which the Minister had himself contributed more than five hundred lines. This Room was as ill-constructed as the play for which it was built. I am forced to remark here that even to this day we have no proper theater buildings. Our theaters are relics of Gothic barbarism, with which the Italians are quite right in reproaching us. We have good plays in France, but the Italians have the good theaters.

Molière's troupe enjoyed the use of the Room up to the time of the death of its patron. It was then given over to those who had the privilege of presenting opera, though the place was still less suitable for singing than for declamation.

From 1658 to 1673, a period of fifteen years, Molière wrote and produced all his plays, to the number of thirty. He had ambitions to play tragedy, but in this field he was not successful.

He was exceedingly voluble in speech and had a sort of hiccough, which was quite unsuited to serious rôles. This, however, served only to make his acting in comedy the more enjoyable.

The wife of one of our finest actors has furnished the following description of Molière's person:

"He was neither too fat nor too thin; he was tall rather than short; he had a noble manner and shapely legs; he walked with a certain gravity and had a very serious air. His nose was large, likewise his mouth; his lips were thick, his complexion dark; his eyebrows were black and bushy, and the way in which he moved them gave his expression an exquisitely comic turn. As to his personal character, he was gentle, obliging, and generous. He had an extreme fondness for harangue, and when he read his plays to the company, he liked to have them bring their children in order to judge of his effects from their unpremeditated response."

While in Paris, Molière made for himself a great number of friends, but almost as many enemies. In accustoming the public to the best kind of comedy, he had taught it to judge him with the utmost severity. The same spectators who applauded the mediocre plays of other authors, raised severe objections to the slightest shortcomings of Molière. Men judge of us according to the expectation which we have aroused in them, and the least shortcoming of a celebrated writer (in addition to the malignity of the public) is sufficient to cause the failure of a good work. This explains why the *Brittanicus* and *Les Plaideurs* of Racine were so ill received, and why *L'Avare*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Les Femmes savantes*, and *L'Ecole des femmes* had so little success when they were first acted.

Louis XIV, who had good natural taste and a well-balanced though uncultivated mind, often brought court and town, because of his approbation, to see the plays of Molière acted. It would, however, have done the nation more honor to have dispensed with the decision of its master and formed its own judgments. Molière had cruel enemies, especially among the inferior writers of the day and their cliques. He also aroused the opposition of the pious, who accused him of writing scandalous books. He was charged with having exposed powerful persons in the characters of his plays, whereas he had done nothing but hold up vices in general for the reprobation of mankind. He would have suffered punishment as a result of these accusations had not the same King who encouraged and supported Racine and Despréaux likewise protected him.

But he received from the King a pension of only one thousand livres, and his troupe only seven thousands. The profits he made by the success of his plays gave him as much as he had reason to hope for, and what he earned by means of his troupe, together with what he had already invested, yielded a total income of thirty thousand livres a year, a sum which in those days represented almost twice that amount today.

The influence he had with the King is shown by his securing a canonship for the son of his physician, Mauvilain. Everyone has heard how, sitting at dinner with the King one day, "You have a doctor," said he to Molière. "What does he do to you?" "Sire," replied Molière, "we converse together; he prescribes remedies for me which I do not take, and I am cured."

He made an honourable and wise disposition of his fortune, and entertained the most estimable persons — Chapelle, Jonsac, Desbarreaux, and the like — men who enjoyed material pleasures, as well as those of the intellect. He had a country house at Auteuil where he often found relaxation from the fatigues of his profession, which are far more arduous than is commonly supposed. The Maréchal de Vivonne, well-known for his brilliant mind and his friendship for Despréaux, was a close friend of Molière's. The two were as intimate as Lælius and Terence. The Great Condé insisted that Molière should come often to see him, and declared that he always learned something from intercourse with him.

The extent of Molière's liberality was far greater than the mere charity of other men. He frequently encouraged, through presents of considerable value, indigent young writers in whom he discerned talent, and it is perhaps to Molière that France is indebted for Racine. He engaged the young Racine, who had just come from Port-Royal at the age of nineteen, to work for the theater. It was he who had him write the tragedy of *Théagène et Cariclée;* and although this play was not good enough to deserve production, he gave the young author a hundred louis and the plot for *Les Frères ennemis.*

It is possibly not superfluous to add that about the same time, in 1661,

Racine had written an *Ode on the Marriage of Louis XIV*, and M. Colbert had sent him a hundred louis on behalf of the King.

It is a lamentable reflection upon the honor of literature that Molière and Racine quarrelled subsequent to their early association: such great geniuses, of whom one had been the other's benefactor, ought to have remained friends.

Molière sponsored and developed another man, who by the superiority of his talents and the singular gifts bestowed upon him by nature, deserves to be remembered by posterity. This was the actor Baron, who was unsurpassed both in tragic and comic rôles. Molière looked after him as though he had been his own son.

One day Baron informed him that a provincial actor, whose poverty prevented his coming in person, had asked of Molière a small loan to enable him to join his company. Molière, remembering the man as a certain Mondorge, a former comrade, asked Baron how much he thought he ought to give. Baron answered offhand, "Four pistoles." "Give him four pistoles for me," answered Molière, "and here are twenty that you are to give him from yourself." And to this gift he added a magnificent theatrical costume.

Another personal trait deserves to be recorded. One day, after giving alms to a pauper, the latter turned and ran after him, saying, "Monsieur, you surely did not mean to give me a louis d'or? I have come to return it to you." "Well, my friend," said Molière, "here is another," and added, "So should we reward virtue." This sufficiently indicates that it was his habit to reflect upon all that came to his notice, and that he whose object it was to portray nature, studied it in men upon all occasions.

Though he was fortunate and happy in his artistic successes and his patrons, favored by fortune and friends alike, he was yet unhappy in his domestic life. In 1661 he had married a young girl, daughter of Mlle. Béjart and of a gentleman named Modène. It has been said that Molière himself was her father, and the care taken to spread this calumny has caused many persons to go to great pains in refuting it. It has been clearly established that Molière did not know the mother until after the birth of this daughter. The great difference in their ages, and the hazards incident to the career of a young and beautiful actress, rendered this an unhappy union.

Molière, philosopher though he was, suffered in his own home from those very forms of discouragement, bitterness, even of ridicule, that he had so often portrayed on the stage. So true is it that those men who are superior to others by their talents, almost invariably resemble them in their weaknesses. Why indeed should our talents place us above humanity!

The last play he wrote was *Le Malade imaginaire*. For some time his lungs had been affected, and he occasionally coughed up blood. On the day of the third performance of this play, his condition was worse than it

had ever been, and he was advised not to act. But he insisted upon making an effort which was beyond his powers, and this effort cost him his life. Just as he spoke the word *Juro* in the ballet of the reception of the imaginary invalid, he was seized with a convulsion, but was none the less able to finish the play. He was carried in a dying condition to his house in the Rue de Richelieu. For a short while he was helped by two nuns who had come to Paris during Lent, and were at the time staying with him. He died in their arms of a hemorrhage on the 17th of February, 1673, at the age of fifty-three. He left only one child, a daughter, endowed with considerable intelligence. His widow married the actor Guérin. His misfortune in dying without being able to secure the Last Sacrament, and the prejudice generally felt against the theater (though his plays were free from offense), were the reasons why he was at first refused Christian burial. This was a source of regret to the King, who had the complacence to request the Archbishop of Paris to see that his servant and pensioner was buried in a church. The curé of Molière's parish, Saint-Eustache, would not take the matter in charge. The people, who recognised in Molière only the actor and knew not that he had been a fine writer, a philosopher and a great man in his sphere, gathered in a crowd before the door of his house on the day of the funeral. Molière's widow was obliged to throw money to them from the window, and the wretches, who would in their ignorance have disturbed the burial, followed respectfully the hearse of the great man.

The difficulty encountered in securing suitable burial, as well as the injustices he had suffered during his life, caused the famous Père Bouhours to compose the following epitaph, which of all those written for Molière, is the only one that deserves to be remembered, and is the only one that is not to be found in the poor and misleading biography which has always served as an introduction to the editions of his works:

"You reformed the town and the court, but what was your recompense? Frenchmen will one day blush for their want of gratitude. They needed an actor who would use his fame and his talent for their sakes. But, Monsieur, nothing had been lacking for your glory if, among the vices you so well depicted, you had added the ingratitude of your fellow-countrymen!"

I have not only omitted from this life of Molière the fairy tales relating to Chapelle and his friends, but I am forced to declare that these, first told by Grimarest, are without foundation. The late Duc de Sully, the last Prince de Vendôme, and the Abbé de Chaulieu, all of whom were intimate with Chapelle, have assured me that these little tales are pure invention.

LOUIS XIV

1638–1715

By Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de Saint-Simon [1]

It must be acknowledged that Louis XIV possessed many good qualities and a certain greatness, yet it cannot be denied that there was much in him that was bad, and even petty. We are unable to distinguish clearly between the traits of his character that he had received from nature and those that resulted from his environment. The majority who have written about him were not very well informed; of those who came into personal touch with him there were few who could describe his character; and fewer who had sufficient balance to write impartially, without spite or undeserved praise. Regarding the first point, I can assure you of the accuracy of my sources; as for the rest, I shall try honestly to put aside all prejudice during the course of my remarks and tell the unvarnished truth, whether it be in praise or in blame.

I shall say nothing about his earlier years. Becoming king when scarcely more than a child, he was carefully kept out of the way by his mother, who wished to rule the realm herself; and subsequently by the selfish policy of a malicious minister, under whose yoke he remained until he was released by death. This entire period, therefore, may be ignored, as it does not really form a part of his reign. But even under the disadvantage of having a strong minister in power, his character was developing. He began to feel the attractions of love and glory, and tried, feebly though it were, to succeed in both. He realised that a life of laziness was incompatible with glory, and if he lacked the power to overthrow Mazarin, he had sense enough of his own dignity to look upon Mazarin's death as a deliverance. That was one of the epochs in his life when he appeared most advantageously, for it was then that he formed the determination, to which he firmly adhered, never to have a prime minister, or allow a churchman to become a member of his council. He formed another, and that was to govern the country himself. Though he was never to realize it, he was unable to carry this out. It was this that he took most pride in, and of this his flatterers took most advantage. But he was never under a greater delusion.

[1] Translated from the *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon, especially for this collection, by Barrett H. Clark. Though they were known to historians in MS. form, Saint-Simon's *Memoirs* were not published until 1829–30.

His natural gifts were not even mediocre; but he had a mind capable of development, of receiving polish, of taking what was best in the minds of others without exactly imitating it; and throughout his life he profited greatly by associating with the ablest and wittiest persons, both men and women, of various stations in society. He entered the world — if I may use the expression in referring to a king who had completed his twenty-third year — at a fortunate time, since men of distinction abounded. His ministers and generals at that time, with successors trained in their school, are everywhere acknowledged to have been the best in Europe; for the domestic struggles and foreign wars from which France had suffered ever since the passing of Louis XIII had brought out many brilliant men, and the Court was composed of able and illustrious persons.

The wit and cleverness of the Comtesse de Soissons, together with the splendid traditions of her uncle Cardinal Mazarin, had made her the leading light of the Court, and her home was the centre of a select circle, the daily resort of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen, and the heart of all intrigues, both of gallantry and of ambition. The King entered at once into this brilliant company, and there he acquired that air of politeness and gallantry which he retained throughout his life, and which he understood so well how to combine with a kingly dignity. This manner suited him exactly. Among all who surrounded him he was by his handsome appearance, the dignity of his manner, the sound of his voice, as easily distinguished as the queen-bee in her hive. Even if he had been born in an obscure family, he would have shone wherever there were fêtes, amusements, and gallantry, and have had many successes in love. If he gave in to temptation, he is rather to be pitied than censured. It is to his credit that he could occasionally tear himself loose from the pleasures of love to follow the path of glory.

The reign of Louis may be divided into three periods. The first began brilliantly. The Spanish King was forced to apologise for an insult offered by his Ambassador in London to the Ambassador of France, and to acknowledge the precedence of French ambassadors over Spanish. Likewise reparation was exacted for an insult offered to the Duc de Créquy, French Ambassador at Rome, by certain persons connected with the Pope and his Corsican guards. A little later, the death of the Spanish King gave the young ruler a chance to seek the glory he so eagerly desired, and despite the renunciations so recently and solemnly made at the time of his wedding, he led an army into Flanders. His conquests were quick; he forced his way over the Rhine; the Triple Alliance (England, Sweden, and Holland), formed against him seemed only to spur him on. In the middle of winter he occupied Franche-Comté, which he later relinquished at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, on condition that he retain his conquests in Flanders.

At that time France was rich and prosperous. Under Colbert's able

administration the finances, the navy, trade, and manufactures, even literature and the arts, had reached their apogee. It was like the age of Augustus; for distinguished men were plentiful in every walk of life, even among those who merely furnished our pleasures. The Department of War was in the hands of Le Tellier and his son Louvois; who, being jealous of Colbert, induced the King to engage in another war. His successes so greatly alarmed all Europe that it produced long-felt consequences, which at last almost ruined France. Colbert's jealousy was the real cause of the celebrated war with Holland, during which the King's love for Mme. de Montespan beclouded his glory and caused injury to his kingdom. Nearly all of Flanders had been subjected, and Amsterdam was on the point of surrender, when the King succumbed to his passion, left the army and hastily returned to Versailles, losing all he had won in his campaign. His second conquest of Franche-Comté in a way compensated for this, when he took command in person, for that province has since formed a part of France.

The King returned to Flanders in 1676 and took Condé with him. Soon afterwards he found himself faced by the army of the Prince of Orange, near Heurtebise, and it was a question whether the enemy's position should be assailed. Though Monsieur's [the King's brother] army, which was coming from Bouchain, had not yet arrived, the King's forces were superior to the enemy's, and the army was anxious to fight. A council of war was held on horseback. Louvois knew his master and had already spent two hours among the generals, persuading them to vote against taking the offensive. When the discussion began, he was the first to speak; he tried to intimidate the others. He was of opinion that a battle was undesirable. Marshals Humières and Schomberg, who did not wish to displease him, agreed. Marshal de la Feuillade, who spoke next, though he was not on good terms with Louvois, was a courtier, wise enough to be with the strongest. After some hesitation he also voted against attacking. Marshal de Lorge was the only one who dared speak his mind. He argued so ably against losing this favourable opportunity that Louvois and the other Marshals were unable to answer him. The generals of lower rank, though they were in agreement with M. de Lorge, dared not displease Louvois, and made evasive answers. The King who had up to then said nothing, put the matter to a vote. The majority were against attacking. He declared he was sorry to find the majority so set against fighting; but it was his duty to sacrifice his own inclinations for the good of the State. He rode off, and the matter was closed.

Marshal de Lorge, who told me the story himself (he was an absolutely trustworthy man) took occasion the next day to send a herald with a message to the enemy, who were then in full retreat. The Prince of Orange saw the man personally, and, before sending him away, ordered him to tell Marshal de Lorge that he had been right in voting for an attack. He

(the Prince) had never had such a fortunate escape in his life; he would have been defeated, and was now most thankful to have been allowed to retreat without giving battle. The herald, proud of this interview, repeated what he had been told not only to Marshal de Lorge but to anyone who would give ear. He told it even to the King, who had summoned him later.

This story naturally did not diminish the ill-temper of the army. Such a blunder caused an unpleasant impression, and occasioned ironic remarks against the King. He did not stay much longer with the army, although it was the end of May, but returned to his mistress. The next year Monsieur's behaviour at the siege of St. Omer formed a striking contrast with the King's on this occasion. The Prince of Orange went to the relief of the city, Monsieur advanced against him, and overthrew him in the vicinity of Cassel. The King was so deeply hurt by this contrast that he never again permitted his brother to command an army.

The war was ended by the Treaty of Nimwegen in 1678; and at the same time the most brilliant period of the King's reign. The second, as we shall see, was not so brilliant as the first, though it was a time of greater well-being than the last. It opened with the War of 1688, but the great generals and ministers had gone. Still, they left successors trained in their own traditions. I have already recounted the interesting story of the argument between the King and Louvois about a window at Trianon, which was the real cause of the war. Louvois, who was infuriated by a rebuke given him before witnesses, declared he would bring about a war in which the King could not dispense with his services. Within a few months he kept his word; he not only precipitated a war, but contrived (in spite of the King and the other countries) that it should involve all of Europe. It ruined the prosperity of France; in spite of many victories, our frontiers were not extended, and there were some disastrous occurrences, for one of which the King was personally responsible.

During the early part of June, 1693, the King had two powerful armies in Flanders, the one commanded by himself, the other, not far away, commanded by M. de Luxembourg. The Prince of Orange, whose army was far weaker, was some three miles off, in a bad position which he had fortified by hastily dug entrenchments. Nothing, it seemed, was easier for the King than to attack and carry the position with one army, while the other, in reserve, could follow after the defeated enemy. What might not be expected from a victory like this, at the very beginning of the campaign! The Prince of Orange considered his situation desperate. He wrote to his friend Vaudemont (in Brussels) that he considered it impossible to save his army. All three armies were thunderstruck when it was announced that the King was to retire, taking the greater part of his army for service in Italy and Germany. M. de Luxembourg knelt and implored him to reconsider, but to no purpose. The consternation in our camp was inde-

scribable; I was myself an eye-witness. Even the courtiers, as a rule so glad to have an excuse for returning home, could not restrain their anger. Disagreeable remarks were freely uttered.

The King left next day to join Mme. de Maintenon and the other ladies, returning to Versailles in their company. He was never again to be with an army, except at reviews. Six weeks afterward came the victory at Neerwinden, at which M. de Luxembourg, with an army considerably weaker than the King's, dislodged the enemy from a much stronger position, and proved what an opportunity had been lost on that other occasion. The Prince of Orange wrote to Vaudemont saying he had information (from one who had never hitherto deceived him) that the King was about to retire, but that he could not believe it. He remarked in a second letter that he found his information was correct, and could only assume that the King had been struck blind. It was to this circumstance he owed his deliverance. Vaudemont, who was afterwards so long at our Court, used to tell this story freely, sometimes even in the salon at Marly.

Some time before the end of that war, the King and his exhausted country longed for peace. Yet when it came the terms were humiliating. In order to separate the Duc de Savoie from his allies, it was necessary to accept his conditions; and the King, after showing such personal contempt for the Prince of Orange, had to recognise him as King of England and receive his ambassador. Because of undue haste and the ignorance of our counsellors, our frontiers were altered greatly, to the advantage of the enemy. Such was the Peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September, 1697. It lasted scarcely three years. With it ended the second period of Louis' reign. The third opened in great splendour. The King's grandson was put at the head of the Spanish realm without having to strike a blow. But this prosperity lasted only a short time, and was succeeded by a series of misfortunes that brought France almost to the brink of ruin. This period is, however, so close to our own times that I need not speak of it.

This brief summary of the King's reign was necessary to a proper understanding of the King's character. For the same purpose I may have to repeat some anecdotes which will be found here and there in the earlier parts of these *Memoirs*.

Let me repeat that the King's talents were not even mediocre, yet were capable of development. Glory was his passion; but he also liked order and form in all things. He was naturally careful, moderate, and reserved; invariably master of his words and emotions. And who will believe it? he was also kind-hearted and just. God had given him everything necessary for a good king, perhaps even a moderately great king. All his shortcomings were occasioned by his environment. As a child he was so neglected that no one ventured to go near his room. He often spoke of those days with great bitterness; and would tell how, through the carelessness of

his servants, he was found one evening in a fountain in the gardens of the Palais-Royal.

As time went on he was kept in complete dependence upon others. He was scarcely taught how to read and write, and remained ignorant of the commonest events of history; of the laws of his country, of the history of the men of his time, their deeds and birth, he knew nothing. Because of this ignorance he often made ridiculous blunders. M. de la Feuillade once said in his presence that it was unfortunate that the Marquis de Renel had not been made a Knight of the Order in the promotion of 1661; and the King, somewhat displeased, said that he must consider what was due to himself. Renel was a Clermont-Gallerande, yet the King had imagined he was self-made. Later on he was by no means so sensitive in similar cases. Montglat, who was given the Order in 1661, belonged to the same family, having married a granddaughter of the Chancellor de Cheverny; his only son took the name of Cheverny, which he had inherited with the estate. He lived all his life at Court, except when he was on diplomatic missions. Yet the King, who was deceived by the name of Cheverny, imagined he was not of good family, and would never give him a Court appointment or admit him to the Order. It was not until toward the end of his life that the King learned who he really was. Similarly Saint-Hérem, master of the hounds and governor of Fontainebleau, was never able to secure the Order: the King knew he was a brother-in-law of Courtin, State Counsellor, and therefore believed he was a man of low degree. But he was a Montmorin, as M. de Rochefoucauld told the King later. It was necessary to explain to him who these great families were; their names meant nothing to him.

It might be thought that he held the higher nobility in great esteem and did not wish to see its privileges belittled, but nothing could be further from the truth. His ministers, from selfish motives, hated and belittled honours to which they could never aspire, and the King, who sympathised with them, had been so far influenced by them that he distrusted nobility of birth as much as he did nobility of mind, and if any man possessed both, and the King knew it, he was never given an opportunity.

His ministers, mistresses, generals, and courtiers soon learned to know his weak point: his love of hearing himself praised. He liked nothing so much as flattery or, to put it more plainly, adulation; the more obvious and apparent it was, the more he enjoyed it. Flattery was the only means of approaching him; if he ever took a fancy to a man it was due to some lucky stroke of flattery at first, and to unremitting perseverance afterwards. His ministers owed a great deal of their influence to their many opportunities for burning incense before him; suppleness, self-effacement, the attribution of all they knew to his influence, these were the only sure methods of pleasing him. If one of these men ever departed from this

procedure, that was the end of him. This was what finally brought about the ruin of Louvois. It is remarkable how deeply this poison had penetrated the mind of a ruler who was not without sense, and had wide experience of men. Though he had neither voice nor ear for music, he used (in private) to sing parts of operatic prologues composed in his honour. It was easy to perceive that he relished this sort of flattery. Even when eating in public, if his orchestra played those same songs, he would sing the words quietly to himself.

Because of this love of praise, it was easy for Louvois to embroil him in wars, for he persuaded him that he had a greater genius for war than his generals, both in the plan and in the execution. The generals themselves (Condé and Turenne, for example) encouraged him in this notion, in order to keep in favour with him; this was even more strikingly evident with those who succeeded them. He attributed to himself most complacently the credit for their successes and really believed all that his flatterers told him. This was the reason for his fondness for reviews, which he carried to such an extent that his enemies called him the King of Reviews; likewise his liking for sieges, where he was able to make a cheap show of bravery, and exhibit his care, forethought, and power to endure hardship; for his strong constitution enabled him to stand excessive fatigue. Neither hunger, nor heat, nor cold, nor bad weather meant much to him. As he rode through the lines he liked to hear people praise his dignified bearing and splendid appearance on horseback. His wars were a favourite subject of conversation when he was with his mistresses. He spoke well, and expressed himself clearly in choice language. No one could tell a story better. Even on ordinary subjects, his conversation was always distinguished by a natural dignity.

His mind was taken up with small things rather than with great, and he enjoyed every kind of pettiness, like the uniforms and drill of his soldiers. So it was with his building operations, the management of his household, and even the affairs of the kitchen. He thought he could always teach something about their own business even to the most skilful professional men; they, for their part, would listen gratefully to lessons they had long since learned by heart. He had a notion that this showed his tireless industry; whereas, it was really a great waste of time, but his ministers made use of it for their own ends as soon as they had learned how to manage him. They kept his attention focussed on the details, while they managed to get their own way in the more important things.

His vanity, which was continually fed (even the clergy praised him to his face in the pulpit), explains the advancement of his ministers. He thought that they were great only because of him, that they were only the means by which he expressed his desires. Hence he did not object when they gradually arrogated to themselves the privileges of the highest nobility. He thought that he could at any time reduce them to the obscure

positions they once occupied; whereas, though he could make a noble feel his displeasure, he could not deprive him or his family of the position that was his by right of birth. Therefore he never admitted a great noble to his councils; to this rule the Duc de Beauvilliers was the one exception.

His ministers were constantly seeking to prevent anyone's approaching him except through themselves. He took considerable satisfaction in thinking that he was accessible and willing to listen to anyone. A great noble might speak to him freely when he returned from Mass or passed from one room to another; or he might even attend him at the door of his private room, though he dared not follow him in. This was the extent of his accessibility. It was not possible to say more than a few words to him, and these were overheard by all who were near him. If one were on a more familiar footing, one might whisper into his wig, but this was scarcely more satisfactory. He invariably answered, "I will see about it." This was a convenient way to gain time, but as a result every petition or complaint was turned over to his ministers. He rarely granted an audience in his private chamber, but if anyone could obtain it and knew how to behave himself properly, he could gain by it, which my own experience proves.

It will be recalled that I almost forced the King, on several occasions when he was much displeased with me, to grant me an audience; and that on each occasion I managed to pacify him, so that he expressed his satisfaction to others besides myself. He invariably listened, no matter what prejudices he might have, with an evident desire to learn the truth. If he interrupted, it was only for that purpose. One might say anything to him, if it was with an air of profound respect and submission. Otherwise one would fall into worse disgrace than ever; but, if one was respectful, one might venture to interrupt, even to contradict the statements he quoted, even to speak louder than he; he not only allowed such liberties without taking offence but, when the audience was over, declared he was happy to have been corrected, and showed his satisfaction by kind treatment. For this reason his ministers always did their utmost to dissuade him from granting audiences of this kind.

His education had unfortunately been designed, it seemed, to narrow his intelligence and crush the naturally kind impulses of his affection. The poison of flattery, so carefully administered, not only intoxicated him with a consciousness of his glory and might, it nearly destroyed his sense of justice and love for the truth. From that poisoned source he developed a pride so excessive that he would have made himself an object of worship as a god if he had not, thank Heaven! been afraid, even in his wildest excesses, of the devil. Nor would he have lacked worshippers, as may be perceived by the exaggerated inscriptions on his monuments and the pagan formalities at the dedication of his statue in the Place des Victoires. This gave him the utmost pleasure, as I can personally testify.

By cleverly working on the King's pride, Louvois managed to engage

him in many wars, thus establishing his own extraordinary authority. Though he was never called Prime Minister, he in time overcame all his rivals and secured a position in which he was actually the head of the State. To his great pleasure he survived his enemies, Colbert and Seignelay; but this was not to last long. The decline and fall of this famous minister are matters too curious to be omitted: I cannot find a better place for a relation of them than here.

I was quite young at the time, but I learned all the facts from persons so unprejudiced and truthful that I do not hesitate to relate them as absolutely trustworthy.

As we saw in the story about the window, Louvois was not always in complete control of his temper. He ardently wished to increase the King's power and glory because, if for no further reason, he saw in them a warrant for his own position and authority. He so insinuated himself into the King's confidence that he was told the secret of the latter's approaching marriage to Mme. de Maintenon, and was one of the two witnesses of that shameful ceremony. He was brave enough to advise the King what a disgrace such a union would be to him if it were publicly announced, and extorted from him a solemn promise never to publish it, no matter what happened, and even persuaded him to repeat the promise, in his presence, to Archbishop Harlay of Paris, whose attendance at the ceremony was necessary, since there were no banns or other formalities. He spared himself no expense to keep himself informed, and some years afterwards learned that Mme. de Maintenon had induced the King to promise her that the marriage should be made public, and that it would be announced immediately. He summoned the Archbishop at once to Versailles; took papers as an excuse, and entered the private rooms. The King was about to go for his afternoon walk, but seeing Louvois at that unusual hour, asked what had brought him. "Something most important and urgent," declared Louvois in a tone so grave that it surprised the King, who sent away the valets. They retired, but left open the door so that they were able to overhear what was said. They could also see in the looking-glass what went on. That was one of the disadvantages of those private rooms.

Louvois then explained the reason of his visit. The King could on occasion be hypocritical, but disliked telling positive untruths. When he saw that Louvois knew the facts, he made a feeble attempt to avoid making a direct answer, and went to the door of the room where the valets stood. Perceiving this, Louvois knelt at his feet, embraced his knees and, drawing the little sword he wore, offered it to his master, begging him to kill him forthwith if he intended to break his promise, for he would not see him disgrace himself before all Europe by publicly announcing his marriage. The King tried to escape and ordered Louvois to leave, but Louvois grasped his knees still tighter and eventually induced him by entreaties to promise again that the marriage should not be announced.

During the evening the Archbishop came, and Louvois told him what he had done. The cleric could not himself have done so noble a deed — for so it must be called, since the minister knew he was making an enemy of Mme. de Maintenon if she found out what he had done — and he could hardly refuse to stand by Louvois. He spoke to the King next day and easily secured a confirmation of his promise.

Mme. de Maintenon was every day expecting to be declared Queen, but after a short time she grew nervous and ventured to remind the King of his promise. His obvious embarrassment frightened her; she made a last appeal which he interrupted by telling her in as kindly a manner as possible that he had thought it all over and must ask her never to refer to it again. After the first disappointment, she began trying to find out what had caused it and, having sources of information as good as those of Louvois, she soon learned what had happened. She determined, of course, to have revenge; but time had to elapse in order to still the King's suspicions before she took steps against a minister who was so necessary at that time, while the war was going on. Meanwhile she lost no chance of weakening his position. The burning of the Palatinate district gave her an admirable opportunity. She spoke to the King about the cruelty of it, appealing to his religious feelings, to which he was more susceptible than he afterwards became, and reminded him that the terrible hatred it aroused would be concentrated upon himself, and not upon Louvois. And it might have dangerous consequences. By continually insisting on this, she managed to produce an unfavourable impression on the King.

Not content with the devastation of the Palatinate, Louvois wanted to set fire to Trèves as well, and told the King that it was yet more needful than what had been done at Worms and Spire, since Trèves was more dangerous as a centre for the enemy's operations than the other places. But the King would not agree, and Mme. de Maintenon made the most of it. Some days later Louvois, who was used to having his own way, came again on business with the King and as usual sat in Mme. de Maintenon's rooms. After the conference was over he told the King that he knew his religious scruples had prevented his permitting a thing so necessary as the burning of Trèves; he had therefore taken the responsibility on himself, and sent a courier with orders to burn it at once. The King was so angry that he rose, seized the tongs and would have struck Louvois, when Mme. de Maintenon threw herself between them, crying, "Sire! what are you doing!"

Meantime Louvois started for the door. The King recalled him, his eyes blazing with anger, and said: "Send a courier at once with counter-orders; and see that he arrives in time. If a single house is burnt, you will answer for it with your head!" In terror Louvois left immediately. He was not afraid that the counter-order would arrive too late, since the order itself had never been sent. He had believed that the King might be angry but after hearing that the order had been given, would agree without too much

difficulty. He had given the courier his orders and told him to be ready to start at any time. He had not dared to send him. He got back his despatches; and the King always believed that the countermand had saved Trèves.

After this Mme. de Maintenon's way was easy. The downfall of Louvois was eventually caused by the advice he gave the King to leave the ladies behind when he went to lay siege to Mons in the spring of 1691. Chamlay, who knew the military secrets, warned him not to suggest a thing that would set Mme. de Maintenon against him; but the finances, which were good compared with what they were later, were already bad enough. Louvois, disregarding his danger, objected to the foolish expense and embarrassment caused by the ladies at the seat of war. They therefore remained at Versailles. The King captured Mons, and came back immediately after.

It was a trifling thing during the siege that brought about Louvois' ruin. The King, who took pride in his knowledge of military details, came one day to a cavalry guard which he thought was in the wrong position, and therefore moved it to a different place. The captain told him that Louvois had given the order. "But," said the King, "did you not inform him that I chose the place myself?" "Yes, Sire," answered the captain. The King turned to his officers and said: "Is that not just like Louvois? He thinks he knows everything; among other things, that he is a good soldier!" He at once ordered the guard back where he had put them before. It was a foolish impertinence on Louvois' part, and what the King said was true, but he never forgot it. Years later, when he summoned Pomponne to his council, he told him the incident, and seemed to be still angry at Louvois' presumptuousness. I heard the story from Pomponne.

After he returned from Mons the King's dislike became so evident that Louvois began to feel uneasy. The Maréchale de Rochefort and her daughter Mme. de Blansac dined with him one day at Meudon, and afterwards he took them for a drive in a carriage, holding the reins himself. He seemed much preoccupied, and they heard him muttering: "Would he do it? Can they make him? No, not yet. He would not dare!" He was still driving on, when suddenly the Maréchale perceived that the horses had come to the edge of a lake, and was barely able to seize the reins and avoid an accident. Louvois seemed to come suddenly to himself, stopped the carriage and turned around. He then admitted that he was not thinking of what he was doing. Both the ladies told me this.

Shortly after, on July 16th, I was at Versailles attending to a dispute between my father, then at Blaye, and Sourdis, Commandant in Guyenne. The King had decided in favour of my father, though against Louvois' advice. In spite of this, I was advised to thank Louvois; he received me as politely as though he had taken my father's part. Such is Court life! I had never exchanged a word with him before. That afternoon I heard he

had been taken sick while conversing with the King; and had just time to go to his own rooms, where he died. His son, Barbésieux, who was sent for, arrived too late to see him alive.

The shock of this news at Court may easily be conceived. I was barely fifteen at the time, but I wished to see how the King behaved after so important an event. I therefore waited until he came out and followed him in the garden. He was dignified as usual, but I noticed something in his manner that showed his relief. This surprised me so much (I did not know then the circumstances I have just been describing) that I mentioned it later to other people. I also noticed that instead of going another way to see his fountains, as usual, he kept walking to and fro along the orangery, and as he turned toward the *château*, he saw the house where Louvois had just died, and kept looking at it. There was no mention of the recent event before an officer came from St. Germain with a message of condolence to the King from the King of England. "Present my thanks and best compliments to the King and Queen of England," said the King, in a casual manner, "and inform them that neither their affairs nor mine will suffer through what has happened." The officer bowed and left, much astonished. I watched this scene with deep interest, and noticed that the chief personages there exchanged meaningful glances, without saying a word.

The suddenness of Louvois' death aroused considerable comment, above all when it was known that a post-mortem had brought to light traces of poison. Louvois was a great water-drinker, and always had water on the mantel in his room. It was known that he had drunk this water just before going to the King; also that the man who polished his floors had entered his room before he went there to take the papers he was going to discuss with the King, and had been there alone for a short interval. The man was arrested, but he had not been in jail more than four days when he was released by order of the King. The report of the inquiry was burned, and all further proceedings dropped. It was dangerous to talk about the affair, and Louvois' family went to such pains to stop all gossip that it was clear they were acting under strict orders.

The physician's account, which came out a few months later, was also silenced so far as possible; but I heard by chance all about it from a reliable person. It is too singular to be left out of this notice of the famous minister. My father had an equerry of the name of Clérand, a gentleman by birth and a man of honour, who left him to serve under Louvois. This was two or three years before his death. Clérand was always very friendly, and often visited us. He remained with Mme. de Louvois after Louvois' death. He informed me that four or five months after that event, Seron, his physician, suddenly locked himself into his room, where he uttered loud cries; but refused to open the door or to receive assistance, temporal or spiritual. Finally he was heard to exclaim that he had got

only what he deserved for treating his master as he had; that he was a monster, unworthy to live. But he did not mention anyone by name.

Who committed the crime? The question has never been answered. In order to honour his memory, Louvois' friends used to suspect some foreign power; but if any government did conceive such a ghastly idea, it waited until very late to carry it into execution. One thing is certain: the King was himself above committing such a crime. It never occurred to anyone to suspect him.

Louvois' death occurred just in time to prevent a great scandal, for he was to have been sent to the Bastille the next day. What would have resulted must always remain a mystery. That the King had come to this decision is beyond all doubt. I learned it from several well-informed persons, but what makes it doubly sure is that I heard it from Chamillart, to whom the King confided it. This explains, I think, the King's relief on hearing of Louvois' death: he was happy at being spared the necessity of doing what he had resolved to do next day, with all its disagreeable consequences.

Early during Louis XIV's reign the Court was removed from Paris, whither it was not to return. The troubles he had during his minority had instilled in him a dislike of the city; his enforced and secret escape from it still rankled in his memory; he did not deem himself safe there, and believed plots would be more easily discovered if the Court were in the country, where the changes of residence and short absences of anyone would be easily noticed. He did not like to be stared at whenever he went out or came in, or to be surrounded by crowds when he appeared in the street. Besides, he was annoyed by many persons of another class that came to the Court when it was at Paris. These would be unable to come if the Court were removed some distance away. These reasons, together with his fondness for hunting and the passion for building which soon developed in him, and which he could not follow so well in a city, led him to settle at St. Germain shortly after the death of the Queen-mother. He was also doubtless influenced by the consideration that he would be looked upon with greater awe were he not daily exposed to the gaze of the people.

His liaison with Mlle. de la Vallière, at first concealed so far as possible under a veil of mystery, caused him to go often to Versailles, at that time a small country lodge, built by Louis XIII to avoid the necessity, under which he had occasionally fallen, of sleeping at a poor inn or in a windmill, after nightfall when out hunting in the forest of St. Léger; hunting in those times was not what it is now, what with convenient roads, better hounds, and beaters, which have diminished the extent of the chase and made it easier to keep up. Louis XIII rarely spent more than a single night at Versailles, and then only from necessity. It was quite otherwise with his son, who went there to be alone with his mistress. That was something un-

known to the heroic, just and worthy descendant of St. Louis. Louis XIV's visits became more frequent, so that he gradually enlarged the *château* until its rambling buildings gave better accommodations to the Court than were to be had at St. Germain, where most of the people of the Court had to manage with uncomfortable lodgings in the village. The Court therefore removed to Versailles, in 1682, shortly before the Queen's death. The new building contained a vast number of rooms for courtiers, which the King liked to assign as a special favour.

He made use of the many festivities at Versailles and elsewhere in order to make the courtiers assiduous in their attendance and desirous of pleasing him; he learned beforehand those who were to participate, thus gratifying some and slighting others. He knew that the real favours he had to give were not numerous enough to be permanently effective, and was hence driven to invent imaginary favours. There was no one more ingenious in devising minor distinctions and preferences, and these caused jealousy and aroused emulation. His visits to Marly in later years were very useful to him in this way, as well as those to Trianon, where certain ladies, designated beforehand, were allowed to sit at table with him. It was considered a favour also to hold the candlestick at his *coucher*. When he had finished his prayers, he would name the courtier who was to receive it, always choosing one of the highest rank.

The so-called *justaucorps-à-brevet* was another invention of the sort. This was a blue coat with red facings, heavily embroidered with gold. The number of those permitted to wear it was strictly limited; even members of the Royal family were forced to wait until a vacancy occurred. It was in the first instance granted solely to those who were allowed to accompany the King on his journeys from St. Germain to Versailles without being asked, but after the trips had ceased, the possession of the coat implied no honour beyond that of wearing it, which anyone might do when in mourning, or when the wearing of gold or silver lace was forbidden. I never saw the King himself wear it, nor Monseigneur, nor Monsieur; but his grandsons the Princes often did so, and until the King's death the most important persons at Court would strive for the honour whenever a vacancy occurred. If the favour were granted to a young man, it was looked upon as a special distinction.

He required all distinguished persons to be continually at Court, and noticed at once if those of lower degree were not present at his *lever*, his *coucher*, or during his meals. In the gardens at Versailles (where alone his courtiers were allowed to accompany him) he used to look about in all directions. Nothing escaped his notice, for he saw everyone. If any who lived at Court were away, he demanded the reason, and those who came only for a short visit had to give a proper explanation. Those who rarely or never came were certain of his disfavour. When he was asked to grant a favour to any such person, he would answer haughtily, "I do not know

him." Regarding those who rarely presented themselves, he would say, "I never see him." There was no appeal.

It was also a crime not to go with the Court to Fontainebleau; he regarded the place as he did Versailles; and persons of a certain rank were expected to beg permission to go to Marly, often or every time he went there, even if he had no idea of taking them. He especially disliked people who spent their time in Paris. He was more lenient toward those who liked to live on their estates, but they must not remain there too much of the time. If they intended to make a long sojourn in the country it was better to be prepared beforehand. The King's watchfulness was not confined to persons with Court appointments or those in favour with him. If one who usually lived at Court was away, the King asked the reason why. We have already seen how quickly he noticed a trip I took to Rouen to see about my lawsuit there. Though I was young, he had Pontchartrain write me for an explanation.

He always went to great trouble to find out what was happening in society, in private homes; he pried even into personal secrets. He maintained a large number of spies, of which there were many kinds: some did not know that their tales were carried to him; others did; while there were still others who wrote to him direct through channels which he carefully prepared. There were others, again, who were admitted secretly and saw him in his private room. Many men of all ranks were ruined in this way, often very unjustly, without discovering the reason. When the King had once conceived a prejudice against anyone, he rarely gave it up. He possessed a very dangerous defect, harmful to himself and to others, since it often resulted in depriving him of useful subjects. He had a wonderful memory: he could recognise a common man he had not seen for twenty years, and remember everything he had ever heard about him. Yet he heard and saw so much that he could not possibly remember it all in detail. Therefore, when asked to appoint someone to a certain station, he would occasionally recall that he had heard something about him, though he could not exactly remember what it was; this was enough to make him refuse, and no arguments from a minister, a general, even from his confessor, made any impression upon him. The King would reply that, though he could not recollect precisely what he had heard about the applicant, it was wiser to appoint a man of whom he had heard nothing at all.

The Lieutenants of Police owed their great influence to the King's curiosity. People feared them more than they did the ministers, and they were greatly respected. Even the ministers feared them. There was not a man in France, including the Princes, who did not make an effort to keep on good terms with them. Besides reports on serious matters furnished by them to the King, he was amused to hear all about the gallant love-intrigues and adventures which went on in Paris. Pontchartrain, who had Paris and the Court under his jurisdiction, used to seek the royal favour

in this shameful way, much to his father's disgust. But this was the one thing that saved him from dismissal.

The most inexcusable means employed by the King to obtain information was the opening of letters. This began many years before anyone suspected it. It is hard to imagine how quickly and cleverly the process was accomplished. The King read parts of all letters that the officials and the minister over the post-office deemed important enough to be shown him, and occasionally he saw the letters themselves. Hence, the officials could bring an accusation against anyone at all; it was not even necessary to imagine a serious plot; a trifle was enough; a joke, an ill-considered phrase about the King or his officers, a phrase apart from its context, was enough to bring ruin upon the writer. Many a man, of whatever rank, was lost by having uttered some disloyal sentiment. The whole thing was surrounded with secrecy; this was easy for the King, to whom silence and hypocrisy came naturally. His talent for dissimulation was notable; yet he never told a deliberate falsehood, and took pride in always keeping his promise. This is why he seldom made promises. He kept others' secrets as carefully as he kept his own, and was highly flattered by receiving confidences. In cases of that sort neither mistress, nor minister, nor favourite could get a hint out of him, even when the secret concerned themselves.

For example, let me mention the adventure of a lady of high rank, whose name was never known, nor even suspected. She found herself pregnant after she had been separated for more than a year from her husband, who was ready to return from the army. She went to the King and begged him to grant her a private audience. He acceded to her request, and she told her story, declaring that she had come to him as the most honourable and discreet man in the kingdom. He said he trusted this would be a warning to her, but gave his word to keep the husband busy at the frontier until all fear of discovery should be past. That day he told Louvois to appoint the husband to the command of a certain place, with orders not to absent himself for a single day. The husband, an officer of high rank, was astonished to find himself appointed to a command he had not asked for, on the frontier during the winter months, and which he did not want. He could get no explanation from Louvois, and could only obey orders. The King told this anecdote himself, though not until long after, when he was sure that none concerned in it could be identified. As a matter of fact, no one could ever discover the slightest clue.

Louis XIV understood, as few others could, the art of increasing the value of a favour by his manner of granting it. He could make the most of a word, or a smile, even a glance. When he spoke to anyone, if only to ask an unimportant question or make an ordinary remark, every eye was turned toward the person so honoured. It was a special favour which always occasioned talk. Never did he say anything that hurt one's feelings; if he had to reprove or reprimand anyone, which rarely happened, it

was always done in a considerate manner. Sometimes he spoke severely, but seldom harshly, and never in anger, save in Courtenvaux's case, which I have told in its proper place.

No one was ever more polite, or realized what was due to the age, worth or quality of the person he was speaking to. This was marked by a slight variation in manner, in his replies when they were other than the usual "I will see about it," and in his manner of receiving or making a bow. It was wonderful to see him returning, with such slight variations, the salutes of the various regiments at a review. With women in particular his politeness was remarkable: he never passed a woman without raising his hat, even when he met a serving maid, as often happened at Marly. He removed his hat to a born lady with more or less of a flourish, depending upon her rank. If he spoke, he never replaced it until the conversation was at an end. To a nobleman he raised his hand to his hat; to a royal Prince he took his hat off as he did to a lady. This was out of doors: he never wore his hat within. His bows (always slight, marked according to the circumstances) were very charming and dignified; likewise his manner when he rose halfway from his chair at supper when a lady came in who was to be seated. He never behaved thus for other ladies or even for the royal Princes. This custom he always followed; ladies entitled to be seated were careful when later on it tired him, not to come in after supper had begun.

He always waited patiently if there was any delay in bringing something to him while dressing. He was very punctual in adhering to the programme for the day. When he could not go out on some disagreeable winter day, he went to Mme. de Maintenon's rooms fifteen minutes earlier than usual, and if the Captain of the Guard was not ready for him, he invariably told him that he was not to blame, that it was his own fault for coming too soon. Because of this regularity, affairs were conducted with admirable precision, which was a great convenience to the people of the Court. He was kind to servants, especially to the valets. He felt at his ease with them and talked most familiarly. Their good-will or hatred often occasioned important results; they were able to do a favour or a disservice, since their position was like that of those powerful freedmen in the service of the Roman Emperors, toward whom the Senators and other important men found it necessary to behave in a servile manner. Ministers, royal Princes, even the illegitimate sons of the King, had to pay court to the valets. For this reason most of them were haughty; one had simply to keep out of their way, or bear their insolence with a good grace.

The King used always to take their side and would relate how when a young man he had sent a servant with a letter to M. de Montbazon, Governor of Paris, then staying at his estate nearby. M. de Montbazon had forced the servant to sit down to dinner with him and accompanied

him all the way to the courtyard, because he was the King's servant. When he sent one of his gentlemen-in-waiting to congratulate or condole with some person of rank (he never sent messages to others), he took pains to ask for details of his reception; and he would have been much displeased to learn that the man who received the message had not seen the messenger to his carriage.

Until he was no longer able to indulge in them he was fond of exercises, especially out-of-doors. He had once been a good dancer and an excellent tennis player. When he was well advanced in years he was admirable on horseback. He was pleased to see such things well done by others; and if anyone did poorly in his presence, he was displeased, saying that such accomplishments were not really necessary, and if a man could not excel in them he had better not try them at all. He liked to shoot; there was no better shot in the country. He always had the best hunting dogs, of which there were always seven or eight in his rooms. He liked to feed them himself, in order that they might know him. He also liked to hunt the stag, though after he broke his arm at Fontainebleau he used to go to the hunt driving four small horses to a carriage. He drove at full speed, handling the reins more cleverly and gracefully than the best coachman. Everything he did was done with grace. His postillions were boys from nine to fourteen years old, whom he directed himself.

He was inordinately fond of splendour, magnificence, and abundance in all things, and stimulated similar tastes at Court. Spending money freely on festivals and buildings, banqueting and gambling, was a sure way to gain favour, even the honour of a word from him. He did this to a certain extent with an end in view; by making expensive habits fashionable and (for people of rank) necessary, he made his courtiers live beyond their income, and in time forced them to depend on his generosity in order to exist. This system became a plague to the entire kingdom: it did not take long to spread to Paris, and then to the armies and into the provinces; so that a man of important rank is now valued according to his expenditure on food and other luxuries. This madness of pride and ostentation has already brought about universal confusion, threatening to end in general ruin.

No king before him ever had anything approaching the magnificence of Louis XIV's establishments for hunting and other amusements. Who could remember all the buildings he erected? And who can fail to regret their ostentation and vulgarity? Except for the Pont-Royal, which he was forced to build, he added nothing to the beauty or convenience of Paris, which remains very inferior to several other European cities. When the Place Vendôme was first planned it was to have been square; Louvois intended the buildings for the royal library, the academies, and other public institutions, but after his death the King ordered that the Place should have nothing but dwelling houses, and also made it smaller by building across the corners. This is how it stands now.

St. Germain was one town among thousands; beautifully situated in the midst of majestic trees, with a vista commanding a wide forest and the windings of the river, there was plenty of space for gardens with elevated terraces. There was also a town which had grown naturally, and it was possible to come and go by the river. This charming place, suitable for the Court, the King abandoned for Versailles, of all places the least worth spending money upon. It lies in a most unattractive position, without trees or water; the soil is marshy and sandy, and the air unhealthy. But the King took pleasure in forcing Nature and subjecting her by artifice and wasteful expenditure.

The castle was built bit by bit, without any general design, so that fine buildings were just added to poor ones already standing. The great extent of some contrasts badly with the scantiness of others. The private apartments are most inconvenient, and the rooms look out into small, dark, odorous courts. The gardens are also mean and vulgar. Their magnificence amazes one at first, but after a short time they become intolerable. One has first to cross a wide unshaded desert in order to seek shade, and then go down and up again; at the end of the slope, which is short, the gardens suddenly end. The sand burns the feet; yet without it they would sink, here into sand, there into mud. Water has been carried to the gardens at great pains and expense. It is green and muddy and, besides making the place damp, its odor is foul. When the fountains run (which is rarely, because of the cost) the effect is incomparable; but on the whole, one admires the gardens and avoids them.

Seen from the yard the castle looks mean; there is a lack of spaciousness that positively oppresses: the great wings in either direction seem not to belong to the main building. It is possible to appreciate the front from the gardens, but the building resembles a palace the roof and upper part of which have been destroyed by fire and not rebuilt. It seems weighed down by the roof of the chapel, which looks like a large coffin. This was done on purpose by Mansart, who wanted the King to raise the whole building one storey. The decoration of the chapel is exquisite, but the general effect inside is disappointing. It was planned to be seen from the gallery, because the King rarely visited the ground-floor. The side-boxes are very inconvenient, since each has a separate passageway.

There is no need to enumerate all the shortcomings of this great and costly castle. Vast and costly though it is, its surroundings were even more so: orangeries, vegetable gardens, kennels, two immense stables called the Great and the Small (exactly the same size), and a considerable town, which grew up where there was originally nothing but a poor inn, a windmill, and the little lodge built by Louis XIII. This consisted only of the low buildings about the Marble Court, with two small wings. My father saw it, and slept there often. This Versailles of Louis XIV, this extravagant monument of bad taste, was never finished! With all its salons

opening one into the other, it has no theatre, no banqueting-hall, no ballroom; on both façades of the building much remains to be done. The park, the woods and lanes, all fitted out with young trees, do not seem to flourish. Game does not multiply; there would be none at all if it were not always brought there for the occasion. In a word, the interminable walls include a small province of the most idiotic and melancholy country in the world.

Trianon, which is in the park, was at first a little house intended for refreshments. It was later enlarged by the addition of bedrooms, and at last was made into a palace of marble, jasper, and porphyry, with charming gardens. Opposite it, at the end of the canal, was the *Ménagerie*, a building adorned with delicate trifles, full of many sorts of rare birds and animals. Clagny, which was built for Mme. de Montespan and afterwards belonged to M. du Maine [illegitimate son of the King] was another fine castle near Versailles, with a beautiful park, gardens, and fountains.

The marvels of Asia and of the ancient world are surpassed at Versailles; so many rare and beautiful things have seldom been seen in one place: the most exquisite marbles, pictures, and sculptures abound. Unfortunately, Versailles lacked water; and the fountains, marvellous works of art, were usually dry, as they are today, though millions were spent in making spacious reservoirs in that soil of sand and mud.

This lack of water was, strangely enough, the ruin of our army. Mme. de Maintenon was at the height of her ascendancy. In order to please her, Louvois planned to divert the Eure between Chartres and Maintenon, and divert it to Versailles. He persevered in this scheme for several years, but at what great cost, not only in money but in human life! A large camp was established, and the soldiers put to work. But a disease came from the newly turned soil and spread a fever among them, and so many died that it was forbidden to refer to it; and a large number of those who did not die never recovered their health. Still the camp was not abandoned, and all officers were forbidden to leave it even for a day. The work was interrupted by the war of 1688, and never taken up again. Nothing remains of the venture save unsightly ruins, which bear everlasting witness to a cruel folly.

The King ultimately wearied of his splendour in public, and thought he would like to have a small palace where he could occasionally enjoy a little quiet. He looked for a good place in the neighbourhood; and he inspected the heights overlooking the meadows where the Seine winds about outside Paris, and waters so much fertile country and so many flourishing towns. He was advised to choose Luciennes, where Cavoye later built a house with a beautiful view; but his answer was that so delightful a situation would ruin him; he wanted a small place where he would not be tempted to build a large house. Near Luciennes he discovered a small valley, inaccessible because of the marshes, enclosed by the hills, on one

slope of which stood a small village called Marly. What pleased him most were the absence of any view and the impossibility of having one. Its situation, which seemed to make extensive buildings impossible, was an additional advantage. He selected Marly, intending first to spend there only two or three nights a year, with no one save a dozen courtiers and the most indispensable servants. The preliminary work of draining this place and bringing new earth was considerable, for all the rubbish of the neighbourhood had from time immemorial been dumped there.

Gradually the place was enlarged; the terraces were dug away to give more space; the hill was almost entirely removed to give some sort of view; gardens were planned and made, and a park as well; waterworks and aqueducts were constructed; works of art, statues, and furniture were brought, and Marly became what we now see it, though much has been taken away since the King's death. Woods were planted, with full-grown trees brought from Compiègne; three-fourths of these died, and had to be replaced. The King was always making alterations, at great cost. I myself saw a large wood transformed within six weeks into a pond where people rode in gondolas. This was scarcely accomplished when the lake was turned into a forest again, with such large trees that they kept out the light of day. The fountains and waterfalls were transported here and there a hundred times; carp-basins, decorated with gilt and beautiful paintings, were no sooner finished than they were taken elsewhere, with new decorations by the same painters. Such things happened again and again. One could safely say that, taking all this into consideration, with the expense of the prodigious device for raising water known as the Marly machine, with its immense conduits, aqueducts, and reservoirs, Versailles itself cost not so much as Marly. Such was the place that was originally covered with refuse, the haunt of frogs, toads, and snakes, chosen in the first instance because it was impossible to spend much money upon it. The King's bad taste and haughty pride in overcoming natural difficulties is well exemplified at Marly, and neither the most serious war nor his conversion to religion was ever able to change him.

After these examples of self-will and unrestricted power I refer to another thing, more natural perhaps, but more disastrous: the King's love-affairs. All Europe was shocked by them, and in France they created deep and lasting ill effects. It was doubtless because of this that the divine vengeance brought the King to the edge of the chasm and with one exception killed off his descendants. The first "regular" mistress he had was Mlle. de la Vallière. It is regrettable that his other mistresses were not like her. Quiet, modest, and unselfish, she gave herself up to a genuine love; she was ashamed of her weakness and of its results, the children, who were acknowledged much against her will. At last, after suffering tortures of jealousy, she betook herself from Court and devoted her life to pious penitence.

Even while Mlle. de la Vallière held sway, the King was attracted by the beauty of Mme. de Montespan, who begged her husband to take her away to Guyenne. This was done in good faith, but in his blind stupidity, her husband refused to listen. Finally she yielded to the King, who affected a separation between her and her husband. He then outraged public opinion in Europe by appearing at reviews, and even with the army during battles, with two mistresses at once, who were seated in the Queen's carriage. The masses, in their simplicity, used to call them the "three Queens," and point to them. Mme. de Montespan became the supreme mistress of the King and Court. To make the scandal worse, M. de Montespan was sent to the Bastille, and then exiled to Guyenne, while his wife was made Superintendent of the Queen's Household, a place which was made vacant by the resignation of the Comtesse de Soissons, which entitled her to a *tabouret* in the presence of the King. She could not be created a Duchess, since she was married. No effort was made to conceal the birth of her children. Her rooms became the centre of the Court amusements, the place whither ministers and generals turned with fear or expectation, and the public humiliation of the realm. Her sisters came to live with her.

The Queen of Abbesses, fairer and wittier than Mme. de Montespan, was wont to leave her cloister at Fontevrault occasionally to share her splendour, and was invited to the King's most exclusive gatherings. These visits never impaired her reputation. It may be said that, except for the strangeness of a person wearing such a costume coming to enjoy such favours, they occasioned no comment whatever. She was the ablest of the three women — very learned, skilled in theology, and familiar with the writings of the Fathers and the Bible. She knew Latin and Greek; though her wit was apparent, no one would have imagined that she knew more than the average woman. She was skilled in the art of management; she kept her abbey in strict order, yet she was loved by her nuns. She had become a nun against her will, yet her reputation as abbess was quite secure.

The third sister, Mme. de Thianges, amused the King more even than the others, and probably exercised greater influence over him; for even after Mme. de Montespan was sent from Court she enjoyed many distinguished privileges.

Mme. de Montespan was ill-natured, bad-tempered, and unreliable, with an overbearing pride from which the King was no more exempt than anyone else. The people of the Court passed her windows as seldom as possible, above all when the King was with her: they called this "being under fire," an expression which became proverbial. She was merciless toward all, often with no other motive than of amusing the King. She was witty and sarcastic, and it was hazardous to incur her ridicule. Yet she was fond of her relatives, and ready to favour anyone she liked. The

Queen could scarcely bear her haughtiness, so different from the modest treatment she had received from Mlle. de la Vallière, whom she was fond of. She would say of Mme. de Montespan: "That harlot will be the death of me." I have already written of the retreat and instructive end of Mme. de Montespan.

She had some grounds for jealousy even at the height of her power. Mlle. de Fontange attracted the King's notice and became his "official" mistress; but she never shone as brilliantly as Mme. de Montespan, nor was she as fortunate in her repentance. She was popular for a while because of her beauty, but her intelligence was not great: to remain in the King's good graces, it was necessary to amuse him. He had no chance to tire of her, for her early death under rather suspicious circumstances put an end to this affair.

His other affairs were mostly temporary. One only was of any duration, that with Mme. de Soubise; this gradually changed into a friendship, lasting until her death. She was able to extract great advantages, and her sons have made the most of the shameful inheritance which she left them. Her husband was most complacent, hardly ever going to Court, and remaining quietly in Paris or with the army, meantime piling up wealth and enjoying the advantages his beautiful wife secured for him. The Maréchale de Rochefort acted as go-between. It was in her home that Mme. de Soubise would wait for the King. The Maréchale has often told me of the various little incidents that occasionally prevented a meeting. These were never the husband's fault; he made it his business to know nothing of what was happening. His conduct was rewarded by the rapid acquisition of a large fortune. His modest house in the Place Royale was exchanged for the Palace of the Guises, who would not be able to recognise it if they saw it with the splendid additions he made to it. The children of this red-haired beauty were enabled to enrich themselves still more. The third generation is today enjoying the benefits of Madame's beauty and the infamous complacency of her husband.

Mme. de Roquelaure and her snub-nosed fool of a husband followed the same line of conduct, and she reaped considerable profit by it to the end of her days; but she was not comparable to Mme. de Soubise in beauty or wit, and could not hold her position as well. To the very last Mme. de Soubise had only to ask for anything and she got it. Though the affair with the King had long ago ended, and their relationship was altogether proper, the whole Court realised her power, and she was treated with great deference. Letters from her were taken straight to the King, and his answers, always prompt, reached her unknown to anyone. She rarely had occasion to speak with him; but if she wished to, she was at once allowed into his presence. Their interviews always occurred in public in his private room, then, as now, the Council-Room. They sat side by side at the end of the chamber, but both doors were left open, which was

not usual, and the courtiers in the next room could see in. To the end of her days it was evident from the King's behaviour that she was not indifferent to him. Every three years she used to visit Marly; but nowhere did the King ever pay her marked attention in public, because of an agreement she had made with Mme. de Maintenon, who promised to help her up whenever she needed anything. She died some years before the King, and remained beautiful to the last.

I must mention the lovely Mlle. de Ludres, a young lady of Lorraine, Madame's Maid of Honour, whom the King openly courted for a brief period. This affair lasted only a short while, and Mme. de Montespan again triumphed without a rival.

I now come to a different sort of love-affair, which astonished Europe as much as the others had shocked it. I refer to the King's union with the celebrated Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, whose reign lasted thirty-two years. Born in the West Indies, whither her father (perhaps a gentleman by birth) had gone to make a living, she came to France alone, and was charitably received by Mme. de Neuillant, mother of the Maréchale de Navailles, a miserly old lady, who made her keep the keys and see that oats were measured out daily for the horses. She later accompanied Mme. de Neuillant to Paris, where by good luck she was introduced to the famous Scarron. She was young, beautiful, clever, and brilliant; Scarron took a liking for her, and his friends, who admired her still more, induced him to end her misfortunes by marrying her.

A marriage with this joyous and learned cripple seemed to a woman in her poor circumstances an unhoped-for piece of good fortune, and she consented to the union. Scarron was a great deal in good company; it was the fashion to go to his house, since he was unable to leave it. The cleverest and most famous men of the day went there, attracted by his witty conversation and the marvellous cheerfulness with which he bore his illness. Everyone was charmed by his bride, who made there many useful acquaintances. Yet when her husband died she was forced to accept charity from her parish of St. Eustache. She rented a room in an attic, and lived there some time with her servant in great poverty.

Gradually her charms enabled her to live somewhat more comfortably. She was supported by Villars, the Marshal's father; by Beuvron, the three Villarceaux, and several others. Eventually she found herself in easy circumstances. She obtained admittance to the Hôtel d'Albret, and then to the Hôtel de Richelieu, and then to one great house after another. But it must not be thought that Mme. Scarron was received there as an equal; she ran errands, ordered the servants to bring firewood, to ask whether dinner would soon be served or whether milord's carriage had returned, and similar services which have since then been rendered unnecessary by the use of bells.

Mme. Scarron became acquainted with a great many people at the

Hôtel d'Albret, several of whom were useful to her; to others she was later able to render great favours. She made the acquaintance of M. and Mme. de Montespan, who were close relatives of the Marshal d'Albret, and frequent guests at his house. Her cleverness and manner won Mme. de Montespan's confidence, and she proposed Mme. Scarron as a suitable person to take charge of the two children she had borne the King. The existence of these children was at first kept secret, and Mme. Scarron was given a house in the Marais, where she lived with them in retirement. Later the children were acknowledged by the King and their governess then went to live with them at Court.

Mme. de Montespan's affection for her increased and more than once she secured money for her from the King, who could not abide her. He did not conceal the fact that what he gave her was given unwillingly and only to please Mme. de Montespan. The estate of Maintenon was offered for sale at about this time, and Mme. de Montespan thought that it would suit Mme. Scarron because it was near Versailles. She gave the King no peace until he enabled her to purchase it. So Mme. Scarron soon after took the name of Mme. de Maintenon. The house and gardens were run down, and Mme. de Montespan again appealed to the King for money to repair them. She did this while dressing, and when the King visited her he was accompanied only by the Captain of the Guard, who happened to be the Marshal de Lorge. He has often described the scene to me. At first the King turned a deaf ear, and then absolutely refused Mme. de Montespan's request. He grew angry at her pertinacity, saying he could not understand her fondness for the creature, or how she could persist in keeping her when he had often asked her to send her away. He said he could not bear Mme. Scarron, and if anyone would guarantee he would never hear of her again, he would gladly give her more money, although he had already done too much. Mme. de Montespan said no more and was rather sorry she had pressed the matter. The Marshal de Lorge, a truthful man, never forgot what he had heard; he has often repeated it to me and to others in exactly the same way. The words surprised him at the time, but much more so when he contrasted them with the astonishing state of things that afterwards developed.

M. du Maine was very lame because, it was said, he had, as a child, fallen from his nurse's arms. The treatment prescribed by the Paris physicians did no good, and it was decided to put him under a specialist in Flanders, and later to have him take the waters at Barèges. The letters sent by the governess to Mme. de Montespan during these trips were shown to the King, who thought them well-written, so that his aversion for Mme. de Maintenon began to diminish. Mme. de Montespan's surly temper did the rest. She could never control it, and vented it on the King more readily than on anyone else. He was in love with her, but was much displeased by her moods. Mme. de Maintenon used to reproach Mme. de

Montespan for her behaviour, and her efforts in this direction were reported to the King, partly by Mme. de Montespan, who did so in order to help Mme. de Maintenon. He began to speak more familiarly with Mme. de Maintenon and after a while to tell her his troubles and explain what he wanted her to say to Mme. de Montespan.

The wily governess made the most of these opportunities, and gradually took the place of Mme. de Montespan, who realised too late that she could not dispense with her. Mme. de Maintenon then began to complain to the King of what she had suffered from a mistress who cared so little for himself. They sympathised with each other until at length Mme. de Maintenon had entirely usurped Mme. de Montespan's place in the King's affections. She knew the art of keeping it. Luck (I do not like to say Providence in this connection), which was preparing for this proudest of Kings the worst humiliation possible, commanded that his affection for the woman should increase, especially through Mme. de Montespan's jealousy and furious temper. This is charmingly described in guarded phrases in Mme. de Sévigné's letters to Mme. de Grignan; for Mme. de Maintenon had seen a good deal of Mme. de Sévigné, and her friends Mme. de Coulanges and Mme. de la Fayette. These ladies soon perceived her growing influence. Mme. de Sévigné hints at the favour of Mme. de Soubise.

The same chance so ordered matters that the Queen should live long enough for the King's love for Mme. de Maintenon to reach its height, though not long enough for it to subside. The worst thing that befell the King was the loss of his wife when this new attachment had taken the place of his old one for Mme. de Montespan, whose temper had now become unbearable. She was enraged to think that the rival who had supplanted her and who was years older than herself and not so fair, owed everything to her own goodness of heart; and especially so when she remembered how she had refused to dismiss her at the King's own request. She was chagrined to realise that when he visited her now it was really to see her protégée, nay, her servant; that he was put out when she was not there; and when he left her it was often to go to a private interview with Mme. de Maintenon. At this precise moment the King was at last released.

The first days of his widowhood were passed with Monsieur at St. Cloud, and afterwards at Fontainebleau, where he spent the entire autumn. His absence from Mme. de Maintenon served to kindle his passion. Just after his return (so it is said, for I must distinguish between what is positive and what is not), he spoke more freely to her. She put her power to a supreme test, and on religious grounds refused to give in to him. She even preached to him, and made him fear hell; speaking now of her love and again of her conscience, she played her cards so well that she attained her end, though posterity will hardly credit it. One thing is certain:

shortly after the King returned from Fontainebleau, the winter after the Queen's death, his wedding with Mme. de Maintenon was celebrated at midnight by Père de la Chaise, with Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, and Louvois, as witnesses. The only other person present was Montchevreuil, who used to lend his house every summer to his cousin Villarceaux, that he might keep the new Queen there, as he had in Paris. Villarceaux was ashamed to live thus in his own house in his wife's presence, out of consideration for her patient goodness. He therefore used to borrow his cousin's house, and paid all expenses while he was there.

The novelty of marriage, which usually diminishes the wife's influence, especially in marriages like this, served only to consolidate that of Mme. de Maintenon. This was soon proved publicly by the fact that apartments opposite the King's on the same floor at Versailles were given over to her. From that time forward the King invariably spent several hours with her every day he was at Versailles, and wherever the Court happened to be her rooms were near, if possible on the same floor. Her power was soon firmly rooted; ministers, generals, the King's nearest kin, folk of all classes, became her subjects. Her word was law, her approval was always required; she was consulted about everything: appointments, favours, punishments, church affairs — all was submitted to her. Like an all-powerful spirit, she ruled King and State continuously, unopposed, without an indication of any diminution of her influence. This lasted for more than thirty years. Such was the extraordinary woman on whom the eyes of Europe were fixed. I must now attempt to describe her.

She was a remarkably able woman, whose natural ability had been developed by a knowledge of the world acquired in the best society, where she was at first admitted as though on probation, but later welcomed for her own sake. Her experience had taught her how to flatter, to exercise her manners, and be anxious to please. Her manners greatly helped her; they were indescribably graceful and easy, though with a sort of reserve and deference that had become second nature to her in her former condition. Her conversation was flowing and pleasant. She spoke well, even with a kind of eloquence. Being three or four years older than the King, she had appeared in society at a time when the art of conversation and gallantry was at its height; and traces of it were perceptible in her. The period was noted too for a certain preciosity of manner, which she had learned, and this had become more noticeable after she began to take on airs of importance, and more so after she began to make a show of her religious propensities.

Piety became her main characteristic toward the end; it seemed necessary to maintain her in the position which she had won chiefly by its means; it was especially necessary to enable her to rule, for that was the end to which she sacrificed everything. Such things are not easy to reconcile with truth and honesty, and it must not be imagined that she

had more than an outward show of those attributes. Yet she was not naturally hypocritical; the necessities of her situation had forced her to be insincere at first, and this had since become a habit. Her natural fickleness made her seem more insincere than she actually was. She was never constant, except when it became quite necessary: her natural inclination was to change friends as she changed pastimes, except with a few friends of her early days (I have mentioned these elsewhere) and one or two whose help she required. She had no chance to vary her amusements after she became Queen. Her variable character affected serious affairs on frequent occasions in a most unfortunate way. She quickly took a liking for someone, and as quickly dropped him, and went to the opposite extreme, often without any reason. The humiliation she had so long suffered had narrowed her intelligence and embittered her heart. Her ideas and policies were so petty that they were considered scarcely worthy even of the widow Scarron: one would have thought she was still Mme. Scarron.

This meanness of mind in a person of such high position was a very unpleasant defect, and it greatly undermined her power for doing good. The way she would be attracted to people and drop them again was most dangerous. If there was anything she liked about a person admitted to a hearing, she would be the soul of frankness and cordiality, inspiring the highest hopes; but on the occasion of a second interview, he would probably disgust her, and she became bored and laconic. It was a waste of time to try to find out the reason for this sudden change; there was no cause except her fickleness, which was an incredible thing. The few persons to whom she was constant were victims on occasion of her variable temper, and after her second marriage no one approached her without apprehension. Everything about her was beset with difficulty; it was hard to obtain admission to her private court; partly because such was the King's wish and her own, partly because of the way her time was arranged. Her influence was felt universally.

She was easily deceived by anyone who confided in her, especially if the confidence were an actual confession. Another weakness was her passion for managing everything; this deprived her of the little freedom she might otherwise have had. The time she wasted at St. Cyr is incredible; numberless other convents also occupied her attention; she believed she was destined to be a sort of universal abbess, especially in spiritual affairs. She fancied herself a Mother of the Church, and liked to interfere with the details of certain dioceses. Bishops, heads of seminaries and brotherhoods, abbesses in charge of convents, all these were her concern. Her time was occupied by a vast amount of business, troublesome and usually useless. She read and wrote numberless letters, and gave spiritual advice; she mixed in every manner of childishness, which usually ended in nothing. Occasionally, however, she made wrong decisions in matters of importance, and made deplorably bad appointments.

The King believed himself to be a sort of Apostle because he had always fought Jansenism, or what he believed to be such; and Mme. de Maintenon made use of his zeal to insinuate herself into everything. His ignorance had led him into the evil habit of believing what his spiritual directors told him about theological matters, and the differences among the various opinions in Church matters. As ignorant as a child in these things, he allowed himself to be persuaded by the Jesuits that every school except their own was permeated by a spirit of republican independence and sought to destroy his power, whereas the very opposite is the truth. They made him believe that those who did not agree with their own doctrines were Jansenists, and that Jansenists were, as a matter of fact, opposed to his royal self. This was a point on which the King was unbelievably sensitive. It was for this reason that the saintly hermits of Port-Royal, to whom the Christians owe lasting gratitude for their enlightening works on religion, were at last dispersed. The persecution of these people on all possible occasions gave the King a chance to show his religious zeal, and Mme. de Maintenon spurred him on. After a time the Jesuits offered him another field for his endeavours.

Jansenism was at last no longer much feared, and the Jesuits thought it best to let the Jansenists be for a time, waiting until they could revive the subject under some new pretext. The King had begun to imagine that people's consciences were under his authority, and it was not difficult to stimulate his hatred against a form of religion condemned by the Church, which had, as a matter of fact, condemned itself by suppressing articles of faith held by the Church from ancient days. The Jesuits worked upon his religious zeal and desire for absolute power. They painted the Huguenots in the darkest colours; he was told that they formed a state within the state; that they had brought this about by armed resistance to his predecessors; and finally that he had promised to protect them by means of a humiliating agreement.

He was told nothing of the real history of the Huguenots; of the conspiracies of the League against his grandfather and all that part of the royal family; and nothing of the teachings of the Gospel, the Apostles, and the Fathers about the proper way of preaching Jesus Christ, and converting heretics. It was easy, at the expense of others, to perform a glorious action which, he was assured, would win him salvation in the next world. It appealed to the fervour of this religious neophyte, while his pride was flattered by the notion of doing a thing that none of his predecessors had been able to do. He was led to believe that it would be a sacred work, as well as a masterpiece of policy, to break his promise to the Huguenots and put an end to that faction forever.

The days of our great ministers had passed; Le Tellier was on the point of death, and his son was the only minister left, since Seignelay had hardly begun to rise. Louvois, who was always anxious for war, discouraged by

the recent signing of a twenty years' peace, thought that a blow struck at the Huguenots would crush the Protestant cause in Europe. He believed, too, that it would increase his own power, for the King must needs use troops against the Huguenots and be forced to depend upon him to carry out his plans. Mme. de Maintenon saw in all this more than the Jesuits explained to her, and she was not likely to let pass an opportunity of flattering the King; she would use his religious zeal in order to make her own position more secure. The matter was therefore settled between the King, his confessor, his minister, and his newly-married wife. No one else was, or could be, in the secret. Even if it had been otherwise, who would have dared to say a word in criticism?

The first result of this nefarious plot was the arbitrary Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without any sort of pretext. Then followed the proscriptions. Ultimately a fourth part of the kingdom was depopulated, and our commerce ruined. For a long period the country suffered the ravages of the *dragonnade*, which caused the death of thousands of innocent people of all ages, both men and women. Families were separated; men of all ranks, often old and infirm, respected for their piety and learning, were sent to the galleys, to be whipped like slaves; many were driven from their homes and left destitute, to seek a refuge in foreign lands, whither they took our arts and crafts, enriching other countries and causing their cities to flourish at the expense of France.

Yet the worse consequence of this persecution was the hypocrisy and perjury it occasioned. Among these victims of their own errors some were found ready to sacrifice their consciences in order to save their property. These converts were dragged to church and forced to receive the Body of the Holy One, though they really believed that what they ate was only bread, which they ought to detest. Often not a day elapsed between the first torture and the ceremony of Communion. The torturers themselves led the converts to it and swore to their conversion. The bishops for the most part lent their authority to these sacrilegious proceedings; and sent in lists of converts to Court in order to make themselves more important and eligible for promotion. The bishops and dragoons were supported by the Intendants, who likewise sent in lists of converts.

Those who abjured Protestantism were reckoned by thousands; two thousand here, six thousand there, and so on — all instantaneous conversions. The King was pleased to see his zeal so fruitful in results, and fancied that the days of the Apostles' preaching had returned. He took all the credit to himself. The bishops flattered him; the Jesuits proclaimed his praises; though France was filled with horror and confusion, never were such triumphs proclaimed in his honour. He doubted not that all these conversions were genuine. He thought he appeared great in the eyes of men, and had done much for God as reparation for the sins and scandals of his own past.

But there were several good Catholics, and some holy bishops, who bitterly regretted that an orthodox king should have recourse to the same methods against error which pagan tyrants had formerly used against the truth, the confessors, and the church martyrs. But the King had an ear only for praise of himself. The perjury caused by the forced conversions deeply grieved the clergy; they bewailed the irreparable harm done to the cause of real religion. Meantime our enemies were exulting over our madness and turning it to their own uses, while they fostered vast designs based on the hatred we had caused in the Protestant countries.

But such considerations had no effect on the King. Not even the Pope's disapproval could make him see clearly. In earlier days Rome had not been ashamed to praise the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and had even sanctioned public celebrations for it, and ordered the greatest masters to adorn the Vatican with pictures of the awful event! Odescalchi was then Pope, under the name of Innocent XI. He never expressed any approval of this slaughter of the Huguenots, since he regarded it merely as a political effort to destroy a party that had often proved troublesome.

Shortly after the Revocation of the Edict, Mme. de Maintenon founded the splendid institution of St. Cyr, for the education of the daughters of poor nobles. She obtained the rich revenues of St. Denis, which apparently diminished her expenses. So worthy was its aim that its establishment was most welcome. She needed something to occupy her time, in which the King would be interested, in order that it might be a subject of conversation with him. She also hoped, in making herself protectress of the poor nobles, to gain the sympathies of all the nobility, and perhaps prepare for the recognition of her marriage. She had not given up hope of this, even though she was prevented by Louvois, and when he died she began laying her plans anew.

I have told how when the Queen's apartments, closed since the death of the Bavarian Dauphine, were reopened, it was rumoured that the announcement of the marriage was probable. Now, the rumour was well-founded: the marriage would have been declared if the King had not thought it well to ask the advice of the famous Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, both of whom argued against it. This settled the question once for all. Though the Archbishop was already on bad terms with Mme. de Maintenon over Mme. Guyon's affair, he had not yet lost the King's favour, as he did shortly after. Bossuet in no way suffered for giving his advice; and as a matter of fact, for several reasons Mme. de Maintenon made no effort to make him feel her displeasure. She was, as we have seen, guided by Godet, Bishop of Chartres, who made use of Bossuet's name and literary ability to complete the ruin of Fénelon. Besides, Bossuet unintentionally rendered Mme. de Maintenon a great service.

He was a man whose learning was equalled only by his unimpeachable

character and honour. The King, who had known him well when he was Monseigneur's tutor, had great confidence in him and often sought advice from him when troubled by scruples of conscience. Bossuet spoke to him freely, like a bishop of the early Church, and more than once persuaded him to reform his habits and, when the King relapsed, boldly blamed him. Finally, he induced the King to break off all his love-affairs, and ultimately got Mme. de Montespan dismissed from Court. This was a decided relief to Mme. de Maintenon, who never felt quite easy so long as her former mistress saw the King daily, even though the visits were short. It was necessary to show her polite attentions, and this reminded her of the humble situation she had formerly occupied. Mme. de Montespan took good care to remind her of this. She therefore owed much to the Bishop of Meaux.

It was at this time that the intimacy between M. du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon began, which prepared the way for the remarkable honours he afterwards attained, and, if his former governess had had her own way, would have put him on the throne. He quickly perceived the difficulties of the situation, and saw that his mother would be rather a hindrance to his advancement than otherwise; but he had everything to expect from Mme. de Maintenon. He did not hesitate in choosing between them. He helped the Bishop of Meaux persuade his mother to leave Court, and even offered to carry the King's order to her. In a word, he did all he could to induce her to go away. Mme. de Montespan was deeply offended by his conduct, and never forgave him. But this gave him small trouble: he had the favourite on his side and counted on her great affection to do everything in her power for him as long as she lived.

Her position became more important than ever after Mme. de Montespan left. Since she had failed twice to obtain the acknowledgement of her marriage, she knew she must not refer to the subject again; she had the self-control to conceal her disappointment. The King was pleased by this, and redoubled his affection and confidence. If she had attained her object, she would perhaps have failed under the burden of public attention, whereas the secret of her position, transparent though it was, strengthened her actual power.

Mme. de Maintenon never [formally] received visitors and hardly ever went to see anyone. She visited the English Queen and was visited by her. Sometimes she went to see Mme. de Montchevreuil, her closest friend, and occasionally her niece, Mme. de Caylus. Perhaps once every two years she called on the Duchesse du Lude and two or three other ladies of high rank. Such visits were always regarded as noticeable. Her old friend, Mme. d'Heudicourt, came to her apartments almost as often as she liked; likewise Mme. de Montchevreuil and later the Marshal de Villeroy. Harcourt was allowed occasionally. These were all.

She never visited any of the royal Princesses, not even Madame, nor

did they go to her except for a special audience; this was always a matter for comment. If she wished to speak with any of the King's daughters, which was seldom except when she had to scold, she summoned them. They came trembling to her room, and left it weeping. Her doors were always open to M. du Maine; and after the marriage of the Duc de Noailles with her niece he saw her whenever he liked, but his parents were admitted only occasionally, and as a favour. This was particularly true of his mother, because the King and Mme. de Maintenon disliked and rather feared her. Mme. de Maintenon's brother was an embarrassment to her so long as she lived: he used to go to her at all hours and talk in the maddest way; often he would storm angrily at her. He had no influence with her. His wife never appeared at Court nor in society. Mme. de Maintenon pitied her and treated her kindly and sometimes dined with her, but would not have her at Versailles more than once or twice a year, and then only for a single night.

It was as hard to have an audience with her as it was with the King. She usually held her audiences at St. Cyr. Whoever wanted to speak to her at Versailles must see her as she left her rooms or returned. There were sometimes poor people who tried to see her, as well as persons of rank; and whoever succeeded was fortunate, though it was only a moment. Among those who spoke to her in this way were the Marshals de Villeroy, Harcourt, and Tessé, and later on, Vaudemont. If she was on her way to her rooms, they never went beyond the antechamber, where she closed the interview and left them. I myself never spoke to her except once, and of that I have already written. A very few ladies used to go to her apartments when the King was not present, and very rarely some of them dined with her.

She was in the habit of rising early, and as soon as she was dressed she usually went to St. Cyr between seven and eight. When she was old and feeble she used to go to bed on her arrival there, to rest a little before beginning her interviews and correspondence about the affairs of the convents and general Church matters. She had a house at Fontainebleau, which she used for the same purposes as St. Cyr; and at Marly a similar place, a small room with a window opening into the chapel. No one was ever admitted there except the Duchess of Burgundy. When the Court was at Fontainebleau the King went to her every morning after Mass, when there was no Council meeting, spending about an hour and a half alone with her, until dinner, except when he went stag-hunting and had to dine early. At Trianon and Marly these visits did not last so long, because the King liked to walk in his gardens.

They met again in the evening, but seldom alone, because the ministers in turn brought business to transact with the King. If none came, as often happened on Fridays, there were ladies there with whom the King played cards; or else there was music. The King and Mme. de Maintenon

would sit by the fireplace with tables in front of them; before the King's table were two stools, on one of which the minister sat and on the other was his bag full of papers. At nine o'clock two maid-servants came and undressed Mme. de Maintenon. Then her *maitre-d'hôtel* brought in supper (soup and some light dish); after she had eaten it her maids put her to bed. This took place before the King and the minister, who proceeded with their work, speaking as before. She was in bed by ten o'clock; the King then disappeared for a few minutes into the next room, returned to say good-night to her, and had his own supper.

Mme. de Maintenon was treated like a queen in private and in public; she was even allowed to sit on the Queen's chair in the King's presence, and that of Monseigneur, of Monsieur, and of the English Court; but in private she claimed only what was due to her position, and always kept modestly in the background. I have often seen her give place to a titled lady, even to ladies of no title but of high quality. She would never listen to their remonstrances and would refuse to take precedence over a Duchess, though with other ladies she gave in, but with polite reluctance. She was in such things civil and friendly; yet she was very dignified and had a powerful effect upon others. She always dressed richly yet simply, in a manner suited to an older woman. When one caught a glimpse of her after she had ceased to appear publicly, all one saw was a headdress and a black scarf.

Mme. de Maintenon could by no means maintain her influence without trouble; as a matter of fact, her reign was a series of masterly strokes of management, by which the King was deceived from first to last. When he was working with his minister she sat there, reading or sewing, and listening to what was said, though she seldom put in a word. Occasionally the King would ask her advice, which she gave guardedly and with seeming reluctance, rarely stating any decided desire for one course or the other, seldom indeed when it was a matter of choosing between two persons. She always acted with the minister; when it was a matter of granting a favour or making an appointment, she settled the matter with him beforehand, and he dared not oppose her choice in private or fail to support it afterward.

When the preliminary agreement was made the minister gave the King the names of those eligible for appointment, and the King would perhaps pause when he read the name already decided upon by Mme. de Maintenon. Then the minister hinted that there was no need to read further. But if the King seemed to wish to stop elsewhere, the minister mentioned other names, offering him several choices. Then if the King asked his opinion he would, after referring to the qualifications of many, show some desire for the man he actually wanted. The King nearly always hesitated, and at last asked Mme. de Maintenon what she thought. She would then smile modestly, pretending that such matters did not concern her. She

would then say something about some other person on the list, but at last mention the one whom the minister seemed to wish for.

She thus managed to make at least three-fourths of the appointments under discussion between the King and the minister. It sometimes happened that she had no preference, in which case the minister would unassisted deceive the King in the same manner. It seemed Mme. de Maintenon did not care to interfere in matters of policy, but when she did, she made the same arrangement with the minister and used the same deceptive means. In this way the clever woman had her own way in almost everything. Yet there were occasions when matters did not turn out just as she might have wished. It was necessary for her to have ministers she could trust, and this was one reason why they had such great power to procure advantages for their families: Mme. de Maintenon allowed them to do as they liked in these matters in order to bind them to her service. She was always prepared to speak in their behalf if they desired any special favour, to sympathise with their labours, and praise their industry and fidelity, thus establishing a reciprocal system of favours. She could do scarcely anything without their help, and they could not keep their positions without her co-operation and certainly not unless she wished it. When she realised that some minister was no longer in accord with her, she plotted his ruin and seldom failed to bring it about, although sometimes, as in Chamillart's case, a long time was required and no little intriguing. Pontchartrain just escaped her, by his readiness of wit, (which amused the King) and by the cleverness and sense of his wife, who was on good terms with Mme. de Maintenon after he had lost her favour; but principally because the Chancellorship, which happened to be vacant at a lucky moment for him, gave him a means of escape. The Duc de Beauvilliers was twice saved by a miracle, as I have elsewhere related.

If ministers were thus influenced by her, it is not hard to imagine what she could do to injure private persons, who were unable to defend themselves and were perhaps not even aware that any defence was necessary. Many a person, learning to his surprise that he had suffered disgrace, tried in vain to discover the reason. The documents brought by the younger Pontchartrain to the King in the evening, with reports of spies and tales about Paris and the Court, gave Mme. de Maintenon many opportunities for doing favours or ill turns.

Torcy never brought any business affairs to the King on these occasions, and so hardly ever saw Mme. de Maintenon. She disliked him, and his wife even more. She was an Arnaud, and that name alone counterbalanced any virtues she might have had. The post-office was Torcy's province, and all its secrets were discussed between him and the King in private. The King often carried parts copied out of letters to Mme. de Maintenon, though this was not a regular thing: it was only when it occurred to the King to tell her, that she learned anything in this fashion. Torcy was

Minister of Foreign Affairs, and all such matters were discussed in Council. If anything unusual occurred, Torcy went to the King at once. Mme. de Maintenon wished to have such things discussed before her that she might make her influence felt in foreign affairs, but Torcy was wise enough not to fall into a trap of this kind, and explained that such business did not require discussion at regular council meetings. Yet the King told Mme. de Maintenon all about the foreign policy, though that was not like being present at stated times when she knew what was going to be discussed and could make plans beforehand. Talking over with the King such facts as he chose to relate was not so satisfactory, if she wanted to follow a particular line of policy in helping or harming some particular person. It was inconvenient to have to say straight out what she wished.

The King was invariably on his guard against direct attacks of this sort. When some minister or general tried to secure a favour for a relative or friend of Mme. de Maintenon's and did so without tact, he often refused, saying afterwards, half in anger, "So-and-so is a good courtier; he has tried to help a friend of Mme. de Maintenon." This made her very careful in letting the King know her wishes. If someone asked her to use her influence, even in a small matter, she always replied that she never interfered and sometimes, if it concerned a minister she could trust, she would refer the person to him, promising to mention the matter; but she seldom went so far as that. Yet people would ask for her help in the hope that by this act of respect they might prevent her opposing them; also hoping that she might do something, which happened occasionally.

Long before he became Chancellor, Le Tellier had learned to know the King's character thoroughly. A good friend of his once asked him to procure a favour for him, relating to some affair the minister was to discuss with the King. Le Tellier said he would do what he could. This did not satisfy the friend, who told him that with his influence he might promise more. "You do not understand the situation," said Le Tellier. "We are sure that out of twenty matters brought to the King, he will decide nineteen as we wish; but we are also sure that he will be against us on the twentieth. The point is that we never know which he will decide against us; often it is the one we especially wish him to agree to. He keeps these little set-backs in store for us to show that he is master. If we wrangle with him and let him see that we insist on having our way, which we seldom do, he is sure to decide against us. But after giving us this lesson, he is sorry to have disappointed us, and becomes more tractable. It is at such times that we can do anything with him that we like."

This was the King's way of treating his ministers: he mistakenly thought that thus he prevented their influencing him. He used the same process with Mme. de Maintenon. Occasionally he would lose his temper and speak roughly to her, and was quite pleased with himself for doing so. She would burst into tears; and sometimes, after a scene, she pretended to be ill. That was generally the best way of getting round the King.

The King was never to be influenced into changing his habits by the illness, actual or pretended, of anyone. He was so self-centred that he never gave a thought to the sufferings of other people except as they interfered with his own comfort. His selfishness was extraordinary. When his passion for his mistresses was greatest they were forced to go with him on his journeys, no matter how they felt. Ill or well, before or after their confinements, they had to travel, laced tight in their court dresses; and until this etiquette was relaxed a little at Marly no lady, whoever she was, dared to appear at Court or in the King's carriage except in full dress. They were forced to accompany him thus to Flanders, or even farther away, to dance late at night, and attend dinners and entertainments. And they had invariably to appear cheerful and sprightly, despite heat or cold, wind or dirt; and they were expected to be on time on all occasions. His daughters were treated in the same way. In spite of what Fagon [the King's physician] or Mme. de Maintenon said, he showed no more consideration for the Duchesse de Berry, or even for the Duchess of Burgundy, though he loved her as deeply as he could love anyone. Both suffered miscarriages because of this treatment, and from what he said when he heard the news, he seemed rather relieved than otherwise. Yet neither of them had a living child at the time.

When he travelled his carriage was always filled with ladies — his mistresses, and later his illegitimate daughters. Sometimes Madame came, and other ladies when there was room. But this was only when he went to Fontainebleau, Chantilly, Compiègne, or on a longer journey: when he went out hunting, or to Marly or Meudon, he travelled alone in a light coach. His large coach, when he went on a long journey, was well stocked with food: cold meat, pastry, and fruit. Before they had gone a mile the King would offer the ladies something to eat. He himself never ate between meals, not even fruit: but he took pleasure in seeing other people eat, nay, even overeat. He demanded that the ladies be hungry and cheerful and eat with a good appetite; if they did not, he was displeased, and rather spitefully charged them with affectation. The same ladies, at supper with him in the evening, were expected to eat with as hearty an appetite as though they had had nothing during the day.

Nothing was to be said about the other natural functions. This would have been embarrassing for ladies, with an escort of horse-guards preceding and following the coach, and an officer at each side. They raised clouds of dust that covered everything in the coach; but the King, who liked fresh air, insisted on having the windows down, and would have been very much put out if any lady had dared pull a curtain to ward off sun or wind. He always travelled at high speed, usually with many changes of horses.

The Duchesse de Chevreuse, whom the King always took in his coach so long as she was able to travel, told me a story about one of these

journeys from Versailles to Fontainebleau. They had gone no more than five or six miles when she was seized with one of those natural wants which it seems out of the question to postpone. The King was anxious to travel straight through, stopping only to dine in the coach, without getting down. Unfortunately, her necessity did not accommodate itself to the situation. During the stop for dinner, when she might have got out, she felt better; but just after they started again she suffered worse than before. More than once she was almost forced to request the King to stop and let her out. But her courage helped, and she resisted, almost fainting, until they reached Fontainebleau. There she saw the Duc de Beauvilliers, whom she seized by the arm and told that she should die if she had not an opportunity for immediate relief. They crossed the court and went into the chapel, which was luckily open, since Mass was celebrated in it every morning. Necessity knows no law, and then and there Mme. de Chevreuse found relief, while the Duke kept watch at the door.

This trifling anecdote is told to illustrate the constraint which people suffered under who were in daily contact with the King, even those highest in favour, as the Duchesse de Chevreuse was at that time. This may seem trivial; it is, but it is too characteristic to be omitted. The King himself indeed sometimes had natural wants; in which event he would unceremoniously get out of his coach. The ladies would remain in the carriage.

Mme. de Maintenon did not like the open air, and suffered from certain infirmities; but the only privilege permitted her was travelling in a private carriage. No matter what the state of her health might be, she had to make the journey and arrive on time, that the King might find her settled in her rooms when he came. She often went to Marly so sick that one would not have compelled a maid-servant to go out had she been as ill. Once on a journey to Fontainebleau it was a question whether she would survive until she arrived. Ill or well, the King invariably went to her room at the designated hour and transacted the business agreed on, and the utmost she would dare to do was to go to bed, and lie in a fever.

As I have already said, the King liked fresh air and disliked hot rooms. He disliked finding everything shut up when Mme. de Maintenon was in this condition; so he at once had all the windows thrown open, and kept them so until he took supper at ten, oblivious of the effect of the air upon her. The fact that she had a headache was no reason why the musicians should be stopped when music had been planned or why there should not be a hundred candles blinding her eyes under these circumstances; the King pursued his routine, without thinking of asking if it annoyed her.

Her servants (nothing is without interest that concerns her) were few, modest, respectful, and quiet. This was what was required. They would not have kept their places if they had not fallen in with her wishes. Her

maids spent all their time in her rooms, for she not only disliked their leaving, but would not allow them to have visitors. The King knew all her servants, both men and women, and treated them familiarly, speaking to them when he happened to come to her rooms before she had arrived. The only remarkable one was the aged servant who had been with her when she lived in an attic after Scarron's death. Nanon, as she was called then and as Mme. de Maintenon still called her, became Mlle. Balbien. She was as old and pious as her mistress, whom she copied in her dress and in all other respects. She was an important person in a way, knowing as she did all Mme. de Maintenon's personal secrets, and keeping watch over the young ladies at St. Cyr, who came to live with her from time to time; over her nieces, and even the Duchess of Burgundy. She even managed to make friends with her.

There was no one at Court, from the royal Princes and the illegitimate Princes downwards, who did not fear her and treat her politely, even respectfully. She was a rather foolish woman, with an artificial manner, but not ill-natured. If she did anyone a bad turn it was usually because of her stupidity. We have seen what she could do in the matter of the appointment of the Duchesse du Lude, only four hours after the King had spoken so urgently against it. But she did not interfere very much. People who saw her would give her money: her promise to secure permission to go to Marly brought her in a considerable income.

Mme. de Maintenon, as I say, though a queen in private, was a private individual in public, though there were certain public functions where she was treated as a queen; as at the Compiègne review, and sometimes at Marly when she would accompany the King to see some new improvement. I admit I am always undecided between the fear of repeating myself and of omitting some of those interesting details we miss in the usual kind of history or memoir. We ought to see the Princes' daily life described, and that of their mistresses and ministers: a reasonable curiosity, since such details give us a truer insight into the manners of the time and the hidden forces that were brought to bear on the government. If these matters are properly considered interesting and helpful with regard to other times, how much the more so are they in regard to the long and eventful reign of Louis XIV; especially with a person so extraordinary as Mme. de Maintenon who, after living so long in a humble position, became for over thirty years the King's mistress, wife, confidante, and powerful adviser! This thought makes me less fearful of repeating myself. I think it is better to risk telling the same anecdote twice than to omit anything likely to throw light on this interesting matter.

Mme. de Maintenon, as I said, was a queen in private. She always sat in an arm-chair, in the most comfortable part of her room, before the King, the royal family, and even the English Queen. She barely rose to greet Monseigneur or Monsieur, who seldom came to her rooms. She never

did so for anyone else, even the royal Princes and their wives. The only exceptions she made were for private persons who had an audience with her, unless she knew them well. In such cases she always behaved courteously. She scarcely ever spoke to the Duchess of Burgundy but as "darling," even when others were present; and when she referred to her or to the Duchesse de Berry, it was familiarly as "the Duchess of Burgundy," "the Duchesse de Berry," without the usual "Madame." Similarly, she spoke of the Dauphin, rarely calling him M. le Dauphin. I have told how she would send for the Princesses, legitimate and illegitimate, and scold them, and how afraid of her they were. Only the Duchess of Burgundy had won her affection by her manners and attentions. She always spoke to Mme. de Maintenon as "Aunt."

It was strange to see the King and Mme. de Maintenon on their walks in the Marly gardens, which she took to please him. He would have been infinitely more relaxed in his manner toward the Queen, and would not have treated her with anywhere near so much polite attention. Indeed, he showed her the most extreme respect, though he was surrounded by courtiers and whomever of the inhabitants of Marly chose to come. Strangely enough, he always imagined himself in private there, only because it was Marly. She rode in a sedan-chair beside his carriage, and he often went on foot by her side. He would constantly take off his hat, and lean over to speak to her, or answer her if she spoke first; she seldom did this, because he was in the habit of calling her attention to various things. Since she feared fresh air, even in the best weather, she used to open the windows an inch or two and shut them again at once. When they reached the new fountain, or some other spot, her chair was put down and the same thing went on again. Often the Dauphine would stand near one pole and join in the conversation, but the window of the chair was never opened. The King would go with Mme. de Maintenon back to the castle, take obsequious leave of her, and continue his walk. Here was a spectacle to which one never became used.

This is the sort of petty detail which is left out of most memoirs, but which is characteristic, I think, and what is needed to give a clear idea of past times.

The later years of Louis XIV's reign were overcast by failures and misfortunes. His frontiers were invaded, and his finances exhausted. The inefficiency of his ministers and generals put upon him the whole burden of government. He was cast down by the consciousness not of his own mistakes, which he never acknowledged even to himself, but of his inability to protect himself longer against the united forces of Europe. Before this threatened ruin of his kingdom had passed, he was visited by a series of domestic tragedies. His heart, so insensible before, was broken by the death of the beautiful Dauphine; the Dauphin, who had begun to take over part of his burden, followed a few days later. What was worst of all,

even the rumours as to their deaths, so carefully circulated, preyed upon his mind.

He bore his many troubles with a fortitude which few could have shown. It was then he proved himself worthy the name of Louis the Great, which had been given him so prematurely. His philosophic calm, his resolution not to give up hope, that came not from ignorance but from natural courage and genuine wisdom, aroused the admiration of all Europe and among his own subjects won back many who had been cooled by the oppressive character of his long reign. He humbled himself to God, acknowledging His justice and begging His mercy, but without minimising his kingly office in the eyes of men. It would have been well for him if while adoring God he had realised the mistakes which had caused this punishment; such mistakes, of course, as could still be rectified. But these were hidden from him, though everyone else perceived them. The only faults he recognised were those that were past all remedy, except in the form of confession, grief, and useless repentance.

He was a remarkable combination of clear vision and wilful blindness. During the last months of his life he let himself be governed by his illegitimate sons, aided and abetted by Mme. de Maintenon, so much so that he dared not refuse any measure suggested to increase their power. He salved his conscience by allowing them to see his reluctance, yet he yielded invariably by sacrificing everything to them: his closest relatives, the well-being of his only descendant, the welfare of his realm, his glory, his opinions, even his liberty. Yet he was cognisant of the injustice he was doing and of its uselessness, as may be proved by his words to the English Queen. When he gave his last testament to the officers of Parlement, he could not refrain from saying that it had been forced from him; he had been made to do this against his wish, in spite of what he believed wrong. What a strange avowal! What a contrast between his firmness of mind under the most terrible catastrophes and this weak concession to the obscure members of his family! What a wonderful illustration of the fate foretold in the Book to those who give themselves up to the love and domination of women!

The proud King was uneasy under his self-made yoke; yet the last days of his life were given over to consolidating the power of M. du Maine and making his position secure. To him was entrusted the education of the future King [Louis XV], and his underlings were chosen only because of their hostility to the Duc d'Orléans and their devotion to himself. The new King's governor was to be the Marshal de Villeroy, a person as unfit for the position as any who could be found, who, though he was to have charge of a child of five, was seventy-one years old. Saumery, one of the sub-governors, had behaved shamefully as tutor to the Duke of Burgundy; had avoided going with him on the Lille campaign, pleading ill-health, and had openly joined Vendôme's cabal. That was sufficient reason for M.

du Maine to appoint him, as a man who would do anything for money. Ruffé, the other sub-governor, falsely declared that he was of the house of Damas. He was a poor, dull-witted fellow; his property was in the Dombes district, where the favour of M. du Maine was very necessary to him. The offer pleased him, and he accepted, in spite of his claims to high birth. The other appointments were made for similar reasons. Mme. de Maintenon saw to it that Fleury was appointed, though he had lately left his diocese of Fréjus.

And yet M. du Maine felt that his position was not sufficiently secure, so he induced the King to make a codicil to his will. This was the last document he signed, the last sacrifice to his bastards. By this codicil he put his entire household, civil and military, under the direction of M. du Maine, and his subordinate the Marshal de Villeroy. Nor was this all, since the will provided for a Council of Regency, entirely composed of persons devoted to M. du Maine and hateful to the Duc d'Orléans, who would be deprived of his authority as Regent.

The last acts of the King were the last signs he gave of his foresight. Through them he left his successor and his whole realm at the mercy of the ambition of a man whose very existence he ought never to have recognised. This is an unforgettable disgrace to his memory; but such was the depth to which he had been dragged by pride and weakness, by his low-born wife, by the children of his double adultery, and by that unspeakable confessor, Père Tellier. These were the proofs of his repentance, his atonement for a life which had shocked Europe; the last act of his authority, as he was about to appear before God with the responsibility weighing upon him for a reign of fifty-six years, during which his wars and waste of all kinds had occasioned the loss of so many men's lives and so many millions of money; during which he had been an enemy of all order, had confused all classes, cast aside ancient and sacred laws, brought his kingdom to a condition of hopeless misery, indeed to the very brink of destruction, from which it was saved only by a miracle of God.

What shall we say of the calm courage he showed at the very last? It is a fact that he showed no regret in taking leave of this world, and never gave way to any sort of impatience. He made his arrangements when in complete bodily and mental health, behaving up to the very end with the gravity which had characterised every act of his life, and a natural simplicity which precluded any suspicion that he might be playing a part. During the last days, after he had laid aside all earthly matters, his mind was entirely taken up with thoughts of God and of his own unimportance; so much so that he occasionally used the expression "When I was King." Fully conscious though he was of his own sins, he felt no fear. Strangely enough, his trust in God was supreme, founded on the hope of His mercy through the blood of Jesus Christ. Who can but admire an end so dignified and so truly Christian? Yet who can think of it without terror?

Nothing could be expressed with more simplicity or humility than his last words to his family and courtiers. What he said to his confessor was deservedly recorded, though it has since been too much quoted with intent to flatter the King's memory. The Marshal de Villeroy set the example by having the words copied and hung up by the side of his bed, where he used always to have the King's portrait. It was even in his tent when he was on a campaign. He used to shed tears, in the King's presence, whenever a preacher praised the King to his face. Though he spoke of his successor about his wars and his building operations, the King said nothing about his luxury and wastefulness; nor did he refer to his love-affairs, which precipitated so many evils. Yet some allusion to them would have been more to the point than any other. But how could he refer to such a thing in the presence of his illegitimate sons, particularly when the last act of his life had been to put the final touch to their disgraceful ambitions? Except for this omission, his behaviour up to then had been worthy of great admiration, showing a spirit both Christian and royal.

What should be said of the last words to his nephew to whom, after signing the codicil and receiving the last Sacraments, he gave a positive assurance to that there was nothing in his will to displease him? Yet it had been made deliberately, twice, in the will as well as in the codicil, expressly to dishonour him and deprive him of every sort of authority. He used flattering words, recommended to him his successor, whom he had taken from his care, and his realm, which he told him he was to govern; yet he had deprived him of all power over it. Was this dishonesty the final jest of a dying man? It is hard to answer the question. It would be charitable to believe that he was in earnest. He had never believed in the power of the will that had been extorted from him and had little doubt, maybe he even hoped, that this unjust and shocking document, which might easily sow dissension in his kingdom and his own family, would be treated as was the wise and just will of his father. He had more than once said that none of his testamentary provisions would have any binding power when he was gone, and it may be that when he spoke to the Duc d'Orléans, an hour after signing the codicil, he really believed this and that he regarded him as the future head of the Government. This is a natural assumption.

There was something remarkable about the complete tranquillity of mind enjoyed by the King in his last moments. He died of mortification; and the physicians declare that this disease calms all mental worries as it numbs the sense of bodily pain. But there were some, among them those admitted to the room, who accounted for this peace of mind far differently. The Jesuits have a number of lay-brothers in their Society, men of all conditions, even some married men. There is no doubt that Desnoyers, Secretary of State in the time of Louis XIII, was one of these, and I could mention others. These lay-brothers take the same vows as the

others, according to their situation in life: they promise absolute obedience to the heads of the Order, but the vows of poverty and chastity are not taken, because of the work they are to render. The lay-brother must tell his confessor whatever he finds out and, if the confessor thinks it wise, tell the heads. He must also obey the commands given him through the confessor. The services of these secret helpers are of great value to the Jesuits.

Père Tellier had persuaded the King long before his death, it is said, to join the Society in this manner, saying that it was a sure means of attaining salvation; whatever crimes a man might commit, he was assured of absolution, provided that he remained faithful to the vows. It is further stated that during the last days of the King, Père Tellier was heard reminding him of his vows, and repeating the promises made; that he made him recite prayers that left no doubt he had been made a member of the Order. The last blessing was given as to a member. It was said, besides, that the King wore an almost invisible scapulary in token of his membership. This was found on his body after his death.

Those who knew the King best were sure that he trusted to the indirect penance he had forced on others (the Huguenots, the Jansenists, the defenders of our rights against the claims of Italy, anybody, in short, who would not agree with the Jesuits), and that this was the cause of his peace of mind in those awful moments which usually shake the confidence even of those who sincerely repent and have led a relatively pure life. These unknown Jesuits render valuable service in promising salvation, without repentance or penance, without making restitution, no matter how wickedly the sinner may have lived. This is an abominable doctrine which deludes the sinner up to the very moment of death, and conducts him in peace along a path strewn with flowers to the grave — in return for purely material advantages.

So died one of the greatest of mortal rulers, in the arms of a low-born and unrecognised wife and of the offspring of his sin; receiving the Sacraments from the son of a beloved mistress, and consolation from the Père Tellier. He may have died the death of a saint, though a saint's deathbed is not as a rule surrounded by such persons.

These persons did not continue their attentions up to the bitter end. So long as there was anything to be got out of the King they were most pressing in their attentions, but after he signed the codicil they could no longer bear the sad scene. They showed no sense of shame in leaving it. The hope expressed by the King of being joined soon by Mme. de Maintenon was not at all pleasant to the old witch who, not content with being a queen, evidently thought she should be immortal. Four days before his death she left him, and though she returned when he became anxious over her absence, she had not the patience to wait for the end before she once more returned to St. Cyr, this time without coming back. Satisfied

with their success in preventing the return of the Cardinal de Noailles, Bissy and Rohan took no more trouble; as a matter of fact, Rohan ceased to say Mass, and unless Charost had intervened, the King would not have heard it again, though he was quite conscious and, when asked, expressed a wish to hear it.

M. du Maine gave signal proofs of the goodness of his heart, and of filial gratitude and love: he was present when the Provençal gave his elixir to the King, and spoke roughly to Fagon. The same evening he described the scene to friends with his inimitable wit, and mimicked Fagon, who was astonished at being so treated by a peasant, bending over, muttering but not daring to say another word aloud for fear of a new attack. This affectionate son told the story so amusingly that his friends roared with laughter, in which he himself joined. At the happy prospect of his coming greatness he had not stopped to consider how unbecoming this merriment was at such a time, but it did not escape the notice of those in the Gallery, who plainly heard it. M. du Maine wasted little time at the King's bedside; the scene was too much for his tender nature, so he shut himself in his room where he could find consolation in his crucifix, and also have leisure to think of what should be done to secure the advantages that had been granted him.

Père Tellier soon tired of waiting on the dying man. He had nothing more to hope or fear, so he set himself to other duties and was so frequently absent that Bloin and Maréchal were angry and frequently sent for him on their own responsibility. Sometimes when the King asked for him he could not be found; and when he at last came he stayed for only a few minutes, even as the King was on the point of death, when one would have thought that a confessor ought never to be absent from the bedside. But Christian charity, gratitude, and love were not the supreme virtues of this great impostor; he had no desire to give the last offices to a dying man. Indeed, he lacked the necessary qualifications.

Speaking of Père Tellier, I must in all justice add that I asked Maréchal about the Jesuit vows the King was said to have taken. Maréchal, who was truth personified and not in the least friendly toward Père Tellier, assured me that he had never seen any scapulary on the King, nor overheard any special kind of prayer or benediction. He did not believe there was any truth in the story. Yet, although he was most assiduous in his attentions, he was not always at the bedside, so that it is possible that Père Tellier was on his guard. Still, I think it hardly possible for a story of that kind to be true without Maréchal's suspicions being aroused.

I now have only to describe the daily routine of the life of Louis XIV, as I saw it during the twenty-two years I spent at his Court. Such details concerning an epoch so near our own day may seem dull, but these are just the things that are most quickly forgotten. How we regret that

writers in the past have not undertaken a similar task (though useless for their contemporaries) of describing them for posterity. It will be hard to avoid repetition, but I shall try to do so.

I need not speak of his mode of living when he was with the army, for the etiquette, had of course, to be varied according to circumstances. I may say that none but persons of a certain rank were allowed at his table. If one could hope for that honour, it was necessary to apply through the First Gentleman of the Chamber; if the answer was favourable, one came next day to the King at the dinner-hour, and the King said, "Sit down to table, monsieur." It was understood that after being admitted one might have the honour of dining at his table at pleasure, but naturally this privilege had to be used discreetly. Military rank alone was not enough. I have already told how M. de Vauban, though old and a distinguished general, was allowed at the King's table for the first time only at the end of the siege of Namur, and considered that he had been highly honoured. Simple colonels, on the other hand, if of distinguished birth, were readily admitted. Everyone wore his hat at these dinners; not to wear it would have been considered disrespectful, and one would have been reminded of it at once. Monseigneur himself invariably wore his hat; the King was the only one who did not. One took it off when the King addressed one, or in speaking to Monseigneur or Monsieur, but to the royal Princes it was necessary only to raise it.

This is what I saw myself at the siege of Namur. The seats near the King were for persons of title, and then came the higher officers. If any seats were vacant when dinner began, all moved up until they were filled. The King sat in an arm-chair; while the others, including Monseigneur and Monsieur, sat on chairs covered with black leather, which could be folded up. The Marshals, even when on active service, had no precedence over the Dukes; all took their seats without special order being observed. But everyone had to apply through the First Gentleman of the Chamber if he had not already been admitted to the table. The royal Princes were the only exceptions to the rule. No men, not even the Princes, except on active service, ever sat down to dine with the King.

As for the Court routine, every morning at eight o'clock the King was wakened by his First *Valet-de-Chambre*, who had slept in the room; at the same time the First Physician and First Surgeon were admitted, and the King's former wet-nurse, so long as she lived. She advanced and kissed him; the others then rubbed him down and often changed his shirt, since he perspired freely. At a quarter past eight the Grand Chamberlain was summoned, and the courtiers who had the privilege of being present. The Chamberlain drew back the curtains of the bed, which had been drawn again, and offered him holy water from a basin near the head of the bed. At this time any courtier who had a favour to ask or wished to speak to the King might do so, and in that case the others stood back.

The same person who opened the curtains gave the King the Office of the Holy Ghost; he then went back to the next room with the rest of the courtiers. After reciting the Office, which is short, the King summoned them in again and put on his dressing-gown. Meanwhile the second group were admitted and a few minutes later, the courtiers in general. The King was then putting on his breeches. (He put on nearly all his clothes himself, cleverly and gracefully.) He was shaved every other day, in the presence of the courtiers; on such occasions he wore a short wig, which he always wore in his bedroom before other persons. He wore it even in bed on days when he had taken medicine. During these processes he talked occasionally to those about him, on matters of hunting or some similar topic. There was no dressing-table near him, so a servant held up a looking-glass.

After dressing was over, he said prayers at the side of his bed, all the churchmen kneeling down, while the laymen remained standing. Then he went into his private chamber, followed by all who were permitted and, as there were many appointments which gave the privilege, they were numerous. Then he gave the orders of the day, that everyone might know to the quarter hour what the King would be doing during the entire day. Then all left the room except the illegitimate sons, Montchevreuil and d'O (their former governors), Mansart, and in later years d'Antin; and the valets; these had all entered by the back door, not through the chamber. They took this opportunity of speaking with the King. Plans for gardens and buildings were discussed, at greater or less length, depending on the number of things the King had to discuss.

Meanwhile the courtiers waited in the Gallery until the King went to Mass, where the choir always sang a motet. The ministers were assembled while the King was in the chapel, and gathered in the King's room, where persons of rank might go and speak with them. There was small delay after the King returned from Mass; he ordered the Council to assemble immediately. The morning's work was then done. Some Council met every day in the week except Thursdays and Fridays, or if on those days it was very seldom. Thursday morning was nearly always open, though sometimes the King had private audiences then. As a rule it was then that he had secret conferences with persons who had been introduced by the back entrance. Friday morning after Mass was the hour for the confessor, who occasionally stayed with the King until dinner. The usual time for dinner was one o'clock, but when there was no meeting it was sometimes earlier, if the King were going hunting. If the Council was still sitting at one, dinner was kept waiting, and no announcement was made of it.

The King dined alone in his bedroom (*au petit couvert*), on a square table set opposite the middle window. The food was more or less plentiful, depending on whether he had ordered *petit couvert* or *très-petit couvert*, but even this last consisted of several dishes and three courses, not including

dessert. As soon as the table was brought in, the chief courtiers were admitted, and later those who were known. The First Gentleman informed the King that dinner was ready. I have on rare occasions seen Monseigneur and his sons stand during dinner without the King asking them to be seated; but the royal Princes and Cardinals invariably stood. I have often seen Monsieur there; he would hand the King his napkin and then remain standing. If the King saw that he did not intend to go away, he asked him to sit down; Monsieur then bowed, and the King ordered a seat brought. The King would say, "Brother, please be seated"; whereupon Monsieur again bowed and sat down until dinner was over, when he again offered the napkin.

When Monsieur had come from St. Cloud, the King sometimes asked him to dine. If he accepted, a place was laid for him at the end of the table, and the Grand Chamberlain or First Gentleman served him just as he served the King. Monsieur received this service with conspicuous politeness. When dining with the King he talked a good deal, and the conversation waxed lively. Generally the King spoke little at dinner, saying only a word to those about him, unless one of his familiar nobles were present; in which case he talked somewhat more. Dinner was seldom *au grand couvert;* that was only on some principal holidays, and once in a while at Fontainebleau, when the English Queen was present. Ladies were not present at the *petit couvert,* except very rarely the Maréchale de la Mothe, who had this privilege because of having brought in the royal children when she was governess.

The King went into his private chamber after dinner, where he amused himself by feeding and playing with his dogs. Then he changed clothes in the presence of a few persons of rank, admitted by the First Gentleman, and went by his private staircase to the Marble Court and thence to his carriage. Anyone might speak to him between the foot of the stairs and the carriage, and also when he came back. He liked fresh air, and when deprived of it he suffered from headache, which was originally brought on by an excessive use of scents. For many years he had taken a dislike to all perfumes except orange-flower water, and those who came into his presence had to be very careful on this score.

Neither heat nor cold inconvenienced him, nor even rain, and only the worst weather could prevent him from going out daily. Once a week at least, and oftener at Marly or Fontainebleau, he hunted the stag. Once or twice a week he went shooting in his parks, especially on Sunday and holidays, when there were no works for him to inspect, and he did not like to take many people with him. No one in the kingdom handled a gun better than he. On the other days he went out to look at the operations in his gardens and buildings; and on occasion he took ladies for excursions, offering trips in the open air in the woods at Marly or Fontainebleau. He used sometimes to take the whole Court to walk round the canal at

Fontainebleau, a magnificent sight. Several courtiers rode horseback. He had no one with him in his walks but the principal court officers, except when he was at the gardens of Versailles. This was not very often, but when he was there, courtiers were allowed to follow him. This was also true at the gardens of Trianon, if he were staying there, but not if he went there from Versailles intending to return on the same day. When at Marly the guests might accompany him on his walk, or not, as they chose; they were at liberty to do just as they pleased. When walking in the Versailles gardens, he was the only person who wore his hat, but a special privilege was allowed at Marly; when the King went out he said, "Gentlemen, your hats!" and all put on their hats; he would have been put out if anyone had delayed for a single moment.

The privilege of going on a stag-hunt was more general. Anyone at Fontainebleau might go who pleased; but elsewhere only those who had the *justaucorps-à-brevet*, or who had secured permission for all occasions. The King liked to have some people about him when he was hunting, but too many interfered with his sport. He was pleased when others enjoyed hunting, but considered it absurd to go if it afforded no pleasure. He was not at all annoyed with those who did not go with him when he hunted. So it was with card-playing: he liked to play at lansquenet for high stakes, and wished the game to go on continually in the salon at Marly. He also liked other games to be played at several tables, but no one was asked to play unless he wished it. At Fontainebleau when it rained, he liked to watch people playing tennis, a game he had himself played very well in earlier days.

Days when no Council was held, he occasionally went to dine at Trianon or Marly with the Duchess of Burgundy, Mme. de Maintenon, and certain other ladies. After the meal a minister would come on business, and when that was over (in summer-time) he would spend the whole afternoon walking with the ladies, or playing cards. He often ran a lottery for them, with no blanks: this was a polite way of making them presents, like plate, goods for dresses, or jewellery of more or less value — to make it rather a matter of chance. Mme. de Maintenon drew like the others, but nearly always made a present of what she won.

Supper was served at ten — always *au grand couvert*, and the family sat with him, as well as a number of courtiers, men and women, both those who were privileged to be seated and others. The second evening before the King went to Marly any lady who wished might attend his supper. This custom was called "presenting oneself for Marly." The men introduced themselves on the same day in the morning, going to the King and saying simply, "Marly, Sire." During the last days of his life this ceremony bothered the King, so that a valet was put in the Gallery to mark down the names of those who wished to go. But the ladies continued to "present" themselves to the very last.

The King stood a few minutes with his back to the balustrade at the end of his bed after supper, surrounded by the whole Court; then, with a bow to the ladies, he retired to his own room. He remained there not quite an hour with his children and grandchildren, both the legitimate and the illegitimate; he sat in one chair and Monsieur in another. Privately, Monsieur lived with the King simply as a brother. Monseigneur always stood, as the other Princes stood; the Princesses sat on stools. The ladies-of-honour to the Princesses would wait in the Council-chamber, next to the King's private chamber; but at Fontainebleau, where there was only one large salon, those ladies who were entitled to sit were with the Princesses, sitting in the same line and on stools like theirs. The other ladies were behind the circle where they stood, or, if they preferred they might sit on the floor; several made use of this privilege. The talk usually turned on hunting or other unimportant matters.

Before going to bed the King would feed his dogs; and on coming back said good-night and went to his room, where he said his prayers. After undressing, he made a slight bow, as though to say good-night. Then the courtiers retired. As they were going out, he stood by the fireplace and gave the password to the Captain of the Guards.

This was the so-called *grand coucher*. Next came the *petit coucher*, to which only those who were allowed to attend the *grandes entrées* were admitted. It was very brief. During it one might speak to the King; if one went to him, the others at once went out, leaving him with the King. After a prolonged attack of gout which the King suffered ten or twelve years before his death, the *grand coucher* was omitted, and for all courtiers (except those who had the *grandes entrées*) the routine of the day was over after the King left the table.

At least once a month he took physic. On such days he heard Mass in bed, and only the Almoners and those who had the *entrées* were present. Later M. du Maine and Mme. de Maintenon came in to entertain him, together with the Comte de Toulouse. He remained only a short while. Mme. de Maintenon sat in a chair near the bed; and M. du Maine, who was lame, sat on a stool by the bed so long as no one but Mme. de Maintenon or his brother were present. It was at such times that he went to special trouble to amuse them, and often he told excellent anecdotes. The King had his dinner in bed at three, and then got up. The rest of the day was spent in the usual way.

The King missed Mass only once in his life, and that was when he was with the army, during a long march. And he never failed to keep a fast-day, except on the rare occasions when he was actually ill. A few days before Lent he would make a sort of address at the *lever*, stating that he would be greatly displeased if anyone had invited guests to a dinner at which meat was served. He frowned upon those who ate meat while dining together; these must not exceed one dish of meat, roast or boiled. These

rites were strictly kept; and anyone who broke them quickly felt the King's displeasure. The rules applied also to Paris, and the Lieutenant of Police saw that they were carried out, and even reported to him. During the last twelve or fifteen years of his life the King did not keep Lent too strictly, but began by reducing the facts to four days a week, and later to three, besides the last four days of Holy Week. But on days when meat was served his *très-petit couvert* was much reduced; and on Good Friday, though he had *grand couvert* in the morning and the evening, it consisted altogether of vegetables, without even fish.

Rarely did he miss a sermon in Advent or Lent, and never the services in Holy Week. He was most respectful in church; at Mass everyone was required to kneel at the Sanctus, and remain so until the priest had communicated. He was much displeased if there was any noise, or he heard talking during service. He received Communion five times a year and wore the insignia of the Order; on Easter Eve he received it at the church, on the other days in the chapel; these were the eves of Pentecost, All Saints, Christmas, and Assumption. On each occasion he laid hands on the sick. On Thursday of Holy Week he served the poor at dinner; and after supper he went into the tribune at the Elevation of the Host, and retired afterward. At Mass he used to tell his beads, having never learned to do more than that. He knelt the whole time, except during the reading of the text.

He always wore a coat of some shade of brown, with little embroidery on it, sometimes nothing but a gold button, sometimes with black velvet trimmings. His waistcoat was of red, blue, or green satin, with much embroidery. He wore no rings nor precious jewels, except in his shoe buckles and garters. He wore a white feather in his hat, which was edged with Spanish lace. He generally wore his blue ribbon under his coat, except at weddings and suchlike festivities, when he wore it outside. It was long, and richly decorated with precious jewels. He was the only member of the royal family to wear the ribbon underneath, and very few of the chevaliers imitated him. Today it is exceptional to wear it outside the coat. The chevaliers who are qualified conceal the ribbon because they are ashamed of the others who wear it; the rest since they are too timid to wear it at all.

Until the appointments of 1661, all the chevaliers appeared in the full regalia of the Order at the three yearly ceremonies. They all communicated. This custom was established by command of Henri III, to exclude the Huguenots. To force courtiers to receive Communion together three times a year with great public pomp, was a dangerous and disagreeable practice, which was rightly abolished; but the ceremony of making offering, now performed only by the King, was most imposing. The forbidding of full dress has shorn the thing of all its magnificence.

The King went to St. Germain at least once every two weeks, even after the death of James II. The Court of St. Germain also came often to

Versailles, but more frequently to Marly, and often for supper. The courtiers were invited to all ceremonial occasions and shown much honour. The King's attentions to the King and Queen of England were superb and kingly on all occasions. He would remain in the salon at Marly, standing for a quarter of an hour and then go to the King's rooms or those of Mme. de Maintenon. King Louis never entered the salon except to pass through it, or perhaps on occasion for a few minutes to watch the young King of England or the Elector of Bavaria, who were playing cards. Birthdays and other family occasions, so strictly observed in most Courts, were not celebrated at the French Court, hence I have had no occasion to speak of them.

Louis XIV was regretted by few persons except his personal servants and the leaders in the affair of the Constitution. Mme. de Maintenon was worn out by the task of finding occupation and amusement for him since the death of the Dauphine. Hence, having got from him all she wanted on behalf of M. du Maine, his death came as a relief to her. The dullness of her existence at St. Cyr caused her regret later on, but having no influence then, the time has not come to describe her last years. M. du Maine was, as I have said, so delighted at the prospect of power that he was unbecomingly joyful. His cold and calm brother was quite unmoved. Mme. la Duchesse has always been blamed for having no heart, but only a gizzard; her relations with the King had for long been characterised by fear and constraint. She wanted nothing from him, she knew he was on M. du Maine's side in their difference over the inheritance of M. le Prince, and she detested Mme. de Maintenon. The King's death was therefore a relief, and she took no pains to conceal her feelings. I was somewhat surprised at the Duchesse d'Orléans, for I imagined she would be really grieved: I saw no signs of sorrow beyond a few tears, which always flowed on the smallest excuse. She took to her bed for a short time (which she always liked), and remained in a sort of obscurity, which was also pleasing to her. But the curtains were opened soon again, and she showed no more signs of mourning except when it occurred to her occasionally that she ought to keep up appearances.

The Marshal de Villeroy and the Duchesse de Ventadour made a little show of grief, but hardly anyone else took the trouble. There were a few dull old courtiers, like Dangeau and Cavoye, who felt they had lost everything that made life worth while. They regretted that they would no longer be able to play their parts among fools, strangers and foreigners, in the daily routine of amusements of that Court which ended with the death of the King.

The courtiers in general were of two classes: some, looking for new chances to push their way forward and cut a figure in the world, were delighted at the close of a reign under which they had nothing to hope; others, tired of existing under a yoke imposed by the ministers far more

than by the King himself, felt a sense of relief; they were all eager for a change and happy to be released from a life of perpetual restraint.

The people of Paris hoped to regain freedom of some sort and rejoiced in the downfall of so many who had abused their power. The provinces, ruined and helpless, learned of the King's death with great joy; and the Parlement and judiciary, for so long held under by edicts and arbitrary decrees, rejoiced in the prospect of freedom. The common people, ground down and in despair, openly gave thanks to God for the deliverance they felt sure was at hand.

Foreign nations, though glad to be rid of a King they had long feared and who had escaped as though by a miracle at the moment when they believed they had conquered him, concealed their feelings with more decorum than the French. The marvellous achievements of the early years of the King's long reign, and the stoicism with which he bore his later misfortunes called forth their admiration, and they honoured him by giving to him after his death the praise they had withheld during his life. Not one foreign Court exulted; all vied with each other in honouring his memory.

The Emperor went into mourning as though for his own father; and though four or five months elapsed between the King's death and the Carnival, all amusements were forbidden in Vienna. This decree was scrupulously obeyed, with one shocking exception: toward the end of the Carnival the Comte de Luc, French Ambassador, shamelessly gave a ball to please some ladies. This did not add to the honour in which he was held at Vienna; no notice was taken of his conduct in France; it was treated with silent contempt.

Regarding our ministers, provincial intendants, financiers and those of less account, they felt deeply the loss they had suffered. We shall see whether the French people were right or wrong in the feelings they showed on this occasion, and whether the kingdom gained or lost through the death of Louis XIV.

JOHN MILTON

1608–1674

By Augustine Birrell [1] (1850–)

It is now more than sixty years ago since Mr. Carlyle took occasion to observe, in his Life of Schiller, that, except the Newgate Calendar, there was no more sickening reading than the biographies of authors.

Allowing for the vivacity of the comparison, and only remarking, with reference to the Newgate Calendar, that its compilers have usually been very inferior wits, in fact attorneys, it must be owned that great creative and inventive genius, the most brilliant gifts of bright fancy and happy expression, and a glorious imagination, well-nigh seeming as if it must be inspired, have too often been found most unsuitably lodged in ill living and scandalous mortals. Though few things, even in what is called Literature, are more disgusting than to hear small critics, who earn their bite and sup by acting as the self-appointed showmen of the works of their betters, heaping terms of moral opprobrium upon those whose genius is, if not exactly a lamp unto our feet, at all events a joy to our hearts, — still, not even genius can repeal the Decalogue, or re-write the sentence of doom, 'He which is filthy, let him be filthy still.' It is therefore permissible to wish that some of our great authors had been better men.

It is possible to dislike John Milton. Men have been found able to do so, and women too; among these latter his daughters, or one of them at least, must even be included. But there is nothing sickening about his biography, for it is the life of one who early consecrated himself to the service of the highest Muses, who took labour and intent study as his portion, who aspired himself to be a noble poem, who, Republican though he became, is what Carlyle called him, the moral king of English literature.

Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on the 9th of December, 1608. This is most satisfactory, though indeed what might have been expected. There is a notable disposition nowadays, amongst the meaner-minded provincials, to carp and gird at the claims of London to be considered the mother-city of the Anglo-Saxon race, to regret her pre-eminence, and sneer at her fame. In the matters of municipal government, gas, water, fog, and snow, much can be alleged and proved against the English

[1] Reprinted from *Obiter Dicta*, London, 1887, by permission of the publisher.

capital, but in the domain of poetry, which I take to be a nation's best guaranteed stock, it may safely be said that there are but two shrines in England whither it is necessary for the literary pilgrim to carry his cockle hat and shoon — London, the birthplace of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Herrick, Pope, Gray, Blake, Keats, and Browning, and Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. Of English poets it may be said generally they are either born in London or remote country places. The large provincial towns know them not. Indeed, nothing is more pathetic than the way in which these dim, destitute places hug the memory of any puny whipster of a poet who may have been born within their statutory boundaries. This has its advantages, for it keeps alive in certain localities fames that would otherwise have utterly perished. Parnassus has forgotten all about poor Henry Kirke White, but the lace manufacturers of Nottingham still name him with whatever degree of reverence they may respectively consider to be the due of letters. Manchester is yet mindful of Dr. John Byrom. Liverpool clings to Roscoe.

Milton remained faithful to his birth-city, though, like many another Londoner, when he was persecuted in one house he fled into another. From Bread Street he moved to St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street; from Fleet Street to Aldersgate Street; from Aldersgate Street to the Barbican; from the Barbican to the south side of Holborn; from the south side of Holborn to what is now called York Street, Westminster; from York Street, Westminster, to the north side of Holborn; from the north side of Holborn to Jewin Street; from Jewin Street to his last abode in Bunhill Fields. These are not vain repetitions if they serve to remind a single reader how all the enchantments of association lie about him. Englishwomen have been found searching about Florence for the street where George Eliot represents Romola as having lived, who have admitted never having been to Jewin Street, where the author of *Lycidas* and *Paradise Lost* did in fact live.

Milton's father was the right kind of father, amiable, accomplished, and well-to-do. He was by business what was then called a scrivener, a term which has received judicial interpretation, and imported a person who arranged loans on mortgage, receiving a commission for so doing. The poet's mother, whose baptismal name was Sarah (his father was, like himself, John), was a lady of good extraction, and approved excellence and virtue. We do not know very much about her, for the poet was one of those rare men of genius who are prepared to do justice to their fathers. Though Sarah Milton did not die till 1637, she only knew her son as the author of *Comus*, though it is surely a duty to believe that no son would have poems like *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* in his desk, and not at least once produce them and read them aloud to his mother. These poems, though not published till 1645, were certainly composed in his mother's life. She died before the troubles began, the strife and contention in which

her well-graced son, the poet, the dreamer of all things beautiful and cultured, the author of the glancing, tripping measure —

'Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity' —

was destined to take a part, so eager and so fierce, and for which he was to sacrifice twenty years of a poet's life.

The poet was sent to St. Paul's School, where he had excellent teaching of a humane and expanding character, and he early became, what he remained until his sight left him, a strenuous reader and a late student.

'Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear.'

Whether the maid who was told off by the elder Milton to sit up till twelve or one o'clock in the morning for this wonderful Pauline realized that she was a kind of doorkeeper in the house of genius, and blessed accordingly, is not known, and may be doubted. When sixteen years old Milton proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where his memory is still cherished; and a mulberry-tree, supposed in some way to be his, rather unkindly kept alive. Milton was not a submissive pupil; in fact, he was never a submissive anything, for there is point in Dr. Johnson's malicious remark, that man in Milton's opinion was born to be a rebel, and woman a slave.

But in most cases, at all events, the rebel did well to be rebellious, and perhaps he was never so entirely in the right as when he protested against the slavish traditions of Cambridge educational methods in 1625.

Universities must, however, at all times prove disappointing places to the young and ingenuous soul, who goes up to them eager for literature, seeing in every don a devotee to intellectual beauty, and hoping that lectures will, by some occult process — the *genius loci* — initiate him into the mysteries of taste and the storehouses of culture. And then the improving conversation, the flashing wit, the friction of mind with mind, — these are looked for, but hardly found; and the young scholar groans in spirit, and perhaps does as Milton did — quarrels with his tutor. But if he is wise he will, as Milton also did, make it up again, and get the most that he can from his stony-hearted stepmother before the time comes for him to bid her his *Vale, vale, et æternum vale.*

Milton remained seven years at Cambridge — from 1625 to 1632 — from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year. Any intention or thought he ever may have had of taking orders he seems early to have rejected with a characteristic scorn. He considered a state of subscription to articles a state of slavery, and Milton was always determined, whatever else he was or might become, to be his own man. Though never in sympathy

with the governing tone of the place, there is no reason to suppose that Milton (any more than others) found this lack seriously to interfere with a fair amount of good solid enjoyment from day to day. He had friends who courted his society, and pursuits both grave and gay to occupy his hours of study and relaxation. He was called the 'Lady' of his college, on account of his personal beauty and the purity and daintiness of his life and conversation.

After leaving Cambridge Milton began his life, so attractive to one's thoughts, at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had a house in which his mother was living. Here, for five years, from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-ninth year — a period often stormy in the lives of poets — he continued his work of self-education. Some of his Cambridge friends appear to have grown a little anxious, on seeing one who had distinction stamped upon his brow, doing what the world calls nothing; and Milton himself was watchful, and even suspicious. His second sonnet records this state of feeling:

'How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.'

And yet no poet had ever a more beautiful springtide, though it was restless, as spring should be, with the promise of greater things and 'high midsummer pomps.' These latter it was that were postponed almost too long.

Milton at Horton made up his mind to be a great poet — neither more nor less; and with that end in view he toiled unceasingly. A more solemn dedication of a man by himself to the poetical office cannot be imagined. Everything about him became, as it were, pontificial, almost sacramental. A poet's soul must contain the perfect shape of all things good, wise, and just. His body must be spotless and without blemish, his life pure, his thoughts high, his studies intense. There was no drinking at the 'Mermaid' for John Milton. His thoughts, like his joys, were not those that are in widest commonalty spread. When in his walks he met the Hodge of his period, he is more likely to have thought of a line in Virgil than of stopping to have a chat with the poor fellow. He became a student of the Italian language, and writes to a friend: 'I who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the stream of these (the classical) languages, but in proportion to my years have swallowed the most copious draughts, can yet sometimes retire with avidity and delight to feast on Dante, Petrarch, and many others; nor has Athens itself been able to confine me to the transparent waves of its Ilissus, nor ancient Rome to the banks of its Tiber, so as to prevent my visiting with delight the streams of the Arno and the hills of Fæsolæ.'

Now it was that he, in his often-quoted words written to the young Deodati, doomed to an early death, was meditating 'an immortality of fame,' letting his wings grow and preparing to fly. But dreaming though he ever was of things to come, none the less, it was at Horton he composed *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, poems which enable us half sadly to realise how much went and how much was sacrificed to make the author of *Paradise Lost*.

After five years' retirement Milton began to feel the want of a little society, of the kind that is 'quiet, wise, and good,' and he meditated taking chambers in one of the Inns of Court, where he could have a pleasant and shady walk under 'immemorial elms,' and also enjoy the advantages of a few choice associates at home and an elegant society abroad. The death of his mother in 1637 gave his thoughts another direction, and he obtained his father's permission to travel to Italy, 'that woman country, wooed not wed,' which has been the mistress of so many poetical hearts, and was so of John Milton's. His friends and relatives saw but one difficulty in the way. John Milton the younger, though not at this time a Nonconformist, was a stern and unbending Protestant, and was as bitter an opponent of His Holiness the Pope as he certainly would have been, had his days been prolonged, of His Majesty the Pretender.

There is something very characteristic in this almost inflamed hostility in the case of a man with such love of beauty and passion for architecture and music as always abided in Milton, and who could write:

> '*But let my due feet never fail*
> *To walk the studious cloisters' pale,*
> *And love the high embowèd roof,*
> *With antique pillars massy-proof,*
> *And storied windows richly dight,*
> *Casting a dim, religious light.*
> *There let the pealing organ blow*
> *To the full-voiced quire below,*
> *In service high and anthems clear,*
> *As may with sweetness, through mine ear,*
> *Dissolve me into ecstasies,*
> *And bring all heaven before my eyes.*'

Here surely is proof of an æsthetic nature beyond most of our modern raptures; but none the less, and at the very same time, Rome was for Milton the 'grim wolf' who, 'with privy paw, daily devours apace.' It is with a sigh of sad sincerity that Dr. Newman admits that Milton breathes through his pages a hatred of the Catholic Church, and consequently the Cardinal feels free to call him a proud and rebellious creature of God. That Milton was both proud and rebellious cannot be disputed. Nonconformists need not claim him for their own with much eagerness. What

he thought of Presbyterians we know, and he was never a church member, or indeed a church-goer. Dr. Newman has admitted that the poet Pope was an unsatisfactory Catholic; Milton was certainly an unsatisfactory Dissenter. Let us be candid in these matters. Milton was therefore bidden by his friends, and by those with whom he took counsel, to hold his peace whilst in Rome about the 'grim wolf,' and he promised to do so, adding, however, the Miltonic proviso that this was on condition that the Papists did not attack his religion first. 'If anyone,' he wrote, 'in the very city of the Pope attacked the orthodox religion, I defended it most freely.' To call the Protestant religion, which had not yet attained to its second century, the orthodox religion under the shadow of the Vatican was to have the courage of his opinions. But Milton was not a man to be frightened of schism. That his religious opinions should be peculiar probably seemed to him to be almost inevitable, and not unbecoming. He would have agreed with Emerson, who declares that would man be great he must be a Nonconformist.

There is something very fascinating in the records we have of Milton's one visit to the Continent. A more impressive Englishman never left our shores. Sir Philip Sidney perhaps approaches him nearest. Beautiful beyond praise, and just sufficiently conscious of it to be careful never to appear at a disadvantage, dignified in manners, versed in foreign tongues, yet full of the ancient learning — a gentleman, a scholar, a poet, a musician, and a Christian — he moved about in a leisurely manner from city to city, writing Latin verses for his hosts and Italian sonnets in their ladies' albums, buying books and music, and creating, one cannot doubt, an all too flattering impression of an English Protestant. To travel in Italy with Montaigne or Milton, or Evelyn or Gray, or Shelley, or, pathetic as it is, with the dying Sir Walter, is perhaps more instructive than to go there for yourself with a tourist's ticket. Old Montaigne, who was but forty-seven when he made his journey, and whom therefore I would not call old had not Pope done so before me, is the most delightful of travelling companions, and as easy as an old shoe. A humaner man than Milton, a wiser man than Evelyn — with none of the constraint of Gray, or the strange, though fascinating, outlandishness of Shelley — he perhaps was more akin to Scott than any of the other travellers; but Scott went to Italy an overwhelmed man, whose only fear was he might die away from the heather and the murmur of Tweed. However, Milton is the most improving companion of them all, and amidst the impurities of Italy, 'in all the places where vice meets with so little discouragement, and is protected with so little shame,' he remained the Milton of Cambridge and Horton, and did nothing to pollute the pure temple of a poet's mind. He visited Paris, Nice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, staying in the last city two months, and living on terms of great intimacy with seven young Italians, whose musical names he duly records. These were the months of

August and September, not nowadays reckoned safe months for Englishmen to be in Florence — modern lives being raised in price. From Florence he proceeded through Siena to Rome, where he also stayed two months. There he was present at a magnificent entertainment given by the Cardinal Francesco Barberini in his palace, and heard the singing of the celebrated Leonora Baroni. It is not for one moment to be supposed that he sought an interview with the Pope, as Montaigne had done, who was exhorted by His Holiness 'to persevere in the devotion he had ever manifested in the cause of the Church;' and yet perhaps Montaigne by his essays did more to sap the authority of Peter's chair than Milton, however willing, was able to do.

It has been remarked that Milton's chief enthusiasm in Italy was not art, but music, which falls in with Coleridge's *dictum*, that Milton is not so much a picturesque as a musical poet — meaning thereby, I suppose, that the effects which he produces and the scenes which he portrays are rather suggested to us by the rhythm of his lines than by actual verbal descriptions. From Rome Milton went to Naples, whence he had intended to go to Sicily and Greece; but the troubles beginning at home he forewent this pleasure, and consequently never saw Athens, which was surely a great pity. He returned to Rome, where, troubles or no troubles, he stayed another two months. From Rome he went back to Florence, which he found too pleasant to leave under two more months. Then he went to Lucca, and so to Venice, where he was very stern with himself, and only lingered a month. From Venice he went to Milan, and then over the Alps to Geneva, where he had dear friends. He was back in London in August, 1639, after an absence of fifteen months.

The times were troubled enough. Charles I., whose literary taste was so good that one must regret the mischance that placed a crown upon his comely head, was trying hard, at the bidding of a priest, to thrust Episcopacy down Scottish throats, who would not have it at any price. He was desperately in need of money, and the House of Commons (which had then a *raison d'être*) was not prepared to give him any except on terms. Altogether it was an exciting time, but Milton was in no way specially concerned in it. Milton looms so large in our imagination amongst the figures of the period that, despite Dr. Johnson's sneers, we are apt to forget his political insignificance, and to fancy him curtailing his tour and returning home to take his place amongst the leaders of the Parliament men. Return home he did, but it was, as another pedagogue has reminded us, to receive boys 'to be boarded and instructed.' Dr. Johnson tells us that we ought not to allow our veneration for Milton to rob us of a joke at the expense of a man 'who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school;' but that this observation was dictated by the good Doctor's spleen is made plain by

his immediately proceeding to point out, with his accustomed good sense, that there is really nothing to laugh at, since it was desirable that Milton, whose father was alive and could only make him a small allowance, should do something, and there was no shame in his adopting an honest and useful employment.

To be a Parliament man was no part of the ambition of one who still aspired to be a poet; who was not yet blind to the heavenly vision; who was still meditating what should be his theme, and who in the meantime chastised his sister's sons, unruly lads, who did him no credit and bore him no great love.

The Long Parliament met in November, 1640, and began its work — brought Strafford to the scaffold, clapped Laud into the Tower, Archbishop though he was, and secured as best they could the permanency of Parliamentary institutions. None of these things specially concerned John Milton. But there also uprose the eternal Church question, 'What sort of Church are we to have?' The fierce controversy raged, and 'its fair enticing fruit,' spread round 'with liberal hand,' proved too much for the father of English epic.

'He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge.'

In other words, he commenced pamphleteer, and between May, 1641, and the following March he had written five pamphlets against Episcopacy, and used an intolerable deal of bad language, which, however excusable in a heated controversialist, ill became the author of *Comus*.

The war broke out in 1642, but Milton kept house. The 'tented field' had no attractions for him.

In the summer of 1643 he took a sudden journey into the country, and returned home to his boys with a wife, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier. Poor Mary Powell was but seventeen, her poetic lord was thirty-five. From the country-house of a rollicking squire to Aldersgate Street, was somewhat too violent a change. She had left ten brothers and sisters behind her, the eldest twenty-one, the youngest four. As one looks upon this picture and on that, there is no need to wonder that the poor girl was unhappy. The poet, though keenly alive to the subtle charm of a woman's personality, was unpractised in the arts of daily companionship. He expected to find much more than he brought of general good-fellowship. He had an ideal ever in his mind of both bodily and spiritual excellence, and he was almost greedy to realize both, but he knew not how. One of his complaints was that his wife was mute and insensate, and sat silent at his board. It must, no doubt, have been deadly dull, that house in Aldersgate Street. Silence reigned, save when broken by the cries of the younger Phillips sustaining chastisement. Milton had none of that noble humanitarian spirit which had led Montaigne long years before

him to protest against the cowardly traditions of the schoolroom. After a month of Aldersgate Street, Mrs. Milton begged to go home. Her wish was granted, and she ran back to her ten brothers and sisters, and when her leave of absence was up refused to return. Her husband was furiously angry; and in a time so short as almost to enforce the belief that he began the work during the honeymoon, was ready with his celebrated pamphlet, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored to the good of both sexes.* He is even said, with his accustomed courage, to have paid attentions to a Miss Davis, who is described as a very handsome and witty gentlewoman, and therefore not one likely to sit silent at his board; but she was a sensible girl as well, and had no notion of a married suitor. Of Milton's pamphlet it is everyone's duty to speak with profound respect. It is a noble and passionate cry for a high ideal of married life, which, so he argued, had by inflexible laws been changed into a drooping and disconsolate household captivity, without refuge or redemption. He shuddered at the thought of a man and woman being condemned, for a mistake of judgment, to be bound together to their unspeakable wearisomeness and despair, for, he says, not to be beloved and yet retained is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit. Our present doctrine of divorce, which sets the household captive free on payment of a broken vow, but on no less ignoble terms, is not founded on the congruous, and is indeed already discredited, if not disgraced.

This pamphlet on divorce marks the beginning of Milton's mental isolation. Nobody had a word to say for it. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent held his doctrine in as much abhorrence as did the Catholic, and all alike regarded its author as either an impracticable dreamer or worse. It was written certainly in too great haste, for his errant wife, actuated by what motives cannot now be said, returned to her allegiance, was mindful of her plighted troth, and, suddenly entering his room, fell at his feet and begged to be forgiven. She was only nineteen, and she said it was all her mother's fault. Milton was not a sour man, and though perhaps too apt to insist upon repentance preceding forgiveness, yet when it did so he could forgive divinely. In a very short time the whole family of Powells, whom the war had reduced to low estate, were living under his roof in the Barbican, whither he moved on the Aldersgate house proving too small for his varied belongings. The poet's father also lived with his son.

Mrs. Milton had four children, three of whom, all daughters, lived to grow up. The mother died in childbirth in 1652, being then twenty-six years of age.

The *Areopagitica, a Speech for Unlicensed Printing,* followed the divorce pamphlet, but it also fell upon deaf ears. Of all religious sects the Presbyterians, who were then dominant, are perhaps the least likely to forego the privileges of interference in the affairs of others. Instead of the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, instead of 'a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House, another from the west end of Paul's, there was appointed a commission of twenty Presbyterians to act as State Licensers. Then was Milton's soul stirred within him to a noble rage. His was a threefold protest — as a citizen of a State he fondly hoped had been free, as an author, and as a reader. As a citizen he protested against so unnecessary and improper an interference. It is not, he cried, 'the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, that will make us a happy nation,' but the practice of virtue, and virtue means freedom to choose. Milton was a manly politician, and detested with his whole soul grandmotherly legislation. ' He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner.' ' They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin.' 'And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing.' These are texts upon which sermons, not inapplicable to our own day, might be preached. Milton has made our first parent so peculiarly his own, that any observations of his about Adam are interesting. 'Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience a love or gift which is of force. God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence.' So that according to Milton even Eden was a state of trial. As an author, Milton's protest has great force. 'And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers, and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer does not go beyond his licensed copy. So often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser — for it must be the same man — can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send forth the book worse than he made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.'

Milton would have had no licensers. Every book should bear the printer's name, and 'mischievous and libellous books' were to be burnt by the common hangman, not as an effectual remedy, but as the 'most effectual remedy man's prevention can use.'

The noblest pamphlet in 'our English, the language of men ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty,' accomplished nothing, and its author must already have thought himself fallen on evil days.

In the year 1645, the year of Naseby, as Mr. Pattison reminds us, appeared the first edition of Milton's Poems. Then, for the first time, were printed *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, and various of the sonnets. The little volume also contained *Comus* and *Lycidas*, which had been previously printed. With the exception of three sonnets and a few scraps of translation, Milton had written nothing but pamphlets since his return from Italy. At the beginning of the volume, which is a small octavo, was a portrait of the poet, most villainously executed. He was really thirty-seven, but flattered himself, as men of that age will, that he looked ten years younger; he was therefore much chagrined to find himself represented as a grim-looking gentleman of at least fifty. The way he revenged himself upon the hapless artist is well known. The volume, with the portrait, is now very scarce, almost rare.

In 1647 Milton removed from the Barbican, both his father and his father-in-law being dead, to a smaller house in Holborn, backing upon Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to where the Inns of Court Hotel now stands, and not far from the spot which was destined to witness the terrible tragedy which was at once to darken and glorify the life of one of Milton's most fervent lovers, Charles Lamb. About this time he is supposed to have abandoned pedagogy. The habit of pamphleteering stuck to him; indeed, it is one seldom thrown off. It is so much easier to throw off the pamphlets.

In 1649 Milton became a public servant, receiving the appointment of Latin Secretary to the Council of Foreign Affairs. He knew some member of the Committee, who obtained his nomination. His duties were purely clerkly. It was his business to translate English despatches into Latin, and foreign despatches into English. He had nothing whatever to do with the shaping of the foreign policy of the Commonwealth. He was not even employed in translating the most important of the State papers. There is no reason for supposing that he even knew the leading politicians of his time. There is a print one sees about, representing Oliver Cromwell dictating a foreign despatch to John Milton; but it is all imagination, nor is there anything to prove that Cromwell and Milton, the body and soul of English Republicanism, were ever in the same room together, or exchanged words with one another. Milton's name does not occur in the great history of Lord Clarendon. Whitelocke, who was the leading member of the Committee which Milton served, only mentions him once. Thurloe spoke of him as a blind man who wrote Latin letters. Richard Baxter, in his folio history of his Life and Times, never mentions Milton at all. He was just a clerk in the service of the Commonwealth, of a scholarly

bent, peculiar habit of thought, and somewhat of an odd temper. He was not the man to cultivate great acquaintances, or to fritter away his time waiting the convenience of other people. When once asked to use his influence to obtain for a friend an appointment, he replied he had no influence, '*propter paucissimas familiaritates meas cum gratiosis, qui domi fere, idque libenter, me contineo.*' The busy great men of the day would have been more than astonished, they would have been disgusted, had they been told that posterity would refer to most of them compendiously, as having lived in the age of Milton. But this need not trouble us.

On the Continent Milton enjoyed a wider reputation on account of his controversy with the great European scholar, Salmasius, on the sufficiently important and interesting, and then novel, subject of the execution of Charles I. Was it justifiable? Salmasius, a scholar and a Protestant, though of an easy-going description, was employed, or rather, as he had no wages (Milton's hundred *Jacobuses* being fictitious), nominated by Charles, afterwards the Second, to indict the regicides at the bar of European opinion, which accordingly he did in the Latin language. The work reached this country in the autumn of 1649, and it evidently became the duty of somebody to answer it. Two qualifications were necessary — the replier must be able to read Latin, and to write it after a manner which should escape the ridicule of the scholars of Leyden, Geneva, and Paris. Milton occurred to somebody's mind, and the task was entrusted to him. It is not to be supposed that Cromwell was ever at the pains to read Salmasius for himself, but still it would not have done to have it said that the *Defensio Regia* of so celebrated a scholar as Salmasius remained unanswered, and so the appointment was confirmed, and Milton, no new hand at a pamphlet, set to work. In March, 1651, his first *Defence of the English People* was in print. In this great pamphlet Milton asserts, as against the doctrine of the divine right of kings, the undisputed sovereignty of the people; and he maintains the proposition that, as well by the law of God, as by the law of nations, and the law of England, a king of England may be brought to trial and death, the people being discharged from all obligations of loyalty when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant, or gives himself over to sloth and voluptuousness. This noble argument, alike worthy of the man and the occasion, is doubtless over-clouded and disfigured by personal abuse of Salmasius, whose relations with his wife had surely as little to do with the head of Charles I., as had poor Mr. Dick's memorial. Salmasius, it appears, was henpecked, and to allow yourself to be henpecked was, in Milton's opinion, a high crime and misdemeanour against humanity, and one which rendered a man infamous, and disqualified him from taking part in debate.

It has always been reported that Salmasius, who was getting on in years, and had many things to trouble him besides his own wife, perished in the effort of writing a reply to Milton, in which he made use of lan-

guage quite as bad as any of his opponent's; but it now appears that this is not so. Indeed, it is generally rash to attribute a man's death to a pamphlet, or an article, either of his own or anybody else's.

Salmasius, however, died, though from natural causes, and his reply was not published till after the Restoration, when the question had become, what it has ever since remained, academical.

Other pens were quicker, and to their productions Milton, in 1654, replied with his *Second Defence of the English People*, a tract containing autobiographical details of immense interest and charm. By this time he was totally blind, though, with a touch of that personal sensitiveness ever characteristic of him, he is careful to tell Europe, in the *Second Defence*, that externally his eyes were uninjured, and shone with an unclouded light.

Milton's *Defences of the English People* are rendered provoking by his extraordinary language concerning his opponents. 'Numskull,' 'beast,' 'fool,' 'puppy,' 'knave,' 'ass,' 'mongrel-cur,' are but a few of the epithets employed. This is doubtless mere matter of pleading, a rule of the forum where controversies between scholars are conducted; but for that very reason it makes the pamphlets as provoking to an ordinary reader as an old bill of complaint in Chancery must have been to an impatient suitor who wanted his money. The main issues, when cleared of personalities, are important enough, and are stated by Milton with great clearness. 'Our king made not us, but we him. Nature has given fathers to us all, but we ourselves appointed our own king; so that the people is not for the king, but the king for them.' It was made a matter of great offence amongst monarchs and monarchical persons that Charles was subject to the indignity of a trial. With murders and poisonings kings were long familiar. These were part of the perils of the voyage, for which they were prepared, but, as Salmasius put it, 'for a king to be arraigned in a court of judicature, to be put to plead for his life, to have sentence of death pronounced against him, and that sentence executed,' — oh! horrible impiety. To this Milton replies: 'Tell me, thou superlative fool, whether it be not more just, more agreeable to the rules of humanity and the laws of all human societies, to bring a criminal, be his offence what it will, before a court of justice, to give him leave to speak for himself, and if the law condemns him, then to put him to death as he has deserved, so as he may have time to repent or to recollect himself; then presently, as soon as ever he is taken, to butcher him without more ado?'

But a king of any spirit would probably answer that he preferred to have his despotism tempered by assassination than by the mercy of a court of John Miltons. To which answer Milton would have rejoined, 'Despotism, I know you not, since we are as free as any people under heaven.'

The weakest part in Milton's case is his having to admit that the

Parliament was overawed by the army, which he says was wiser than the senators.

Milton's address to his countrymen, with which he concludes the first defence, is veritably in his grand style:

'He has gloriously delivered you, the first of nations, from the two greatest mischiefs of this life — tyranny and superstition. He has endued you with greatness of mind to be First of Mankind, who after having confined their own king and having had him delivered into their hands, have not scrupled to condemn him judicially, and pursuant to that sentence of condemnation to put him to death. After performing so glorious an action as this, you ought to do nothing that's mean and little; you ought not to think of, much less do, anything but what is great and sublime. Which to attain to, this is your only way: as you have subdued your enemies in the field, so to make it appear that you of all mankind are best able to subdue Ambition, Avarice, the love of Riches, and can best avoid the corruptions that prosperity is apt to introduce. These are the only arguments by which you will be able to evince that you are not such persons as this fellow represents you, traitors, robbers, murderers, parricides, madmen, that you did not put your king to death out of any ambitious design — that it was not an act of fury or madness, but that it was wholly out of love to your liberty, your religion, to justice, virtue, and your country, that you punished a tyrant. But if it should fall out otherwise (which God forbid), if, as you have been valiant in war, you should grow debauched in peace, and that you should not have learnt, by so eminent, so remarkable an example before your eyes, to fear God, and work righteousness; for my part I shall easily grant and confess (for I cannot deny it), whatever ill men may speak or think of you, to be very true. And you will find in time that God's displeasure against you will be greater than it has been against your adversaries — greater than His grace and favour have been to yourselves, which you have had larger experience of than any other nation under heaven.'

This controversy naturally excited greater interest abroad, where Latin was familiarly known, than ever it did here at home. Though it cost Milton his sight, or at all events accelerated the hour of his blindness, he appears greatly to have enjoyed conducting a high dispute in the face of Europe. 'I am,' so he says, 'spreading abroad amongst the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the restored culture of civility and freedom of life.' We certainly manage in this affair of the execution of Charles to get rid of that note of insularity which renders our politics uninviting to the stranger.

Milton, despite his blindness, remained in the public service until after the death of Cromwell; in fact, he did not formally resign until after the Restoration. He played no part, having none to play, in the performances that occurred between those events. He poured forth pamphlets, but there

is no reason to believe that they were read otherwise than carelessly and by few. His ideas were his own, and never had a chance of becoming fruitful. There seemed to him to be a ready and an easy way to establish a free Commonwealth, but on the whole it turned out that the easiest thing to do was to invite Charles Stuart to reascend the throne of his ancestors, which he did, and Milton went into hiding.

It is terrible to think how risky the situation was. Milton was undoubtedly in danger of his life, and *Paradise Lost* was unwritten. He was for a time under arrest. But after all he was not one of the regicides — he was only a scribe who had defended regicide. Neither was he a man well associated. He was a solitary, and, for the most part, an unpopular thinker, and blind withal. He was left alone for the rest of his days. He lived first in Jewin Street, off Aldersgate Street, and finally in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. He had married, four years after his first wife's death, a lady who died within a twelvemonth, though her memory is kept ever fresh, generation after generation, by her husband's sonnet beginning,

'Methought I saw my late espoused saint.'

Dr. Johnson, it is really worth remembering, called this a poor sonnet. In 1664 Milton married a third and last wife, a lady he had never seen, and who survived her husband for no less a period than fifty-three years, not dying till the year 1727. The poet's household, like his country, never realized any of his ideals. His third wife took decent care of him, and there the matter ended. He did not belong to the category of adored fathers. His daughters did not love him — it seems even probable they disliked him. Mr. Pattison has pointed out that Milton never was on terms even with the scholars of his age. Political acquaintances he had none. He was, in Puritan language, 'unconnected with any place of worship,' and had therefore no pastoral visits to receive, or sermons to discuss. The few friends he had were mostly young men who were attracted to him, and were glad to give him their company; and it is well that he had this pleasure, for he was ever in his wishes a social man — not intended to live alone, and blindness must have made society little short of a necessity for him.

Now it was, in the evening of his days, with a Stuart once more upon the throne, and Episcopacy finally installed, that Milton, a defeated thinker, a baffled pamphleteer — for had not Salmasius triumphed? — with Horton and Italy far, far behind him, set himself to keep the promise of his glorious youth, and compose a poem the world should not willingly let die. His manner of life was this. In summer he rose at four, in winter at five. He went to bed at nine. He began the day with having the Hebrew Scriptures read to him. Then he contemplated. At seven his man came to him again, and he read and wrote till an early dinner. For exer-

cise he either walked in the garden or swung in a machine. Besides conversation, his only other recreation was music. He played the organ and the bass viol. He would sometimes sing himself. After recreation of this kind he would return to his study to be read to till six. After six his friends were admitted, and would sit with him till eight. At eight he had his supper — olives or something light. He was very abstemious. After supper he smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He found the night a favourable time for composition, and what he composed at night he dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow chair with his leg thrown over the arm.

In 1664 *Paradise Lost* was finished, but as in 1665 came the Great Plague, and after the Great Plague the Great Fire, it was long before the MS. found its way into the hands of the licenser. It is interesting to note that the first member of the general public who read *Paradise Lost*, I hope all through, was a clergyman of the name of Tomkyns, the deputy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sheldon. The Archbishop was the State Licenser for religious books, but of course did not do the work himself. Tomkyns did the work, and was for a good while puzzled what to make of the old Republican's poem. At last, and after some singularly futile criticisms, Tomkyns consented to allow the publication of *Paradise Lost*, which accordingly appeared in 1667, admirably printed, and at the price of 3*s*. a copy. The author's agreement with the publisher is in writing — as Mr. Besant tells us all agreements with publishers should be — and may be seen in the British Museum. Its terms are clear. The poet was to have £5 down; another £5 when the first edition, which was not to exceed 1,500 copies, was sold; a third £5 when a second edition was sold; and a fourth and last £5 when a third edition was sold. He got his first £5, also his second, and after his death his widow sold all her rights for £8. Consequently £18, which represents perhaps £50 of our present currency, was Milton's share of all the money that has been made by the sale of his great poem. But the praise is still his. The sale was very considerable. The 'general reader' no doubt preferred the poems of Cleaveland and Flatman, but Milton found an audience which was fit and not fewer than ever is the case when noble poetry is first produced.

Paradise Regained was begun upon the completion of *Paradise Lost*, and appeared with *Samson Agonistes* in 1671, and here ended Milton's life as a producing poet. He lived on till Sunday, 8th November, 1674, when the gout, or what was then called gout, struck in and he died, and was buried beside his father in the Church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. He remained laborious to the last, and imposed upon himself all kinds of drudgery, compiling dictionaries, histories of Britain and Russia. He must have worked not so much from love of his subjects as from dread of idleness. But he had hours of relaxation, of social intercourse, and of music; and it is pleasant to remember that one pipe of tobacco. It consecrates your own,

Against Milton's great poem it is sometimes alleged that it is not read; and yet it must, I think, be admitted that for one person who has read Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, ten thousand might easily be found who have read *Paradise Lost*. Its popularity has been widespread. Mr. Mark Pattison and Mr. John Bright measure some ground between them. No other poem can be mentioned which has so coloured English thought as Milton's, and yet, according to the French senator whom Mr. Arnold has introduced to the plain reader, '*Paradise Lost* is a false poem, a grotesque poem, a tiresome poem.' It is not easy for those who have a touch of Milton's temper, though none of his genius, to listen to this foreign criticism quite coolly. Milton was very angry with Salmasius for venturing to find fault with the Long Parliament for having repealed so many laws, and so far forgot himself as to say, '*Nam nostræ leges, Ole, quid ad te?*' But there is nothing municipal about *Paradise Lost*. All the world has a right to be interested in it and to find fault with it. But the fact that the people for whom primarily it was written have taken it to their hearts and have it on their lips ought to have prevented it being called tiresome by a senator of France.

But what is the matter with our great epic? That nobody ever wished it longer is no real accusation. Nobody ever did wish an epic longer. The most popular books in the world are generally accounted too long — *Don Quixote*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Tom Jones*. But, says Mr. Arnold, the whole real interest of the poem depends upon our being able to take it literally; and again, 'Merely as a matter of poetry, the story of the Fall has no special force or effectiveness — its effectiveness for us comes, and can only come, from our taking it all as the literal narrative of what positively happened.' These bewildering utterances make one rub one's eyes. Carlyle comes to our relief: 'All which propositions I for the present content myself with modestly, but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.'

Mr. Pattison surely speaks the language of ordinary good sense when he writes: 'For the world of *Paradise Lost* is an ideal, conventional world quite as much as the world of the *Arabian Nights*, or the world of the chivalrous romance, or that of the pastoral novel.'

Coleridge, in the twenty-second chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*, points out that the fable and characters of *Paradise Lost* are not derived from Scripture, as in the *Messiah* of Klopstock, but merely suggested by it — the illusion on which all poetry is founded being thus never contradicted. The poem proceeds upon a legend, ancient and fascinating, and to call it a commentary upon a few texts in Genesis is a marvellous criticism.

The story of the Fall of Man, as recorded in the Semitic legend, is to me more attractive as a story than the Tale of Troy, and I find the rebellion of Satan and his dire revenge more to my mind than the circles of Dante. Eve is, I think, more interesting than 'Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen' — I mean in herself, and as a woman to write poetry about.

The execution of the poem is another matter. So far as style is concerned its merits have not yet been questioned. As a matter of style and diction, Milton is as safe as Virgil. The handling of the story is more vulnerable. The long speeches put in the mouth of the Almighty are never pleasing, and seldom effective. The weak point about argument is that it usually admits of being answered. For Milton to essay to justify the ways of God to man was well and pious enough, but to represent God Himself as doing so by argumentative process was not so well, and was to expose the Almighty to possible rebuff. The king is always present in his own courts, but as judge, not as advocate; hence the royal dignity never suffers.

It is narrated of an eminent barrister, who became a most polished judge, Mr. Knight Bruce, that once, when at the very head of his profession, he was taken in before a Master in Chancery, an office since abolished, and found himself pitted against a little snip of an attorney's clerk, scarce higher than the table, who, nothing daunted, and by the aid of authorities he cited from a bundle of books as big as himself, succeeded in worsting Knight Bruce, whom he persisted in calling over and over again 'my learned friend.' Mr. Bruce treated the imp with that courtesy which is always an opponent's due, but he never went before the Masters any more.

The Archangel has not escaped the reproach often brought against affable persons of being a bit of a bore, and though this is to speak unbecomingly, it must be owned that the reader is glad whenever Adam plucks up heart of grace and gets in a word edgeways. Mr. Bagehot has complained of Milton's angels. He says they are silly. But this is, I think, to intellectualize too much. There are some classes who are fairly exempted from all obligation to be intelligent, and these airy messengers are surely amongst that number. The retinue of a prince or of a bride justify their choice if they are well-looking and group nicely.

But these objections do not touch the main issue. Here is the story of the loss of Eden, told enchantingly, musically, and in the grand style. 'Who,' says M. Scherer, in a passage quoted by Mr. Arnold, 'can read the eleventh and twelfth books without yawning?' People, of course, are free to yawn when they please, provided they put their hands to their mouths; but in answer to this insulting question one is glad to be able to remember how Coleridge has singled out Adam's vision of future events contained in these books as specially deserving of attention. But to read them is to repel the charge.

There was no need for Mr. Arnold, of all men, to express dissatisfaction with Milton:

> *'Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven*
> *Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,*
> *In place thyself so high above thy peers.'*

The first thing for people to be taught is to enjoy great things greatly. The spots on the sun may be an interesting study, but anyhow the sun is not all spots. Indeed, sometimes in the early year, when he breaks forth afresh,

> '*And winter, slumbering in the open air,*
> *Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring,*

we are apt to forget that he has any spots at all, and, as he shines, are perhaps reminded of the blind poet sitting in his darkness, in this prosaic city of ours, swinging his leg over the arm of his chair, and dictating the lines:

> '*Seasons return, but not to me returns*
> *Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,*
> *Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,*
> *Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.*
> *But cloud instead, and ever-during dark*
> *Surrounds me — from the cheerful ways of men*
> *Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair*
> *Presented with a universal blank*
> *Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,*
> *And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.*
> *So much the rather, Thou, Celestial Light,*
> *Shine inwards, and the mind through all her powers*
> *Irradiate* — there *plant eyes; all mist from thence*
> *Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell*
> *Of things invisible to mortal sight.*'

Coleridge added a note to his beautiful poem, 'The Nightingale,' lest he should be supposed capable of speaking with levity of a single line in Milton. The note was hardly necessary, but one loves the spirit that prompted him to make it. Sainte-Beuve remarks: 'Parler des poètes est toujours une chose bien délicate, et surtout quand on l'a été un peu soi-même.' But though it does not matter what the little poets do, great ones should never pass one another without a royal salute.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

1642–1726

By Louis Figuier [1] (1819–1894)

Newton is regarded as the finest scientific genius of the Eighteenth Century. He completed the work of Kepler, and explained the mechanism of the world by means of an all-inclusive, absolute law which permits of no exception. Making use of the astronomical and mathematical theories evolved by his predecessors, and thanks to the new Infinite Calculus which was his own invention, he demonstrated the existence of the universal principle of attraction or gravity, which governs all matter, from the invisible atom to the immense globes that revolve through the heavens, fixing for all time the law by which gravity operates.

He brought unity into our conception of the universe; he shed light upon the grandeur and beauty of its mechanism; and far from minimising the function of the Supreme Author of Nature, he placed Him so high and revealed in Him so great a power, that he instilled in mankind an added admiration and respect.

Newton was not alone a man who dealt in the abstract; he was also concerned with the practical. He was an experimenter of the first order as well as a great philosopher, and herein lies the secret of his superiority over other men of genius, such as Descartes and Leibniz. He carried to perfection the art of observing, of correlating facts, of segregating the essential from the incidental, of passing from the particular to the general, and of deducing the laws of physical phenomena. His discoveries in the realm of optics testify to the truth of this statement.

If Newton had his peers in the mathematical sciences, he was at least not surpassed by anyone.

Voltaire, who was one of the first in France to adopt Newton's views, proclaimed the glory of the great scientist in these terms: "Ye intimates of the All-Highest, eternal substances that flash from His eyes and protect with thy wings the throne where thy master sits among ye, say, are ye not jealous of the great Newton?"

Praise like this, from such a man, is surely a brevet of immortality.

Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, a village in the County of Lincoln, parish of Colsterworth, on December 25th, 1642, the very year of

[1] Translated, for the first time into English, by Barrett H. Clark, from the third volume of Figuier's *Vies des Savants illustres*, Paris, 1870.

Galileo's death. Born, like Kepler, before his time, he came into the world with a weak constitution, though this did not prevent his living to the age of eighty-four.

His father, who worked a small farm in the district, had died before Isaac's birth, a few months after his marriage. When the child was in his third year his mother, Henrietta Ayscough, married Barnabe Smith, rector of North Whitam. Isaac was put under the care of his grandmother, who saw that he received the rudiments of primary instruction in the schools of the neighboring villages.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to Grantham, the nearest town to Woolsthorpe, in order to follow a more extended course. Yet his mother had no intention of making a scholar of him: she wished only to have him learn enough to be able to manage the little property her husband had left him as a patrimony.

The young man at first showed no signs of being what we should call a good student. On his own authority, we know that he paid little attention to what his teachers said, and was one of the poorest students in his class. But a fortunate thing occurred one day to arouse his ambition and stimulate what had been wanting, a desire to excel; this quickly brought him into the front rank of students. One of his comrades, somewhat older than he, had struck him a violent blow in the stomach. He sought to take revenge on the bully by outstripping him in his studies, and from that time forward, applied himself so efficaciously that shortly afterward he was the honor pupil at Grantham. That blow in the stomach was not without its compensations.

Newton revealed ere long a marked interest in mechanics, and for that reason he rarely engaged in those activities which are usual with boys of his age. Whenever he had a spare hour he would seek out the apothecary, Clark, in whose house he lived, and in the laboratory give free rein to his passion for chemistry and physics, with whatever utensils he could lay hands on, and with great skill construct models for various machines. We are told that among other things he made a water clock, a mechanical carriage that actually ran, and a windmill. He got the idea of this last while out walking in the neighbourhood of Grantham, where a new sort of windmill had just been erected. The youthful inventor had added to his model a mechanical mouse, which was made a part of the whole machine. He called this mouse the miller, because it ate the grain given to it.

At another time he took it into his head to send up a kite, during the night, to which he had attached a lantern, in order that people might think a new comet had appeared. It is evident that Newton liked to mystify the ignorant country-folk.

One will doubtless be surprised to learn that with his predilection for mechanics, the young Newton cultivated the Muse. It is none the less true. Toward the close of his stay at Grantham, he wrote several rhymed pieces, which are today much sought after by collectors.

Since some knowledge of drawing was needful toward the realization of his mechanical inventions, the young man set about learning it, with no other master than himself. His progress was so rapid that before long the walls of his room were covered with drawings, either of his own composition, or copies.

While thus occupied at Grantham, Isaac had reached the age of fifteen, when his mother was forced to take him out of school. She had just lost her second husband through death, and her income no longer permitted her to pay for Isaac's education. She returned therefore to Woolsthorpe, with a son by her second husband, and with Isaac, to whom she immediately entrusted the management of his small inheritance.

This task could hardly have been other than uncongenial to a youth who had made so favorable a beginning with his education. His inclinations by no means lay in the direction of farming and labor, and for this reason he went about the performance of his duties in a half-hearted fashion. Every Saturday he went to Grantham to sell at market the products of his farm, but because of his youth, his mother sent an old servant with him to advise him in the matter of selling. But scarcely had he dismounted from his horse, leaving the servant to dispose of his products as he thought best, before he hastened to the home of his former host, the apothecary Clark, where he buried himself in some old book, taken from the library. Sometimes, with even less ceremony, he would dismount before he reached the town, and stopping under a tree or behind a hedge, sit down to read and study. His companion would then go on alone to market, and on his way back, finding Isaac where he had left him, the two would return to the farm together.

At Woolsthorpe, as formerly at Grantham, Isaac amused himself by contriving little mechanical devices. There is shown to this day a little sun-dial of his which he had placed over against the wall of his house. J. B. Biot, the illustrious biographer of Newton, has himself seen this interesting souvenir of the great man's youthful efforts.

Newton's mother was at last induced to allow the boy to pursue his study of science without interruption, and this is the way it came about.

One day Isaac was seen by one of his uncles, book in hand, completely lost in meditation. Curious to know what it was that held him so enthralled, he took the book from the youth, and saw that Isaac was working at a problem in mathematics. Surprised to discover that a boy of sixteen was thus concerned with so serious a thing, the good man was fortunate enough to persuade Isaac's mother to cease opposing her son's vocation. A most unusual kind of uncle, who assuredly deserves to be remembered by posterity.

Newton was therefore sent back to school in Grantham, where he remained until he was eighteen. From there he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was admitted in June, 1661.

At the time he entered Cambridge the eminent Dr. Barrow was Professor of Mathematics. In order to prepare himself for Barrow's lectures, Newton set to work studying Saunderson's *Logic* and Kepler's *Treatise on Optics;* then Descartes' *Geometry* — which he quickly mastered; and the works of Wallis, in particular the remarkable treatise *De Arithmetica infinitorum*. He was at this time twenty-one. It was during the next two years that he made his most wonderful discoveries in the field of mathematical analysis.

In January 1665, Newton became a Bachelor of Arts, but some few months later he was forced to leave Cambridge, fearing an epidemic which was raging throughout the town. He returned to Woolsthorpe to await the end of the epidemic, and did not go to Cambridge again until the autumn of 1666.

It was during this last sojourn at his home that the famous incident of the apple took place: the fabulous anecdote tells how the apple falling on Newton's head, leading to the discovery of the law of universal gravity.

During the years 1666, 1667, and 1668 Newton continued his academic work, and was ultimately appointed to replace Dr. Barrow, as Professor of Mathematics and Physics, since the Doctor was thenceforward confining himself exclusively to theology.

Newton performed his professorial duties with the utmost zeal. We are told that during the twenty-six years between 1669 and 1695, he was never absent from the University for more than one month — the time of vacation — in any year. He lived in the college, and received an annual salary of a hundred pounds, and his only official duty was to deliver a public lecture of an hour's duration once a week, and to consult four hours a week with such students as asked him to hear them. It is evident that he had ample time to devote to his own special work.

In 1671 Sethward, Bishop of Salisbury, known for his astronomical labors, proposed to the Royal Society of London to admit Newton as a member. Newton had not yet published anything, but his work was becoming known: great expectations were based on the remarkable talents of the young Cambridge professor, who was elected to the Society on January 11th, 1672, on which occasion he addressed that body by describing a new kind of reflecting telescope, and at the same time demonstrating it by means of a model. This selfsame model, constructed by Newton's own hands, is preserved to this day in a case at the Royal Society's buildings.

In spite of his knowledge and genius, Newton was at that time far from affluent. He was, as a matter of fact, so poor that, finding himself unable to pay the dues required from all members of the Royal Society, he sent in his resignation to Oldenburg, the secretary. It was not, however, accepted; and Newton, being relieved of his obligation, remained a member of the group of which he was destined to become the most illustrious ornament.

On April 27th, 1675, Newton obtained from the King another dispensation. In order to hold a professorship at Trinity College it was necessary to take religious orders. To do this would have seriously inconvenienced the great scientist, who fortunately secured permission to continue his work without submitting to the rule.

There belongs in this place an incident in Newton's life that reveals an aspect of it altogether different from anything we have hitherto perceived. There was in this scientist a political being as well. King James II was determined to establish the Catholic religion as the dominating faith of England. In accordance with this policy he had commanded the University of Cambridge to confer upon a Benedictine Monk of the name of Francis, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, without his being obliged to take the "Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy" prescribed by the University statutes. Jealous of its privileges, the University refused to obey. At first it protested by letter, but eventually issued a categorical refusal, despite the King's threats. Newton, who had shown great firmness throughout the controversy, was sent to London with many of his colleagues, to defend before the high court of justice the prerogatives of the University. These delegates showed such remarkable firmness before the court that the King deemed it prudent to drop the whole matter.

In order to give their young colleague a striking proof of gratitude (or perhaps it was solely on the grounds of merit?) the professors of Cambridge, who had the right to send one member to Parliament, chose Newton.

His election came in 1688. It must be confessed that he played a very unimportant rôle in the House: there was nothing of the popular tribune or legislator in this profound thinker. During his term of office of 1688–9 he discharged his duties regularly and in a conscientious manner, though between 1690 and 1695 he was less actively interested, and missed many sittings. He spoke but once, and that was only in order to ask that the page should close a window, the draft from which might, he feared, give a cold to a speaker then delivering his peroration. Reserve could hardly go beyond this.

Shortly after his election, Newton's mother died and his own health began to be impaired. A lack of appetite and frequent accesses of insomnia attest only too clearly to the fact that he was in a dangerous condition. An accident occurred about this time that served to intensify it, and give it a serious turn that could not easily be exaggerated. It exercised a deep and lasting influence upon the intellectual faculties of a man who had become the pride of all England.

One evening as he left his room to attend chapel service, he carelessly left a lighted candle on his desk. In his absence his little dog Diamond, to which he was fondly attached, upset the candle, and all the papers on the desk were destroyed by fire. It was precisely these papers on which New-

ton had written down the results of all the chemical experiments he had been making for the past several years. His despair can be easily imagined. Biot believes that Newton's intellect was seriously affected by the shock. He writes, indeed, that after the age of forty-five, Newton made no new discovery in any of the sciences, which would be strange in any man of genius who had just reached that period when the mind is ordinarily at the very height of its maturity.

The French writer was seeking an explanation of this strange circumstance, when a Hollander, M. Van Swinden, sent him a MS. note of Huygens, which was taken from a sort of diary, belonging to the Leyden Library, in which the famous Dutch geometrician was used to jot down various remarks. The note in question furnishes a key to the mystery surrounding Newton's mental sterility during the period now under consideration. It reads as follows:

"On May 29th, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotsman, told me that the illustrious geometrician Isaac Newton suffered from a form of dementia eighteen months ago, occasioned either by overwork or because of his grief caused by the fire in his laboratory that destroyed many of his important MSS. M. Colin added that after the accident, Newton called on the Archbishop of Cambridge, and showed by his manner of speaking that he was mentally unbalanced; whereupon his friends took him in charge and sought to effect a cure. They shut him within his rooms and administered remedies by force, and by this means cured him, so that now he has begun work again on his book, the *Principia.*"

Biot assumes from this that the temporary eclipse of Newton's faculties explains the sterility of new ideas during the second half of his scientific career.

Biot's assumption is vigorously attacked by the English biographer of Newton, Sir David Brewster, the distinguished physicist, who died in 1868. Brewster raises the issue to the proportions of a national question. To maintain, he declares, that Newton was insane for eighteen months, and that the attack left his mind forever clouded, is in his opinion an attempt against the glory of the immortal philosopher. With this opinion I cannot concur. For all one is a genius, one is no less a man, and subject as such to the inexorable laws of nature. It is not so very surprising that Newton should at one time have been temporarily unbalanced, and surely this is nothing that can possibly deprive him of the glory of his discoveries.

It should be added that Brewster was not fortunate in his choice of arguments. In order to prove that Newton was perfectly sane in the year 1693 he cited letters which prove precisely that he was not. One of these, addressed to the philosopher Locke, leaves no possible room for doubt.

Locke was very intimate with Newton, but his treatise *On the Human Understanding* had aroused the antagonism of the English theologians.

A second edition of the work was announced in 1693, and Newton took occasion to express himself freely on the subject of his friend and his philosophical opinions. Doubtless he was sorry for this, for a short while after, he sent Locke the curious letter that follows:

"Sir, — Being of opinion that you endeavored to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having had thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. — I am your most humble and unfortunate servant,

Is. Newton."

At the Bull, in Shoreditch, London
Sept. 16th, 1693."

It is easy to imagine the stupefaction of Locke on receiving such a letter. But he replied to it, on the 5th of October, assuring Newton of his friendship, and offering to come to see him, "for," he says, "the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you."

The pity inspired in him by his friend's condition is here evident. The same day Newton replied to him from Cambridge, in the following letter:

"Sir, — The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote to you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. — I am your most humble servant.

Is. Newton."

With this last letter the question may rest. Newton himself declares, in 1693, that he had completely lost his memory.

Newton had triumphed over all the objections raised against his successive discoveries; his glory shone over England and all Europe; yet at the age of fifty he lived in poverty. In order to exist and be able to purchase all the materials necessary for his scientific work, his entire income was insufficient: it consisted solely of his modest salary as a Professor at Cambridge. It was clearly the duty of his native country to help him, and this duty was fulfilled by a former Cambridge student, Charles Mon-

tague, later known as the Count of Halifax. Though some years younger than Newton, Montague had known him first at Cambridge and later in the House of Commons. When Montague was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1694, he appointed his friend Warden of the Mint with a salary of £600. Some years later, in 1669, Newton was made Director-in-chief, with a salary of £1500.

Voltaire comments brilliantly on this matter (in his *Philosophical Dictionary*):

"I had imagined, when I was young, that Newton had made his fortune through his merits. I thought that the court and the city of London had by loud acclaim appointed him Director of the National Mint. I was quite in the wrong. Isaac Newton had a very charming niece, Miss Conduitt, who was mightily pleasing to the Chancellor Halifax. Calculus and gravity would have done him no earthly good, without his pretty niece."

Voltaire possibly exaggerates, but it cannot be denied that the attractions of Miss Baston (later Mrs. Conduitt) had something to do with Newton's appointment, though his knowledge of chemistry was indeed something of a recommendation. Miss Baston was an exceptional lady, both wise and fair. She inspired a lively affection in the Count of Halifax, at whose home she dwelt for many years, and on his death received from him a magnificent legacy. A secret marriage has been hinted at, but was never established as a fact. After the death of Halifax she married Mr. Conduitt, and the two made their home with Newton, continuing in his household to the end of his life.

But no matter what may actually have been the occasion of his sudden good fortune, he never thought of attributing it to anything but his own merit.

His new position was by no means a sinecure. He was so desirous of devoting himself entirely to his new work that he resigned his professorship, naming Whiston as his successor.

It is possible to regret that Newton accepted a public office, for thenceforth he neglected his study of the sciences, saying that the King's business should come before his own. It would have been better for his peace of mind had he preserved his earlier independence, for a thousand petty aggravations, denunciations and law-suits, assailed him from all quarters. One Chaloner, charged with a special mission by Parliament, discovered a large amount of counterfeit money. In his recommendations for the discovery and apprehension of the culprits, Newton's name was mentioned, and in another part of the report charges were actually brought against him. The remaining section of Chaloner's document, however, contains proof of the writer's own perfidy, to which he later confessed. He was condemned to death and executed.

It is of course unnecessary to clear Newton of this charge. We happen to know, incidentally, that Newton refused £6000 from a man who tried to bribe him.

The very year Newton was made Warden of the Mint, the Academy of Sciences in Paris elected him to one of the eight associate memberships which they had just decreed.

In 1701 his Cambridge colleagues sent him for the second time to Parliament, where again he played a rôle as uneventful as before. In 1703 he was made President of the Royal Society of London, succeeding Lord Somers; for twenty-three consecutive years, until his death, he continued in this position, a fitting representative of the science and the scientists of old England.

In 1705 Queen Anne conferred upon him the title of baronet, with the necessary letters of patent.

Newton eventually had all the honors to which he might reasonably aspire: everyone acknowledged his genius, and his reputation throughout Europe was immense. "He was so highly revered," says Fontenelle, "that death itself could not add to his honors."

We have spoken at some length of the scientist; let us see what sort of man he was. Our best testimony in this respect is furnished by his contemporaries.

According to Mr. Conduitt, Newton was of medium height, and toward the end of his life inclined to stoutness. His eye was keen and piercing, his expression calm; his beautiful white hair was concealed under a wig. Such were the distinguishing marks of his person. Bishop Atterbury states, however, that during the last twenty years, Newton's eyes had become dull and tired-looking. He spoke very little in company, and his tastes were simple: he ate temperately and dressed without the slightest affectation. He had none of those habits that so often become our tyrants after they have served as our pleasures. If he was offered tobacco he refused, lest, as he said, he might create a useless habit. He lived the life of a solitary, and like all men who are occupied with profound meditations, he acted strangely. Sometimes, in getting out of bed, an idea would come to him and he would sit on the edge of the bed, half-dressed, for hours at a time. He would forget to eat unless he were reminded. One day, though he had eaten nothing and felt very hungry, he was convinced he had already dined. Here is the story.

Newton's friend Dr. Stukeley came to dine with him. After waiting a long time for him to come out of his study, the Doctor decided to help himself to some of the chicken that was already on the table. When he had finished, he left the remains of the bird on the plate and covered it with the silver cover. At the end of several hours, Newton finally made his appearance, saying that he was very hungry. He sat down to the table and lifted the cover from the chicken, but when he saw the carcass, "I thought," he cried, "I had not yet dined. I see I was mistaken!"

Newton was a timid man, which explains his habitual reserve in the company of others. We have a striking example of this in something that

occurred in the House of Commons in the year 1714. The members were discussing a bill relative to the determination of longitude at sea. Called upon to give his opinion, Newton did so in writing, but would not utter aloud one word in answer to the objections raised by many of the members. Whiston, who sat behind him, rose and said, "Mr. Newton is unwilling to state his opinion orally, but I can assure you that he favors the bill." In spite of this invitation to speak, Newton kept his silence, and the bill was passed without further discussion.

A foreigner once asked him how he had discovered the law of gravity. "By thinking about it continuously," was the reply. He described his methods in the following words: "I keep the object of my research constantly before me, waiting until the first light begins to dawn, little by little; finally this changes and at last the light is complete."

Newton's contemporaries did not speak highly of his personal character, and some of them have described it with considerable severity. Whiston, for instance, though it must be remembered that Whiston was antagonistic to his ideas. "Newton's character," said this scientist, "was the most timid, crafty, and suspicious, I have ever encountered. If he had been alive when I wrote attacking his chronology, I should not have dared publish a refutation, for — judging from my knowledge of his habits — I should have feared for my life." There is more than a note of exaggeration here. I do not believe that the English philosopher ever sought to take revenge on Whiston's ideas by attacking Whiston himself. Such things do not happen in the peaceful realm of the sciences. Yet the expressions used by Whiston in describing the character of his predecessor at Cambridge, seem to bear all the marks of truth.

Flamsteed, director of the Greenwich Observatory, whose relations with Newton were at one time very strained, gives us another quite similar description:

"Newton always seemed to me invidious, ambitious, exceedingly avid of praise, and very irritable when contradicted."

It would be hard to question the justice of this last statement. If further proof of it were necessary, we have only to refer to the arguments of Newton with Hooke, Huygens, Leibniz and other scientists.

It is likewise possible to charge Newton with a certain unfairness in the conduct of his controversies. His difference with Leibniz, in connection with the subject of Differential Calculus, furnishes additional proof.

Most of Newton's biographers, however, are agreed that in deferring the publication of his works he gave proof of his extraordinary modesty. But he doubtless waited thus long because he remembered the inconveniences and petty objections raised to his earliest communications to the Royal Society. He kept his treasures hidden in order to preserve his own peace of mind. It was not until his reputation was firmly established that he decided to make public his discoveries in book form.

"I was," he wrote later to Leibniz, "so persecuted by objections and opposed by endless obstacles because I had published my ideas, that I determined to expose myself no longer. I accuse myself of having been imprudent in thus pursuing a vain illusion, at the cost of my peace of mind, which was so solid and substantial."

Newton was profoundly religious. He would allow no one in his presence to ridicule religion in the form in which it was practised in England. When Halley, who was without such scruples, uttered certain pleasantries on the subject, Newton interrupted him, saying, "I have studied these things, and you have not."

He was likewise charitable, and thanks to his munificent salary as well as to the simplicity of his habits, he was able to do much good. "He did not believe," says Fontenelle, "that to leave property by his will was to give it at all." He therefore made no will. He habitually helped his friends and relatives. At his death, eight beneficiaries — four nephews and four nieces — shared the handsome sum of £32,000.

Conduitt, husband of that niece we have already mentioned, succeeded him as Director of the Mint, where he had already worked under Newton during the latter's declining years.

Newton never married. "Perhaps," as Fontenelle says, "he never had the leisure to think about marriage."

For long it was maintained that he had no time for love. But this is not so, as we have recently learned. Dr. Stukeley made public certain confidential statements made to him by a Mrs. Vincent who, before her marriage as Miss Story, had known Newton when he was staying with the Grantham apothecary. She boarded in the same house, together with several other young persons. It appears that the youthful scientist had conceived a passion for Miss Story. But because of his poverty and the uncertainty of his future, he could not think of marrying her. He was always pleased to see her in later life, and whenever, after he had become famous, he made a journey into Lincolnshire, he never failed to call upon her. On several occasions he rendered financial aid to various members of her family.

Up to the age of eighty, Newton enjoyed a fair degree of good health. He never had to use spectacles, and so long as he lived he never lost a tooth.

At about the age of eighty, he began to ail considerably, but his sufferings were still not unendurable. The most striking symptoms were not evident until twenty days before his death.

In his *Eloge de Newton*, Fontenelle thus tells of the scientist's last malady and death:

"'Twas thought he certainly had the stone, which could not be cured; when the pain was so violent that the drops of sweat ran from his face, he never was heard to groan, nor show any signs of impatience, but as soon as he had a moment's respite would smile, and talk with his usual

gaiety. Until this time he had constantly read or written many hours every day. He read the Journal of Saturday March 18th in the morning, and talked a good while with the celebrated Dr. Mead; he was in his perfect senses till that evening, when he quite lost them, and never recovered them more, as if the faculties of his soul were subject only to a total extinction, and could not feel a decay. He died on the Monday following, March 20th, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

"His body was laid in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, a place from whence persons of the highest rank, and sometimes crowned heads themselves, are carried to their graves. From thence he was carried to Westminster Abbey, the pall being supported by the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburgh, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield. By these six Peers we may judge what a number of persons of distinction attended the funeral solemnity. The Bishop of Rochester read the service, and the corpse was deposited near the entrance of the choir."

It was there that Newton's family had erected to his memory a magnificent monument upon which was inscribed an epitaph commemorating his chief discoveries. Dr. Robert Smith, a student of his and author of a *Treatise on Optics*, also had a marble statue put up for him before the chapel of Trinity College at Cambridge. The pedestal bears the following inscription: *Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit.*

One thing deserves mention: the English government took no official part in the funeral honours rendered to Newton, and both the tomb and the statue were the result of private initiative. If certain lords of high birth joined in the funeral procession of the great man, they did so as members of the Royal Society, and not as representatives of the House of Lords. "The honors," says Arago, "which were lavished on a seaman who had captured Spanish galleys or set fire to a foreign capital, were accorded with the utmost parsimony to him whose name will outlast the greatest political and military reputations of the entire world."

It will be seen, in the course of this short review of the chief events of Newton's life that the philosopher of Cambridge is among the greatest figures that humanity has ever produced. Newton, of course, had his shortcomings and these we have in no wise sought to conceal or even to extenuate, but which of us mortals is free from them? Much should be forgiven to a genius who has in so high a degree extended the frontiers of human understanding.

BARUCH [BENEDICT] DE SPINOZA

1632–1677

By JEAN MAXIMILIEN LUCAS [1] (1636 [1646?]–1697)

ALTHOUGH our century is most enlightened, it is yet no more just to its great men than other ages, and although it owes to them its greatest benefits and profits therefrom, it cannot tolerate praise given them, either from motives of envy or from ignorance. It is astonishing that he who wishes to write their lives should have to hide himself — which he does — as though he were committing a crime. This holds especially true in the case of those great men who have achieved fame in unusual ways, not understood by small minds. Under the pretext of honouring ideas that are generally accepted, though these be absurd and ridiculous, they defend their own ignorance, sacrificing thus the clearest sort of reasoning and, as it were, the truth itself.

Yet, whatever the dangers to be met with on so difficult a path, I should be making small use of the philosophy of the great man whose life and words I am to describe, if I were too timid to attempt it. I have small fear of the people's anger, since I have the honour to live in a Republic which allows its citizens freedom of opinion, and in which it were useless to desire happiness if those whose virtue is proven were looked upon without jealousy. Should this book, dedicated to the memory of an illustrious friend, fail to meet with the approval of everyone, it will at any rate appeal to those who love only the truth, and feel a sort of loathing for the impertinent masses.

Baruch de Spinoza (or Spinosa), native of Amsterdam, the most beautiful city in Europe, was born of very humble parents: his father was a Jew and a Portuguese. Being unable to furnish him with the means of succeeding in trade, he determined to have him taught Hebrew literature. This pursuit, which is the whole of Jewish learning, could not however wholly occupy a mind as brilliant as Spinoza's. Before he reached the age of fifteen he raised problems which the most learned among the Jews could scarcely solve. Though no one so young has ever been endowed with true discernment, yet *he* had enough to perceive that his doubts em-

[1] Translated from the French *Vie de feu Monsieur de Spinosa*, especially for this collection, by Barrett H. Clark.

Written in 1677 or 1678, this biography was not published until 1719. There is some question as to authorship, though it is generally attributed to the French refugee Lucas.

barrassed the master. For fear of irritating him, he pretended that he was quite satisfied with the answers given, and merely wrote them down, saying that he would make use of them at the proper time and in the proper circumstances. Since he read nothing but the Bible, he was soon able to dispense with any interpreter. His ideas on the subject were so intelligent that the Rabbis could answer him only like ignorant fools who, seeing that their reasoning powers are exhausted, accuse those who hold them to too strict account, with having ideas that are far from those proper to religion.

Spinoza perceived that such a strange method of procedure was of no use in the pursuit of truth. "The common people know not the truth," he said. "To believe, without questioning, even the most authoritative books, is to show too great a fondness for the errors of old."

He therefore determined to seek guidance only within himself, though he would spare no effort to discover the truth. To conceive, before the age of twenty, a plan of such importance, a strong heart and extraordinary strength were required. And indeed he soon showed that he had made no foolish or hasty decision, for when he began to read the scripture anew, he laid bare its obscurity, explained its mysteries, and brought the light of day through the clouds, behind which he had been told that the truth was hidden.

After studying the Bible, he read and reread The Talmud with the same scrupulous care, and since there was none who equalled him in his knowledge of Hebrew, he found nothing difficult there, but at the same time nothing that satisfied him. Yet so good was his judgment that he forebore to make any conclusions with his ideas before he approved them.

Yet Morteira, a famous man among the Jews, the least ignorant of all the Rabbis of his day, admired the behaviour and the genius of his pupil, and was unable to understand how a young man with such keenness of mind could be so modest. That he might understand him perfectly, he put him to every sort of test, and subsequently admitted that he could discover nothing amiss in his behaviour nor anything wanting in the beauty of his intellect. The approbation of Morteira increased the good reputation of his pupil, though it added no particle of vanity to the young man himself. In spite of his youth, he showed a precocious sort of prudence in holding of small account the friendship and praise of men.

The love of truth was so far the dominant passion in him, that he saw hardly anyone. Yet in spite of his efforts to avoid others' company, there are certain encounters one cannot honourably escape, even though they may occasionally prove harmful.

Of those most desirous of knowing him were two young men who declared themselves his particular friends. These begged him to tell them his real thoughts, saying that no matter what they might be, he need fear nothing from them: their curiosity in the matter arose only from a

wish to settle their own uncertainties. The young disciple was much surprised by so unusual a proposal, and for some time made no reply. But when they pressed him, he said to them, as he laughed, that "they had Moses and the Prophets, true Israelites, who had already laid down the laws for everything. They ought therefore to follow these, without a scruple, if they too were Israelites." — "But if we put our faith in them," answered one of the youths, "I cannot see that there are immaterial Beings; that God has no body, that the Soul is not immortal, and that the angels are not corporeal. What," he continued to the disciple, "do you think of this? Has God a body? Are there such beings as angels? Is the soul immortal?" — "I admit," said the disciple, "that, since I had found nothing in the Bible about the immaterial and incorporeal, there is no reason why we should not believe that God has a created body; especially since, in the words of the Prophet, God being great, it is impossible to conceive greatness without extent in space — consequently, that he should not be a body. Regarding the spirits, surely the Scripture does not state that they are real and permanent substances, but merely phantoms called angels, because God employs them to make known his wishes. Thus the angels and every other kind of Spirit, are not visible simply because their substance is so delicate and diaphanous that they can be seen only as one sees phantoms in a mirror, in a dream, or at night, just as Jacob, when sleeping, saw the angels mounting and descending a ladder. It is for this reason that there is no record of the Jews having excommunicated the Sadducees for not believing in angels, since the Old Testament makes no mention of their having been created. As for the soul, this word, where it is referred to in scripture, is used simply to express life — everything that lives. It is useless to seek anything there upon which to base a conception of immortality.

"Regarding the notion that there is much against the conception, this is evident in hundreds of places: there is nothing more easily proven, but this is neither the time nor the place to talk about it" — "What little you say of it," answered one of the two friends, "should convince the most sceptical, but it is not enough to satisfy your friends, who need something more substantial. This is all too important to be merely touched upon. If we leave you for the present, it is only with the understanding that you will take up the subject again."

The disciple, who wished only to cut short the discussion, promised them whatever they desired, but on subsequent occasions he avoided every effort on their part to renew it. Calling to mind that man's inquisitiveness is rarely motivated by good intentions, he began to observe the conduct of his friends, in which he found so much that was blameworthy that he broke with them, and would speak with them no more.

Perceiving his intentions, these friends simply muttered to themselves for awhile in the belief that they were being put to a test by Spinoza;

but when they realized that there was no hope of being able to persuade him, they decided to take vengeance, and in order to make it the more painful, they began to set people's minds against him, declaring that they deceived themselves in believing that this young man might become one of the pillars of the Synagogue; that, to all appearances, he would be rather its destroyer, since he had only hatred and contempt for the law of Moses. They said they had sought his company at the suggestion of Morte[i]ra; but realized that he was an impious fellow, and that the Rabbi was deceived in having a good opinion of him. His very presence inspired them with horror.

This false report, secretly circulated, soon became common property, and when the two young men believed that the auspicious moment had come, they reported to the judges of the Synagogue, and so aroused them that they even considered condemning Spinoza without having heard his defence. After the first flames of their ardor had subsided (even the holy ministers of the Temple were not free from the passion of anger), the authorities commanded Spinoza to appear before them. Since he was secure in his conscience, he went with a carefree heart to the Synagogue, where his judges, with downcast countenances and full of ardent zeal on behalf of the House of God, declared that after such high hopes had been entertained of his piety, they found it hard to believe the evil reports that circulated about him; they had with bitter hearts now summoned him in order to find out from him the truth of the matter, and commanded him to state clearly his beliefs. He now stood charged with the most dreadful of crimes: contempt of the Law. They ardently hoped he could clear himself of the charge, but said that if he were judged guilty, there was no torture severe enough to punish him.

Then they urged him to say whether or not he was guilty, and when they perceived that he denied his guilt, his false friends brazenly testified to having heard him make light of the Jews as superstitious people, born and bred in ignorance, who knew not what God was, and had the effrontery to call themselves His people, thus eliciting the contempt of the other nations; that as regards the Law, it had been instituted by a man who was indeed a far better politician than they, though no more enlightened in physical science, or even in theology. With one iota of commonsense anyone could reveal the imposture, and one must needs be as stupid as the Hebrews of the time of Moses to put faith in this fine fellow.

This last, added by these scoundrels to what Spinoza said about God, the Angels and the soul, so affected the minds of those present, that they cried out Anathema upon him, even before the accused had time to defend himself.

Driven onward by a holy zeal to avenge their Law, that had (as they thought) been outraged, the judges questioned, insisted, and intimidated. To all this the accused made answer that their grimaces aroused his pity,

and that he would admit what was stated by such worthy witnesses if it was unnecessary to prove it by incontestable reasons.

Morteira, being informed of the danger that threatened his pupil, hastened to the Synagogue, and after taking his place next to the judge, he asked Spinoza whether he remembered the good example he had given him. Was this present revolt the reward of the care he had taken with the young man's education? Did he not fear to fall into the hands of the living God? The scandal made by him was already great, yet there was still time for repentance.

Without the least emotion his pupil answered him saying that he realized the gravity of these threats, and that in return for the trouble Morteira had taken in teaching him the Hebrew language, he [Spinoza] would now be glad to teach his instructor how to excommunicate.

On hearing these words the irate Rabbi spat forth all his venom against the youth; after administering a few formal reproaches, he declared the assembly closed, left the Synagogue swearing not to return there again unless he bore the anathema with him. Yet, despite this, he did not think his pupil would have the courage to await the threatened punishment. In this he was mistaken, for later events proved that while he recognized the beauty of the pupil's mind, he did not realize the strength of his determination. The time having passed in which they tried to show Spinoza the abyss into which he was about to cast himself, a day was decided upon for the excommunication. The moment he was apprised of this, he made preparations for retiring and far from feeling any terror, "Good!" he said to the person who brought the news. "They are forcing me to do nothing that I would not have done of my own free will had I not feared the scandal. Since, however, they wish it to be this way, I joyfully take the road which lies open to me, with this consolation, that my departure will be freer from sin than was that of the early Hebrews when they fled from Egypt. Though my means of existence are no better than theirs, I take with me nothing that belongs to anyone, and I can console myself with the thought that no matter what injustice is done me, no one has anything to reproach me with."

He had for some time associated so little with the Jews that he was obliged to consort with Christians. He made friendships among the well educated Christians, who told him it was unfortunate that he knew neither Latin nor Greek. Though he was familiar with Hebrew, Italian and Spanish, to say nothing of German, Flemish, and Portuguese, which were his own languages, he fully realized the importance of discovering some way of acting on the advice given him, for he had been born poor, and had no friends influential enough to help him.

This idea was with him constantly, and he spoke of it whenever he was with others, and finally Van den Hebden [Enden], who was a successful teacher of Greek and Latin, offered himself as instructor, and the cour-

tesy of his house, demanding no recompense save occasionally that he help him with his pupils, when he should become sufficiently expert.

Morteira, meantime, irritated at the contempt shown to him and his Law by his former pupil, changed his friendship to hatred, and in casting his sentence of anathema against him, enjoyed the pleasure which all petty souls taste in taking vengeance.

The Jewish ceremony of excommunication is not radically different from others, yet, in order not to omit anything that may instruct the reader, I shall here touch upon the chief details. The people being assembled in the Synagogue, the ceremony (called *Herim*) begins with the lighting of many black candles and the opening of the tabernacle in which are kept the Tablets. Afterwards the Cantor, who is stationed in an elevated position, chants in a doleful tone the words of execration, while another cantor blows a horn and the candles are inverted so that the wax falls, drop by drop, into a receptacle filled with blood. The congregation, filled with holy horror at the sight of this spectacle, calls out "Amen" as a response, furiously, in the belief that could they rend the excommunicated person in pieces they would be doing something pleasant in the sight of God. And they would indeed do this, if they were to meet him at such a time, or as he was leaving the Synagogue. It should be noted here that the blowing of the horn, the inverting of candles and the receptacle of blood are ceremonies that are observed only in connection with cases of blasphemy. When blasphemy is not charged, there is only the sentence of excommunication, as in the case of Spinoza, who was not accused of blasphemy, but only of having failed to show respect for Moses and the Law.

Excommunication is so serious a matter among the Jews that the best friends of one who has suffered it dare not render him the least service, nor even speak with him, for fear of suffering the same punishment. Hence, they who fear the pleasure of solitude and the impertinence of the masses, prefer to suffer any other penalty than that of excommunication.

Finding a refuge where he considered himself safe against the insults of the Jews, Spinoza devoted his energies to improving himself in all branches of human knowledge; with genius such as he had, he made great progress in a remarkably short time.

Meanwhile the Jews were disappointed to see that their action had no effect upon the young man and that he whom they sought to ruin had escaped from their power. They therefore accused him of a crime of which they had not been able to convict him. I refer here to the Jews in general, for I would not risk saying that Morteira and his colleagues were his worst enemies, though in truth those who make their living by the altar never forgive. The two crimes which in their estimation were unforgivable were first Spinoza's withdrawing himself from their jurisdiction, and second, managing to exist without their help. Morteira in particular

could not endure the idea that he and his [former] pupil should remain in the same city, after the insult he believed himself to have suffered. Yet how was he to go about driving him away? He was not the chief magistrate of the city, as he was head of the Synagogue. Still, with malice in the form of pretended zeal, the old man succeeded in his wishes. This is the way he did it. Accompanied by a Rabbi who thought as he did in the matter, he called upon the magistrates, and informed them that he had excommunicated Spinoza for no ordinary reasons, but because the young man had blasphemed most execrably against Moses and against God. He magnified this lie by every device that a holy father could suggest to a pitiless spirit, and concluded by asking that the culprit be expelled from Amsterdam. Judging from the behaviour of the Rabbi, and seeing how eloquently he inveighed against his former pupil, it was easy to perceive that a secret rage rather than pious zeal was inciting him to an act of vengeance. Therefore when the judges perceived this they sought to avoid considering the complaints, and sent the Rabbis to the clergymen who, after investigating the charges, were seriously embarrassed. Judging from the manner in which the accused defended himself, they found no evidence of impiety. On the other hand, the man making the charge was a Rabbi, and his rank reminded them of their own. All things considered, they could not very well absolve a man whom those of equal rank seemed bent upon ruining, without bringing the office of clergyman into disrepute. This reason — good or bad as it may appear — made them give their decision in favour of the Rabbi. In consequence, the magistrates sentenced the accused to an exile of some months: they dared not oppose the clergy, for reasons which can easily be surmised.

Thus was the rabbinical faction avenged, yet it is a fact that the intention of the judges was not so much this as their desire to avoid the importunate clamour of the most vexatiously persistent of men. As a matter of fact, the decree was far from harming Spinoza, since it accorded with his desire to quit Amsterdam.

After he had learned as much of the human sciences as a philosopher should know, he considered how he might get free of the crowds of the great city, which were causing him some annoyance. Thus he was driven forth not by persecution, but rather by his love of solitude, where he had no doubt he should discover the truth of things. This ruling passion, which gave him little respite, drew him forth with joy in his heart from his native city to a village called Rynburg where, far from all the obstacles he could overcome only through flight, he gave himself up entirely to philosophy. There were few authors who satisfied him, so that he had recourse [largely] to his own meditations, and was resolved to see how far they might extend. In this he has so well revealed the grandeur of his mind, that there are surely few persons indeed who have made such progress in the subjects which he treated.

He remained in this retirement two years, but though he took the greatest precautions to avoid all intercourse with his friends, those most intimate with him sought him out occasionally, and tore themselves away with the utmost difficulty.

Most of his friends were Cartesians, and they used to formulate problems for him which they declared could be worked out only according to the principles of their Master [i.e., Descartes]. Spinoza showed them the error under which the scholars of that day laboured, proving his contention by arguments entirely different from those [they had been accustomed to use]. I wonder at the power of the man's mind and the force of his prejudices. These friends of his, on returning home, barely escaped being overwhelmed when they spread it abroad that Descartes was not the only philosopher who deserved to be followed. Most of the clergy, impregnated by the philosophy of that great man, and jealous of the right they believed they enjoyed of being infallible in their choice [of a philosophy], protested against this new report which offended them, and neglected no means known to them of stopping it at the source. Yet, in spite of all they did, the evil spread and almost precipitated civil war in the realm of literature. This was only prevented when it was decided to ask our philosopher to explain in public his ideas on Descartes. Spinoza, who desired only tranquillity, devoted some hours however to this labor, and printed it in 1664. He established there, in geometrical fashion, the two first parts of the Descartes principles; these are described in the preface, which was written by a friend of his. But no matter what he was able to say of this famous writer, the adherents of the great man, who were accused of being atheists, have since then done their utmost to precipitate the storm upon the head of our philosopher.

This persecution, which lasted as long as he lived, far from doing him harm, served only to strengthen him in his pursuit of truth.

He attributed most of the evil done by mankind to their imperfect understanding; and for fear that he himself might err, he retreated still further from society into solitude, left the village where he was staying and went to Voorburg, where he thought he would find more quiet than before. But the true scholars who sought and found him again after he had disappeared, pestered him by their visits in Voorburg as they did before in the other village. Never was Spinoza altogether insensible of the real affection shown him by sincere men, so that he finally gave in to their exhortations that he should quit the country and go to some city, where they might see him with less difficulty. He therefore moved to The Hague, which he preferred to Amsterdam because of the purer air, and there he resided continuously to the end of his life.

In the beginning he was visited by only a small number of friends, who were considerate in the demands they made upon him. But since the friendly spot where he lived was never without travellers in quest of all

that deserves to be seen, the more enlightened among them — and of all ranks — would have thought their journey wasted if they had failed to pay him a visit. Also, seeing he was himself as great as his reputation, there were no scholars who failed to write him for enlightenment on the subject of their uncertainties. This is proved by the great quantity of letters which form part of the book [of them] that was printed after his death. Yet despite the visits made to him, the many letters he had to write in reply to the scholars who wrote to him from every part [of Europe], and the writing of those marvelous works which are today our delight, were not enough to occupy the attention of this great genius. Each day he devoted some hours to the preparation of lenses for microscopes and telescopes, a pursuit in which he excelled; and had not death cut short his career, it is safe to assume that he would have discovered the deepest secrets of the science of optics.

He was so passionate a seeker after truth that though his health was exceedingly delicate and he needed rest, he took so little of it that on one occasion he never left his room during a period of three full months. His love of truth was so great that he refused a professorship at Heidelberg, for fear of its interfering with his purpose.

Since he was at such great pains to train his intelligence, it is not to be wondered at that everything he published is stamped with his inimitable character. Before he came, the Holy Scripture was an inaccessible sanctuary, and all those who spoke of it were like blind persons. He alone spoke with the authority of a scholar, in his Treatise *On Theology and Politics*. It is certain that before him no man had ever been so completely familiar with the ancient lore of the Hebrews.

Though there be no wound more dangerous than what is inflicted by slander, or more difficult to bear, no one ever heard Spinoza express resentment against those who attacked him. Many have sought to defame this book [The Treatise] with hard and bitter insults, but instead of turning their own weapons against them, Spinoza merely clarified the passages to which his detractors had given a false meaning, for fear that their malice might confuse honest souls. If this book occasioned a great deal of persecution, it was not the first time that the thoughts of great men have been wrongly interpreted. A great reputation entails more dangers than a small one.

He had so little desire for material fortune that after the death of M. de Witt, who left him a pension yielding two hundred francs a year, when he showed the written bequest of his Mæcenas to the heirs and they raised some difficulty in the matter of continuing payments, he returned the document to them with as little concern as though he had a fortune elsewhere. This unconcerned manner of his caused them to reconsider, and they eagerly granted to him what they had just refused. This pension constituted the chief part of his income, for he had inherited from his

father nothing but involved business affairs — with the Jews the good man had been dealing with. These latter, believing that the son had little desire to straighten out their dishonest practices, so confused him that he preferred to leave everything in their hands rather than sacrifice his peace of mind to uncertain expectations.

He was so anxious to avoid doing anything to attract the attention and admiration of the world, that when he was on the point of death he stipulated that his name should not be printed on his *Ethics*. Affectations of this kind, he declared, were unworthy of a philosopher. Yet his fame had so spread abroad that he was a topic of conversation in high places. M. le Prince de Condé, when he was in Utrecht at the beginning of the war of 1672, sent him a safe-conduct, with a most condescending letter in which he invited the philosopher to come to see him. Spinoza was too well-bred and intelligent not to understand what he owed to one of so exalted a rank as the Prince, or to ignore in this instance what was due His Highness, yet a trip that would require some weeks caused him to hesitate, since he never left his retreat except for a very short time. Finally, after some delays, his friends persuaded him to set forth. Meantime the King had ordered the Prince elsewhere, but in his absence M. de Luxembourg received him most graciously, and gave him every assurance of His Highness' esteem. The great crowd of courtiers in no wise astonished our philosopher: his polite manner resembled more closely that of the court than that known in the commercial city where he was born; one could safely say it was free of all faults. Though the mode of life at court was opposed to all his teaching and predilection, he submitted to it with as good a grace as the courtiers themselves.

M. le Prince was most anxious to see him, and was continually requesting him to wait. Those who were curious about him and always found certain new reasons for liking him, were delighted that His Highness forced him to remain. But after several weeks M. le Prince sent word that he was unable to return to Utrecht, and all the French who were interested in Spinoza were sorry when our philosopher took his leave, in spite of the friendly offers made him by M. de Luxembourg.

There was one quality in him which I esteem above all others, for it is rare in philosophers. He was extremely neat in his appearance, and never left his house without wearing clothes that distinguished the gentleman from the pedant.

"It is not," he would say, "the untidy and careless appearance that makes us wise men; on the contrary, an affected negligence is the mark of a mean spirit without true wisdom, in which knowledge can give birth only to impurity and corruption."

Riches were no temptation to him, nor on the other hand did he fear the results of poverty. His virtue raised him above all such considerations, and though he was never favoured by Fortune, he never made advances to

her, nor complained of her. If his material needs were inconsiderable, his mind was great and rich in that which makes the greatest men. Even when he was in the utmost need, he was generous, lending the little that he had to his friends in the most liberal fashion, as though he were enjoying the greatest affluence. Once, on learning that a certain man who owed him two hundred francs had gone into bankruptcy, he smiled and said, "I must reduce my manner of living a little, in order to make up this small loss. Such is the price we pay for fortitude." I do not tell this incident as anything extraordinary, but since nothing serves so well as little things of this kind to illustrate genius, I felt I ought not to omit it.

His health was never very good at any time during his lifetime, so that he had learned to bear suffering from his earliest years. No man ever knew how to suffer so patiently as he. He sought consolation only in himself, and the only suffering that affected him was that of others. "To believe misfortune less severe when it is shared by many," he remarked, "is proof of ignorance; it is a stupid thing to esteem suffering that is borne by many persons at once, among the number of our consolations." It was in such a frame of mind that he shed tears when he witnessed his fellow-citizens tearing to pieces the father of them all [De Witt], and though he better than anyone else knew the excesses of which men were capable, he could not restrain himself from shuddering at the cruel sight. On the one hand, he had seen perpetrated an unexampled parricide, and the worst ingratitude; on the other he was deprived of an illustrious Mæcenas, of the only support that remained to him. This was sufficient to overcome an ordinary person, but in the case of a man like Spinoza, used to triumphing over the troubles of the soul, it could not do so. Self-possessed, as always, he soon mastered the feelings aroused by this terrible event. One of his inseparable friends was astonished thereat, but our philosopher replied to him: "Of what use is our wisdom to us if after succumbing to the passions of the masses we are unable to rise above ourselves?"

He belonged to no political faction, and favoured none, according to each a right to its own prejudices, though he maintained that most of them were an obstacle in the way of truth. He further declared that reason was useless if one failed to put it into operation, or were forbidden to do so in cases where a choice was demanded. "The two greatest and commonest faults of man are laziness and presumption. Some are content to lie lazily in complete ignorance, that sets them below the rank of beasts, while others make themselves tyrants ruling over the minds of the simple, giving them a world of false notions for the eternal verities. This is the source of the absurd beliefs that have infatuated mankind, that divide them among themselves, that are diametrically opposed to the ultimate intention of nature, which is rather to render them akin to one another, like children of the same mother. Hence it is only those who have cast off the teachings of their youth who can know the truth. It is necessary to

make the most exceptional attempts to overcome the impressions of habit and destroy the false ideas that fill the minds of us men, before we are able to judge of things themselves." To escape from this abyss was, in his opinion, as great a miracle as to clarify chaos.

Small wonder, then, that during his entire life-time he waged incessant warfare upon superstition. Besides the fact that he was carried on by natural inclination, the early training given him by his father (a man of good sense) was also a contributing factor. That good man had taught him to distinguish between superstition and true piety. Desiring to test the lad, who was not yet ten years old at the time, he commissioned him to collect a certain sum of money that was owing him from an old lady in Amsterdam. When the lad came to her house, he found her reading the Bible, and she motioned him to wait until she had ended her devotions. When she had done so, the child informed her of his errand, and when the good lady had counted out the money for him, "Here," she said, pointing to where it lay on the table, "is what I owe your father. May you grow up to be as honest as he is; he has never failed to follow the Law of Moses. Heaven will bless you only in so far as you follow in his steps." After she had spoken, she began to put the money into the boy's bag, but the boy, realizing that she showed unmistakable signs of that real hypocrisy and false piety which his father had warned him of, insisted on counting the money, in spite of all she was able to do to prevent it. Finding that two ducats which the pious widow had slipped into the drawer of a table (which she had made for this express purpose) were missing, he thus proved the accuracy of his suspicion. He was very proud of his success in this affair, for which his father praised him. He set himself to studying persons like the old lady with even greater care than before, and made such delicate mockery of them that everyone who heard him was astonished.

In all that he did, virtue was his aim, but he did not conceive her as a frightful being, after the custom of the ancients, for he was not opposed to innocent pleasures. True, the pleasures of the mind were his principal pursuit, while those of the body concerned him very little. At such times as he indulged in those diversions one cannot decently eschew, he regarded them as things of little importance, which did not ruffle the tranquillity of the spirit. It was this last that he prized above all else.

What I esteem in him most of all is that being born and bred among a grossly material people much given to superstition, he had not been touched by bitterness, but had cleansed his mind of those false notions with which so many have been imbued.

He had completely outgrown the stupid and ridiculous notions of the Jews on the subject of God. He who understood the ultimate purpose of true philosophy, who was universally conceded by the best minds of our century most effectively to have practised it, such a man, I say, would scarcely have the same ideas about God as are held by the masses.

But simply because he did not believe in Moses or the Prophets — since, as he said, these were in harmony with the grossness of the people — is that sufficient reason to condemn him? I have read most of the philosophers, and I assure you in all honesty that few of their works give us ideas on the Deity more beautiful than are found in the writings of Spinoza.

He declared that the more we know of God, the better can we control our passions; that in knowing God we find perfect mental peace, the true love of God that brings salvation, which is blessedness and freedom.

These, then, are the chief points which, according to our philosopher's teaching, are dictated by reason in reference to a good life and the universal good of man. Compare them with the dogmas of the New Testament, and you will observe that the two systems are identical. The Law of Jesus Christ leads us to the love of God and our neighbour — which is, in Spinoza's opinion, precisely what reason dictates. Hence it is easy to infer why St. Paul called Christianity a reasonable religion: it is founded upon reason, and reason directs it. According to Origen, a reasonable religion is that which is submitted to the rules of reason. Indeed, one of the early Fathers tells us that we should live and act according to the rules of reason.

These are the opinions worked out by our philosopher, supported by the Fathers and by Scripture, and yet he was condemned, but apparently by those whose motives urged them to argue against reason or those who knew how to use it. I make this little digression for the purpose of encouraging the simple-minded to throw off the yoke imposed on them by envious and false scholars who, unable to countenance the good reputation of good men, accuse them of holding opinions not in conformity with the truth.

But to return to Spinoza. There was in his conversation so charming a manner, his comparisons were so apt, that he brought everyone, unconsciously, to think as he did. He was persuasive without speaking either politely or elegantly. He expressed himself so clearly, and his speech was so full of good sense, that there were none among his listeners who failed to be convinced.

Such brilliant gifts attracted to him all reasonable persons, yet upon all occasions his disposition was temperate and agreeable. Of all who were in the habit of associating with him there was not one who failed to behave in friendly fashion toward him. Yet, since nothing is so well concealed as the heart of man, it was later revealed that the friendliness of most of these persons was feigned, and those who were most beholden to him treated him — for no real or apparent motive — with the lowest imaginable ingratitude. These false friends who ostensibly loved him, tore him to shreds behind his back, either in order to please those powerful ones who dislike brilliant men, or to acquire a reputation by attacking him. When one

day he learned that one of his greatest [supposed] admirers was seeking to arouse the people and the magistrate against him, he said without the least emotion: "This is not the first time that truth costs much, but slander cannot force me to abandon her."

I should like to know if there is anywhere a finer example of firmness, or a purer form of virtue? Did ever one of his enemies show such moderation?

It is clear to me that his misfortune was in having been too good and too intelligent. He revealed to the world what others wished to keep secret; he found the Key of the Sanctuary, wherein people had before seen only meaningless mysteries. This is why, in spite of his goodness, he could not live in security.

Though our philosopher was not one of those severe persons who regard marriage as an obstacle to the development of the mind, he himself never married, either because he feared the bad temper of a wife, or because the love of philosophy left no room for any other kind of love.

His constitution, never very strong, was enfeebled by constant work. There is nothing that wears one out so much as lack of sleep, and Spinoza was almost continually deprived of rest as the result of a little fever that slowly consumed him, because of his ardent meditations. He suffered much during the last years of his life, and died midway in the course of it.

He thus lived some forty-five years, since he was born in 1632, and died the twentieth [actually the 22nd] of February, 1677.

For those who wish to know something of his appearance and behaviour, he was of medium height rather than tall, and of an agreeable manner, which attracted others without their being conscious of it.

His mind was lofty and penetrating, and he had a most agreeable personality. His irony was so delicately tempered that the most severe and discriminating persons found a special charm in it.

Though he did not live long, it may well be said that he lived intensively, since he had acquired those true benefits that belong to virtue: nothing was left for him after acquiring the great reputation he won because of profound knowledge. Sobriety, patience, and vivacity [veracity] were not the least of his virtues. He may be accounted happy to have died at the very height of his glory, without one blot upon it, leaving to the wise men of the world the regret of being deprived of a light no less useful to them than the light of the sun. Although he did not have the happiness to see the end of the late wars, and the States [General] take over the government of their empire which had been half lost (either by fortune of arms or an unwise decision), it was no small benefit to have escaped the tempest his enemies were preparing for him.

These persons made him hateful in the eyes of the people because he gave them the means of distinguishing between hypocrisy and true piety, and of stamping out superstition.

Our philosopher was hence most fortunate not only in the glory of his life but in the circumstances of his death, which he looked upon with an intrepid eye, as we have learned from those who were present. It seemed that he was ever glad to offer himself as a sacrifice in order that they might not be remembered as guilty of parricide. We who are left behind deserve pity, all of us who have seen the light by a study of his writings, to whom his presence was a great guide along the pathway to truth.

Since he could not escape the lot of all that has life, let us endeavour to follow in his steps, or at least to preserve his memory by our admiration and praise, if we cannot imitate him. I give this counsel to all brave spirits: so to follow his teachings and his example that these may serve forever as a guide to all their actions.

What we love and venerate in great men is always living, and will live throughout all the ages to come. Most of those who have lived in obscurity and without glory will remain in darkness and oblivion. But Baruch de Spinoza will live in the memory of all true wise men, and in their writings, which are the temple of immortality.

ALEXANDER POPE

1688–1744

By Samuel Johnson [1] (1709–1784)

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed that they were of " gentle blood "; that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family. This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life, but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice when he was young was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness " the little Nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant. When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very

[1] Reprinted from *The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets,* first published in book form, London, 1781. Originally written — 1777–81 — as prefaces to the works of the poets.

Lengthy quotations from Pope omitted — see footnote — as well as a concluding section devoted to critical analysis of some of his writings.

rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of "Ogilby's Homer," and "Sandys' Ovid." Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys he declared, in his notes to the "Iliad," that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the play-house; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from "Ogilby's Iliad," with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his schoolfellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the last two schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the "Metamorphoses." If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great. He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisped in numbers"; and used to say, that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds; for which, being conscientiously determined not to entrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had, for a few months, the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices." How Mr. Deane could spend with a boy, who had translated so much of "Ovid," some months over a small part of "Tully's Offices," it is now vain to enquire. Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire for excellence. His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and

obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, " these are good rhymes." In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest of Pope's productions is his " Ode on Solitude," written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performance at the same age. His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the " Thebais," which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put " January and May," and the " Prologue of the Wife of Bath," into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of " Sappho to Phaon," from Ovid, to complete the version, which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed. He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon " Silence," after Rochester's " Nothing." He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon despatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies. He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, " thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of

himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value. Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed; "Alcander," the epic poem, was burned by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account. Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated "Tully on Old Age"; and that, besides his books of poetry and criticisms, he read "Temple's Essays," and "Locke on Human Understanding." His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces show, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books. He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbull, who had been Ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen, the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his pastorals, which were shown to the poets and critics of that time; as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree: they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good humour. Pope was proud of his notice; Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them. But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his altera-

tions, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died. Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular but that he used to ride a-hunting in a tie-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now-and-then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of " Statius " into his hands for correction. Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his Letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted then in a volume of his Miscellanies.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel from which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russell-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside. During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of his time he desired only to know, and the second he endeavoured to judge.

The Pastorals, which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those

of Pope. The same year was written the " Essay on Criticism "; a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the " Spectator," with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, " who," he says, " found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity." How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues. The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two questions; whether the Essay will succeed, and who or what is the author.

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be " young and raw."

" First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this little author struts and affects the dictatorian air, he plainly shows, that at the same time he is under the rod: and, while he pretends to give laws to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like schoolboys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong."

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticized some passages in these lines:

> *There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,*
> *Yet want as much again to manage it:*
> *For wit and judgment ever are at strife —*

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. " By the way, what rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence, from some superannuated sinner; and, having been p—xed

by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably." This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called "bulls." The first edition had this line:

What is this wit —
Where wanted scorn'd; and envied where acquired?

"How," says the critic, "can wit be scorned where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shows the honour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. "For his acquaintance (says Dennis) he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the qualification which this author reckons absolutely necessary to a critic, it being very certain that he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be well dressed; and I remember a little young gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company as a double foil to his person and capacity. Enquire, between Sunnin-hill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflexions? — He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day. — Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape as his unthinking, immaterial part does from human understanding." Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of his Essay, Pope declared that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer: the zealous Papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The " Essay " has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the " Comte de Grammont," whose version was never printed, by Robotham, secretary to the king for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connexion as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. " It is possible," says Hooker, " that, by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred." Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such as, when it is once shown, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connexion equally specious may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it; since without Prudence, Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous. As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the " Spectator " was published the " Messiah," which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms. It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the verses on the " Unfortunate Lady," were written about the time when his " Essay " was published. The lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless enquiry. I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition. Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear. Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she

bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intent to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense. Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as "a false guardian"; he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of "Sir Solomon Single," a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of Sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family. At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the

possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard. Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it. His attempt was justified by its success. The " Rape of the Lock " stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before; with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention. He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce anything of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem, the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the " Temple of Fame," which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation as that work exhibits. On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the Epistle from " Eloisa to Abelard," I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's " Nut-brown Maid." How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove. This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published " Windsor Forest "; of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals;

and the latter part was added afterwards; where the addition begins we are not told. The lines relating to the peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then in high reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are often spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of "Windsor Forest"? If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he could not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works. The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of "Cato," he introduced it by a prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry)." Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the "Guardian" the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit a publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield: if this was taken from the life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly show his power as a poet; but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting. He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his

name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books. He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the " Iliad," with large notes. To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been Dryden's " Virgil "; and it had been tried again with great success when the " Tatlers " were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who delighted all, and by whom none have been offended. With these hopes, he offered an English " Iliad " to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor, on condition of supplying, at his own expense, all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the quartos, it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed

but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that by fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand. It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes, and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English " Iliad " was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronized his subscription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said " that somebody would hang him." This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as despatching regularly fifty verses a day, which would show him, by an easy computation, the termination of his labour. His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles, because he had contributed to the " Guardian," which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifica-

tions for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his Letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute enquiries into the force of words are less necessary to translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man who, being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the laboured elegance of polished versions. Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original. Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator " in part upon the Iliad ";

and it appears from Fenton's Letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile: "I think at first sight that his performance is very commendable, and have sent word for him to finish the seventeenth book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the "Life of Homer," which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the "Iliad," with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year. When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The "Iliad," containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been despatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text. According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done today may be done tomorrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have overrated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings, without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which, notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of " Homer " was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English " Iliad." It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of Learning. To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the " Iliad," which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, reposited in the Museum. Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then, in a small print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print, which are given in Italics, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.[2]

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain
The stern Pelides' rage, *O Goddess, sing,*
wrath

[2] I have omitted a number of these examples, which Johnson quotes at length. — Editor.

Of all the woes of Greece *the fatal spring,*
Grecian
That strewed with warriors *dead the Phrygian plain,*
heroes
And peopled the dark hell with heroes *slain;*
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.
Whose limbs, unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first Atrides *and* Achilles *strove;*
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Of these specimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a great number; but most other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The " Iliad " was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account:

" The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. — When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the ' Iliad,' that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, ' I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure. I am sure you can give it a little turn.' — I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment: said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and

over when I got home. ' All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first: and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, ' Ay, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better.' "

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, " I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but, if I may have leave to add it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, etc."

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be " troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation." Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron; but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape

all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, " nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his Prologue to " Cato," by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the " Dialogues on Medals," of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously, or insidiously, quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many; and Pope was now too high to be without them. From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the " Iliad," the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. " But," says he, " as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no very just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them; but in a letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour, inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

" Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from everybody but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the antechamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best Poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse,

for which *he must have them all subscribe:* for, says he, the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation: nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependence, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of "Homer" was (1715) in time published; and a rival version of the first "Iliad," for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers. I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of "Homer."

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public was not long divided, and the preference universally given to Pope's performance. He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that

the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but, if he knew it in Addison's lifetime, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflexions — the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain. The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope:

" Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us: and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner: I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after."

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed. This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother. Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossil bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto; a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish: whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who,

having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his "Homer" were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted: other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed. In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the "Iliad" was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called "Homerides" before it was published. Ducket likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names, which are preserved, are preserved in the "Dunciad."

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant Dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise. He gave the same year (1721) an edition of Shakespeare. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakespeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each. On this

undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called " Shakespeare Restored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies, with all the insolence of victory; and as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character. From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakespeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read. Soon after the appearance of the " Iliad," resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the " Odyssey," in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals. In the patent, instead of saying that he had " translated " the " Odyssey," and he had said of the " Iliad," he says that he had " undertaken " a translation: and in the proposals, the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of " two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the Popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgment. In questions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His Letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude: " Perhaps," says he, " it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

Of the " Odyssey " Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were

the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over-liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true. The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the "Iliad"; and the latter books of the "Iliad" less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them. His contract with Lintot was the same as for the "Iliad," except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations. The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of a fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English "Odyssey" a criticism was published by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity. With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the Church. Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and, being unable to force them open he was in danger of immediate death, when the postilion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the Court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence. He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of Miscellanies, in which, amongst other things, he inserted the "Memoirs

of a Parish Clerk," in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a " Debate upon Black and White Horses," written in all the formalities of a legal process by the assistance, as is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these Miscellanies is a preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how " the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been broken open and ransacked "; as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers. His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the " Art of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the " Dunciad."

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the " Dunciad," one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sing into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves. At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised Shakespeare more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity. The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow: the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If, therefore, it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the " Dunciad " might have made its way very slowly in the world. This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never

been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the " Dunciad " is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex in the name of Savage.

" I will relate the war of the ' Dunces ' (for so it has been commonly called), which began in the year 1727, and ended in 1730.

" When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs as had occasionally got abroad, there was added to them the ' Treatise of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry.' It happened that, in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at random); but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself, all fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the ' Dunciad '; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

" On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the king and queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and, some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

" It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, — nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the ' Dunciad.' On the other side, the booksellers and

hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger; so out it came.

" Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The ' Dunces ' (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author: one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted. Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the ' Dunciad.' "

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the " Dunces " with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given. It cannot however be concealed that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the " Bathos " were placed at random; and it may be discovered that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the king and queen by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction. The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters of those whom he had satirized, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decipher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view; and delighted in the visible effects of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the " Rape of the Lock." Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives. Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with " pious passion," pretended that his moral character

was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing " pious passion " to " cordial friendship "; and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of the meaning imputed to the first expression. Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The " Dunciad," in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness, he seems to have indulged himself awhile in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on " Taste," in which he very particularly and severely criticizes the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour. A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation. The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but, from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an explanatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, " owns that such critics can intimidate him, may almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. " There is nothing," says Juvenal, " that a man will

not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him entreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence; and the will to grow less flexible; and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt. In the next year (1733) he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three: but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller, of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: " he has," said Curll, " a knack of versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed: Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered for sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage. That Curll gave a true account of the transaction, it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than anybody else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent. Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at

once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose, may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers, offered to sale by the private messengers, showed that the hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression. It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that, when he could complain that his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them. From the perusal of those letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost. This, however, Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737), I believe, with sufficient profit. In the preface he tells that his letters were reposited in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the preface to the Miscellanies was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and, to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll. When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but, as the facts were minute, and the characters being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awaked no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise or public censure. It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language had few letters, except those of statesmen. Howel, indeed, about a century ago, published his Letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suck-

ling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's (Orinda's) are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with all the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man that remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind. Before these Letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an " Essay on Man "; which, if his letter to Swift (of September 14, 1725) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The " Dunces " were yet smarting from the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation. All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which, while it is unappropriated, excites no envy. Those friends of Pope that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the newborn poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival. To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises which they could not afterwards decently retract. With these precautions, in 1733, was published the first part of the " Essay on Man." There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a

title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied. The subsequent editions of the first epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

> *Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,*
> *A mighty maze* of walks without a plan;

for which he wrote afterwards,

> *A mighty maze,* but not without a plan;

for if there was no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines:

> *And spite of pride,* and in thy reason's spite,
> *One truth is clear, whatever is, is right:*

but having afterwards discovered, or been shown, that the " truth " which subsisted " in spite of reason " could not be very " clear," he substituted

> *And spite of pride,* in erring reason's spite.

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third epistles were published, and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them: at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet. In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the " Essay on Man " was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported: but hardly can be true. The essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet: what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's. These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished

in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety. Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of logic, and his "Examen de Pyrrhonisme"; and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure. His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits were too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant;* he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade. His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured. He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton

out of pride, and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published Shakespeare, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton. But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently at different times of poetical merit may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication of the "Essay on Man," in the literary journal of that time called the "Republic of Letters."

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following letter evidently shows:

"April 11, 1739.

"Sir, — I have just received from Mr. R. two more of your Letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third Letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I mean just what you explain; but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these Letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them, into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion," etc.

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally

attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth. It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion. From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the " Essay on Man " appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's " Solomon," was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of " Paradise Lost." Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French Minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by his exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness. It was said, that when the Court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as " refusing the visits of a Queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the " Essay on Man," it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the

different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) on the " Use of Riches," a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed. Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of Kyrle, the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from five hundred a year. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be possible. This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the Monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea; for he calls that an " Epistle to Bathurst," in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking. He afterwards (1734) inscribed to Lord Cobham his " Characters of Men," written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion,* by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object, an innate affection which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension. Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation. It must at least be allowed, that this ruling passion, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good.

No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it. This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his ruling passion.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits. To the " Characters of Men," he added soon after, in an epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the " Characters of Women." This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained no character drawn from the life; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust by telling them in a note that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was Vice too high to be yet exposed. The time, however, soon came in which it was safe to display the Duchess of Marlborough under the name of Atossa; and her character was inserted, with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands. This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakespeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second, by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement; for he has carried it farther than any former poet. He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires,

which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January, 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety. Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal. In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect. Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he!

Then,

Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the ministry; and, being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets, had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls " Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure "; and hints that his father was a hatter. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his letters; but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, " Seventeen hundred and thirty-eight." In these poems many are praised and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction. In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses " low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened into " humble Allen." In the second Dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttelton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the Legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called " Manners," together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, skulked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The " Memoirs of Scriblerus," published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the " Scriblerus Club." Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated Scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters. If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the

learned: he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt. For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it. The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his Travels; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man who concealed his name, but whom his Preface shows to have been qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid, the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured. He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his "Essay on Man," of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift.

"March 25, 1736.

"If ever I write any more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man'; viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use, of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science, of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the "Dunciad," of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue

what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use. When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the " Careless Husband." In the " Dunciad," among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber: who, in his " Apology," complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more injurious, " because," says he, " I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the " Dunciad " attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureat, he satirized those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great. The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the " Three Hours after Marriage " had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a mummy and a crocodile. " This," says he, " was received with loud claps, which indicated contempt for the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulence of a " Wit out of his senses "; to which he replied, " that he would take no other notice of what was said by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as often as he played that part, he would repeat the same provocation." He shows his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know,

if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity. He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shown as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose; when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain. But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the "Dunciad," in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for a prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the "Dunciad"; but he had the fate of Cassandra. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the "Dunciad" with another pamphlet, which, Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him"; but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish: and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope. From this time,

finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree. He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them. He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, " going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite, Martha Blount, at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, " What, is he not dead yet? " She is said to have neglected him with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching; on the 6th he was all day delirious which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than ——" His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called, he answered, "I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it." In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age." He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called "The Patriot King" had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his em-

ployer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example. Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance excited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shown to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself would be useless. Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in " A letter to the most impudent man living." He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that, if to 150*l.* he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth.

The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the

nicest model. He has, in his account of the " Little Club," compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid. By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was " a long disease." His most frequent assailant was the headache, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible to cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword. The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that everything should give way to his ease or humour as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

When he wanted to sleep he " nodded in company "; and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of his servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neg-

lected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages. He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed, by some of his friends, to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to eat potted lampreys. That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence or study and meditation. In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrey till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the "Patriot King," as it can be attributed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke. In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakespeare, was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied, horresco referens, that he "would allow the publisher of a

Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened by such asperity, that one or the other quieted the house. He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the " Iliad," by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, " Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that " he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all." He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which, however, he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity. Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full: it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his Letters, and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want everything. Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which

was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale; he never flattered those whom he did not love, nor praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage, however, remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for " his Highness's dog."

His admiration of the Great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his " Iliad " to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence. To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice; for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the Golden Age, and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them,

by forbearing to oppose them. To charge those favorable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity requires something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affection and ambition:* to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison. One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when " he has just nothing else to do "; yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he " had always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of Forty she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought. He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them. As he happened to live in two reigns when the court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of kings, and proclaims that " he never sees courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, " How he could love a Prince while he disliked Kings? "

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world

is the proper judge: to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper; he was sufficiently *a fool to fame,* and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his letters; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men. His scorn of the Great is repeated too often to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them. It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing lest the clerks of the post office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: " after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, " may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases; " and they can live together, and " show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire. Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that " a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and there was danger lest " a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the Letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled resentments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and

sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat. The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his character to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it. In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself; and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable, that he expected his friend to approve it. It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers entrusted to his executors, was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I inquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which, in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated: those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not

perfect. Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his "Essay on Criticism," had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him, as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his "Essay on Man," when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it. From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied. But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do. To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose. These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last. From

his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time. He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them. With such faculties and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation. But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic: he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birthday, of calling the graces and virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection: it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always

enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment. He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of " Thirty-eight "; of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. " Almost every line," he said, " was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time." His declaration, that his care for his works ceased with their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the " Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the " Essay on Criticism " received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had

been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope. Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, Pope with perpetual delight. This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

1727–1788

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM [1] (1784–1842)

Two eminent men, Wilson and Gainsborough, laid the foundation of our school of landscape; their works are full of the truest nature and the purest fancy, and their fame is now properly felt; yet of their personal history little is known save what the suspicious testimony of avowed enemies and careless friends — and the random notice of some periodical writers — may add to the vague stream of tradition.

Thomas Gainsborough, the fourth eminent name in British art, was born in the year 1727, at Sudbury, in Suffolk — the day of the month no one has mentioned. Of his father, whose name was John, by trade a clothier, and in religion a dissenter, I can only say with common belief that he was a stately and personable man, with something mysterious in his history, for the pastoral and timid rustics of Suffolk suspected him of carrying a dagger and pistols under his clothes. Of his mother, whose maiden name I have not learned, the same authority says that she was kind and indulgent to her children, and, moreover, somewhat proud of her sons, of whom she had three, all distinguished above their companions for talents and attainments. The family was of old standing, well to live, and of unblemished respectability.

Respecting Thomas, the youngest son, memory is still strong in Suffolk. Near Sudbury a beautiful wood of four miles' extent is shown, whose ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny nooks inspired him, while he was but a schoolboy, with the love of art. Scenes are pointed out where he used to sit and fill his copy-books with pencillings of flowers, and trees, and whatever pleased his fancy; and it is said that those early attempts of the child bore a distinct resemblance to the mature works of the man. At ten years old he had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve he was a confirmed painter. Good scholarship was, under such circumstances, out of the question; yet his letters which I have seen show no want in the art of expressing clear thoughts in clear words. His knowledge was obtained from his intercourse with mankind, and by his spirit of ready observation he supplied the deficiencies of education.

[1] Reprinted from the *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters*, etc., London, 1829.

The sketches which he made were concealed for a time; the secret, however, could no longer be kept. One day he had ventured to request a holiday, which was refused, and the audacious boy imposed his own penmanship on the master for the usual written request of his father, of " Give Tom a holiday." The trick was found out; his father looked upon the simulated paper with fear, and muttered, " The boy will come to be hanged! " but when he was informed that those stolen hours were bestowed upon the pencil, and some of Tom's sketches were shown to him, his brow cleared up, and he exclaimed, " The boy will be a genius! " Other stories of his early works are not wanting. On one occasion he was concealed among some bushes in his father's garden, making a sketch of an old fantastic tree, when he observed a man looking most wistfully over the wall at some pears, which were hanging ripe and tempting. The slanting light of the sun happened to throw the eager face into a highly picturesque mixture of light and shade, and Tom immediately sketched his likeness, much to the poor man's consternation afterwards, and much to the amusement of his father, when he taxed the peasant with the intention of plundering his garden, and showed him how he looked. Gainsborough long afterwards made a finished painting of this Sudbury rustic — a work much admired amongst artists — under the name of Tom Peartree's portrait. He loved to show his powers in such hasty things; and, from the unembarrassed freedom of mind and hand with which he produced them, they take rank with his happiest compositions.

Of his early sketches made in the woods of Sudbury few, I apprehend, now exist, though they were once numerous. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream, nor romantic glade — no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their rural or pastoral occupations — escaped his diligent pencil. Those hasty sketches were all treasured up as materials to be used when his hand should have become skilful; he showed them to his visitors, and called them his riding-school. As his reputation rose he became less satisfied with these early proofs of talent, and scattered them with a profuse hand amongst friends and visitors. To one lady he made a present of twenty; but so injudiciously were these precious things bestowed, that the lady pasted them round the walls of her apartment, and, as she soon left London, they became the property of the next inhabitant. His *first* drawing was a clump of trees; he long retained it, and one of his biographers says it was a " wonderful thing."

Talents so vigorous were acknowledged even in the seclusion of a country place; and his father was very willingly persuaded to send the youth, to prosecute his labours with the benefit of example and instruction, to London. No one has made him older than fourteen when he left Sudbury for the metropolis, and all agree that he studied under Hayman, one of the companions of Hogarth. Grignon, the engraver, who knew him well, informed Edwards, author of the " Anecdotes of Painters," that

Gainsborough received the *first* rudiments of his art from Gravelot. His genius, his history, his modest deportment, and his good looks, obtained him many friends; but he had not then formed any high notion of his own powers: he, at the most, considered himself as one whose skill might gain him a comfortable livelihood in a provincial town. He saw that historical painting was an unprofitable, and he felt it to be an uncongenial pursuit; no landscapes worthy of art had yet made their appearance, for Wilson was seeking bread in portraiture; he could not fail to see that his own works were essentially different from those which filled the easels of the artists in St. Martin's Lane — and mistrusted his success accordingly. He remained in London four years; and having acquired skill, and mastered some of the mystic tricks of colour and composition, he returned to his father's house a confirmed painter.

He was now in his eighteenth year, and the reputation of his talents, the modest gaiety of his conversation, and the extreme elegance of his person, rendered his company universally acceptable in his native place. He could not, indeed, learn modesty under Hayman; but he acquired the art of making use of his wit and his information with a graceful readiness, and his handsome form, and looks beaming with intelligence and genius, could not fail of doing him a good turn if he conducted himself wisely. It happened, in one of his pictorial excursions amongst the woods of Suffolk, that he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, with sheep reposing below, and wood-doves roosting above, when a young woman entered unexpectedly upon the scene, and was at once admitted into the landscape and the feelings of the artist. The name of this young lady was Margaret Burr; she was of Scottish extraction, and in her sixteenth year, and to the charms of good sense and good looks was added a clear annuity of two hundred pounds. These are matters which no writer of romance would overlook; and were accordingly felt by a young, an ardent, and susceptible man; nor must I omit to tell that country rumour conferred other attractions — she was said to be the natural daughter of one of our exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten. On an occasion of household festivity, when her husband was high in fame, she vindicated some little ostentation in her dress by whispering to her niece, "I have some right to this — for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter." Prince's daughter or not, she was wooed and won by Gainsborough, and made him a kind, a prudent, and a submissive wife. The courtship was short. The young pair left Sudbury, leased a small house at a rent of six pounds a year in Ipswich, and making themselves happy in mutual love, conceived they were settled for life.

In Ipswich it was his destiny to become acquainted with Philip Thicknesse, governor of Languard Fort — a gentleman who befriended him at first and maligned him afterwards. This person instantly threw the mantle

of his patronage over him. It is not unusual to see a friend of this fashion marching triumphantly before genius as it is struggling into distinction, and imagining all the while that from his notice the other's reputation arises. Gainsborough was as yet little known, and had few friends; his excellency lived in a lonely place, and was desirous of having his solitude enlivened by a visitor whose wit was abundant and his pencil ready. While the artist continued humble the patron was kind: but as he began to assert his own independence, the esteem of the other subsided, and the vain friend became the avowed enemy. Had this been all, it might have been regretted less; but, so soon as the artist died, Thicknesse, under pretence of writing a sketch of his life, produced an unworthy pamphlet, which misrepresented him as a man while it praised him as a painter. It is indeed unsafe to follow it for a single page; but as honey is found in the basest weed, so may truth be extracted from this malignant narrative. I shall only adopt such anecdotes as are corroborated by internal evidence, and have been confirmed or corrected by the living reepresentatives of the house of Gainsborough.

The first meeting of the artist and the governor was in character. The latter, whilst taking a walk in a friend's garden, saw a melancholy face looking over the wall. As the stranger remained long in the same position, he advanced to accost him, when he perceived it to be a piece of wood shaped and painted like a man, and stationed as a sentinel in the adjoining garden of Gainsborough. This species of joke corresponded with the taste of the governor — he waited on the artist, and upbraided him with having imposed a shadow upon him for a substance. The compliment was not ill received, and he was shown into the painting-room, where he found many portraits which he thought but indifferently executed, and more landscapes, which he at once pronounced to be works of spirit and fancy. Amongst the former was the head of Admiral Vernon, and the portrait of the identical Tom Peartree, who longed for the ripe pears in Sudbury garden.

Of his productions in those early days Thicknesse is the only man who speaks, and I must use his words. " Madam Nature, not man, was then his only study, and he seemed intimately acquainted with that beautiful lady." So far well. — " I was the first man," continues the governor, " who perceived through clouds of bad colouring, what an accurate eye he possessed, and the truth of his drawings, and who dragged him from the obscurity of a country town, at a time when all his neighbours were as ignorant of his great talents as he was himself." This is the modesty of patronage! Gainsborough had shown a strong consciousness of talents, for he depended upon them for bread before he was eighteen years old; and some of his neighbours had appreciated his genius, since they had counselled his removal to the academies of London.

The governor gave him a commission to paint Landguard Fort, in-

cluding the neighbouring hills, and the port of Harwich, price thirty guineas, and, to sum up all, he lent him a fiddle; on which he ere long made such proficiency, that the governor, though a skilful musician himself, declares he would as soon have tried to paint against him as fiddle against him. An engraving by Major of the picture of Landguard Fort spread abroad the name of Gainsborough; the vanity of Thicknesse, and the desire which the artist had of distinction, were gratified, and they appear to have lived in great amity through the united influence of painting and fiddling. Of the original painting of the Fort nothing now remains; it was hung on a wall built with mortar mixed with sea-water, and so perished.

The increasing fame of Gainsborough demanded a wider field; he had exhausted the faces and the scenery of Ipswich, and the counsel of Thicknesse agreeing with his own wishes, removed to Bath in the year 1758, and took lodgings in the Circus, at the rate of fifty pounds annually. He was now in the thirty-first year of his age, and his fame was in some degree established — yet so small, in spite of the boasted patronage of the governor, had his success been, that his wife, come of a prudent nation, if not of a prudent family, was alarmed, remonstrated against this increase of expenditure, and was with some difficulty appeased.

It formed part of the plan of the governor, who conceived himself to be very popular in Bath, that his portrait, painted on purpose, "should serve as a decoy duck for customers." The artist himself, however, seems to have given less enthusiasm to this project than his friend. He had begun to grow weary of offering up continual incense to this vain deity; and to wish to be relieved from this overwhelming patronage of one who claimed the fame arising from his works, and the privilege of directing his studies. From some hints which his excellency throws out, I apprehend that he attributed this independent movement to the influence of Mrs. Gainsborough. But the artist must, I believe, have the whole honour of this to himself. Thicknesse seems never to have suspected that, though Gainsborough was a pleasant companion, and one who indulged in sallies of merriment and humour, he concealed, under all this, a variable temper, and a spirit shy, proud, intrepid and intractable. His wife whatever the governor has insinuated to the contrary, was a remarkably mild and sweet-tempered woman — I repeat the words of Mrs. Lane — who gave her husband his own way, and never sought to win him to her wishes but by gentleness. Indeed, he was one of the last that would have brooked control; and so proud, or so whimsical, that he never rode up to his own door in a hackney-coach, and admonished his niece to avoid doing so if she loved him. Those who knew both Thicknesse and Gainsborough were only surprised that they continued friends so long. The tide was now on the turn; the portrait proposed by the governor as a profitable decoy was left untouched; the heads of men of inferior mark were limned off by the

dozen, and landscapes, which contained other beauties than those of Landguard Fort, were painted; the patron lost patience and remonstrated; the pride of the painter was hurt, and he forthwith resolved to free himself from the encumbrance of a sort of patronizing nightmare, who, under pretence of caressing, seemed disposed to suffocate him. The dissolution of their friendship, however, was the work of years.

In the meanwhile, Gainsborough gave all his time to portrait, to landscape, and to music. Portrait-painting, like the poet with the two mistresses, had his visits, but landscape and music had his heart. His price for a head rose from five guineas to eight, and as his fame increased, the charge augmented till he had forty guineas for a half, and a hundred for a whole length. Riches now flowed in, for his hand was ready and diligent; his wife was relieved from her fears in the matter of money; and he was enabled to indulge himself after his own fashion. Books he admired little: in one of his letters he says that he was well read in the volume of nature, and that was learning sufficient for him; the intercourse of literary men he avoided as carefully as Reynolds courted it: but he was fond of company, and passionately so of music. He considered a good musician as one of the first of men, and a good instrument as one of the noblest works of human skill. All the hours of intermission in his profession he gave to fiddles and rebecs. To this period the following characteristic story has been ascribed, and though strange, it seems true: —

" Gainsborough's profession," says his friend Jackson, " was painting, and music was his amusement; yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I shall mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician. He happened on a time to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, and concluded, because perhaps it was finely painted, that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, and ascending to his garret found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. ' I am come to buy your lute — name your price, and here's your money.' ' I cannot sell my lute.' ' No, not for a guinea or two — but you must sell it, I tell you.' ' My lute is worth much money — it is worth ten guineas.' ' Ay! that it is — see, here's the money.' So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way down the stair, and returned. ' I have done but half my errand; what is your lute worth if I have not your book? ' ' What book, Master Gainsborough? ' ' Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.' ' Ah, sir, I can never part with my book! ' ' Poh! you can make another at any time — this is the book I mean — there's ten guineas for it — so once more good day.' He went down a few steps, and returned again. ' What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? and your lute, you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson.' ' I will come to-

morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? You are the best figure I have seen today.' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'Damn your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?' In this manner he frittered away his musical talents, and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He seemed to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach, and the summit became unattainable."

He was so passionately attached to music that he filled his house with all manner of instruments, and allowed his table to be infested with all sorts of professors save bagpipers. He loved Giardini and his violin — he admired Abel and his viol-di-gamba — he patronized Fischer and his hautboy — and was in raptures with a strolling harper, who descended from the Welsh mountains into Bath. When he dined, he talked of music; when he painted, he discoursed with his visitors and sitters on its merits; and when he had leisure, he practised by fits and starts on his numerous instruments, and, notwithstanding Jackson's opinion, his performance was worthy of praise.

One of his acquaintances in Bath was Wiltshere, the public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works. In one of his landscapes he wished to introduce a horse, and as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose; his generous neighbour bridled it and saddled it, and sent it as a present. The painter was not a man to be outdone in acts of generosity; he painted the wagon and horses of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well framed to Wiltshere, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance. From 1761, when Gainsborough began to exhibit his paintings at the Academy, till his removal from Bath in 1774, Wiltshere was annually employed to carry his pictures to and from London; he took great care of them, and constantly refused to accept money, saying, "No — no — I admire painting too much," and plunged his hands in his pockets to secure them against the temptation of the offered payment. Perceiving, however, that this was not acceptable to the proud artist, the honest carrier hit upon a scheme which pleased both. "When you think," said he, "that I have *carried* to the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir; and I shall be more than paid." In this coin the painter paid Wiltshere, and overpaid him. His son is still in possession of several of these pictures, and appreciates their value; many of Gainsborough's productions were not so worthily disposed of.

Of his works during his residence at Bath I am not enabled to give any particular account. They were no doubt numerous, since he could live in the style of a gentleman, and entertain company. His brothers were made sensible of his change of fortune, and it must be related to his

honour that all his kindred and connexions speak of him as a kind and generous man, who anticipated wants, and bore his fortunes meekly. Nor was the governor of Landguard Fort himself without a small share in these showers of good fortune. The artist appears to have discovered that money would not be unwelcome in the household of his friend, and to have taken a singular and delicate mode of lending his assistance. I must first, however, relate this story as Thicknesse himself has told it.

Among the instruments of music which Gainsborough loved, I have named the viol-di-gamba, and Mrs. Thicknesse had one, made in the year 1612, on which she played with much skill and effect. He appeared one evening to be exceedingly charmed with the instrument, and said, "I love it so much that I will willingly give a hundred guineas for it." She desired him to stay to supper; she placed the viol-di-gamba beside him, he took it up and played in a manner so masterly, that Mrs. Thicknesse said, "You deserve an instrument on which you play so well; and I beg your acceptance of it, on the condition that you will give me my husband's picture to hang beside the one which you painted of me." The artist acquiesced; the viol-di-gamba was sent to him next morning; he stretched a canvas, took one sitting of some fifteen minutes' duration, and then laid it aside for other works. The lady was incensed, and the husband remonstrated; Gainsborough returned the viol-di-gamba, and never touched the picture more.

Such is the story of Thicknesse: the family version, communicated to me by a lady who had it from Mrs. Gainsborough herself, is somewhat different. The painter (according to this account) put a hundred guineas privately into the hands of Mrs. Thicknesse for the viol-di-gamba; her husband, who might not be aware of what passed, renewed his wish for his portrait; and obtained what he conceived to be a promise that it should be painted. This double benefaction was, however, more than Gainsborough had contemplated: he commenced the portrait, but there it stopped; and after a time, resenting some injurious expressions from the lips of the governor, the artist sent him the picture, rough and unfinished as it was, and returned also the viol-di-gamba.

"This," said Thicknesse, "was a deadly blow to me; but I knew, though it seemed his act, it did not originate with him: he had been told that I said openly in the public coffee-house at Bath, that when I first knew him at Ipswich his children were running about the streets there without shoes or stockings; but the rascal who told him so was the villain who robbed the poor from the plate he held at the church door for alms." Such words as these were likely to sink deep into the proud heart of Gainsborough; and though Thicknesse denied them — as well he might, for they were untrue — they aided him in the resolution which he probably had long formed of making his escape from such crushing patronage and ungentle company. Even this necessary step was precipitated by Thick-

nesse himself. He sent back his portrait with a note requesting him to take his brush and first rub out the countenance of the truest and warmest friend he ever had; and having so done, then blot him for ever from his memory.

Gainsborough now removed to London, took a house in Pall Mall, which was built by Duke Schomberg, and removing all his paintings and drawings, and flutes and fiddles, bade farewell to Bath for ever.

Even to London the harassing protection of Thicknesse pursued him. "I was much alarmed," said that most prudent of patrons, "lest, with all his merit and genius, he might be in London a long time before he was properly known to that class of people who alone could *essentially* serve him; for of all the men I ever knew, he possessed least of that worldly knowledge to enable him to make his own way into the notice of the *great world*. I therefore wrote to Lord Bateman, who knew him, and who admired his talents, stating the above particulars, and urging him at the same time, for both our sakes, to give him countenance and make him known. His lordship, for me or for both our sakes, did so; and his remove from Bath to London proved as good a move as it was from Ipswich to Bath." The matchless vanity of this man made him believe not only that he was the sole cause of our painter's success in Bath, but that from his intercession with Lord Bateman sprung all the subsequent good fortune in London of the man who had already painted many noble productions, and who had exhibited them for thirteen years in succession in the Royal Academy.

He was now freed from this incumbrance, and continued his career in portraiture and landscape with fresh feeling and increasing success. His house was ample, his gallery was fit for the reception of the first in rank, and as the fame of the heads of Lord Kilmorrey, Mr. Quin, Mr. Medlicote, Mr. Mosey, Dr. Charlton, Mr. Fischer, and Mrs. Thicknesse had gone before him, he soon found good employment. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then in high favour; but even the rapid execution of the president could not satisfy the whole demand; and there was room for another, who, to just delineation of character, added a force and a freedom which approached and sometimes rivalled Vandyke. A conversation or family piece of the king, the queen, and the three royal sisters, was much admired; indeed, the permanent splendour of his colours, and the natural and living air which he communicated to whatever he touched, made him already, in the estimation of many, a rival, and a dangerous one, of the president himself.

Amongst those who sat to him was the Duchess of Devonshire — then in the bloom of youth, at once the loveliest of the lovely and the gayest of the gay. But her dazzling beauty, and the sense which he entertained of the charms of her looks, and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand and hasty happiness of touch which belonged to him in his or-

dinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction, that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, " Her Grace is too hard for me." The picture was, I believed, destroyed. Amongst his papers were found two sketches of the duchess — both exquisitely graceful.

He had customers who annoyed him with other difficulties than those of too radiant loveliness. A certain lord, whom one of our biographers, out of compassion for rank, calls an *alderman,* came for his portrait; and that all might be worthy of his station, he had put on a new suit of clothes, richly-laced, with a well-powdered wig. Down he sat, and put on a practised look of such importance and prettiness, that the artist, who was no flatterer either with tongue or pencil, began to laugh, and was heard to mutter, " This will never do! " The patient having composed himself in conformity with his station, said, " Now, sir, I beg you will not overlook the dimple on my chin! " " Confound the dimple on your chin! " said Gainsborough — " I shall neither paint the one nor the other." And he laid down his brushes, and refused to resume them. Garrick, too, and Foote also came for their likenesses; he tried again and again, without success, and dismissed them in despair. " Rot them for a couple of rogues," he exclaimed, " they have everybody's faces but their own! " As the reader has already seen, David Garrick had the address to gratify Reynolds with a ludicrous account of this failure.

With others he was more fortunate. But, excellent as many of his portraits are, it was a desire to excel in many things which drew him from his favourite study of free and unsophisticated nature. There he surpassed all living men; in portrait, he was more than equalled by Reynolds. " Nature," says Thicknesse, in one of those moments when love of his early friend prevailed against hatred — " Nature sat to him in all her attractive attitudes of beauty; and his pencil traced, with peculiar and matchless facility, her finest and most delicate lineaments; whether it was the sturdy oak, the twisted eglantine, the mower whetting his scythe, the whistling ploughboy, or the shepherd under the hawthorn in the dale — all came forth equally chaste from his inimitable and fanciful pencil.

Though Gainsborough was not partial to the society of literary men, he seems to have been acquainted with Johnson and with Burke; and he lived on terms of great affection with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was also a welcome visitor at the table of Sir George Beaumont, a gentleman of graceful manners, who lived in old English dignity, and was, besides, a lover of literature and a painter of landscape. The latter loved to relate a curious anecdote of Gainsborough, which marks the unequal spirits of the man, and shows that he was the slave of wayward impulses which he could neither repress nor command. Sir George Beaumont, Sheridan, and Gainsborough had dined together, and the latter was more than usually pleasant and witty. The meeting was so much to their mutual

satisfaction, that they agreed to have another day's happiness, and accordingly an early day was named when they should dine again together. They met, but a cloud had descended upon the spirit of Gainsborough, and he sat silent, with a look of fixed melancholy, which no wit could dissipate. At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and said, " Now don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon — I know it — I feel it — I have less time to live than my looks infer — but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this: I have many acquaintances and few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you — will you come — aye or no? " Sheridan could scarcely repress a smile, as he made the required promise; the looks of Gainsborough cleared up like the sunshine of one of his own landscapes; throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed, and his humour ran over, and the minutes, like those of the poet, winged their way with pleasure.

Between Gainsborough and Reynolds there seems to have been little goodwill— surely the feuds of artists are more numerous than those of any other community of Christians. They at one time appeared desirous of making something like an exchange of portraits; and Gainsborough obtained one sitting of the president — but the piece, like that of Thicknesse, was never completed. The cold and carefully meted out courtesy of the one little suited with the curious mixture of candour and caprice in the other; and like frost and fire, which some convulsion casts into momentary contact, they jostled, and then retired from each other — never more to meet till Gainsborough summoned Reynolds to his death-bed. They had, however, a better sense of natural dignity than to carry their personal animosities, as Barry afterwards did, into the council; and if they differed in life, so in life they were mutually reconciled. Peace be with their memories!

The dates of Gainsborough's various productions cannot now be ascertained: it was one of the peculiarities of this eminent artist that he never put his name to any of his compositions, and very seldom even the date. He knew that his own happy character was too strongly impressed on his works to be denied; and thought, I suppose, that the excellence of a painting had nothing to do with the day or the year of its execution. " The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm " was one of his favourite compositions. There is a kind of rustic sublimity, new to English painting, in the heavenward look of the peasant, while the rain descends and the lightning flies. The same may be said of his " Shepherd's Boy in the Shower " — there is something inexpressibly mournful in the looks of both. The former unfortunately perished; but the sketch remains, and shows it to have been a work of the highest order. He valued it at one hundred guineas, but could find no purchaser while he lived; his widow sold it for five hundred guineas, after his death, to Lord Gainsborough, whose house was

subsequently burnt to the ground. Another of his own chief favourite works was the "Cottage Girl with Her Dog and Pitcher"—a happy and well-considered scene.

Like Reynolds, he painted standing in preference to sitting; and the pencils which he used had shafts, sometimes two yards long. He stood as far from his sitter as he did from his picture, that the hues might be the same. He generally rose early, commenced painting between nine and ten o'clock, wrought for four or five hours, and then gave up the rest of the day to visits, to music, and to domestic enjoyment. He loved to sit by the side of his wife during the evenings, and make sketches of whatever occurred to his fancy, all of which he threw below the table, save such as were more than commonly happy, and those were preserved, and either finished as sketches or expanded into paintings. In summer he had lodgings at Hampstead, for the sake of the green fields and the luxury of pure air; and in winter he was often seen refreshing his eyes with light at the window, when fatigued with close employment.

He was an admirer of elegant penmanship, and looked at a well-written letter with something of the same pleasure as at a fine landscape. His love of music was constant; and he seems to have been kept under a spell by all kinds of melodious sounds. Smith relates, in his life of Nollekens, that he once found Colonel Hamilton playing so exquisitely to Gainsborough on the violin, that he exclaimed, "Go on, and I will give you the picture of the 'Boy at the Stile,' which you have so often wished to purchase of me." The colonel proceeded, and the painter stood in speechless admiration, with the tears of rapture on his cheek. Hamilton then called a coach, and carried away the picture. This gentleman was a first-rate violin-player, and had the additional merit of having sparred with Mendoza!

Of the personal history of this distinguished man, the penury of contemporary biography prevents me from saying more. Fuseli, when editing Pilkingkton's "Dictionary of Painters," was, or affected to be, ignorant even of his Christian name; and so little did he feel the character of his works, that, on omitting some favourable notices in the supplement to the earlier editions, he says with a sneer, "Posterity will judge whether the name of Gainsborough deserves to be ranked with those of Vandyke, Rubens, and Claude, in portrait and in landscape." With wiser taste, and better feeling, Walpole exclaims, "What frankness of nature in Gainsborough's landscapes, which entitle them to rank in the noblest collections!" Fuseli seems to have entertained an unaccountable dislike to our amiable and highly-gifted artist.

About a year after the promise obtained from Sheridan to attend his funeral, he went to hear the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and, sitting with his back to an open window, suddenly felt something inconceivably cold touch his neck above the shirt collar. It was accompanied with stiffness and pain. On returning home he mentioned what he felt to his wife

and his niece; and, on looking, they saw a mark, about the size of a shilling, which was harder to the touch than the surrounding skin, and which he said still felt cold. The application of flannel did not remove it, and the artist, becoming alarmed, consulted, one after the other, the most eminent surgeons of London — John Hunter himself the last. They all declared there was no danger; but there was that presentiment upon Gainsborough from which none perhaps escape. He laid his hand repeatedly on his neck, and said to his sister, who had hastened to London to see him, "If this be a cancer, I am a dead man." And a cancer it proved to be. When this cruel disease fairly discovered itself, it was found to be inextricably interwoven with the threads of life, and he prepared himself for death with cheerfulness and perfect composure. He desired to be buried near his friend Kirby, in Kew churchyard; and that his name only should be cut on his gravestone. He sent for Reynolds, and peace was made between them. Gainsborough exclaimed to Sir Joshua, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," and immediately expired — August 2nd, 1788, in the sixty-first year of his age. Sheridan and the president attended him to the grave.

In the spring which followed the death of Gainsborough, his widow, who survived him several years, made an exhibition of his works in Pall Mall, to the amount of fifty-six pictures, and one hundred and forty-eight drawings. They were all marked for sale, and some of them sold; and the remainder were dispersed by auction. After experiencing a variety of fortune, the far-famed "Blue Boy" (the portrait of a youth in a blue dress), and the still more celebrated "Cottage Door," found their way into the gallery of Lord Grosvenor. The former has a natural elevation of look, and great ease of attitude; but the cerulean splendour of his coat is at first somewhat startling.[2] The latter deserves a more particular commendation. It represents a cottage matron with an infant in her arms, and several older children around her, enjoying themselves at the door of a little rustic cabin. This lodge in the wilderness is deeply shut up in a close-wooded nook; through the shafts of the trees glimpses of knolls and streams are obtained. There is uncommon breadth and mass about it, with a richness of colouring, a sort of brown and glossy goldenness, which is common in the works of the artist. The matron herself is the perfect beau-ideal of a youthful cottage dame — rustic loveliness exalted by natural gentility of expression.

In person Gainsborough was eminently handsome, and when he wished to please, no one had in greater perfection a ready grace and persuasive manner — gifts that cannot be acquired. It is to be regretted that those who

[2] This picture, which is said to have been painted, as everyone knows, to refute Sir Joshua's objection to blue in mass in a painting, is not quite conclusive, though it must be owned that Gainsborough has done wonders with the cool tones at his command. In his treatment of blue he greatly resembled Vandyke.

wrote anything concerning him were careful in noting his eccentricities and chronicling his absurdities — forgetting much that was noble and excellent in the man. Little minds retain little things. His associates, such as Jackson and Thicknesse, perceived but those weaknesses which reduced him to their own level; they were slow or unwilling to perceive those qualities which raised him above them. The companions of the artist saved the chaff of his conversation and allowed the corn to escape. Their sole wish seems to be to show him as the poet painted himself —

> *" A thing unteachable in worldly skill,*
> *And half an idiot too — more helpless still; "*

and, but for the splendid works of the man, which exhibit a mind that could think boldly and act wisely, they had succeeded.

He never attempted literary composition; he was more desirous to give than to receive instruction, and therefore paid no court to the learned. His letters are nevertheless such as few literary men have composed; they are distinguished by innocent gaiety and happy wit. He flutters from subject to subject, always easy and lively; agreeable when he trifles, and instructive even when he is extravagant. He has been reproached with occasional licentiousness in conversation; and something of the sort, I must admit, peeps out here and there in his letters. He was far, however, from being habitually gross.

He was decided in his resolutions. In the year 1784 he sent to the exhibition a whole-length portrait, with instructions to hang it as low as the floor would allow. Some bye-law interposed — the council remonstrated — Gainsborough desired the picture to be returned, which was complied with — and he never sent another.

His drawings are numerous and masterly; no artist has left behind him so many exquisite relics of this kind. " I have seen," said his friend Jackson, " at least a thousand, not one of which but what possesses merits, and some in a transcendent degree." Many of them are equal in point of character to his most finished performances. They have all great length and singular freedom of handling. His sketches of ladies are the finest things I have ever seen. The Duchess of Devonshire shows herself in side view and in front; she seems to move and breathe among the groves of Chatsworth. The names of many are lost, but this is not important. New light, however, has lately been thrown on these perishable things by the painter's grand-nephew, Richard Lane, in whom much of his spirit survives. He has copied and published some two dozen of those fine sketches, and he ought to publish more.

The chief works of Gainsborough are not what is usually called landscapes, for he had no wish to create gardens of paradise, and leave them to the sole enjoyment of the sun and breeze. The wildest nooks of his woods have their living tenants, and in all his glades and his valleys we

see the sons and daughters of men. A deep human sympathy unites us with his pencil, and this is not lessened because all its works are stamped with the image of Old England. His paintings have a national look. He belongs to no school; he is not reflected from the glass of man, but from that of nature. He has not steeped his landscapes in the atmosphere of Italy, like Wilson, nor borrowed the postures of his portraits from the old masters, like Reynolds. No academy schooled down into uniformity and imitation the truly English and intrepid spirit of Gainsborough.

It must not, however, be denied, that his productions are sometimes disfigured by the impatience of his nature, and the fiery haste in which he wrought. Wishing to do quickly what his mind conceived strongly, he often neglected, in the dashing vigour of his hand, many of those lesser graces which lend art so much of its attractiveness. He felt the whole, indeed, at once; he was possessed fully with the sentiment of his subject; he struck off his favourite works at one continuous heat of thought, and all is clear, connected, and consistent. But, like nature herself, he performed some of his duties with a careless haste; and in many, both of his portraits and his landscapes, we see evident marks of inattention and hurry.

" It is certain," says Reynolds, " that all those odd scratches and marks which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design — this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance — by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly forbear acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses in exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed that his pictures at the exhibition should be seen near as well as at a distance." The president, however, weakens this vindication a little, when, in the succeeding sentences, he says, " the imagination supplies the rest, and perhaps more satisfactorily to the spectator, if not more exactly than the artist with all his care could have done." Sir Joshua, no doubt, felt all this; but artists must not count on eyes and imaginations such as fell to the lot of the president.

There is a charm about the children running wild in the landscapes of Gainsborough, which is more deeply felt by comparing them with those of Reynolds. The children of Sir Joshua are indeed beautiful creations, free, artless, and lovely; but they seem all to have been nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. There is a rustic grace, an untamed wildness, about the children of the other, which speak of the country and of neglected toilets. They are the offspring of nature, running free among woods as wild as themselves. They are not afraid of disordering their satins and

wetting their kid shoes. They roll on the greensward, burrow like rabbits, and dabble in the running streams daily.

In this the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough are unlike each other — but both differ more materially from the great painters of Italy. The infants of Raphael, Titian, or Correggio are not meant for mortals, but for divinities. We hardly think of mothers' bosoms when we look at them. We admire — we can scarcely love them as much as we do the healthy children of our two eminent countrymen.

ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

By Thomas Carlyle [1] (1795–1881)

In the modern arrangements of society, it is no uncommon thing that a man of genius must, like Butler, "ask for bread and receive a stone"; for, in spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is by no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognize. The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary. We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of Nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected: and yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the *sixth* narrative of his *Life* that has been given to the world!

Mr. Lockhart thinks it necessary to apologize for this new attempt on such a subject: but his readers, we believe, will readily acquit him; or, at worst, will censure only the performance of his task, not the choice of it. The character of Burns, indeed, is a theme that cannot easily become either trite or exhausted; and will probably gain rather than lose in its dimensions by the distance to which it is removed by Time. No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; and this is probably true; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. For it is certain, that to the vulgar eye few things are wonderful that are not distant. It is difficult for men to believe that the man, the mere man whom they see, nay perhaps painfully feel, toiling at their side through the poor jostlings of existence, can be made of finer clay than themselves. Suppose that some dining acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lucy's, and neighbour of John a Combe's, had snatched an hour or two from the preservation of his game, and written us a Life of Shakespeare! What dissertations should we not have had, — not on *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, but on the wool-trade, and

[1] Reprinted from the *Miscellanies*, this biography appeared originally (1828) as a review of Lockhart's *Burns*.

deer-stealing, and the libel and vagrant laws; and how the Poacher became a Player; and how Sir Thomas and Mr. John had Christian bowels, and did not push him to extremities! In like manner, we believe, with respect to Burns, that till the companions of his pilgrimage, the Honourable Excise Commissioners, and the Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, and the Dumfries Aristocracy, and all the Squires and Earls, equally with the Ayr Writers, and the New and Old Light Clergy, whom he had to do with, shall have become invisible in the darkness of the Past, or visible only by light borrowed from *his* juxtaposition, it will be difficult to measure him by any true standard, or to estimate what he really was and did, in the eighteenth century, for his country and the world. It will be difficult, we say; but still a fair problem for literary historians; and repeated attempts will give us repeated approximations.

His former Biographers have done something, no doubt, but by no means a great deal, to assist us. Dr. Currie and Mr. Walker, the principal of these writers, have both, we think, mistaken one essentially important thing: their own and the world's true relation to their author, and the style in which it became such men to think and to speak of such a man. Dr. Currie loved the poet truly; more perhaps than he avowed to his readers, or even to himself; yet he everywhere introduces him with a certain patronizing, apologetic air; as if the polite public might think it strange and half unwarrantable that he, a man of science, a scholar and gentleman, should do such honour to a rustic. In all this, however, we readily admit that his fault was not want of love, but weakness of faith; and regret that the first and kindest of all our poet's biographers should not have seen farther, or believed more boldly what he saw. Mr. Walker offends more deeply in the same kind: and both err alike in presenting us with a detached catalogue of his several supposed attributes, virtues and vices, instead of a delineation of the resulting character as a living unity. This, however, is not painting a portrait; but gauging the length and breadth of the several features, and jotting down their dimensions in arithmetical ciphers. Nay it is not so much as that: for we are yet to learn by what arts or instruments the mind *could* be so measured and gauged.

Mr. Lockhart, we are happy to say, has avoided both these errors. He uniformly treats Burns as the high and remarkable man the public voice has now pronounced him to be: and in delineating him, he has avoided the method of separate generalities, and rather sought for characteristic incidents, habits, actions, sayings; in a word, for aspects which exhibit the whole man, as he looked and lived among his fellows. The book accordingly, with all its deficiencies, gives more insight, we think, into the true character of Burns, than any prior biography: though, being written on the very popular and condensed scheme of an article for Constable's *Miscellany,* it has less depth than we could have wished and expected from a writer of such power; and contains rather more, and more multi-

farious quotations than belong of right to an original production. Indeed, Mr. Lockhart's own writing is generally so good, so clear, direct and nervous, that we seldom wish to see it making place for another man's. However, the spirit of the work is throughout candid, tolerant and anxiously conciliating; compliments and praises are liberally distributed, on all hands, to great and small; and, as Mr. Morris Birkbeck observes of the society in the backwoods of America, " the courtesies of polite life are never lost sight of for a moment." But there are better things than these in the volume; and we can safely testify, not only that it is easily and pleasantly read a first time, but may even be without difficulty read again.

Nevertheless, we are far from thinking that the problem of Burns's Biography has yet been adequately solved. We do not allude so much to deficiency of facts or documents, — though of these we are still every day receiving some fresh accession, — as to the limited and imperfect application of them to the great end of Biography. Our notions upon this subject may perhaps appear extravagant; but if an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did coexisting circumstances modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in Biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many *lives* will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read and forgotten, which are not in this sense *biographies*. But Burns, if we mistake not, is one of these few individuals; and such a study, at least with such a result, he has not yet obtained. Our own contributions to it, we are aware, can be but scanty and feeble; but we offer them with goodwill, and trust they may meet with acceptance from those they are intended for.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the " nine days " have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamour proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as

years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that store house, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments: through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region, his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrespressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labour, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome drudging childhood and youth was by far the kindliest era of his whole life; and that he died in his thirty-seventh year: and then ask, If it be strange that his poems are imperfect, and of small extent, or that his genius attained no mastery in its art? Alas, his Sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapours, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendour, enlightening the world: but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colours, into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

We are anxious not to exaggerate; for it is exposition rather than admiration that our readers require of us here; and yet to avoid some tendency to that side is no easy matter. We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, " amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a " spectacle of pity and fear " as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us in general with any affection; at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the " Eternal Melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queenlike indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own life was not given. Destiny, — for so in our ignorance we must speak, — his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom; and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The " Daisy " falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that " wee, cowering, timourous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to " thole the sleety dribble and cranreuch cauld." The " hoar visage " of Winter delights him; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of

solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true Poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! but observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling; what trustful, boundless love; what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The Peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn"; a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart. And so did our Peasant show himself among us; "a soul like an Æolian harp," in whose strings "the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise-dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste.

All that remains of Burns, the Writings he has left, seem to us, as we hinted above, no more than a poor mutilated fraction of what was in him; brief, broken glimpses of a genius that could never show itself complete; that wanted all things for completeness: culture, leisure, true effort, nay even length of life. His poems are, with scarcely any exception, mere occasional effusions; poured forth with little premeditation; expressing, by such means as offered, the passion, opinion, or humour of the hour. Never in one instance was it permitted him to grapple with any subject with the full collection of his strength, to fuse and mould it in the concentrated fire of his genius. To try by the strict rules of Art such imperfect fragments, would be at once unprofitable and unfair. Nevertheless, there is something in these poems, marred and defective as they are, which forbids the most fastidious student of poetry to pass them by. Some sort of enduring quality they must have: for after fifty years of the wildest vicissitudes in poetic taste, they still continue to be read; nay, are read more and more eagerly, more and more extensively; and this not only by literary virtuosos, and that class upon whom transitory causes operate most strongly, but by all classes, down to the most hard, unlettered and truly natural class, who read little, and especially no poetry, except because they find pleasure in it. The grounds of so singular and wide a popularity, which extends, in a literal sense, from the palace to the hut, and over all regions where the English tongue is spoken, are well worth inquiring into. After every just deduction, it seems to imply some rare excellence in these works. What is that excellence?

To answer this question will not lead us far. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and laboured amidst, that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can; " in homely rustic jingle "; but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's rule, *Si vis me flere*, is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine

earnestness of thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

This may appear a very simple principle, and one which Burns had little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough: but the practical appliance is not easy; is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false; a heart too dull to love the one at all risks, and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or as more commonly happens, with both of these deficiencies combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original, which is seldom wanting, and we have Affectation, the bane of literature, as Cant, its elder brother, is of morals. How often does the one and the other front us, in poetry, as in life! Great poets themselves are not always free of this vice; nay, it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly ingrafted. A strong effort after excellence will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success; he who has much to unfold, will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron, for instance, was no common man: yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far enough from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us, not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Giaours, we ask, real men; we mean, poetically consistent and conceivable men? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion; no natural or possible mode of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature? Surely, all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt and moody desperation, with so much scowling, and teeth-gnashing, and other sulphurous humour, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy, which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life, which is to last threescore and ten years. To our minds there is a taint of this sort, something which we should call theatrical, false, affected, in every one of these otherwise so powerful pieces. Perhaps *Don Juan,* especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work, he ever wrote; the only work where he showed himself, in any measure, as he was; and seemed so intent on his subject as, for moments, to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice; we believe, heartily detested it: nay he had declared formal

war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to *read its own consciousness without mistakes,* without errors involuntary or wilful! We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no lustre but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

Here, however, let us say, it is to the Poetry of Burns that we now allude; to those writings which he had time to meditate, and where no special reason existed to warp his critical feeling, or obstruct his endeavour to fulfil it. Certain of his letters, and other fractions of prose composition, by no means deserve this praise. Here, doubtless, there is not the same natural truth of style; but on the contrary, something not only stiff, but strained and twisted; a certain high-flown inflated tone; the stilting emphasis of which contrasts ill with the firmness and rugged simplicity of even his poorest verses. Thus no man, it would appear, is altogether unaffected. Does not Shakespeare himself sometimes premeditate the sheerest bombast! But even with regard to these Letters of Burns, it is but fair to state that he had two excuses. The first was his comparative deficiency in language. Burns, though for most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose, as he is of Scottish verse; not master of it, we mean, in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter. These Letters strike us as the effort of a man to express something which he has no organ fit for expressing. But a second and weightier excuse is to be found in the peculiarity of Burns's social rank. His correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained; whom therefore he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. At all events, we should remember that these faults, even in his Letters, are not the rule, but the exception. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful. His letters to Mrs. Dunlop are uniformly excellent.

But to return to his Poetry. In addition to its Sincerity, it has another peculiar merit, which indeed is but a mode, or perhaps a means, of the foregoing: this displays itself in his choice of subjects; or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is forever seeking in external circumstances the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar and near at hand, he discerns no form or comeliness: home is not poetical but prosaic; it is in some past, distant, conventional

heroic world, that poetry resides; were he there and not here, were he thus and not so, it would be well with him. Hence our innumerable host of rose-coloured Novels and iron-mailed Epics, with their locality not on the Earth, but somewhere nearer to the Moon. Hence our Virgins of the Sun, and our Knights of the Cross, malicious Saracens in turbans, and copper-coloured Chiefs in wampum, and so many other truculent figures from the heroic times or the heroic climates, who on all hands swarm in our poetry. Peace be with them! But yet, as a great moralist proposed preaching to the men of this century, so would we fain preach to the poets, " a sermon on the duty of staying at home." Let them be sure that heroic ages and heroic climates can do little for them. That form of life has attraction for us, less because it is better or nobler than our own, than simply because it is different; and even this attraction must be of the most transient sort. For will not our own age, one day, be an ancient one; and have as quaint a costume as the rest; not contrasted with the rest, therefore, but ranked along with them, in respect of quaintness? Does Homer interest us now, because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born; or because he wrote what passed in God's world, and in the heart of man, which is the same after thirty centuries? Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their vision deeper than that of other men, — they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subject; is it not so, — they have nothing to hope, but an ephemeral favour, even from the highest.

The poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject: the elements of his art are in him, and around him on every hand; for him the Ideal world is not remote from the Actual, but under it and within: nay, he is a poet, precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavours; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a Tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's, and a bed of heath? And are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be Comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his Farce? Man's life and nature is, as it was, and as it will ever be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things, and a heart to understand them; or they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *vates*, a seer; a gift of vision has been given him. Has life no meanings for him, which another cannot equally decipher; then he is no poet, and Delphi itself will not make him one.

In this respect, Burns, though not perhaps absolutely a great poet,

better manifests his capability, better proves the truth of his genius, than if he had by his own strength kept the whole Minerva Press going, to the end of his literary course. He shows himself at least a poet of Nature's own making; and Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets. We often hear of this and the other external condition being requisite for the existence of a poet. Sometimes it is a certain sort of training; he must have studied certain things, studied for instance "the elder dramatists," and so learned a poetic language; as if poetry lay in the tongue, not in the heart. At other times we are told he must be bred in a certain rank, and must be on a confidential footing with the higher classes; because, above all things, he must see the world. As to seeing the world, we apprehend this will cause him little difficulty, if he have but eyesight to see it with. Without eyesight, indeed, the task might be hard. The blind or the purblind man "travels from Dan to Beersheba, and finds it all barren." But happily every poet is born *in* the world; and sees it, with or against his will, every day and every hour he lives. The mysterious workmanship of man's heart, the true light and the inscrutable darkness of man's destiny, reveal themselves not only in capital cities and crowded saloons, but in every hut and hamlet where men have their abode. Nay, do not the elements of all human virtues and all human vices; the passions at once of a Borgia and of a Luther, lie written, in stronger or fainter lines, in the consciousness of every individual bosom, that has practised honest self-examination? Truly, this same world may be seen in Mossgiel and Tarbolton, if we look well, as clearly as it ever came to light in Crockford's, or the Tuileries itself.

But sometimes still harder requisitions are laid on the poor aspirant to poetry; for it is hinted that he should have *been born* two centuries ago; inasmuch as poetry, about that date, vanished from the earth, and became no longer attainable by men! Such cobweb speculations have, now and then, overhung the field of literature; but they obstruct not the growth of any plant there: the Shakespeare or the Burns, unconsciously and merely as he walks onward, silently brushes them away. Is not every genius an impossibility till he appear? Why do we call him new and original, if *we* saw where his marble was lying, and what fabric he could rear from it? It is not the material but the workman that is wanting. It is not the dark *place* that hinders, but the dim *eye*. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it; found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the *Wounded Hare* has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our *Halloween* had passed and repassed, in rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus, till Burns, discerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl: neither was the *Holy Fair* any *Council of Trent* or Roman

Jubilee; but nevertheless, *Superstition* and *Hypocrisy* and *Fun* having been propitious to him, in this man's hand it became a poem, instinct with satire and genuine comic life. Let but the true poet be given us, we repeat it, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling as we have now attempted to describe it, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness: he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart, or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a fierce prompt force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye; full and clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns: the characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness. And, in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draughtsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of a Retzsch is not more expressive or exact.

Of this last excellence, the plainest and most comprehensive of all, being indeed the root and foundation of *every* sort of talent, poetical or intellectual, we could produce innumerable instances from the writings of Burns. Take these glimpses of a snow-storm from his *Winter Night* (the italics are ours);

> *When biting Boreas, fell and doure,*
> Sharp shivers *thro' the leafless bow'r,*
> *And Phœbus* gies a short-liv'd glowr
> Far south the lift,
> Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
> Or whirling drift:

'Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns wi' snawy wreeths upchok'd
Wild-eddying swhirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd
Down headlong hurl.

Are there not " descriptive touches " here? The describer *saw* this thing; the essential feature and true likeness of every circumstance in it; saw, and not with the eye only. " Poor labour locked in sweet sleep "; the dead stillness of man, unconscious, vanquished, yet not unprotected, while such strife of the material elements rages, and seems to reign supreme in loneliness: this is of the heart as well as of the eye! — Look also at his image of a thaw, and prophesied fall of the *Auld Brig:*

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland *course,*
Or haunted Garpal[2] *draws his feeble source,*
Arous'd by blust'ring winds and spotting *thowes,*
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, born on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams and mills and brigs a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck down to the Rottonkey,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling *sea;*
Then down ye'll hurl, Deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.

The last line is in itself a Poussin-picture of that Deluge! The welkin has, as it were, bent down with its weight; the " gumlie jaups " and the " pouring skies " are mingled together; it is a world of rain and ruin. — In respect of mere clearness and minute fidelity, the *Farmer's* commendation of his *Auld Mare,* in plough or in cart, may vie with Homer's Smithy of the Cyclops, or yoking of Priam's Chariot. Nor have we forgotton stout *Burn-the-wind* and his brawny customers, inspired by *Scotch Drink:* but it is needless to multiply examples. One other trait of a much finer sort we select from multitudes of such among his *Songs.* It gives, in a single line, to the saddest feeling the saddest environment and local habitation:

The pale Moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O;
Farewell, false friends! false lover, farewell!
I'll nae mair trouble them nor thee, O.

[2] *Fabulosus* Hydaspes!

This clearness of sight we have called the foundation of all talent; for in fact, unless we *see* our object, how shall we know how to place or prize it, in our understanding, our imagination, our affections? Yet it is not in itself, perhaps, a very high excellence; but capable of being united indifferently with the strongest, or with ordinary power. Homer surpasses all men in this quality: but strangely enough, at no great distance below him are Richardson and Defoe. I belongs, in truth, to what is called a lively mind; and gives no sure indication of the higher endowments that may exist along with it. In all the three cases we have mentioned, it is combined with great garrulity; their descriptions are detailed, ample and lovingly exact; Homer's fire bursts through, from time to time, as if by accident; but Defoe and Richardson have no fire. Burns, again, is not more distinguished by the clearness than by the impetuous force of his conceptions. Of the strength, the piercing emphasis with which he thought, his emphasis of expression may give a humble but the readiest proof. Who ever uttered sharper sayings than his; words more memorable, now by their burning vehemence, now by their cool vigour and laconic pitch? A single phrase depicts a whole subject, a whole scene. We hear of "a gentleman that derived his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." Our Scottish forefathers in the battle-field struggled forward "*red-wat-shod*": in this one word, a full vision of horror and carnage, perhaps too frightfully accurate for Art!

In fact, one of the leading features in the mind of Burns is this vigour of his strictly intellectual perceptions. A resolute force is ever visible in his judgments, and in his feelings and volitions. Professor Stewart says of him, with some surprise: "All the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." But this, if we mistake not, is at all times the very essence of a truly poetical endowment. Poetry, except in such cases as that of Keats, where the whole consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature, is no separate faculty, no organ which can be superadded to the rest, or disjoined from them; but rather the result of their general harmony and completion. The feelings, the gifts that exist in the Poet are those that exist, with more or less development, in every human soul: the imagination, which shudders at the Hell of Dante, is the same faculty, weaker in degree, which called that picture into being. How does the Poet speak to men, with power, but by being still more a man than they? Shakespeare, it has been well observed, in the planning and completing of his tragedies, has shown an Understanding, were it nothing more, which might have governed states, or indicted a *Novum Organum*. What Burns's

force of understanding may have been, we have less means of judging: it had to dwell among the humblest objects; never saw Philosophy; never rose, except by natural effort and for short intervals, into the region of great ideas. Nevertheless, sufficient indication, if no proof sufficient, remains for us in his works: we discern the brawny movements of a gigantic though untutored strength; and can understand how, in conversation, his quick sure insight into men and things may, as much as aught else about him, have amazed the best thinkers of his time and country.

But, unless we mistake, the intellectual gift of Burns is fine as well as strong. The more delicate relations of things could not well have escaped his eye, for they were intimately present to his heart. The logic of the senate and the forum is indispensable, but not all-sufficient; nay perhaps the highest Truth is that which will the most certainly elude it. For this logic works by words, and "the highest," it has been said, "cannot be expressed in words." We are not without tokens of an openness for this higher truth also, of a keen though uncultivated sense for it, having existed in Burns. Mr. Stewart, it will be remembered, "wonders," in the passage above quoted, that Burns had formed some distinct conception of the "doctrine of association." We rather think that far subtler things than the doctrine of association had from of old been familiar to him. Here for instance:

"We know nothing," thus writes he, "or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

Force and fineness of understanding are often spoken of as something different from general force and fineness of nature, as something partly independent of them. The necessities of language so require it; but in truth these qualities are not distinct and independent: except in special cases, and from special causes, they ever go together. A man of strong understanding is generally a man of strong character; neither is delicacy in

the one kind often divided from delicacy in the other. No one, at all events, is ignorant that in the Poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; that his *light* is not more pervading than his *warmth*. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love towards all Nature that inspires him, that open his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise. There is a true old saying, that " Love furthers knowledge ": but above all, it is the living essence of that knowledge which makes poets; the first principle of its existence, increase, activity. Of Burns's fervid affection, his generous all-embracing Love, we have spoken already, as of the grand distinction of his nature, seen equally in word and deed, in his Life and in his Writings. It were easy to multiply examples. Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe, is lovely in his sight: " the hoary hawthorn," the " troop of grey plover," the " solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this Earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that, amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the " ourie cattle " and " silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war,
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.
Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?

The tenant of the mean hut, with its " ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these! This is worth several homilies on Mercy; for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him. The very Devil he cannot hate with right orthodoxy:

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben;
O, wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might, — I dinna ken, —
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!

"*He* is the father of curses and lies," said Dr. Slop; "and is cursed and damned already." — "I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby! — a Poet without Love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

But has it not been said, in contradiction to this principle that "Indignation makes verses"? It has been so said, and is true enough: but the contradiction is apparent, not real. The Indignation which makes verses is, properly speaking, an inverted Love; the love of some right, some worth, some goodness, belonging to ourselves or others, which has been injured, and which this tempestuous feeling issues forth to defend and avenge. No selfish fury of heart, existing there as a primary feeling, and without its opposite, ever produced much Poetry: otherwise, we suppose, the Tiger were the most musical of all our choristers. Johnson said, he loved a good hater; by which he must have meant, not so much one that hated violently, as one that hated wisely; hated baseness from love of nobleness. However, in spite of Johnson's paradox, tolerable enough for once in speech, but which need not have been so often adopted in print since then, we rather believe that good men deal sparingly in hatred, either wise or unwise: nay that a "good" hater is still a desideratum in this world. The Devil, at least, who passes for the chief and best of that class, is said to be nowise an amiable character.

Of the verses which Indignation makes, Burns has also given us specimens: and among the best that were ever given. Who will forget his "*Dweller in yon Dungeon Dark*"; a piece that might have been chanted by the Furies of Æschylus? The secrets of the infernal Pit are laid bare; a boundless baleful "darkness visible"; and streaks of hell-fire quivering madly in its black haggard bosom!

Dweller in yon Dungeon dark,
Hangman of Creation, mark!
Who in widow's weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

Why should we speak of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;* since all know of it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forebore to speak, — judiciously enough, for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns: but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode; the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

Another wild stormful Song, that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity, is *Macpherson's Farewell.* Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that coöperates. For was not this grim Celt, this shaggy Northland Cacus, that "lived a life of sturt and strife, and died by treacherie," — was not he too one of the Nimrods and Napoleons of the earth, in the arena of his own remote misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider one? Nay, was there not a touch of grace given him? A fibre of love and softness, of poetry itself, must have lived in his savage heart: for he composed that air the night before his execution; on the wings of that poor melody his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain and all the ignominy and despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss! Here also, as at Thebes, and in Pelops's line, was material Fate matched against man's Free-will; matched in bitterest though obscure duel; and the ethereal soul sank not, even in its blindness, without a cry which has survived it. But who, except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange half-barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling?

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Under a lighter disguise, the same principle of Love, which we have recognized as the great characteristic of Burns, and of all true poets, occasionally manifests itself in the shape of Humour. Everywhere, indeed, in his sunny moods, a full buoyant flood of mirth rolls through the mind of Burns; he rises to the high, and stoops to the low, and is brother and playmate to all Nature. We speak not of his bold and often irresistible faculty of caricature; for this is Drollery rather than Humour: but a much tenderer sportfulness dwells in him; and comes forth here and there, in evanescent and beautiful touches; as in his *Address to the Mouse,* or the *Farmer's Mare,* or in his *Elegy on poor Mailie,* which last may be reckoned his happiest effort of this kind. In these pieces there are traits of a Humour as fine as that of Sterne; yet altogether different, original, peculiar, — the Humour of Burns.

Of the tenderness, the playful pathos, and many other kindred qualities of Burns's Poetry, much more might be said; but now, with these poor outlines of a sketch, we must prepare to quit this part of our subject. To speak of his individual Writings, adequately and with any detail, would lead us far beyond our limits. As already hinted, we can look on but few of these pieces as, in strict critical language, deserving the name of Poems: they are rhymed eloquence, rhymed pathos, rhymed sense; yet seldom essentially melodious, aerial, poetical. *Tam o' Shanter* itself, which enjoys so high a favour, does not appear to us at all decisively to come under this

last category. It is not so much a poem, as a piece of sparkling rhetoric; the heart and body of the story still lies hard and dead. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age, when the tradition was believed, and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new-modelling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things; and which lives in us too, and will forever live, though silent now, or vibrating with far other notes, and to far different issues. Our German readers will understand us, when we say, that he is not the Tieck but the Musäus of this tale. Externally it is all green and living; yet look closer, it is no firm growth, but only ivy on a rock. The piece does not properly cohere: the strange chasm which yawns in our incredulous imaginations between the Ayr public-house and the gate of Tophet, is nowhere bridged over, nay the idea of such a bridge is laughed at; and thus the Tragedy of the adventure becomes a mere drunken phantasmagoria, or many-coloured spectrum painted on ale-vapours, and the Farce alone has any reality. We do not say that Burns should have made much more of this tradition; we rather think that, for strictly poetical purposes, not much *was* to be made of it. Neither are we blind to the deep, varied, genial power displayed in what he has actually accomplished; but we find far more " Shakespearean " qualities, as these of *Tam o' Shanter* have been fondly named, in many of his other pieces; nay we incline to believe that this latter might have been written, all but quite as well, by a man who, in place of genius, had only possessed talent.

Perhaps we may venture to say, that the most strictly poetical of all his " poems " is one which does not appear in Currie's Edition; but has been often printed before and since, under the humble title of *The Jolly Beggars*. The subject truly is among the lowest in Nature; but it only the more shows our Poet's gift in raising it into the domain of Art. To our minds, this piece seems thoroughly compacted; melted together, refined; and poured forth in one flood of true *liquid* harmony. It is light, airy, soft of movement; yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait: that *raucle carlin*, that *wee Apollo*, that *Son of Mars*, are Scottish, yet ideal; the scene is at once a dream, and the very Ragcastle of " Poosie-Nansie." Farther, it seems in a considerable degree complete, a real self-supporting Whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the Night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full, ruddy, flaming light, these rough tatterdemalions are seen in their boisterous revel; for the strong pulse of Life vindicates its right to gladness even here; and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action, without effort; the next day as the last, our *Caird* and our *Balladmonger* are singing and soldiering; their " brats and callets " are hawking, begging, cheating; and some other night, in new combinations, they will wring from Fate another hour of wassail and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this

again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. There is the fidelity, humour, warm life and accurate painting and grouping of some Teniers, for whom hostlers and carousing peasants are not without significance. It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings: we mean to say only, that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind, as a piece of poetical composition, strictly so called. In the *Beggars' Opera,* in the *Beggars' Bush,* as other critics have already remarked, there is nothing which, in real poetic vigour, equals this *Cantata;* nothing, as we think, which comes within many degrees of it.

But by far the most finished, complete and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs.* It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with least obstruction; in its highest beauty and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be, that Song is a brief simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. Yet the Song has its rules equally with the Tragedy; rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the Songs of Burns; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced: for indeed, since the era of Queen Elizabeth, we know not that, by any other hand, aught truly worth attention has been accomplished in this department. True, we have songs enough "by persons of quality;" we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred madrigals; many a rhymed speech "in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius the Portugal Bishop," rich in sonorous words, and, for moral, dashed perhaps with some tint of a sentimental sensuality; all which many persons cease not from endeavouring to sing; though for most part, we fear, the music is but from the throat outwards, or at best from some region far enough short of the *Soul;* not in which, but in a certain inane Limbo of the Fancy, or even in some vaporous debatable-land on the outskirts of the Nervous System, most of such madrigals and rhymed speeches seem to have originated.

With the Songs of Burns we must not name these things. Independently of the clear, manly, heartfelt sentiment that ever pervades *his* poetry, his Songs are honest in another point of view: in form, as well as in spirit. They do not *affect* to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of Harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not *said,* or spouted, in rhetorical completeness and coherence; but *sung,* in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs since the little careless catches, and as it were drops

of song, which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his Plays, fulfil this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or sliest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut,* to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven;* from the glad kind greeting of *Auld Langsyne,* or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray,* to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,* he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart, — it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our Song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

It is on his Songs, as we believe, that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend: nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism is true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any Poet might have equalled himself with Legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His Songs are already part of the mother-tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name,* the *voice* of that joy and that woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.

In another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable: we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scottish literature, has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism, in this its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure, taken place of the old insular home-feeling; literature was, as it were, without any local environment; was not nourished by the affections which spring from a native soil. Our Grays and Glovers seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo;* the thing written bears no mark of place; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain Generalizations which philosophy

termed men. Goldsmith is an exception: not so Johnson; the scene of his *Rambler* is little more English than that of his *Rasselas*.

But if such was, in some degree, the case with England, it was, in the highest degree, the case with Scotland. In fact, our Scottish literature had, at that period, a very singular aspect; unexampled, so far as we know, except perhaps at Geneva, where the same state of matters appears still to continue. For a long period after Scotland became British, we had no literature: at the date when Addison and Steele were writing their *Spectators,* our good John Boston was writing, with the noblest intent, but alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his *Fourfold State of Man.* Then came the schisms in our National Church, and the fiercer schisms in our Body Politic: Theologic ink, and Jacobite blood, with gall enough in both cases, seemed to have blotted out the intellect of the country: however, it was only obscured, not obliterated. Lord Kames made nearly the first attempt at writing English; and ere long, Hume, Robertson, Smith, and a whole host of followers, attracted hither the eyes of all Europe. And yet in this brilliant resuscitation of our "fervid genius," there was nothing truly Scottish, nothing indigenous; except, perhaps, the natural impetuosity of intellect, which we sometimes claim, and are sometimes upbraided with, as a characteristic of our nation. It is curious to remark that Scotland, so full of writers, had no Scottish culture, nor indeed any English; our culture was almost exclusively French. It was by studying Racine and Voltaire, Batteux and Boileau, that Kames had trained himself to be a critic and philosopher; it was the light of Montesquieu and Mably that guided Robertson in his political speculations; Quesnay's lamp that kindled the lamp of Adam Smith. Hume was too rich a man to borrow; and perhaps he reacted on the French more than he was acted on by them: but neither had he aught to do with Scotland; Edinburgh, equally with La Flèche, was but the lodging and laboratory, in which he not so much morally *lived,* as metaphysically *investigated.* Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers so clear and well-ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic: but their general deficiency in moral principle, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so called, render this accountable enough. We hope, there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice; that our country may be dear to us, without injury to our philosophy; that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern Motherland, and the venerable Structure of social and moral Life, which Mind has through long ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this: surely the roots, that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being, may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life!

Our Scottish sages have no such propensities: the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses; but only a flat, continuous thrashing-floor for Logic, whereon all questions, from the "Doctrine of Rent" to the "Natural History of Religion," are thrashed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality!

With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away: our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathizing in all our attachments, humours and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mould, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns: "a tide of Scottish prejudice," as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, "had been poured along his veins; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood-gates shut in eternal rest." It seemed to him, as if *he* could do so little for his country, and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province stood open for him, — that of Scottish Song; and how eagerly he entered on it, how devotedly he laboured there! In his toilsome journeyings, this object never quits him; it is the little happy-valley of his care-worn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction, he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end:

. . . A wish (I mind its power),
A wish, that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast, —
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

The rough bur Thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd my weeding-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.

But to leave the mere literary character of Burns, which has already detained us too long. Far more interesting than any of his written works, as it appears to us, are his acted ones: the Life he willed and was fated to lead among his fellow-men. These Poems are but like little rhymed frag-

ments scattered here and there in the grand unrhymed Romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated in this at their proper places, that they attain their full measure of significance. And this, too, alas, was but a fragment! The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticos, firm masses of building, stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated; with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace towards the purposed termination. For the work is broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin! If charitable judgment was necessary in estimating his Poems, and justice required that the aim and the manifest power to fulfil it must often be accepted for the fulfilment; much more is this the case in regard to his Life, the sum and result of all his endeavours, where his difficulties came upon him not in detail only, but in mass; and so much has been left unaccomplished, nay was mistaken, and altogether marred.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and manhood, but only youth: for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year, he is still, as it were, in youth. With all that resoluteness of judgment, that penetrating insight, and singular maturity of intellectual power, exhibited in his writings, he never attains to any clearness regarding himself; to the last, he never ascertains his peculiar aim, even with such distinctness as is common among ordinary men; and therefore never can pursue it with that singleness of will, which insures success and some contentment to such men. To the last, he wavers between two purposes: glorying in his talent, like a true poet, he yet cannot consent to make this his chief and sole glory, and to follow it as the one thing needful, through poverty or riches, through good or evil report. Another far meaner ambition still cleaves to him; he must dream and struggle about a certain "Rock of Independence"; which, natural and even admirable as it might be, was still but a warring with the world, on the comparatively insignificant ground of his being more completely or less completely supplied with money than others; of his standing at a higher or at a lower altitude in general estimation than others. For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colours: he expects from it what it cannot give to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstances, in love, friendship, honour, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoyments, not earned by his own labour, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny. Thus, like a young man, he cannot gird himself up for any worthy well-calculated goal, but swerves to and fro, between passionate hope and remorseful disappointment: rushing onwards with a deep tempestuous force, he surmounts or breaks asunder many a barrier; trav-

els, nay advances far, but advancing only under uncertain guidance, is ever and anon turned from his path; and to the last cannot reach the only true happiness of a man, that of clear decided Activity in the sphere for which, by nature and circumstances, he has been fitted and appointed.

We do not say these things in dispraise of Burns; nay, perhaps, they but interest us the more in his favour. This blessing is not given soonest to the best; but rather, it is often the greatest minds that are latest in obtaining it; for where most is to be developed, most time may be required to develop it. A complex condition had been assigned him from without; as complex a condition from within: no "preëstablished harmony" existed between the clay soil of Mossgiel and the empyrean soul of Robert Burns; it was not wonderful that the adjustment between them should have been long postponed, and his arm long cumbered, and his sight confused, in so vast and discordant an economy as he had been appointed steward over. Byron was, at his death, but a year younger than Burns; and through life, as it might have appeared, far more simply situated: yet in him too we can trace no such adjustment, no such moral manhood; but at best, and only a little before his end, the beginning of what seemed such.

By much the most striking incident in Burns's Life is his journey to Edinburgh; but perhaps a still more important one is his residence at Irvine, so early as in his twenty-third year. Hitherto his life had been poor and toilworn; but otherwise not ungenial, and, with all its distresses, by no means unhappy. In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more: a man with a keen insight and devout heart; reverent towards God, friendly therefore at once, and fearless towards all that God has made: in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded *Man*. Such a father is seldom found in any rank in society; and was worth descending far in society to seek. Unfortunately, he was very poor; had he been even a little richer, almost never so little, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a straw; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's small seven acres of nursery-ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British Literature, — for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school-system: Burns remained a hard-worked ploughboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish

him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling: the solemn words, *Let us Worship God,* are heard there from a "priest-like father"; if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are there together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humour of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and in their closest pressure he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of Existence is slowly rising, in many-coloured splendour and gloom: and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> *in glory and in joy,*
> *Behind his plough, upon the mountain side.*

We ourselves know, from the best evidence, that up to this date Burns was happy; nay that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world; more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof; goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society; and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life; a kind of mud-bath, in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself, before the real toga of Manhood can be laid on him. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken: for Sin and Remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet but to yield to them, and even serve for a term in their leprous armada. We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it cannot be the training one receives in this Devil's service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly Action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world; that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving

and doing. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity; and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free. Surely, such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father, while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of Fate, attracting us to shipwreck us, when the heart is grown hard, and may be broken before it will become contrite. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it, in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully, which he never did; and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.

It seems to us another circumstance of fatal import in Burns's history, that at this time too he became involved in the religious quarrels of his district; that he was enlisted and feasted, as the fighting man of the New-Light Priesthood, in their highly unprofitable warfare. At the tables of these free-minded clergy he learned much more than was needful for him. Such liberal ridicule of fanaticism awakened in his mind scruples about Religion itself; and a whole world of Doubts, which it required quite another set of conjurors than these men to exorcise. We do not say that such an intellect as his could have escaped similar doubts at some period of his history; or even that he could, at a later period, have come through them altogether victorious and unharmed: but it seems peculiarly unfortunate that this time, above all others, should have been fixed for the encounter. For now, with principles assailed by evil example from without, by "passions raging like demons" from within, he had little need of sceptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild Desires and wild Repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldlings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse. The whole fabric of his life is blasted asunder; for now not only his character, but his personal liberty, is to be lost; men and Fortune are leagued for his hurt; "hungry Ruin has him in the wind." He sees no escape but the saddest of all: exile from his loved country, to a country in every sense inhospitable and abhorrent to him. While the "gloomy night is gathering fast," in mental storm and solitude, as well as in physical, he sings his wild farewell to Scotland:

Farewell my friends; farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Adieu, my native banks of Ayr!

Light breaks suddenly in on him in floods; but still a false transitory light, and no real sunshine. He is invited to Edinburgh; hastens thither with anticipating heart; is welcomed as in a triumph, and with universal blandishment and acclamation; whatever is wisest, whatever is greatest or loveliest there, gathers round him, to gaze on his face, to show him honour, sympathy, affection. Burns's appearance among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh must be regarded as one of the most singular phenomena in modern Literature; almost like the appearance of some Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern Politics. For it is nowise as "a mockery king," set there by favour, transiently and for a purpose, that he will let himself be treated; still less is he a mad Rienzi, whose sudden elevation turns his too weak head: but he stands there on his own basis; cool, unastonished, holding his equal rank from Nature herself; putting forth no claim which there is not strength *in* him, as well as about him, to vindicate. Mr. Lockhart has some forcible observations on this point:

"It needs no effort of imagination," says he, "to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction, that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius; astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble, — nay, to tremble visibly, — beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent: with wit, in all likelihood still more daring; often enough, as the superiors whom

he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had ere long no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves."

The farther we remove from this scene, the more singular will it seem to us: details of the exterior aspect of it are already full of interest. Most readers recollect Mr. Walker's personal interviews with Burns as among the best passages of his Narrative: a time will come when this reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's, slight though it is, will also be precious:

"As for Burns," writes Sir Walter, "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786–7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him: but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner; but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remembered which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, — on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

> *'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,*
> *Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;*
> *Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,*
> *The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,*
> *Gave the sad presage of his future years,*
> *The child of misery baptized in tears.'*

"Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present; he mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

"His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture: but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his counte-

nance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I should have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i.e.*, none of your modern agriculturalists who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh: but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

"I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate.

"This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say, I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station or information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humourous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. — I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since."

The conduct of Burns under this dazzling blaze of favour; the calm, unaffected, manly manner in which he not only bore it, but estimated its value, has justly been regarded as the best proof that could be given of his real vigour and integrity of mind. A little natural vanity, some touches of hypocritical modesty, some glimmerings of affectation, at least some fear of being thought affected, we could have pardoned in almost any man; but no such indication is to be traced here. In his unexampled situation the young peasant is not a moment perplexed; so many strange lights do not confuse him, do not lead him astray. Nevertheless, we cannot but perceive that this winter did him great and lasting injury. A somewhat

clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters, it did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever, that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this; it was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one, and reject the other; but must halt forever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so is it with many men: we "long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price"; and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!

The Edinburgh Learned of that period were in general more noted for clearness of head than for warmth of heart: with the exception of the good old Blacklock, whose help was too ineffectual, scarcely one among them seems to have looked at Burns with any true sympathy, or indeed much otherwise than as at a highly curious *thing*. By the great also he is treated in the customary fashion; entertained at their tables and dismissed: certain modica of pudding and praise are, from time to time, gladly exchanged for the fascination of his presence; which exchange once effected, the bargain is finished, and each party goes his several way. At the end of this strange season, Burns gloomily sums up his gains and losses, and meditates on the chaotic future. In money he is somewhat richer; in fame and the show of happiness, infinitely richer; but in the substance of it, as poor as ever. Nay poorer; for his heart is now maddened still more with the fever of worldly Ambition; and through long years the disease will rack him with unprofitable sufferings, and weaken his strength for all true and nobler aims.

What Burns was next to do or to avoid; how a man so circumstanced was now to guide himself towards his true advantage, might at this point of time have been a question for the wisest. It was a question too, which apparently he was left altogether to answer for himself: of his learned or rich patrons it had not struck any individual to turn a thought on this so trivial matter. Without claiming for Burns the praise of perfect sagacity, we must say, that his Excise and Farm scheme does not seem to us a very unreasonable one; that we should be at a loss, even now, to suggest one decidedly better. Certain of his admirers have felt scandalized at his ever resolving to *gauge;* and would have had him lie at the pool, till the

spirit of Patronage stirred the waters, that so, with one friendly plunge, all his sorrows might be healed. Unwise counsellors! They know not the manner of this spirit; and how, in the lap of most golden dreams, a man might have happiness, were it not that in the interim he must die of hunger! It reflects credit on the manliness and sound sense of Burns, that he felt so early on what ground he was standing; and preferred self-help, on the humblest scale, to dependence and inaction, though with hope of far more splendid possibilities. But even these possibilities were not rejected in his scheme: he might expect, if it chanced that he *had* any friend, to rise, in no long period, into something even like opulence and leisure; while again, if it chanced that he had no friend, he could still live in security; and for the rest, he "did not intend to borrow honour from any profession." We reckon that his plan was honest and well-calculated: all turned on the execution of it. Doubtless it failed; yet not, we believe, from any vice inherent in itself. Nay, after all, it was no failure of external means, but of internal, that overtook Burns. His was no bankruptcy of the purse, but of the soul; to his last day, he owed no man anything.

Meanwhile he begins well: with two good and wise actions. His donation to his mother, munificent from a man whose income had lately been seven pounds a-year, was worthy of him, and not more than worthy. Generous also, and worthy of him, was the treatment of the woman whose life's welfare now depended on his pleasure. A friendly observer might have hoped serene days for him: his mind is on the true road to peace with itself: what clearness he still wants will be given as he proceeds; for the best teacher of duties, that still lie dim to us, is the Practice of those we see and have at hand. Had the "patrons of genius," who could give him nothing, but taken nothing from him, at least nothing more! The wounds of his heart would have healed, vulgar ambition would have died away. Toil and Frugality would have been welcome, since Virtue dwelt with them; and Poetry would have shone through them as of old: and in her clear ethereal light, which was his own by birthright, he might have looked down on his earthly destiny, and all its obstructions, not with patience only, but with love.

But the patrons of genius would not have it so. Picturesque tourists, all manner of fashionable danglers after literature, and, far worse, all manner of convivial Mæcenases, hovered round him in his retreat; and his good as well as his weak qualities secured them influence over him. He was flattered by their notice; and his warm social nature made it impossible for him to shake them off, and hold on his way apart from them. These men, as we believe, were approximately the means of his ruin. Not that they meant him any ill; they only meant themselves a little good; if he suffered harm, let *him* look to it! But they wasted his precious time and his precious talent; they disturbed his composure, broke down his returning habits of temperance and assiduous contented exertion. Their

pampering was baneful to him; their cruelty, which soon followed, was equally baneful. The old grudge against Fortune's inequality awoke with new bitterness in their neighbourhood; and Burns had no retreat but to "the Rock of Independence," which is but an air-castle after all, that looks well at a distance, but will screen no one from real wind and wet. Flushed with irregular excitement, exasperated alternately by contempt of others, and contempt of himself, Burns was no longer regaining his peace of mind, but fast losing it forever. There was a hollowness at the heart of his life, for his conscience did not now approve what he was doing.

Amid the vapours of unwise enjoyment, of bootless remorse, and angry discontent with Fate, his true lodestar, a life of Poetry, with Poverty, nay with Famine if it must be so, was too often altogether hidden from his eyes. And yet he sailed a sea, where without some such lodestar there was no right steering. Meteors of French Politics rise before him, but these were not *his* stars. An accident this, which hastened, but did not originate, his worst distresses. In the mad contentions of that time, he comes in collision with certain official Superiors; is wounded by them; cruelly lacerated, we should say, could a dead mechanical implement, in any case, be called cruel: and shrinks, in indignant pain, into deeper self-seclusion, into gloomier moodiness than ever. His life has now lost its unity: it is a life of fragments; led with little aim, beyond the melancholy one of securing its own continuance, — in fits of wild false joy when such offered, and of black despondency when they passed away. His character before the world begins to suffer: calumny is busy with him; for a miserable man makes more enemies than friends. Some faults he has fallen into, and a thousand misfortunes; but deep criminality is what he stands accused of, and they that are *not* without sin cast the first stone at him! For is he not a well-wisher to the French Revolution, a Jacobin, and therefore in that one act guilty of all? These accusations, political and moral, it has since appeared, were false enough: but the world hesitated little to credit them. Nay his convivial Mæcenases themselves were not the last to do it. There is reason to believe that, in his later years, the Dumfries Aristocracy had partly withdrawn themselves from Burns, as from a tainted person, no longer worthy of their acquaintance. That painful class, stationed, in all provincial cities, behind the outmost breastwork of Gentility, there to stand siege and do battle against the intrusions of Grocerdom and Grazierdom, had actually seen dishonour in the society of Burns, and branded him with their veto; had, as we vulgarly say, *cut* him! We find one passage in this Work of Mr. Lockhart's, which will not out of our thoughts:

"A gentleman of that county, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved, than when riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening about

this time to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize him. The horseman dismounted, and joined Burns, who on his proposing to cross the street said: 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now'; and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsell dowie upon the corn-bing.

O, were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea!
And werena my heart light, I wad die.'

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He, immediately after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived."

Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart," and that most of those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side, where the breastwork of gentility is quite thrown down, — who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother!

It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach maturity, or accomplish aught worthy of itself. His spirit was jarred in its melody; not the soft breath of natural feeling, but the rude hand of Fate, was now sweeping over the strings. And yet what harmony was in him, what music even in his discords! How the wild tones had a charm for the simplest and the wisest; and all men felt and knew that here also was one of the Gifted! "If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled!" Some brief pure moments of poetic life were yet appointed him, in the composition of his Songs. We can understand how he grasped at this employment; and how too, he spurned all other reward for it but what the labour itself brought him. For the soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength, though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement: and here, in his destitution

and degradation, was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform. He felt too, that with all the "thoughtless follies" that had "laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier, but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country: so he cast from him the poor sixpence a-day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain! The money was not necessary to him; he struggled through without it: long since, these guineas would have been gone, and now the high-mindedness of refusing them will plead for him in all hearts forever.

We are here arrived at the crisis of Burns's life; for matters had now taken such a shape with him as could not long continue. If improvement was not to be looked for, Nature could only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself. We are not medically informed whether any continuance of years was, at this period, probable for Burns; whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events, as we have said, *some* change could not be very distant. Three gates of deliverance, it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The first, with longer life, was still possible, though not probable; for physical causes were beginning to be concerned in it: and yet Burns had an iron resolution; could he but have seen and felt, that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes, lay here. The second was still less probable; for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So the milder third gate was opened for him: and he passed, not softly yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

Contemplating this sad end of Burns, and how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy, generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that by counsel, true affection and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. We question whether there is not more tenderness of heart than soundness of judgment in these suggestions. It seems dubious to us whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help. Counsel, which seldom profits anyone, he did not need; in his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well perhaps as any man ever did; but the persuasion, which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation

could have assisted much to implant it. As to money again, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see how any private man could, even presupposing Burns's consent, have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men in any rank of society, could hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of that term, no longer exists; except in the cases of kindred or other legal affinity, it is in reality no longer expected, or recognized as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced " Patronage," that is, pecuniary or other economic furtherance, to be " twice cursed "; cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters also, it has become the rule, as in regard to inward it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such, we say, is the principle of modern Honour; naturally enough growing out of that sentiment of Pride, which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality. Many a poet has been poorer than Burns; but no one was ever prouder: we may question whether, without great precautions, even a pension from Royalty would not have galled and encumbered, more than actually assisted him.

Still less, therefore, are we disposed to join with another class of Burns's admirers, who accuse the higher ranks among us of having ruined Burns by their selfish neglect of him. We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; and light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with some fewer pangs. Nay, we shall grant farther, and for Burns it is granting much, that, with all his pride, he would have thanked, even with exaggerated gratitude, anyone who had cordially befriended him: patronage, unless once cursed, needed not to have been twice so. At all events, the poor promotion he desired in his calling might have been granted: it was his own scheme, therefore likelier than any other to be of service. All this it might have been a luxury, nay it was a duty, for our nobility to have done. No part of all this, however, did any of them do; or apparently attempt, or wish to do: so much is granted against them. But what then is the amount of their blame? Simply that they were men of the world, and walked by the principles of such men; that they treated Burns, as other nobles and other commoners had done other poets; as the English

did Shakespeare; as King Charles and his Cavaliers did Butler, as King Philip and his Grandees did Cervantes. Do men gather grapes of thorns; or shall we cut down our thorns for yielding only a *fence* and haws? How, indeed, could the "nobility and gentry of his native land" hold out any help to this "Scottish Bard, proud of his name and country"? Were the nobility and gentry so much as able rightly to help themselves? Had they not their game to preserve; their borough interests to strengthen; dinners, therefore, of various kinds to eat and give? Were their means more than adequate to all this business, or less than adequate? Less than adequate, in general; few of them in reality were richer than Burns; many of them were poorer; for sometimes they had to wring their supplies, as with thumb-screws, from the hard hand; and, in their need of guineas, to forget their duty of mercy; which Burns was never reduced to do. Let us pity and forgive them. The game they preserved and shot, the dinners they ate and gave, the borough interests they strengthened, the *little* Babylons they severally builded by the glory of their might, are all melted or melting back into the primeval Chaos, as man's merely selfish endeavours are fated to do: and here was an action, extending, in virtue of its worldly influence, we may say, through all time; in virtue of its moral nature, beyond all time, being immortal as the Spirit of Goodness itself; this action was offered them to do, and light was not given them to do it. Let us pity and forgive them. But better than pity, let us go and *do otherwise*. Human suffering did not end with the life of Burns; neither was the solemn mandate, "Love one another, bear one another's burdens," given to the rich only, but to all men. True, we shall find no Burns to relieve, to assuage by our aid or our pity; but celestial natures, groaning under the fardels of a weary life, we shall still find; and that wretchedness which Fate has rendered *voiceless* and *tuneless* is not the least wretched, but the most.

Still, we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its Teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and revilings, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for Wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great

kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where, then, does it lie? We are forced to answer: With himself; it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of *any* external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more *can* lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over Death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done, may be done again: nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons; for without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness, of Self-denial in all its forms, no good man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

We have already stated the error of Burns; and mourned over it, rather than blamed it. It was the want of unity in his purposes, of consistency in his aims; the hapless attempt to mingle in friendly union the common spirit of the world with the spirit of poetry, which is of a far different and altogether irreconcilable nature. Burns was nothing wholly, and Burns could be nothing, no man formed as he was can be anything, by halves. The heart, not of a mere hot-blooded, popular Verse-monger, or poetical *Restaurateur,* but of a true Poet and Singer, worthy of the old religious heroic times, had been given him: and he fell in an age, not of heroism and religion, but of scepticism, selfishness and triviality, when true Nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of Pride. The influences of that age, his open, kind, susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him to cast aside, or rightly subordinate; the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy: he spent his life in endeavouring to reconcile these two; and lost it, as he must lose it, without reconciling them.

Burns was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavour to be otherwise: thus it had been well could he have once for all admitted, and considered as finally settled. He was poor, truly; but hundreds even of his own class and order of minds have been poorer,

yet have suffered nothing deadly from it: nay, his own Father had a far sorer battle with ungrateful destiny than his was; and he did not yield to it, but died courageously warring, and to all moral intents prevailing, against it. True, Burns had little means, had even little time for poetry, his only real pursuit and vocation; but so much the more precious was what little he had. In all these external respects his case was hard; but very far from the hardest. Poverty, incessant drudgery and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of Poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor; and wrote his *Essay on the Human Understanding* sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed *Paradise Lost?* Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness and with dangers compassed round, he sang his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. Did not Cervantes finish his work, a maimed soldier and in prison? Nay, was not the *Araucana,* which Spain acknowledges as its Epic, written without even the aid of paper; on scraps of leather, as the stout fighter and voyager snatched any moment from that wild warfare?

And what, then, had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single, not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshippers; but seekers and worshippers of something far better than Self. Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea of Religion, of Patriotism, of heavenly Wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which cause they neither shrank from suffering, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful; but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the " golden-calf of Self-love," however curiously carved, was not their Deity; but the Invisible Goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they willed one thing, to which all other things were subordinated and made subservient; and therefore they accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks; but its edge must be sharp and single: if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing.

Part of this superiority these men owed to their age; in which heroism and devotedness were still practised, or at least not yet disbelieved in: but much of it likewise they owed to themselves. With Burns, again, it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for. A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and acting only for moments. He has no Religion; in the shallow age, where his days were cast, Religion was not discriminated

from the New and Old Light *forms* of Religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, " a great Perhaps."

He loved Poetry warmly, and in his heart; could he but have loved it purely, and with his whole undivided heart, it had been well. For Poetry, as Burns could have followed it, is but another form of Wisdom, of Religion; is itself Wisdom and Religion. But this also was denied him. His poetry is a stray vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him. It was not necessary for Burns to be rich, to be, or to seem, " independent "; but it *was* necessary for him to be at one with his own heart; to place what was highest in his nature highest also in his life; " to seek within himself for that consistency and sequence, which external events would forever refuse him." He was born a poet; poetry was the celestial element of his being, and should have been the soul of his whole endeavours. Lifted into that serene ether, whither he had wings given him to mount, he would have needed no other elevation: poverty, neglect and all evil, save the desecration of himself and his Art, were a small matter to him; the pride and the passions of the world lay far beneath his feet; and he looked down alike on noble and slave, on prince and beggar, and all that wore the stamp of man, with clear recognition, with brotherly affection, with sympathy, with pity. Nay, we question whether for his culture as a poet poverty and much suffering for a season were not absolutely advantageous. Great men, in looking back over their lives, have testified to that effect. " I would not for much," says Jean Paul, " that I had been born richer." And yet Paul's birth was poor enough; for, in another place, he adds: " The prisoner's allowance is bread and water; and I had often only the latter." But the gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest; or, as he has himself expressed it, " the canary-bird sings sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage."

A man like Burns might have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry; industry which all true feeling sanctions, nay prescribes, and which has a beauty, for that cause, beyond the pomp of thrones: but to divide his hours between poetry and rich men's banquets was an ill-starred and inauspicious attempt. How could he be at ease at such banquets? What had he to do there, mingling his music with the coarse roar of altogether earthy voices; brightening the thick smoke of intoxication with fire lent him from heaven? Was it his aim to *enjoy* life? Tomorrow he must go drudge as an Exciseman! We wonder not that Burns became moody, indignant, and at times an offender against certain rules of society; but rather that he did not grow utterly frantic, and run *amuck*

against them all. How could a man, so falsely placed, by his own or others' fault, ever know contentment or peaceable diligence for an hour? What he did, under such perverse guidance, and what he forbore to do, alike fill us with astonishment at the natural strength and worth of his character.

Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others; only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish ploughman, but of an English peer: the highest worldly honours, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives toward the Infinite and the Eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the house-top to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might, like him, have "purchased a pocket-copy of Milton to study the character of Satan"; for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar Ambition will not live kindly with poetic Adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the products of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now — we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which ere long will fill itself with snow!

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher Doctrine, a purer Truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted; yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there: they are first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history, — *twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for

the highest of all enterprises, that of being the Poet of his Age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories, nor its fearful perils, are fit for him. Let him dwindle into a modish balladmonger; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him. If, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity! Byron and Burns could not live as idol-priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favour of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns's strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favour and furtherance for literature; like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light of all lands; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?

But we must stop short in these considerations, which would lead us to boundless lengths. We had something to say on the public moral character of Burns; but this also we must forbear. We are far from regarding him as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more rigid than that where the *Plebiscita* of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even there less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city's hippodrome; nay the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured: and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one

never listens to with approval. 'Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful: but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

PETER THE GREAT

1672–1725

By John Lothrop Motley[1] (1814–1877)

One day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich ship-builder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woollen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias, a man

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who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia, at this moment more than twice as large as Europe, having a considerable extent of sea-coasts, with flourishing commercial havens both upon the Baltic and the Black Seas, and a chain of internal communication, by canal and river, connecting them both with the Caspian and the Volga, was at the accession of Peter I of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbours only "the sledded Polack," the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese, and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization — the ancient empire of the Czars seemed always in a state of suffocation. Remote from the sea, it was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete, and inert mass, waiting the advent of some new Prometheus to inspire it with life and light.

Its capital, the *bizarre* and fantastic Moscow, with its vast, turreted, and venerable Kremlin — its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple, and gold; its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent; its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible — was a true type of the empire, rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.

The government, too, was far more Oriental than European in its character. The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century taken possession of the Russian government with the same gentleman-like effrontery with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves upon every throne in Europe; and the crown of Ruric had been transmitted like the other European crowns for many generations, till it descended through a female branch upon the head of the Romanoffs, the ancestors of Peter and the present imperial family. But though there might be said to be an established dynasty, the succession to the throne was controlled by the Strelitzes, the licentious and ungovernable soldiery of the capital, as much as the Turkish or Roman Empire by the Janizaries or pretorians; and the history of the government was but a series of palace-revolutions, in which the sovereign, the tool alternately of the priesthood and the body-guard, was elevated, deposed, or strangled, according to the prevalence of different factions in the capital. The government was in fact, as it has been epigrammatically characterized, "a despotism tempered by assassination."

The father of Peter I, Alexis Michaelovitch, had indeed projected reforms in various departments of the government. He seems to have been, to a certain extent, aware of the capacity of his empire, and to have had some faint glimmerings of the responsibility which weighed upon him, as the inheritor of this vast hereditary estate. He undertook certain revisions of the laws, if the mass of contradictory and capricious edicts which formed the code deserve that name; and his attention had particularly directed itself to the condition of the army and the church. Upon his death, in 1677, he left two sons, Theodore and John, and four daughters, by his first wife; besides one son, Peter, born in 1672, and one daughter, Natalia, by the second wife, of the house of Narischkin. The eldest son, Theodore, succeeded, whose administration was directed by his sister, the ambitious and intriguing Princess Sophia, assisted by her paramour Galitzin. Theodore died in 1682, having named his half-brother Peter as his successor, to the exclusion of his own brother John, who was almost an idiot. Sophia, who, in the fitful and perilous history of Peter's boyhood, seems like the wicked fairy in so many Eastern fables, whose mission is constantly to perplex, and if possible destroy, the virtuous young prince, who, however, struggles manfully against her enchantments and her hosts of allies, and comes out triumphant at last — Sophia, assisted by Couvanski, general of the Strelitzes, excited a tumult in the capital. Artfully inflaming the passions of the soldiery, she directed their violence against all those who stood between her and the power she aimed at; many of the Narischkin family (the maternal relatives of Peter), with their adherents, were butchered with wholesale ferocity; many crown-officers were put to death; and the Princess at length succeeded in proclaiming the idiot John and the infant Peter as joint Czars, and herself regent.

From this time forth Sophia, having the reins of government securely in her hand, took particular care to surround the youthful Peter with the worst influences. She exposed him systematically to temptation, she placed about him the most depraved and licentious associates, and seems to have encouraged the germination of every vicious propensity with the most fostering care. In 1689, during the absence of Prince Galitzin upon his second unsuccessful invasion of the Crimea, Peter was married, at the age of seventeen, through the influence of a faction hostile to Sophia, to a young lady of the Lapouchin family. After the return of Galitzin a desperate revolt of the Strelitzes was concerted between their general and Sophia and Galitzin, whose object was to seize and murder Peter. He saved himself for the second time in the Convent of the Trinity — the usual place of refuge when the court was beleaguered, as was not unusual, by the Janizaries — assembled around him those of the boiars and the soldiers who were attached to him, and with the personal bravery and promptness which have descended like an heirloom in his family, de-

feated the conspirators at a blow, banished Galitzin to Siberia, and locked up Sophia in a convent, where she remained till her death, fifteen years afterward. His brother John remained nominally as joint Czar till his death in 1696.

In less than a year from this time Peter made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, to whom, more than to any other, Russia seems to have been indebted for the first impulse toward civilization. Happening one day to be dining at the house of the Danish minister, he was pleased with the manners and conversation of his Excellency's private secretary. This was a certain youthful Genevese adventurer named Lefort. He had been educated for the mercantile profession and placed in a counting-house; but being of an adventurous disposition, with decided military tastes and talents, he had enlisted as a volunteer and served with some distinction in the Low Countries. Still following his campaigning inclinations, he enlisted under a certain Colonel Verstin, who had been commissioned by the Czar Alexis to pick up some German recruits, and followed him to Archangel. Arriving there, he found that the death of Alexis had left no demand for the services either of himself or the Colonel, and after escaping with difficulty transportation to Siberia, with which he seems to have been threatened for no particular reason, he followed his destiny to Moscow, where he found employment under the Danish envoy De Horn, and soon after was introduced to the Czar.

It was this young adventurer, a man of no extraordinary acquirements, but one who had had the advantage of a European education, and the genius to know its value and to reap its full benefit — a man of wonderful power of observation, in whom intuition took the place of experience, and who possessed the rare faculty of impressing himself upon other minds with that genial warmth and force which render the impression indelible — it was this truant Genevese clerk who planted the first seeds in the fertile but then utterly fallow mind of the Czar. Geniality and sympathy were striking characteristics of both minds, and they seem to have united by a kind of elective affinity from the first instant they were placed in neighbourhood of each other.

It was from Lefort that the Czar first learned the great superiority of the disciplined troops of western Europe over the licentious and anarchical soldiery of Russia. It was in concert with Lefort that he conceived on the instant the daring plan of annihilating the Strelitzes, the body-guard which had set up and deposed the monarchs — a plan that would have inevitably cost a less sagacious and vigorous prince his throne and life, and which he silently and cautiously matured, till, as we shall have occasion to relate, it was successfully executed. Almost immediately after his acquaintance with Lefort, he formed a regiment upon the European plan, which was to be the germ of the reformed army which he contemplated. This regiment was called the Preobrazinski body-guard, from the name of the pal-

ace, and Lefort was appointed its colonel, while the Czar entered himself as drummer.

It was to Lefort, also, that the Czar was about this time indebted for the acquaintance of the celebrated Menshikoff. This was another adventurer, who had great influence upon the fortunes of the empire, who sprang from the very humblest origin, and who seemed like Lefort to have been guided from afar by the finger of Providence to become a fit instrument to carry out the plans of Peter. The son of miserable parents upon the banks of the Volga, not even taught to read or write, Menshikoff sought his fortune in Moscow, and at the age of fourteen became apprentice to a pastry-cook, and earned his living as an itinerant vendor of cakes and pies; these he offered about the streets, recommending them in ditties of his own composing, which he sang in a very sweet voice. While engaged in this humble occupation he happened one day to attract the attention of Lefort, who entered into some little conversation with him. The Swiss volunteer, who had so lately expanded into the general and admiral of Muscovy, could hardly dream, nor did he live long enough to learn, that in that fair-haired, barefooted, sweet-voiced boy the future prince of the empire, general, governor, regent, and almost autocrat, stood disguised before him. There really seems something inexpressibly romantic in the accidental and strange manner in which the chief actors in the great drama of Peter's career seem to have been selected and to have received their several parts from the great hand of Fate. The youthful Menshikoff was presented by Lefort to the Czar, who was pleased with his appearance and vivacity and made him his page, and soon afterward his favourite and confidant. At about the same time that Peter commenced his model regiment, he had also commenced building some vessels at Voroneje, with which he had already formed the design of sailing down the Don and conquering Azov, the key to the Black Sea, from the Turks.

Nothing indicated the true instinct of Peter's genius more decidedly than the constancy with which he cultivated a love for maritime affairs. He is said in infancy to have had an almost insane fear of water; but, as there was never any special reason assigned for it, this was probably invented to make his naval progress appear more remarkable. At all events, he seems very soon to have conquered his hydrophobia, and in his boyhood appears to have found his chief amusement in paddling about the river Yausa, which passes through Moscow, in a little skiff built by a Dutchman, which had attracted his attention as being capable, unlike the flat-bottomed scows, which were the only boats with which he had been previously familiar, of sailing against the wind. Having solved the mystery of the keel, he became passionately fond of the sport, and not satisfied with the navigation of the Yausa, nor of the lake Peipus, upon which he amused himself for a time, he could not rest until he had proceeded to Archangel, where he purchased and manned a vessel, in which

he took a cruise or two upon the Frozen Ocean as far as Ponoi, upon the coast of Lapland.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire, the moment he came to the throne. Previous Czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts, forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him, and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now, we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw that, without seaports, it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water, he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk. Fully to see and appreciate the necessity of this measure was, in the young, neglected barbarian prince, a great indication of genius; but the resolution to set about and accomplish this mighty scheme in the face of ten thousand obstacles constituted him a hero. He was, in fact, one of those few characters whose existence has had a considerable influence upon history. If he had not lived, Russia would very probably have been at the present moment one great Wallachia or Moldavia — a vast wilderness, peopled by the same uncouth barbarians who even now constitute the mass of its population, and governed by a struggling, brawling, confused mob of unlettered boiars, knavish priests, and cut-throat Janizaries.

It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear, for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary, Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization, and her disciplined troops, trained for a century upon the renowned battlefields of Europe, with a young monarch at their head who loved war as other youths love a mistress, gave her such a decided military preponderance that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman Empire, too, was at that time not the rickety, decrepit state which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping; on the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire from his brother Theodore, two hundred thousand Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. Although the downfall of the Porte may be dated from the result of that memorable campaign, yet the Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project

to snatch from him the citadel of Azov, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

But Peter had already matured the project, and was determined to execute it. He required seaports, and, having none, he determined to seize those of his neighbours. Like the "King of Bohemia with his seven castles," he was the "most unfortunate man in the world, because, having the greatest passion for navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, he had never a seaport in all his dominions." Without stopping however, like Corporal Trim, to argue the point in casuistry, whether — Russia, like Bohemia, being an inland country — it would be consistent with Divine benevolence for the ocean to inundate his neighbour's territory in order to accommodate him, he took a more expeditious method. Preferring to go to the ocean, rather than wait for the ocean to come to him, in 1695 he sailed down the Don with his vessels, and struck his first blow at Azov. His campaign was unsuccessful, through the treachery and desertion of an artillery officer named Jacob; but, as the Czar through life possessed that happy faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, he renewed his attack the next year, and carried the place with the most brilliant success. The key of the Palus Mæotis was thus in his hands, and he returned in triumph to Moscow, where he levied large sums upon the nobility and clergy, to build and sustain a fleet upon the waters he had conquered, to drive the Tartars from the Crimea, and to open and sustain a communication with Persia, through Circassia and Georgia.

Thus the first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia — a horde of savages, who "said their prayers but once a year, and then to a dead horse," and who had yet compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions that "the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet" — these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the master hand of Peter.

A year or two before the capture of Azov, Peter had repudiated his wife. Various pretexts, such as infidelity and jealousy, have been assigned for the step; among others, the enmity of Menshikoff, whom she had incensed by the accusation that he had taken her husband to visit lewd women who had formerly been his customers for pies; but the real reason was that, like every one else connected with the great reformer, she opposed herself with the most besotted bigotry to all his plans. She was under the influence of the priests, and the priests, of course, opposed him. Unfortunately, the Czar left his son Alexis in the charge of the mother, a mistake which, as we shall see, occasioned infinite disaster.

Peter, having secured himself a seaport, sent a number of young Russians to study the arts of civilized life in Holland, Italy and Germany;

but, being convinced that he must do everything for himself, and set the example to his subjects, he resolved to descend from his throne and go to Holland to perfect himself in the arts, and particularly to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of maritime affairs.

Having been hitherto unrepresented in any European court, he fitted out a splendid embassy extraordinary to the States-General of Holland — Lefort, Golownin, Voristzin, and Menshikoff being the plenipotentiaries, while the Czar accompanied them *incognito,* as *attaché* to the mission. The embassy proceeded through Esthonia and Livonia, visits Riga — where the Swedish Governor, D'Alberg, refuses permission to visit the fortifications, an indignity which Peter resolves to punish severely — and, proceeding through Prussia, is received with great pomp by the King at Königsberg. Here the Germans and Russians, " most potent at pottery," meet each other with exuberant demonstrations of friendship, and there is much carousing and hard drinking. At this place Peter leaves the embassy, travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished ship-builder. His first essay was upon a small yacht, which he purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and in which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbour, visiting the vessels in port, and astonishing the phlegmatic Dutchmen by the agility with which he flew about among the shipping. Before his departure he laid down and built, from his own draught and model, a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture.

But, besides his proficiency so rapidly acquired in all maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, bloodletting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary, or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, oil-factories, all of which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches of industry into his own dominions; and, before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale-ships, and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. *" Wat is dat? Dat wil ik zien,"* was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's

disguise, flying round like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces, and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany, and England bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wildernesses, where his hand planted them on his return. Having spent about nine months in the Netherlands, he left that country for England.

His purpose in visiting England was principally to examine her navy-yards, dockyards, and maritime establishments, and to acquire some practical knowledge of English naval architecture. He did not design to work in the dockyards, but he preserved his *incognito*, although received with great attention by King William, who furthered all his plans to the utmost, and deputed the Marquis of Caermarthen, with whom the Czar became very intimate, to minister to all his wants during his residence in England. He was first lodged in York Buildings; but afterward, in order to be near the sea, he took possession of a house called Sayes Court, belonging to the celebrated John Evelyn, "with a back door into the king's yard, at Deptford"; there, says an old writer, "he would often take up the carpenters' tools, and work with them; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who showed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel."

It is amusing to observe the contempt with which the servant of the gentle, pastoral Evelyn writes to his master concerning his imperial tenant, and the depredations and desecrations committed upon his "most boscaresque grounds." "There is a house full of people," he says, "right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The best parlour is pretty clean for the King to be entertained in." Moreover, in the garden at Sayes Court, there was, to use Evelyn's own language, "a glorious and refreshing object, an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet in diameter, at any time of the year glittering with its armed and variegated leaves; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral"; and through this "glorious and refreshing object" the Czar amused himself by trundling a wheelbarrow every morning for the sake of the exercise!

He visited the hospitals, and examined most of the public institutions in England; and particularly directed his attention toward acquiring information in engineering, and collecting a body of skillful engineers and artificers to carry on the great project which he had already matured of

opening an artificial communication by locks and canals between the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian — a design, by the way, which was denounced by the clergy and nobility of his empire " as a piece of impiety, being to turn the streams one way which Providence had directed another." His evenings were generally spent with the Marquis of Caermarthen, with pipes, beer, and brandy, at a tavern near Tower Hill, which is still called the " Czar of Muscovy."

During his stay in England he went to see the University of Oxford, and visited many of the cathedrals and churches, and " had also the curiosity to view the Quakers and other Dissenters at their meeting-houses in the time of service." In this connection it is impossible not to quote the egregiously foolish remarks of Bishop Burnet in his " History of his own Times ":

" I waited upon him often," says the Bishop, " and was ordered, both by the King and the Archbishop, to attend upon him and to offer him such information as to our religion and constitution as he might be willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appears in him but too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather *to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince*. This was his chief study and exercise while he staid here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azov, and with it to attack the Turkish Empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem *disposed to mend matters in Muscovy*. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There is a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive in that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world." — (" History of his own Times," vol. ii., pp. 221, 222.)

The complacency with which the prelate speaks of this " furious man, designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince," who " did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," is excessively ludicrous. Here was a youth of twenty-five, who had seen with a glance the absolute necessity of opening for his empire a pathway to the ocean, and had secured that pathway by a blow, and who now, revolving in his mind the most daring schemes of conquest over martial neighbours, and vast projects of internal improvement for his domains, had gone forth in mask and domino from his barbarous citadel, not for a holiday pastime, but to acquire the arts of war and peace, and, like a modern Cadmus, to transplant from older regions the seeds of civilization to the barbarous wildernesses of his realm. Here was a crowned monarch, born in the purple, and in the very heyday of his youth, exchanging his diadem and sceptre for the tools of a shipwright, while at the same time in his capacious brain his vast future lay as clearly imaged, and his great projects already to his imagination appeared as palpable as, long years afterward, when completed, they became to the observation of the world; and yet, upon the whole, the churchman thought him " not disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," and rather fitted by nature " to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince."

The Czar, before his departure from England, engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was Ferguson, the engineer, to accompany him to Russia, to be employed upon the various works of internal improvement already projected. To all these persons he promised liberal salaries, which were never paid, and perfect liberty to depart when they chose, " with crowns for convoy put into their purse "; although, in the sequel, the poor devils never got a ruble for their pains, and those who escaped assassination by some jealous Russian or other, and were able to find their way " bootless home, and weather-beaten back," after a few profitless years spent upon the Czar's sluices and bridges, were to be considered fortunate.

One of the disadvantages, we suppose, of one man's owning a whole quarter of the globe and all its inhabitants, is the tendency to think lightly of human obligations. It is useless to occupy one's mind with engagements that no human power can enforce. The artificers, being there, might accomplish their part of the Czar's mission to civilize, or at least to Europeanize, Russia. This was matter of consequence to the world; their salaries were of no importance to anybody but themselves. It is odd that these persons were the first to introduce into Russia the science of reckoning by Arabic numerals, accounts having been formerly kept (and, indeed, being still kept by all shopkeepers and retail dealers) by means of balls upon a string, as billiards are marked in America. For the Czar to have introduced an improved method of account-keeping by means of the very men with whom he intended to keep no account at all seems a superfluous piece of irony,

but so it was. He had, however, a nicer notion of what was due from one potentate to another; for, upon taking his departure from England, he took from his breeches-pocket a ruby, wrapped in brown paper, worth about ten thousand pounds, and presented it to King William. He also, in return for the agreeable hours passed with Lord Caermarthen at the " Czar of Muscovy " upon Tower Hill, presented that nobleman with the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia by an English company who had paid him fifteen thousand pounds for the monopoly, and to charge five shillings for each license.

Upon his return through Vienna, here he was entertained with great pomp, he received news of an insurrection which had broken out in Moscow, but which had already been suppressed by the energy of General Patrick Gordon. This news induced him to give up his intended visit to Italy and to hasten back to his capital. He found upon his arrival that the Strelitzes, who, instigated of course by the Princess Sophia, were the authors of the revolt, had been defeated and the ringleaders imprisoned. He immediately hung up three or four of them in front of Sophia's window, had a half dozen more hung and quartered, and a few more broken upon the wheel. Under the circumstances, this was quite as little as a Czar who respected himself, and who proposed to remain Czar, could have done by way of retaliation upon a body of men as dangerous as these Strelitzes.

It is not singular, however, that at that day, when the Czar of Muscovy was looked upon by western Europeans as an ogre who habitually breakfasted upon his subjects, these examples of wholesome severity were magnified into the most improbable fables. Korb, the secretary of the Austrian legation at Moscow, entertained his sovereign with minute details of several banquets given by Peter to the nobility and diplomatic corps, at every one of which several dozen Strelitzes were decapitated in the dining-room. He tells of one select dinner-party in particular, in which the Czar chopped off the heads of twenty with his own hands, washing down each head with a bumper of brandy, and then obliging Lefort, and several of the judges, and some of the foreign ministers, to try their hand at the sport. In short, if we could believe contemporary memorialists, the Strelitzes were kept in preserves like pheasants, and a grand *battue* was given once a week by the Czar to his particular friends, in which he who bagged the most game was sure to recommend himself most to the autocrat. If we were to rely upon the general tone of contemporary history, or to place any credence in circumstantial and statistical details of persons having facts within their reach, we should believe that there never was so much fun in Moscow as while these Strelitzes lasted. Residents there stated that two thousand of them were executed in all, including those made away with by the Czar and the *dilettanti*.

Perhaps our readers may think that we are exaggerating. We can assure

them that the flippancy is not ours, but history's. We should have dwelt less upon the topic had not our friend the Marquis de Custine reproduced some of these fables with such imperturbable gravity.

At all events, the Strelitzes were entirely crushed by these vigorous measures; and from cutting off the heads of the Janizaries, the Czar now found leisure to cut off the petticoats and beards of his subjects. The great cause of complaint which De Custine makes against Peter is that he sought to improve his country by importing the seeds of civilization from the older countries of western Europe. He would have preferred to have had the Russians, being a Slavonic race, civilized as it were Slavonically. What this process is, and where it has been successfully put into operation, he does not inform us. As we read the history of the world, it seems to us that the arts have circled the earth, successively implanting themselves in different countries at different epochs, and producing different varieties of intellectual, moral, and physical fruit, corresponding to the myriad influences exercised upon the seed. At all events, if Peter made a mistake in importing the germs of ancient culture from more favoured lands, it was a mistake he made in common with Cadmus, and Cecrops, and Theseus, and other semi-fabulous personages — with Solon, and Lycurgus, and Pythagoras, in less crepuscular times.

Right or wrong, however, Peter was determined to Occidentalize his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the seashore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the meantime, and while awaiting a good opportunity for the " re-annexation " of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia, provinces which had several centuries before belonged to the Russian crown, but had been ceded to and possessed by Sweden for ages, he began to denationalize his subjects by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master, that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by " entertaining a score or two of tailors and barbers " at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and to " cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume — a process highly offensive, and which caused the clergy, who naturally favoured the Russian nationality upon which they were fattened, to denounce him as Antichrist. At the same time he altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun. He also instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes. But his most important undertakings were the building, under his immediate superintendence, assisted by the English officers whom he had brought with him, of a large fleet upon the Don, and the junction of that

river with the Volga. About this time he met with an irreparable loss in the death of Lefort, who perished at the early age of forty-six. Peter was profoundly afflicted by this event, and honoured his remains with magnificent obsequies.

Both coasts of the Gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long and were still in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis, certainly; particularly when they happened to be in the possession of the most warlike nation of Europe, governed by the most warlike monarch, as the sequel proved, that had ever sat upon its throne. Still, Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf, and the bear. This man, more than any one perhaps that ever lived, was an illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put on his wishing-cap. With him to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment of his purpose. For our own part we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

In the year 1700 was formed the alliance between Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, the King of Denmark, and the Czar Peter, against Charles XII, King of Sweden, then a boy of eighteen, of whose character nothing was known, and who, it was thought probable, might be bullied. The Czar, as we know, desired Ingria and Carelia. Augustus wished to regain Esthonia and Livonia, ceded by Poland to Charles XI of Sweden; and Denmark wished to recover Holstein and Schleswig. It soon appeared that the allied sovereigns had got hold of the wrong man. Charles XII, to the astonishment of his own court no less than of his enemies, in one instant blazed forth a hero. He "smote the sledded Polack," to begin with; then defeated the Danes; and, having thus dispatched his two most formidable enemies in appearance, he was at leisure to devote his whole attention to the Czar, whom, however, he treated with the contempt which a thoroughbred soldier, at the head of tried and disciplined troops, naturally felt for the barbarous autocrat of barbarous hordes.

Peter, however, who knew nothing of war but in theory, with the exception of his maiden campaign of Azov, went manfully forward to the encounter. He invaded Ingria at the head of sixty thousand men; and wishing, like Andrew Aguecheek, to "keep on the windy side of the law," and to save appearances, he defended his invasion by the ludicrous pretext that his ambassadors had been charged exorbitant prices for pro-

visions on their tour through the Swedish provinces to Holland, and that he himself had been denied a sight of the citadel at Riga. Not that he wanted Riga himself, or Ingria, or Livonia — " Oh, no, not at all " — but the preposterous charges made by the butchers and bakers of Ingria were insults which could only be washed out in blood. On the 20th of September he laid siege to Narva, a strongly fortified town on the river Narowa. On the 19th of November, Charles XII fell upon Peter's army during a tremendous snow-storm, which blew directly in their teeth, and with nine thousand soldiers completely routed and cut to pieces or captured about sixty thousand Russians. Never was a more ignominious defeat. The Russians were slaughtered like sheep, and their long petticoats prevented the survivors from running away half as fast as they wished. The consequence was that, according to the Swedish accounts, the prisoners four times outnumbered the whole Swedish army.

One would have thought that this would have settled the Czar for a little while, and kept him quiet and reasonable. It did so. He preserved the most imperturbable sang-froid after his return to Moscow, and devoted himself with more zeal than ever to the junction of the Baltic and the Euxine, just at the moment when the former seemed farthest from him, and when a common man would have been " qualmish at the name " of Baltic. At the same time, reversing the commonplace doctrine, he continues in war to prepare for peace — with one hand importing sheep from Saxony, erecting linen and paper factories, building hospitals and founding schools, while with the other he melts all the church and convent bells in Moscow into cannon, and makes every preparation for a vigorous campaign the ensuing season. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was beaten. He was, in fact, one of those intellectual Titans who never feel their strength till they have been fairly struck to the earth. " I know very well," he says in his journal, " that the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time; but they will teach us at length to beat them." And at a later period he says: " If we had obtained a victory over the Swedes at Narva, being, as we were, so little instructed in the arts of war and policy, into what an abyss might not this good fortune have sunk us! On the contrary, the success of the Swedes cost them very dear at Pultowa."

In the following spring his troops obtained some trifling successes, and General Scherematoff made the memorable capture of Marienburg, in Livonia, memorable not so much in a military point of view as on account of a young and pretty Livonian girl who was captured with the town. This young woman, whose Christian name was Martha, without any patronymic, or any at least that has been preserved, was born near Dorpt, and had been educated by one Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister at Marienburg, who pronounced her a " pattern of virtue, intelligence, and good conduct "; she had been married the day before the battle of Marienburg

to a Swedish sergeant, who fell in the action, and she now found herself alone, a friendless, helpless widow and orphan of sixteen, exposed without any protector to all the horrors of a besieged and captured town.

If a writer of fiction, with a brain fertile in extravagant and incredible romance, had chosen to describe to us this young peasant-girl, weeping half distracted among the smoking ruins of an obscure provincial town, and then, after rapidly shifting a few brilliant and tumultuous scenes in his phantasmagoria, had presented to us the same orphan girl as a crowned empress, throned upon a quarter of the world, and the sole arbitress and autocrat of thirty millions of human beings, and all this without any discovery of a concealed origin, without crime and without witchcraft, with nothing supernatural in the machinery, and nothing intricate in the plot — should we not all have smiled at his absurdity? And yet, this captive girl became the consort of the Czar Peter, and upon his death the Empress of all the Russias. The Russian General Bauer saw her, and rescued her from the dangers of the siege. She afterward became the mistress of Menshikoff, with whom she lived until 1704, when, in the seventeenth year of her age, the Czar saw her, was captivated by her beauty, and took her for his mistress, and afterward privately, and then publicly, married her.

It is to this epoch that belongs the abolition of the patriarchal dignity in Russia. Peter, having at a blow destroyed the Strelitzes, had long intended to annihilate the ecclesiastical power, the only balance which existed in the country to the autocracy of the sovereign. The superstition of the Russians was and is unbounded. Their principal saint was Saint Anthony, who, says a quaint old author, "came all the way from Rome to Novgorod by water on a millstone, sailing down the Tiber to Cività Vecchia, from thence passing through several seas to the mouth of the Neva, then went up that, and, crossing the lake Ladoga into the Volkhoff, arrived at the city before named. Besides this extraordinary voyage, he wrought several other miracles as soon as he landed where the monastery now stands that is dedicated to him; one was, to order a company of fishermen to cast their nets into the sea; which having done, they immediately drew up, with a great quantity of fish, a large trunk containing several church ornaments, sacred utensils, and priestly vestments for celebrating the liturgy, which the Russians, as well as the Eastern Greeks, believe was first performed at Rome in the same manner and with the same ceremonies as they themselves use at this time. The people tell you further that he built himself a little cell, in which he ended his days. In this place there now stands a chapel, in which they say he was buried, and that his body remains as uncorrupted as at the instant of his death. Over the door of the cell the monks show a millstone, which they endeavour to make the ignorant people believe is the very same that the saint sailed upon from Rome, and to which great devotions were once paid, and many offerings made till the time Peter the Great made himself sovereign pontiff."

To this saint, or to Saint Nicholas, we forget which, letters of introduction were always addressed by the priests, and placed in the hands of the dead when laid in their coffins. The superstition of the Russians is grosser and more puerile than that of any people purporting to be Christians. They would rather starve than eat pigeons, because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove; they dip their new-born children into the Neva in January, through holes cut in the ice, directly after the ceremony of blessing the water has been concluded by the Patriarch; and it would be an easy but endless task to enumerate other similar absurdities. It may be supposed that the patriarchal dignity, founded upon superstition as solid as this, would be a difficult power to contend with. It was so. The Patriarch's power was enormous. He pronounced sentence of life and death, and torture, without intervention of any tribunal. On Palm Sunday he rode to church upon an ass "caparisoned in white linen," at the head of a long procession of ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, with a mitre upon his head, and "skirts of many colours, three or four ells long," borne by a band of young men, while the Czar walked uncovered by his side, holding the bridle of the beast upon his arm.

This dignity, which had been established by a sort of accident in the year 1588, up to which time the Russian Church acknowledged the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, had grown to be very distasteful to Peter. The Church was the greatest possible enemy to his plans of reformation. The bigotry of its opposition to all his projects was insurmountable. Besides, it was very inconvenient that any one should have any power or any rights except himself. He determined to annihilate the office of Patriarch, and to place himself at the head of the Church. We do not find, however, that he thought it necessary to go through an apprenticeship in this profession, as he had done in others; but, on the contrary, upon the death of the Patriarch Adrian, which happened about this time, he simply appointed himself *pontifex maximus,* and declined nominating any other Patriarch. The man who had destroyed the Janizaries, cut off the beards of his subjects, and changed the course of the sun, was also strong enough to trample the prelate's mitre in the dust. He was entirely successful in his contest with the Church. The clergy made but a feeble resistance. The printing-press, to be sure, which he had first introduced into Russia, swarmed with libels upon him, and denounced him as Antichrist; but he was defended by others of the clergy, "because the number six hundred and sixty-six was not found in his name, and he had not the sign of the beast."

Before the close of the year 1702 the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are con-

sumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But "*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette*"; in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition — a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one — but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva — upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind — having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the Gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic whenever the southwest wind should blow a gale eight and forty hours — with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg — was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu?* We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium:

> "*Anon out of the earth a fabric huge*
> *Rose like an exhalation, . . .*
> *Built like a temple, where pilasters round*
> *Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid*
> *With golden architrave; nor did there want*
> *Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;*
> *The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon*
> *Nor great Alcairo such magnificence*
> *Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine*
> *Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat*
> *Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove*
> *In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile*
> *Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors*
> *Opening their brazen folds discover, wide*
> *Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth*
> *And level pavement.*"

Within a few months after the foundation of Petersburg and Constadt, Peter had the pleasure of piloting into his new seaport with his own hands a vessel belonging to his old friend Cornelius Calf, of Saardam. The transfer of the seat of government, by the removal of the Senate from Moscow to Petersburg, was effected a few years afterward. Since that time, the

repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, the magnificent Moscow, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

The building of Petersburg in a year was, however, a mere *aside* in the great military drama that was going on. Peter founded this city as soon as he had won a place for it; but the war still went on. While the Czar was erecting his capital, establishing woolen manufactures, and importing sheep from Saxony, Charles XII was knocking the Elector of Saxony off the Polish throne, putting Stanislaus Leckzinzky in his place, and ravaging all Poland and Saxony. The scenes of the great drama which occupied the next few years, but which we have no intention of sketching, opened in Poland, and closed on the confines of Turkey. It is a magnificent, eventful, important drama, a chapter of history which has often been written and is familiar to almost every one, and yet which would well bear handling again. There is no life of Peter which is in all respects satisfactory, which does not partake too much of eulogium or censure in its estimation of his character; and there is none which develops with sufficient accuracy and impartiality, and in a sufficiently striking manner, the stirring events of the great Northern war. The brilliant drama enacted in the first fifteen years of the present century — forming probably the most splendid chapter in the military history of the world, and which is still so fresh in the minds of men — has thrown into comparative oblivion the very picturesque and imposing scenes which were displayed in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth. And yet what a magnificent subject for the historical painter, what imposing personages, what dramatic catastrophes, what sudden and bewildering reverses, what wild scenery, what Salvator-like chiaroscuro — dark Sarmatian forests enveloping the actors in mystery and obscurity, with flashes of light breaking upon the anxious suspense of Europe, and revealing potentous battles, sieges, and hair-breadth escapes — what " dreadful marches " through the wilderness, what pitched combats, upon whose doubtful result hinged, as almost never before or since, the weal or woe of millions, and in which kings fought sword in hand in the hottest of the fight, with their crowns staked upon the issue!

There was always something very exciting to our imagination in the characters of the three kings who were the principal actors in the Northern war. There seemed to be a strange, fitful, mythical character about the war and the men who waged it. The Elector Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, with his superhuman and almost fabulous physical strength, his personal bravery, his showy, chivalrous character, his world-renowned adventures in a gentler field, familiar to posterity through the records of

"La Saxe gallante," is a striking personage. It is astonishing that such a magnificent Lothario should have chosen, for the barren honour of being elected to the Polish throne, to exchange the brilliant and voluptuous gaiety of his own court for "the bloody noses and cracked crowns" which were "passing current" in Poland. But it is still more astonishing that, having once engaged in the affair, he should have cut such a miserable figure in it. The splendid Augustus, Augustus the Strong, Augustus the Gallant, became merely the anvil for the sledge-hammers of Charles and Peter. He made a fool of himself; he disgraced himself more than it seemed possible for a human being to disgrace himself; he humiliated himself more completely, more stupidly, because more unnecessarily, than it seemed possible for the greatest idiot, as well as the most arrant coward, to humiliate himself. He lost his crown at the very start, went down on his knees in the dirt to pick it up again, made a secret treaty with Charles, renouncing his alliance with the Czar, deserted his ally with incredible folly just as the Russians in conjunction with his own troops were gaining a brilliant victory and entering Warsaw in triumph, concealed his shameful negotiation from his own generals, while at the same time he wrote a letter to Charles, apologizing for having gained a victory, and assuring him that he had intended to have drawn off his troops and deserted to the enemy, but that his orders had not been obeyed, and then sneaked off to Charles's camp, where, in obedience to that monarch's orders, he capped the climax of his shame by writing a letter of sincere and humble congratulation to Stanislaus Leckzinsky for supplanting him upon his own throne. Peter, in the sequel, put his crown on his head again, to be sure; but forever after he looked like

> *". . . . the thief,*
> *Who from the shelf the precious diadem stole,*
> *And put it in his pocket."*

What a pity that this man, who was deficient neither in courage nor, we suppose, in a certain amount of intellect sufficient for all ordinary purposes, should have got himself into such a scrape merely for the sake of carrying an election over the Prince of Conti and Stanislaus! The truth was that, the moment he got among giants — giants in action, like Charles and Peter — he showed himself the pygmy he was in mind, despite his stature, his strength, and his personal bravery.

And Charles XII, the hero, the crowned gladiator — what had he to do with the eighteenth century? The hero of everybody's boyhood, he remains a puzzle and a mystery to us in our maturer years. He seems an impossibility in the times in which he lived. On the death of Charles XI. and the commencement of the hostile movement by Russia and Denmark, the stripling sovereign seems to dilate into the vast, shadowy proportions of some ancient hero of Scandinavian Sagas. He seems like one of the

ancient Norsemen, whose vocation was simply to fight — who conquered the whole earth, not because they wanted it, but because they were sent into the world for no other earthly purpose; a legitimate representative of the old Sea-Kings, or rather an ancient Sea-King himself, reappearing in the eighteenth century, with no specially defined object, and proposing to himself no particular business in the world which he had so suddenly revisited, but to fight as much as possible, and with anybody that came along. Viewed in this light, he can be judged more justly. He was out of place where he was. He would have been a magnificent hero and a useful personage six or seven hundred years earlier. He was a very mischievous character in the eighteenth century. People no longer fought in the same way as before; they no longer fought for the fun of it; they now had always an object in their wars. Sovereigns, however belligerent in taste, had always an eye to their interest. This was pre-eminently the case with his great antagonist, Peter. He never fought except for an object; but, sooner than relinquish the object, he would have fought till " sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk." He was a creator, a founder, a lawgiver, as well as a warrior. He was constructive; Charles merely destructive. The Czar was a great statesman; Charles only a great gladiator. In war, Peter was always preparing for peace; as for Charles, after he first started upon his career, he never seemed to have had the faintest suspicion that there was such a thing, such a *status,* as peace. He came into the world to fight, and he fought; he lived fighting, he died fighting. He poured himself out, like a fierce torrent from his native mountains, in one wild, headlong, devastating flood. There was nothing beneficent, nothing fertilizing, in his career. His kingdom was neglected, his treasury exhausted, his subjects impoverished; while he himself, from the admiration and wonder of Europe, became, or would have become, but for his timely death, its laughing-stock. The hero at Narva was only Bombastes Furioso at Bender.

While Charles was deposing Augustus and crowning Stanislaus, the troops of Peter were not idle. Keeping his eye ever fixed upon his great object, the Czar was adding to his domain province after province of what was then the Swedish sea-coast. Dorpat and Narva are captured, and with them all Ingria, of which Peter makes the pastry-cook's apprentice Governor. Courland soon follows, and now the Czar joins his forces to those of Augustus in Poland. While he is called off to quell an insurrection in Astrakhan (distances are nothing to the Czar) Augustus seizes the opportunity to make the ignominious compact with the Swedish king to which we have referred, and — most shameful and perfidious part of his treason — surrenders to the vengeance of the ferocious Charles, *to the torture and the wheel,* the unfortunate General Patkul, ambassador of the Czar at the court of Augustus, who had incurred the hatred of the Swedish monarch for heading a deputation of Livonian nobles, and presenting to him a petition concerning the rights and privileges of their

province. The allies of King Augustus take possession of Warsaw, while King Augustus himself is writing his congratulations to King Stanislaus.

Peter, having helped himself to almost as many Swedish provinces as he cared for, while Charles has been bullying Augustus and breaking Patkul on the wheel, is now disposed to treat for peace. The French envoy at Dresden offers his services, but Charles declines treating except at Moscow. " My brother Charles wishes to act Alexander," says the Czar; " but he shall not find me Darius."

Peter now conceives almost exactly the same plan by which the conqueror of the nineteenth century was entrapped and destroyed. He makes his country and climate fight for him, and retreats slowly before his advancing enemy, drawing him on step by step to a barren country, whence he could have no retreat, and where Peter could suddenly advance from his own secure position and overwhelm him at a blow. With masterly generalship he retreats before his hot-headed adversary, still " tempting him to the desert with his sword," marches to Mohilev and Orsha on the eastern bank of the Dnieper, a position in free communication with Smolensk, sends his Cossacks to lay waste the country for thirty miles round, and then orders them to join him beyond the Borysthenes. The two Northern monarchs now disappear from the eyes of anxious Europe among the wildernesses of ancient Scythia. Peter, with a hundred thousand men well provided and in convenient communication with his own cities and magazines, remains quiet. Charles, intent upon dictating terms at Moscow, crosses the Borysthenes with eighty thousand men. A fierce battle without results is fought on the Beresina. Charles pushes on to Smolensk. By order of Peter the country between the Borysthenes and Smolensk had been laid waste. At the approach of winter the Swedish army dwindles and wastes away beneath the horrors of the iron climate. Still Charles advances, when suddenly, and to the Czar inexplicably, he turns aside from his path, abandons his design upon Moscow, and directs his steps to the Ukraine. The mystery is solved by the news of Mazeppa's treason. The old Hetman of the Cossacks deserts to Charles, promising to bring over all his troops: he brings no one but himself; the Cossacks scorn his treachery, and remain faithful to their Czar.

By this time it was December, the cold intense, and, the Swedish army perishing by thousands, Count Piper implores his master to halt and go into the best winter-quarters they could find in the Ukraine. The King refuses, resolved to reduce the Ukraine, and then march to Moscow. In the month of May, after a winter spent by the Czar's forces in comfortable quarters and by the King's exposed to all kinds of misery, Charles lays siege to Pultowa with eighteen thousand men, the remnant of his eighty thousand. On the 15th of June, 1709, the Czar appears before Pultowa, and, by feint of attack upon the Swedes, succeeds in throwing two thousand men into the place, and at length, a few days after, gives him battle

and utterly routs and destroys his army. Both the King and the Czar, throughout this

" dred Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,"

fight in the front of the battle. Several balls pierce the Czar's clothes; while Charles, having been previously wounded in the heel, is carried through the fight upon a litter. After the total overthrow of his army Charles escapes on horseback with a handful of followers, and, entering the confines of Turkey, halts at Bender on the Dniester.

The battle of Pultowa and the final overthrow of Charles are followed during the autumn and winter by the complete conquest of Livonia — Viborg, Elbing, Riga, and Revel being taken early in 1710. At the same time Peter deposes Stanislaus and restores the illustrious Augustus.

In the mean time Charles remains at Bender, the stipendiary of the Sultan, while Poniatowski, his emissary at the Porte, is busily intriguing to bring about a declaration of war from Turkey against the Czar. In conjunction with the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, who appeals to the Sultan's jealousy of the increasing power of Russia, and inspires him with a desire to recover Azov and expel his encroaching neighbours from the Black Sea, the envoy succeeds. The Grand Mufti declares that it is necessary for the Sultan to go to war with the Czar; whereupon the Muscovite ambassador is forthwith " clapped into prison " by way of commencement of hostilities, and the war begins. Peter immediately makes a levy of one man in four, besides one " valet out of every two belonging to the nobility," makes a solemn declaration of war, and then marches at the head of forty thousand men to the frontier of Turkey. Previously to his departure he makes a public proclamation of his previous marriage to Catharine; and the Empress, despite his earnest remonstrances, accompanies the invading army.

It is strange that the Czar on this expedition should have committed the same error, and placed himself in almost the same unfortunate predicament, as his adversary Charles. Trusting to the representations and the friendship of the faithless Hospodar of Moldavia, he advances rapidly at the head of an insufficient force into a hostile and barren country, relying for men and munitions of war upon his ally. Crossing the Pruth, he finds himself near Jassy, in a hostile country between an army of Turks and another of Tartars, with a deep and rapid river between him and his own dominions. Forty thousand Russians are held at bay by two hundred thousand Turks and Tartars. The situation of the Czar is terrible; annihilation seems to stare him in the face. His enemy Charles visits the Turkish camp in disguise, urging the Czar's destruction upon the Vizier. A destructive battle is going on unceasingly, which in three days costs him eighteen thousand men. Retreat is impossible; no ally is near him, no

succour expected. What can possibly extricate him? Shall he dash upon the Turks at the head of his remaining forces and cut his way through them, or die, sword in hand, in the attempt? Shall he surrender to the overwhelming power of the Sultan's army, and be paraded at Constantinople as the captive Czar? Tortured and perplexed, he shuts himself up alone in his tent and falls into terrible convulsions. None of his generals dare approach him; he has forbidden an entrance to all. Suddenly, in spite of the prohibition, the captive of Marienburg stands before him. She who at all times possessed a mysterious power to calm the spasmodic affections, half physical, half mental, to which he was subject, now appears before him like an angel to relieve his agony and to point out an escape from impending ruin. She suggests the idea of negotiation, which had occurred to no one in the desperate situation in which they were placed, and which she instinctively prophesied would still be successful. She strips herself of her jewels, and ransacks the camp for objects of value to form a suitable present for the Grand Vizier. The Vice-Chancellor Shaffiroff is dispatched to the enemy's camp, and the apparently impossible result is a treaty of peace. Arms are suspended immediately, and soon afterward honourable articles are signed, of which the principal are the surrender of Azov, the exclusion of the Czar from the Black Sea, the demolition of the fortress of Taganrog, the withdrawal of the Russian soldiers from the neighbourhood of the Danube, and the promise of free passage to Charles XII through Russia to his own states.

It is unnecessary to analyse or to criticize the different motives that actuated the Vizier in acceding to an honourable negotiation, when the Czar seemed to be so completely in his power. It is sufficient that this was the surprising and fortunate result of Catharine's counsel. "Her great merit," says Voltaire, "was that she saw the possibility of negotiation at a moment when the generals seem to have seen nothing but an inevitable misfortune." No language can describe the rage and mortification of Charles XII at this unexpected result — at this apparently impossible escape of his hated rival from overwhelming ruin. Hastening to the camp of the Vizier, he upbraids him, as if he had been his master instead of his stipendiary; he expresses his profound disgust that the Czar has not been carried to Constantinople, instead of being allowed to go home so easily. "And who will govern his empire in his absence?" asked the Vizier, with bitter irony, adding that "it would never do to have all the sovereigns away from home." In answer to this retort, Charles grins ferociously in his face, turns on his heel, and tears the Vizier's robe with his spurs. After thus insulting the great functionary of the Sultan, he continues three years longer a pensionary upon his bounty. To the reiterated entreaties of his Senate, that he would return, and attend to the pressing exigencies of his kingdom, he replies, in a style worthy of Bombastes, that he would send one of his boots to govern them, and remains at Bender, still deluded

and besotted with the idea that he should yet appear with a Turkish force before Moscow. At last, in 1714, after fighting a pitched battle at the head of his valets, grooms, and house-servants, against a considerable Turkish army, sent to dislodge him by force, he is ignominiously expelled from the country whose hospitality he has so long outraged, and returns in the disguise of a courier to Sweden.

The Czar upon his return to his dominions gains a considerable victory over the Swedish fleet in the Baltic, commanding his own in person in a line-of-battle ship of his own building. On arriving at Petersburg he ordains a great triumphal procession to bring the captured ships with their admirals and officers up the Neva. At this time he transfers the Senate from Moscow to Petersburg, established assemblies, at which the penalty for infringement of the rules and regulations is to " empty the great eagle, a huge bowl, filled with wine and brandy," institutes the Academy of Arts and Sciences, founds the public library commenced with the one captured (" conveyed, the wise it call ") from the University at Abo, sends a mission through Siberia to China, and draws up a map of his dominions, much of it with his own hand.

In 1715, after taking Stralsund, completing the conquest of Finland and Esthonia, and commanding in person the allied fleets of England, Denmark, and Russia, he makes a second tour in Europe, accompanied by Catharine. He revisits Saardam, where he is received with great enthusiasm, is entertained with great distinction in Paris, and visits the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, where he exclaims, dropping upon his knees, " Thou great man, I would have given thee half my dominions to have learned of thee to govern the other half." He drew up with his own hand a treaty of commerce with France, and returned through Berlin to Petersburg. The letters of the Margravine of Baireuth from Berlin present no very flattering picture of the imperial travellers. She describes Peter as dressed plainly in a naval costume, handsome, but rude, uncouth, and of dreadful aspect; and Catharine as fat, frouzy, and vulgar, needing only to be seen to betray her obscure origin, and bedizened with chains, orders, and holy relics, " making such a *Geklinkklank* as if an ass with bells were coming along "; she represents them both as intolerable beggars, plundering the palace of everything they could lay their hands on.

Peter had long ago constituted himself the head of the Church, and treated with contempt the pretensions of the prelates to temporal power. When at Paris, however, he had received an elaborate petition from the Sorbonne, the object of which was to effect a reunion between the Greek and Latin Churches. But the despot who had constituted himself the head, hand, heart, and conscience of his people — who had annihilated throughout his empire every element of power adverse to his own — who had crushed the soldiery, the nobility, and the clergy, deposed the Patriarch, and constituted himself the high priest of his empire — was not

very likely to comply with the Sorbonne's invitation to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in his dominions. Nevertheless, he received their petition with great politeness.

On his return to Petersburg, he was vexed by the importunity of some of his own clergy, who clamoured for the appointment of a Patriarch, on the ground that it was demanded by the people, and that it was necessary to assert the dignity and independence of the Greek Church. Now there happened to be about Petersburg one Sotoff, a venerable jester of eighty-four, who had been the Czar's writing-master in his younger years, and at the age of seventy had been advanced to the dignity of buffoon. This venerable individual the Czar fixes upon for the office of Patriarch, previously creating him a prince and a pope. In order to make the office of Patriarch completely ridiculous in the eyes of the people, and to give them a little innocent recreation at the same time, he now ordains a solemn marriage between this Patriarch and a " buxum widow of thirty-four." We must ask indulgence while we quote a short description of this funny ceremony from the old author already cited:

" The nuptials of this extraordinary couple were solemnized by the court in masks or mock show. The company consisted of about four hundred persons of both sexes. Every four persons had their proper dress and peculiar musical instruments, so that they represented a hundred different sorts of habits and music, particularly of the Asiatic nations. The four persons appointed to invite the guests were the greatest stammerers that could be found in all Russia. Old, decrepit men, who were not able to walk or stand, had been picked out to serve for bridesmen, stewards, and waiters. There were four running footmen, the most unwieldy fellows, who had been troubled with the gout most of their lives, and were so fat and bulky that they wanted others to lead them. The mock Czar of Moscow, who represented King David in his dress, instead of a harp, had a lyre with a bear-skin to play upon. He, being the chief of the company, was carried on a sort of a pageant placed on a sled, to the four corners of which were tied as many bears, which, being pricked with goads by fellows purposely appointed for it, made such a frightful roaring as well suited the confused and horrible din raised by the disagreeing instruments of the rest of the company. The Czar himself was dressed like a boor of Friesland, and skillfully beat a drum in company with three generals. In this manner, bells ringing everywhere, the ill-matched couple were attended by the masks to the altar of the great church, where they were joined in matrimony by a priest a hundred years old, who had lost his eyesight and his memory; to supply which defect a pair of spectacles were put upon his nose, two candles held before his eyes, and the words sounded into his ears, which he was to pronounce. From church the procession went to the Czar's palace, where the diversion lasted some days.

Many strange adventures and comical accidents happened on their riding-sleds through the streets, too long to be related here. Thus much may suffice to show that the Czar, among all the heavy cares of government, knew how to set apart some days for the relaxation of his mind, and how ingenious he was in the contrivance of those diversions."

We confess that we are unable to agree with the grave conclusion of the author from whom we quote. To us this " ingenious diversion " seems about as sorry a jest as we ever heard of. However, it was considered " most admirable fooling " in Moscow, and, at all events, after two or three repetitions, seems to have quite cured the people of their desire for Patriarchs.

" The Czar," says Voltaire, " thus laughingly avenged twenty Emperors of Germany, ten Kings of France, and a host of sovereigns. This was all the fruit which the Sorbonne gathered from their not very politic idea of reuniting the Greek and Latin Churches.

The darkest chapter in the life of Peter now approaches. After the lapse of a century, no one can read the account of that dreadful tragedy, the trial, condemnation, and death of the Czarevitch Alexis, without a shudder of horror. No one can contemplate the spectacle of a son judicially condemned by his father for no crime — no one can read the record of the solemn farce which represents the trial of the unfortunate victim without feeling all his admiration for the extraordinary qualities of the Czar swallowed up by indignation and abhorrence. Up to this time Peter seems a man — a hard-hearted, despotic, inexorable man, perhaps — but he is still human. He now seems only a machine, a huge engine of unparalleled power, placed upon the earth to effect a certain task, working its mighty arms night and day with ceaseless and untiring energy, crashing through all obstacles, and annihilating everything in its path with the unfeeling precision of gigantic mechanism.

It was hardly to be expected, to be sure, that this tremendous despot, who had recoiled before no obstacle in the path of his settled purpose, who had strode over everything with the step of a giant, who had given two seas to an inland empire, who had conquered the most warlike nation and sovereign of Europe with barbarians in petticoats, who had crushed the nobility, annihilated the Janizaries, trampled the Patriarch in the dust — who had repudiated his wife because she was attached to the old customs of Muscovy, and had married and crowned a pastry-cook's mistress because it was his sovereign will and pleasure — it was hardly to be expected that such a man would hesitate about disinheriting his own son if he thought proper to do so. But it might have been hoped that he would content himself with disinheriting him, and that the " Pater Patriæ," as by solemn decree he was shortly afterward entitled, would remember that he was also father of Alexis.

This unhappy young man, the son of the repudiated wife of the Czar,

seems to have been a very miserable creature. We have the fullest sympathy with the natural disappointment of Peter at the incorrigible, hopeless stupidity and profligacy of his son. Still, he had himself to blame in a great measure for many of his son's defects. His education had been neglected, or rather, worse than neglected; it had been left to the care of monks, to the care of the very order of people most wedded to the ancient state of things, and most desirous of restoring it if possible. The necessary result of such training upon a dull boy might easily have been foreseen. There was, however, not the slightest objection to disinheriting him; he had no claim to the throne, and he was totally unworthy of it. There was no law of Russia designating the eldest son as successor. On the contrary, the genius of the Russian autocracy seems to vest the fee simple of all the Russias and all the Russians in the actual autocrat, to be disposed of as he sees fit, and devised to whomsoever he deems most eligible. This had been, and was then, the law, if it be worth while to talk about law when the will of the sovereign makes and alters the law at any moment. Alexis seems to have been weak, dissolute, and intriguing — a sot, a bigot, a liar, and a coward — the tool of " bushy bearded " priests and designing women, whose control of the empire had been terminated by Peter's energetic measures. The Czar's predominating fear was that at his death the empire would relapse into the quagmire of barbarism from which he had reclaimed it. Alexis, priest-ridden and ignorant, was sure to become a tool in the hands of priests as soon as he should ascend the throne, and the old order of things would as surely be reinstated.

Peter, soon after the death of his son's wife (a virtuous and intelligent German princess, whose life seems to have been worn out by the neglect, cruelty, and debauchery of her husband), remonstrates with him upon his evil courses, commands him to reform, and threatens else to disinherit him. " Amend your life, or else turn monk," says the Czar. " I intend to embrace the monastic life," replies the son; " I pledge myself to do so, and only ask your gracious permission." The Czar, just before his departure for Germany and France, visits Alexis, who was, or pretended to be, confined to his bed by sickness. The young man again renews his renunciation of the succession and repeats his pledge to become a monk. Peter bids him take six months to consider the matter, takes an affectionate farewell of him, and sets out upon his travels. As soon as his back is turned, Alexis realizes the old distich:

> *" The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;*
> *The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."*

He recovers his health instantaneously, and celebrates his father's departure by getting very drunk with a select party of friends. Seven months afterward the Czar writes to him to join him at Copenhagen, if he had determined to reform his life and make himself fit for the succession; if

not, to execute his monastic plans without delay. Alexis accordingly announces his intention of going to Copenhagen, draws a heavy bill on Menshikoff for his travelling expenses, leaves Moscow, and, instead of Copenhagen, sneaks off to Vienna. The Emperor of Germany, however, turns him off, and he goes to Naples. Two envoys of the Czar, Tolstoy and Romanzoff, proceed to Naples and induce him, by ample promises of forgiveness on the part of his father, to return. The following is a part of his father's letter:

"I write to you for the last time, to tell you that you are to execute my will, which Tolstoy and Romanzoff will announce to you on my part. *If you obey me, I assure you and I promise, in the name of God, that I will not punish you, and that, if you return, I will love you more than ever;* but if you do not, I give you as your father, in virtue of the power which I have received from God, my eternal curse; and as your sovereign, I assure you that I shall find the means of punishing you; in which I hope that God will assist me, and that he will take just cause in his hand."

Upon the faith of this sacred promise Alexis accompanies the two emissaries to Moscow, where they arrive on the 13th of February, 1718. The day after his arrival, the Czar, by way of keeping his promise of pardoning and loving him more than ever, calls a grand council of the Senate and all the dignitaries of the empire, and there, in the most solemn, formal, and authentic manner, disinherits Alexis, deprives him of all claim to the succession, and obliges him, and all those present, to take oath of future allegiance to his and Catharine's son Peter, then an infant, who, however, shortly afterward died. This was the beginning of the fulfilment of his promise; but it was only the beginning of the end. Alexis was worthless, ignorant, stupid, and depraved; but he had committed no crime, and deserved no punishment, certainly not the punishment of death. A comfortable state of things there would be in the world, if every man who happened to have a profligate dunce of a son were to be justified in cutting his head off; and for an autocrat and high priest to do so seems to us a thousand times more atrocious.

However, the Czar seems to have been determined, after his first evasion, to get rid of him, and accordingly produces the charge of a conspiracy. Alexis is formally accused of conspiring against his father's life and throne, and a pack of perfectly contemptible stuff is collected together to make what was called evidence; it consisted of confessions of his mistress, his pot-companions, and his confessor — all upon the rack — that he had been known to express wishes for his father's death, and to throw out hints about receiving assistance, in a certain event, from the Emperor of Germany. But in the whole mess of it there is not the faintest shadow of a shade of evidence that he had ever conspired, that he had ever entertained any design against his father; and the necessary

result, upon any candid mind, of a perusal of the evidence is a conviction of his perfect innocence of the crime charged upon him. There is not a country in the world where there is any pretence of administering justice, in which such an accusation, supported by such evidence, would not have been hooted out of court. Still, the accusation was made, and something which they called a trial was instituted. The Prince is sworn upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and he immediately begins to utter lies by the wholesale. His weak intellect seems to have been possessed and disordered by one idea — that if he should confess a great deal more than was expected, and make himself out much more guilty than he was supposed to be, he should perhaps obtain his pardon. Having, however, done nothing criminal, and having said nothing that could be fairly considered suspicious, he dives into the bottom of his breast, and brings up and displays his most secret thoughts by way of self-accusation. The truth seems to have been that he was bullied to the last degree. We know the Czar to have been a man who eminently inspired awe, and Alexis was of an uncommonly sneaking disposition. As the event proved, Peter absolutely frightened his son to death. Certainly, never were the forms of judicial investigation so outraged as in this trial. The details are sickening, and we have already transgressed the indulgence of our readers. Let one or two questions, made by the prosecution, and answered by the criminal in writing, suffice as specimens of the Czar's criminal jurisprudence:

" When you saw, in the letter of Beyer " (a gossiping envoy from the German Emperor's court, who wrote to his sovereign all the news, true or false, as fast as he picked it up), " that there was a revolt in the army of Mecklenburg, you were rejoiced; I believe that you had some view, and that you would have declared for the rebels, even in my lifetime." The answer of Alexis is, *" If the rebels had called me in your lifetime, I should probably have joined them, supposing that they had been strong enough."* In answer to another question, he avows that " he had accused himself before God, in confession to the priest Jacques, of having wished the death of his father; and that the confessor Jacques had replied: " ' God will pardon you for it; we all wish it as much.' "

After this farce of a trial had been enacted, the Czar, waiving his prerogative of life and death, determined to submit the case to the judgment of the clergy, judges, and high officers of state. This always seemed to us very paltry. It was an attempt to shift the responsibility of the murder off his own shoulders, where only it belonged. The council of clergy, after recognizing the Czar's power — *jus vitæ et necis* — which nobody ever doubted, and citing several cases from the Old Testament, recommended mercy, relying principally upon Absalom's case. It was plain they washed their hands of it. Meantime, further investigations, it was pretended, had made the matter worse; and, on the 5th of July,

the ministers, senators, and generals unanimously condemn the Prince to death, leaving the sentence, of course, open to the Czar's revision, and prescribing no particular mode of execution. The sentence of death is published, Alexis is informed of it, and seems literally to have been frightened to death by it; for, while the Czar was deliberating what course to take (and the opinion of the most indulgent — we confess not ours — seems to be that he did not intend the execution of the sentence), the unfortunate young man was carried off by a kind of apoplectic seizure, and, on the 7th of July, died contrite, receiving the sacrament and extreme unction, and imploring his father's pardon.

This account seems to be now accepted as the true one. But the Marquis de Custine, in his greediness to devour everything that blackens the character of Russia in general, and of Peter the Great in particular, could not, of course, fail to reproduce the stories that have been told and retold, exploded and re-exploded — and which will continue, we suppose, to be told and exploded, believed in and ridiculed, to the end of time. It was not believed by many people in Europe at the time, and it is not believed by the Comte de Ségur and the Marquis de Custine now, that the Prince died a natural death — if the cataleptic convulsive fit, consequent upon extreme and protracted mental agony, which finally ended his life, can be called a natural and not a violent death. All sorts of stories were told at the time, each more incredible than the other, and each disproving the other. The Czar was said to have knouted him to death with his own hands — to have poisoned him with a potion which he sent Marshal Weyde to an apothecary's shop in broad daylight to procure — to have cut off his head, and then to have had it privately sewed on again by Madame Cramer — in short, to have made away with him by a variety of means, all of which could not well have been true, and all of which are, under the circumstances, extremely unlikely. To us it seems ridiculous to add a new horror to this terrible tragedy. We are not sure, either, that the supposed assassination makes the matter any worse. "Murder most foul as at the best it is," we are unable to see that the private murder is a whit more atrocious than the public, solemn, and judicial murder of which the Czar stands accused and condemned to all eternity.

It certainly does not seem to have been in Peter's nature to have taken his son off by poison, or in any private way. The autocrat was a man who gloried in his own actions, in displaying the tremendous, irresistible power of his own will. He had collected all the dignity of his empire to assist at the spectacle; he had invoked the attention of all Europe to the tragedy he proposed to enact; he had determined to execute his son, and he did intend, we have no doubt, to murder him in the most ceremonious manner, and for the good of his country. We have not a doubt of his motives; he thought himself actuated by the purest philanthropy;

but these expansive bosoms, which embrace the whole earth, or a third of it, in their colossal affection, are apt to be deficient in the humbler virtues of love and charity when it comes to detail. The truth was, Peter loved his country so well that he determined to sacrifice his son to its welfare; in other words, his heart was as hard as the nether millstone, and he would have sacrificed twenty thousand sons rather than have been thwarted in the cherished projects of his ambitious intellect. But we confess we can conceive of no motive for the alleged assassination. It was not in the character of the Emperor, and it was a piece of stupidity as well as barbarity. " If the assassination had trammelled up the consequence " of all that preceded, " then it were well "; and the deed might have been possible. But the broken faith to his son, the atrocious trial, the deliberate condemnation, could in no manner have been obliterated from the minds of men by the " deep damnation " of a secret " taking off." He had announced to the world his intention of executing his son for alleged disobedience and conspiracy; he had sent to every court in Europe copies of the judicial proceedings, ending in the condemnation of the victim; he had been publicly brandishing the sword of justice over his son's neck, and calling upon the world to witness the spectacle; and why he should have made all this parade for the mere purpose of poisoning him, knouting him, or cutting his head off in secret, seems inexplicable.

Besides, as Voltaire very strongly urges, the different kinds of assassination alleged disprove each other, and the fact that Alexis was never alone from the moment of the condemnation to the hour of his death makes any secret execution impossible. The knouting story has not found many advocates; the poisoning and the beheading are supported about equally and are both about equally probable. It certainly was not probable that the Czar would have sent a high officer of court to fetch the poison, and a few minutes afterward have dispatched another messenger to bid the first make great haste. This is not exactly the way in which poisoning is usually managed. And the other story, that the young man's head was cut off and then sewed on again, is so ludicrous that it would deserve no attention but for the number of writers who have reported it upon the authority of contemporaneous gossip. At what moment the Czar found a secret opportunity to cut the head off — how Madam Cramer found a secret opportunity to sew it on again — how this ingenious lady, who, we suppose, had not practised this kind of needlework as a profession, was able to fit it on so adroitly as to deceive not only the whole court but even the patient himself, for, as far as we can understand the story, Alexis seems to have received extreme unction and the sacrament, in presence of about a hundred witnesses, after Mrs. Cramer's job was finished — are all matters very difficult to explain. Moreover, as we have already observed, we do not see much greater atrocity in the one case than in the other. Peter's will being the only law of the land, he could do what he

chose, execute his son as he chose, and by his own hand if he chose. The only law which could have any binding force over the autocrat was the law of nature, and that, to his soul of granite, was weaker than the spider's web. He was determined to sacrifice his son to the welfare of his country, and to insure the continuance of his reformation in church and state. Sacrifices of this sort have always found advocates and admirers, and are sure to be repeated on great occasions, and at rare intervals, to the end of time.

Dismissing this painful subject, we hasten to conclude this imperfect sketch of the principal events in the Czar's history. We will not dwell upon the extraordinary but abortive intrigues of the two arch-plotters of Europe, Cardinal Alberoni and Baron Görtz, by which the Czar and the Swedish monarch were to be reconciled and combined in a plot against George I of England, and in favour of the Pretender. A chance bullet from " a petty fortress and a dubious hand " at Frederikshald, in Norway, terminates at once the life of Charles and the intrigues of Görtz. The Baron, instead of taking the crown from George's head, loses his own head at Stockholm; Alberoni is turned out of Spain; and the Czar remains *in statu quo,* having been careful throughout the whole intrigue, which was perfectly well known in England, to make the most barefaced promises of eternal friendship to the house of Hanover; and " to reiterate," as the diplomatists say, " the assurances of his distinguished consideration " for the English King all the time that he was plotting against his throne.

The death of Charles alters the complexion of Europe. Peace, which was hardly possible during his lifetime, becomes the immediate object of all parties. The Prince of Hesse, husband of Queen Ulrica, and, by cession of his wife, King of Sweden, is desirous of peace upon almost any terms which will allow of an honourable repose to his exhausted and impoverished country. Peter, having obtained possession of all the provinces he required, is ready to sheathe the sword on receiving proper recognition of his title to the property thus acquired; and accordingly, after a good deal of bravado upon the Baltic between the English and Russian fleets, and the burning of some fifty or sixty Swedish villages, innumerable châteaux, and fifteen or twenty thousand houses, in a descent made by the Russians upon the coasts of Sweden, the war, which continues with ferocity during all the negotiations for peace, is at last brought to a conclusion by the signing of the treaty of Neustadt, on September 10, 1721. By this treaty of peace, the Czar is guaranteed in the possession of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Carelia, Viborg, and the many adjacent islands, and thus reaps the reward of twenty years' hard labour; receiving, moreover, from the Senate and Synod, by solemn decree — what seems insipid homage for an autocrat — the titles of Great, Emperor, and *Pater Patriæ.*

After an interval of two years, passed in establishing woollen, paper, and glass manufactories, embellishing his capital, and regulating the internal and foreign commerce of Russia, we suddenly find him, accompanied by the faithful Catharine, descending the Volga at the head of a large army. A revolution which had broken out in Persia, in the course of which the reigning sovereign, the imbecile Hussein, finds himself hard pressed by the Afghan prince, Meer Mahmoud, offers an opportunity to Peter to possess himself of a few maritime provinces on the Caspian, to console him for the loss of Azov consequent upon the disaster of the Pruth. A few hundred Russians, engaged in commerce at the town of Shamakia, having been cut to pieces during some of the hostile movements, he finds therein a pretext for invading Persia, and requiring satisfaction from both sovereign and rebel. Failing in this, of course, he sails from Astrakhan to Derbent, which town he takes possession of, and, soon afterward, being applied to by the unhappy Sophi for protection against the Afghans, he consents to afford it, in consideration of receiving the towns of Baku and Derbent, together with the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad. " It is not land I want, but water," exclaims the Czar, as he snatches these sunny provinces, the whole southern coast of the Caspian, the original kingdom of Cyrus, from the languid hand of the Persian, without the expenditure of the blood, time, and treasure which it had cost him to wrest the frozen swamps of Finland from the iron grasp of Charles.

Peter's conquests are now concluded. The Russian colossus now stands astride, from the " thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice " on the Baltic to the " fragrant bowers of Astrabad " on the Caspian, with a foot upon either sea. The man who had begun to gratify his passion for maritime affairs by paddling a little skiff on the Yausa, and who became on his accession only the barbaric sovereign of an inland and unknown country, now finds himself the lord of two seas, with a considerable navy, built almost by his own hand. It was upon his return to Petersburg from his Persian expedition, that he ordered the very skiff in which he commenced navigation to be brought from Moscow, and took occasion to give to his court an entertainment which was called the " consecration of the Little Grandsire," that being the name he had given to the skiff. At the time of this ceremony of the consecration, the progeny of the Little Grandsire numbered already, according to the returns of the admiralty, " forty-one ships of the line, in a condition for service at sea, carrying twenty-one hundred and six guns, manned with fourteen thousand nine hundred sea-men, besides a proportionate number of frigates, galleys, and other smaller craft." The little cabin which was Peter's house while building Petersburg, still stands upon what is now called the Citadel; it is consecrated as a chapel, filled with votive offerings, and enclosed with a brick wall, and the Little Grandsire is religiously preserved within the building.

We are certainly not taken in by the colossal puerility of the Russian marine any more than the Marquis de Custine is; and, although the descendants of the Little Grandsire are now at least double the number they were at the time of the consecration, we have not heard of any very brilliant exploits on any ocean to justify the very imposing and very Roman *rostra* which decorate the exchange at Petersburg. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the Russian navy has not yet set the Baltic on fire, and we doubt if it ever will. If it could thaw a little, it would be all the better; for, Cronstadt being blockaded by ice six months in the year, the navy is only paraded during the pleasant weather for the amusement of the autocrat. As long as England stands where it does, and the Russian winter remains as it is, we shall hardly fear much from the descendants of the Little Grandsire, at least till the capital is shifted to the Bosphorus.

At the same time we are far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine in his sweeping condemnation of Peter's policy in building Petersburg and establishing a marine. It was a thousand times better to have the Black Sea and the Baltic than nothing; and if his successors had taken half as much pains as himself in fostering the maritime trade of the country, and if Russia, instead of all this parade of ships of the line, frigates and steamers, could create a mercantile marine for itself, and could manage to own considerable foreign trade, now monopolized by foreign vessels, principally the English, she might still obtain the germ of a maritime population while waiting for Constantinople. But till she learns that the strength of a navy consists in sailors and not ships she is not likely to be a very formidable power upon the ocean, let her build as many line-of-battle ships as she chooses.

The only other interesting incident in Peter's life, which now draws rapidly to its close, was the coronation of Catharine as Empress consort. This event was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and particular stress is laid in the Emperor's proclamation upon her conduct in the affair of the Pruth, and the salvation of himself and his army is attributed to her heroism and presence of mind. There seems to be little doubt that Peter intended this solemn coronation of the Empress during his lifetime — a ceremony which was not usual in Russia — to be an indication of his intention that she should succeed to the throne upon his death.

Very soon after this, having exposed himself when in a feeble state of health by standing in the water a long time and over-exerting himself in saving the lives of some sailors and soldiers who were near being wrecked in a storm upon the Gulf of Finland, he was attacked by a painful disorder, to which he had been subject during the latter years of his life, and expired with calmness and resignation on the 28th of January, 1725. His sufferings during his last illness had been so intense that he was unable to make any intelligible disposition as to the succession; and, strange to say, the possessor of this mighty empire, of which the only

fundamental law was the expressed will of the sovereign, died intestate. It is in the highest degree probable that he had intended to appoint his wife as his successor; at any rate, assisted by the promptness of Menshikoff and her own resolution, Catharine ascended the throne without opposition.

The disorder which thus cut off the Czar in the fifty-fourth year of his age was an acute inflammation of the intestines and bladder; but, as a matter of course, his death was attributed to poison. We do not observe that the Marquis de Custine has revived this story, which is a matter of surprise to us, particularly as we believe that his friend the Comte de Ségur has adopted it in his history. The temptation to damage the character of the Empress, and to represent her to posterity as an adultress and a poisoner, was too strong to be resisted by the contemporary chroniclers. Lamberti gives us a detailed account of an intrigue of Catharine with one of her chamberlains, a melodramatic discovery made by Peter in an arbour, and a consequent determination upon his part to shut her up for life in a convent. She escaped her fate, according to the same faithful historian, in a singular manner. Peter, it appears, kept a memorandum-book, and was in the habit of making daily minutes of everything he proposed to do; while one of Catharine's pages was in the habit of secretly bringing his Majesty's tablets from his dressing-room for the daily inspection of the Empress. The intended imprisonment of Catharine, jotted down among other memoranda, was thus revealed to her, whereupon she incontinently poisoned him. This story has been sufficiently disproved. It is hardly worth disproving; for it is not probable that a man who had suddenly made this discovery of the guilt of a woman who had just been crowned an empress, and whom he had now determined to imprison for life, instead of designating her as his successor, would require to make any memorandum of the matter. And yet we are expected to believe than an entry was found upon Peter's tablets almost literally to this effect: "*Mem.* To repudiate my wife, shave her head, and lock her up in a convent"; as if otherwise the matter would have slipped his memory. How is it possible that our friend De Custine has allowed this story to escape him?

In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like painted balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the façades of the three extending more than a mile; in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world;

from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac's Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The Emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

This equestrian statue has been much admired; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the Emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapour from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy anyone to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hand; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism, which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death.

"How shall we rank him upon glory's page?"

It is impossible not to admire his genius, his indomitable energy, his unconquerable will. He proposed to himself, while yet a youth, the mighty task of civilizing his country, and of converting a mongrel Asiatic empire into a powerful European state. It is difficult to place one's self in the right position to judge him correctly. We are very far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine, that his mistake was in importing his civilization. Russia had waited in vain quite long enough for the spontaneous and indigenous germination of the arts and sciences. Besides in these days when steam is so rapidly approximating and assimilating the different parts of the earth to each other, when railroads are opened to the Red Sea, and steamers paddle by the Garden of Eden, it is difficult to say what nation will long retain a peculiar and appropriate civilization of its own. That the Czar opened the door to Europe and the ocean, that he erected a granite portal, a triumphal arch, upon his western frontier, is to us his greatest merit. If Russia is to be civilized, it must be through the influence of the West; if Russia is to be free, the hymn of liberty will never be wafted to her ears from the silent deserts of Asia, or the sepulchral stillness of China. The Emperor did right to

descend from his Slavonic throne, and to go abroad to light the torch of civilization in more favoured lands.

But while we admire the concentration of purpose which sustained him throughout his labours, we can not help deploring the great and fundamental mistake which made them all comparatively worthless. A despot by birth, education, and temperament, he had never the most glimmering notion of the existence of a people. In Russia, then and at this day, there is not even the fiction of a people. Peter had a correct idea of the proper sources of civilization: he knew where and how to collect the seeds; but he forgot that there was nobody to civilize. A people may be humanized, cultivated, brought to any degree of perfection in arts, and arms, and sciences; but he undertook to civilize a state in which there was but one man, and that man himself. The root must grow before the branches and the foliage. Of this the autocrat had no idea. He had already annihilated the only class which was not composed of slaves. With one stroke of his sceptre he had demolished the feudal nobility, or what corresponded in a degree to the feudal nobility of Europe, and had made all social rank throughout his empire to depend upon service to himself. What was accomplished at a later day in western Europe, in the midst of long convulsions and struggles, by the upheaving of the democracy, was effected by the autocrat at a blow. This was a fatal error. There were slaves enough before. It was unnecessary to degrade the nobles. But, the more closely we analyse Peter's character, the more cogently we are compelled to conclude that his actuating motive was rather his own fame than the good of his country. A great peculiarity of his ambition was that, though possessed of eminent military talents and highly successful in his campaigns, he seems to have cared but little for the *certaminis gaudia;* to have taken but small delight in battles and victories for themselves; to have cared little for conquest, beyond what he required for his settled purpose. Conquering, he never aspires to be a conqueror; victorious over the greatest general of the age, he is ready to sheathe his sword as soon as the object of the contest is attained. His ambition was to be a founder, and he never, in victory or defeat, was once turned aside from his purpose. He was determined to advance his empire to the ocean, to create a new capital, and to implant there and throughout his empire the elements of European civilization. If his ambition had flown a little higher, had he determined to regenerate his people, the real civilization of his empire would have followed sooner than it is now likely to do. Of this he probably never dreamed. He was a despot throughout. He might have found other matters in England worthy of his attention, other institutions as intimately connected with civilization as the English naval architecture; but he appears to have been completely indifferent to the great spectacle presented to an autocrat by a constitutional kingdom. " Are these all lawyers? " said he, one day, when

visiting the courts at Westminster. "What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back." He certainly might as well have hung them both; a country without law has very little need of lawyers.

It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labour thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labour he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do everything himself, and he did everything. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties — wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church — models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand — regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shopkeepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age and stamp it with their image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labour of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possibilities seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder. Even now, his successors avert their eyes from the West. The city of his love is already in danger from more potent elements than water. New and dangerous ideas fly through that magnificent western gateway. When the portal is closed, the keys thrown into the Baltic, and the discarded Moscow again embraced, how much fruit will be left from the foreign seeds transplanted? When the Byzantine Empire is restored, perhaps we shall see their ripened de-

velopment; the Russians of the Lower Empire will be a match for the Greeks who preceded them.

Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt a certain mission confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. "I wish to reform my empire," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "and I cannot reform myself." In early life his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat of Lefort in a paroxysm of drunken anger, and was habitually caning Prince Menshikoff. But, after all, he did reform himself, and, in the latter years of his life, his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labours for his country and his fame.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted even the germ of civil or even social liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her, "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

FREDERIC THE GREAT

1712–1786

By Thomas Babington Macaulay [1] (1800–1859)

This work, which has the high honour of being introduced to the world by the author of *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden,* is not wholly unworthy of so distinguished a chaperon. It professes, indeed, to be no more than a compilation; but it is an exceedingly amusing compilation, and we shall be glad to have more of it. The narrative comes down at present only to the commencement of the Seven Years' War, and therefore does not comprise the most interesting portion of Frederic's reign.

It may not be unacceptable to our readers that we should take this opportunity of presenting them with a slight sketch of the life of the greatest king that has, in modern times, succeeded by right of birth to a throne. It may, we fear, be impossible to compress so long and eventful a story within the limits which we must prescribe to ourselves. Should we be compelled to break off, we may perhaps, when the continuation of this work appears, return to the subject.

The Prussian monarchy, the youngest of the great European states, but in population and revenue the fifth among them, and in art, science, and civilization entitled to the third, if not to the second place, sprang from a humble origin. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the marquisate of Brandenburg was bestowed by the Emperor Sigismund on the noble family of Hohenzollern. In the sixteenth century that family embraced the Lutheran doctrines. It obtained from the King of Poland, early in the seventeenth century, the investiture of the duchy of Prussia. Even after this accession of territory, the chiefs of the house of Hohenzollern hardly ranked with the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria. The soil of Brandenburg was for the most part sterile. Even round Berlin, the capital of the province, and round Potsdam, the favourite residence of the Margraves, the country was a desert. In some places, the deep sand could with difficulty be forced by assiduous tillage to yield thin crops of rye and oats. In other places, the ancient forests, from which the conquerors of the Roman Empire had descended on the Danube, remained untouched by the hand of man. Where the soil was rich it was generally marshy, and its insalubrity repelled the cultivators whom its fertility

[1] Reprinted from the *Essays,* this paper originally appeared (1842) in a periodical, as a review of Thomas Campbell's *Frederic the Great and His Times.*

attracted. Frederic William, called the Great Elector, was the prince to whose policy his successors have agreed to ascribe their greatness. He acquired by the peace of Westphalia several valuable possessions, and among them the rich city and district of Magdeburg; and he left to his son Frederic a principality as considerable as any which was not called a kingdom.

Frederic aspired to the style of royalty. Ostentatious and profuse, negligent of his true interests and of his high duties, insatiably eager for frivolous distinctions, he added nothing to the real weight of the state which he governed; perhaps he transmitted his inheritance to his children impaired rather than augmented in value; but he succeeded in gaining the great object of his life, the title of King. In the year 1700 he assumed this new dignity, He had on that occasion to undergo all the mortifications which fall to the lot of ambitious upstarts. Compared with the other crowned heads of Europe, he made a figure resembling that which a Nabob or a Commissary, who had bought a title, would make in the Company of Peers whose ancestors had been attainted for treason against the Plantagenets, the envy of the class which Frederic quitted, and the civil scorn of the class into which he intruded himself, were marked in very significant ways. The Elector of Saxony at first refused to acknowledge the new Majesty. Lewis the Fourteenth looked down on his brother King with an air not unlike that with which the Count in Molière's play regards Monsieur Jourdain, just fresh from the mummery of being made a gentleman. Austria exacted large sacrifices in return for her recognition, and at last gave it ungraciously.

Frederic was succeeded by his son, Frederic William, a prince who must be allowed to have possessed some talents for administration, but whose character was disfigured by odious vices, and whose eccentricities were such as had never before been seen out of a madhouse. He was exact and diligent in the transacting of business; and he was the first who formed the design of obtaining for Prussia a place among the European powers, altogether out of proportion to her extent and population, by means of a strong military organization. Strict economy enabled him to keep up a peace establishment of sixty thousand troops. These troops were disciplined in such a manner, that, placed beside them, the household regiments of Versailles and St. James's would have appeared an awkward squad. The master of such a force could not but be regarded by all his neighbours as a formidable enemy and a valuable ally.

But the mind of Frederic William was so ill regulated, that all his inclinations became passions, and all his passions partook of the character of moral and intellectual disease. His parsimony degenerated into sordid avarice. His taste for military pomp and order became a mania, like that of a Dutch burgomaster for tulips, or that of a member of the Roxburghe Club for Caxtons. While the envoys of the Court of Berlin

were in a state of such squalid poverty as moved the laughter of foreign capitals, while the food placed before the princes and princesses of the blood-royal of Prussia was too scanty to appease hunger, and so bad that even hunger loathed it, no price was thought too extravagant for tall recruits. The ambition of the King was to form a brigade of giants, and every country was ransacked by his agents for men above the ordinary stature. These researches were not confined to Europe. No head that towered above the crowd in the bazaars of Aleppo, of Cairo, or of Surat, could escape the crimps of Frederic William. One Irishman more than seven feet high, who was picked up in London by the Prussian ambassador, received a bounty of near thirteen hundred pounds sterling, very much more than the ambassador's salary. This extravagance was the more absurd, because a stout youth of five feet eight, who might have been procured for a few dollars, would in all probability have been a much more valuable soldier. But to Frederic William, this huge Irishman was what a brass Otho, or a Vinegar Bible, is to a collector of a different kind.

It is remarkable, that though the main end of Frederic William's administration was to have a great military force, though his reign forms an important epoch in the history of military discipline, and though his dominant passion was the love of military display, he was yet one of the most pacific of princes. We are afraid that his aversion to war was not the effect of humanity, but was merely one of his thousand whims. His feeling about his troops seems to have resembled a miser's feeling about his money. He loved to collect them, to count them, to see them increase; but he could not find it in his heart to break in upon the precious hoard. He looked forward to some future time when his Patagonian battalions were to drive hostile infantry before them like sheep; but this future time was always receding; and it is probable that, if his life had been prolonged thirty years, his superb army would never have seen any harder service than a sham fight in the fields near Berlin. But the great military means which he had collected were destined to be employed by a spirit far more daring and inventive than his own.

Frederic, surnamed the Great, son of Frederic William, was born in January 1712. It may safely be pronounced that he had received from nature a strong and sharp understanding, and a rare firmness of temper and intensity of will. As to the other parts of his character, it is difficult to say whether they are to be ascribed to nature, or to the strange training which he underwent. The history of his boyhood is painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this heir apparent of a crown. The nature of Frederic William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows. When his

Majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends, a cross between Moloch and Puck. His son Frederic and his daughter Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Bayreuth, were in an especial manner objects of his aversion. His own mind was uncultivated. He despised literature. He hated infidels, papists, and metaphysicians, and did not well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and to be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince, were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three halfpence a rubber, to kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand. The Prince Royal showed little inclination either for the serious employments or for the amusements of his father. He shirked the duties of the parade; he detested the fume of tobacco; he had no taste either for backgammon or for field sports. He had an exquisite ear, and performed skillfully on the flute. His earliest instructors had been French refugees, and they had awakened in him a strong passion for French literature and French society. Frederic William regarded these tastes as effeminate and contemptible, and, by abuse and persecution, made them still stronger. Things became worse when the Prince Royal attained that time of life at which the great revolution in the human mind and body takes place. He was guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which no good and wise parent would regard with severity. At a later period he was accused, truly or falsely, of vices from which History averts her eyes, and which even Satire blushes to name, vices such that, to borrow the energetic language of Lord Keeper Coventry, "the depraved nature of man, which of itself carrieth man to all other sin, abhorreth them." But the offences of his youth were not characterized by any peculiar turpitude. They excited, however, transports of rage in the King, who hated all faults except those to which he was himself inclined, and who conceived that he made ample atonement to Heaven for his brutality, by holding the softer passions in detestation. The Prince Royal, too, was not one of those who are content to take their religion on trust. He asked puzzling questions, and brought forward arguments which seemed to savour of something different from pure Lutheranism. The King suspected that his son was inclined to be a heretic of some sort or other, whether Calvinist or Atheist his Majesty did not very well know. The ordinary malignity of Frederic William was bad enough. He now thought malignity a part of his duty as a Christian man, and all

the conscience that he had stimulated his hatred. The flute was broken: the French books were sent out of the palace: the Prince was kicked and cudgelled, and pulled by the hair. At dinner the plates were hurled at his head: sometimes he was restricted to bread and water: sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of the curtain. The Queen, for the crime of not wishing to see her son murdered, was subjected to the grossest indignities. The Princess Wilhelmina, who took her brother's part, was treated almost as ill as Mrs. Brownrigg's apprentices. Driven to despair, the unhappy youth tried to run away. Then the fury of the old tyrant rose to madness. The Prince was an officer in the army; his flight was therefore desertion; and, in the moral code of Frederic William, desertion was the highest of all crimes. " Desertion," says this royal theologian, in one of his half-crazy letters, " is from hell. It is a work of the children of the Devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it." An accomplice of the Prince, in spite of the recommendation of a court martial, was mercilessly put to death. It seemed probable that the Prince himself would suffer the same fate. It was with difficulty that the intercession of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor of Germany, saved the House of Brandenburg from the stain of an unnatural murder. After months of cruel suspense, Frederic learned that his life would be spared. He remained, however, long a prisoner; but he was not on that account to be pitied. He found in his gaolers a tenderness which he had never found in his father; his table was not sumptuous, but he had wholesome food in sufficient quantity to appease hunger: he could read the *Henriade* without being kicked, and could play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

When his confinement terminated he was a man. He had nearly completed his twenty-first year, and could scarcely be kept much longer under the restraints which had made his boyhood miserable. Suffering had matured his understanding, while it had hardened his heart and soured his temper. He had learnt self-command and dissimulation; he affected to conform to some of his father's views, and submissively accepted a wife, who was a wife only in name, from his father's hand. He also served with credit, though without any opportunity of acquiring brilliant distinction, under the command of Prince Eugene, during a campaign marked by no extraordinary events. He was now permitted to keep a separate establishment, and was therefore able to indulge with caution his own tastes. Partly in order to conciliate the King, and partly, no doubt, from inclination, he gave up a portion of his time to military and political business, and thus gradually acquired such an aptitude for affairs as his most intimate associates were not aware that he possessed.

His favourite abode was at Rheinsberg, near the frontier which separates the Prussian dominions from the Duchy of Mecklenburg. Rheinsberg is a fertile and smiling spot, in the midst of the sandy waste of the Marquisate. The mansion, surrounded by woods of oak and beech, looks out upon a spacious lake. There Frederic amused himself by laying out gardens in regular alleys and intricate mazes, by building obelisks, temples, and conservatories, and by collecting rare fruits and flowers. His retirement was enlivened by a few companions, among whom he seems to have preferred those who, by birth or extraction, were French. With these intimates he dined and supped well, drank freely, and amused himself sometimes with concerts, and sometimes with holding chapters of a fraternity which he called the Order of Bayard; but literature was his chief resource.

His education had been entirely French. The long ascendency which Lewis the Fourteenth had enjoyed, and the eminent merit of the tragic and comic dramatists, of the satirists, and of the preachers who had flourished under that magnificent prince, had made the French language predominant in Europe. Even in countries which had a national literature, and which could boast of names greater than those of Racine, of Molière, and of Massillon, in the country of Dante, in the country of Cervantes, in the country of Shakespere and Milton, the intellectual fashions of Paris had been to a great extent adopted. Germany had not yet produced a single masterpiece of poetry or eloquence. In Germany, therefore, the French taste reigned without rival and without limit. Every youth of rank was taught to speak and write French. That he should speak and write his own tongue with politeness, or even with accuracy and facility, was regarded as comparatively an unimportant object. Even Frederic William, with all his rugged Saxon prejudices, thought it necessary that his children should know French, and quite unnecessary that they should be well versed in German. The Latin was positively interdicted. "My son," his Majesty wrote, "shall not learn Latin; and, more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me." One of the preceptors ventured to read the *Golden Bull* in the original with the Prince Royal. Frederic William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style.

"Rascal, what are you at there?"

"Please your Majesty," answered the preceptor, "I was explaining the *Golden Bull* to his Royal Highness."

"I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!" roared the Majesty of Prussia. Up went the King's cane; away ran the terrified instructor; and Frederic's classical studies ended for ever. He now and then affected to quote Latin sentences, and produced such exquisitely Ciceronian phrases as these: — "Stante pede morire," — "De gustibus non est disputandus," — "Tot verbas tot spondera." Of Italian, he had not enough to read a page of Metastasio with ease; and of the Spanish and English, he did not, as far as we are aware, understand a single word.

As the highest human compositions to which he had access were those of the French writers, it is not strange that his admiration for those writers should have been unbounded. His ambitious and eager temper early prompted him to imitate what he admired. The wish, perhaps, dearest to his heart was, that he might rank among the masters of French rhetoric and poetry. He wrote prose and verse as indefatigibly as if he had been a starving hack of Cave or Osborn; but Nature, which had bestowed on him, in a large measure, the talents of a captain and of an administrator, had withheld from him those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labours in vain to produce immortal eloquence and song. And, indeed, had he been blessed with more imagination, wit, and fertility of thought, than he appears to have had, he would still have been subject to one great disadvantage, which would, in all probabilty, have forever prevented him from taking a high place among men of letters. He had not the full command of any language. There was no machine of thought which he could employ with perfect ease, confidence, and freedom. He had German enough to scold his servants, or to give the word of command to his grenadiers; but his grammar and pronunciation were extremely bad. He found it difficult to make out the meaning even of the simplest German poetry. On one occasion a version of Racine's *Iphigénie* was read to him. He held the French original in his hand; but was forced to own that, even with such help, he could not understand the translation. Yet, though he had neglected his mother tongue in order to bestow all his attention on French, his French was, after all, the French of a foreigner. It was necessary for him to have always at his beck some men of letters from Paris to point out the solecisms and false rhymes of which, to the last, he was frequently guilty. Even had he possessed the poetic faculty, of which, as far as we can judge, he was utterly destitute, the want of a language would have prevented him from being a great poet. No noble work of imagination, as far as we recollect, was ever composed by any man, except in a dialect which he had learned without remembering how or when, and which he had spoken with perfect ease before he had ever analysed its structure. Romans of great abilities wrote Greek verses; but how many of those verses have deserved to live? Many men of eminent genius have, in modern times, written Latin poems; but, as far as we are aware, none of those poems, not even Milton's, can be ranked in the first class of art, or even very high in the second. It is not strange, therefore, that, in the French verses of Frederic, we can find nothing beyond the reach of any man of good parts and industry, nothing above the level of Newdigate and Seatonian poetry. His best pieces may perhaps rank with the worst in Dodsley's collection. In history, he succeeded better. We do not, indeed, find, in any of his voluminous *Memoirs,* either deep reflection or vivid painting. But the narrative is distinguished by clearness, conciseness, good sense, and a certain air of truth and simplicity, which is singularly graceful in a man who, having done great things,

sits down to relate them. On the whole, however, none of his writings are so agreeable to us as his *Letters,* particularly those which are written with earnestness, and are not embroidered with verses.

It is not strange that a young man devoted to literature, and acquainted only with the literature of France, should have looked with profound veneration on the genius of Voltaire. "A man who has never seen the sun," says Calderon, in one of his charming comedies, "cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon. A man who has seen neither moon nor sun, cannot be blamed for talking of the unrivalled brightness of the morning star." Had Frederic been able to read Homer and Milton or even Virgil and Tasso, his admiration of the *Henriade* would prove that he was utterly destitute of the power of discerning what is excellent in art. Had he been familiar with Sophocles or Shakspere, we should have expected him to appreciate *Zaire* most justly. Had he been able to study Thucydides and Tacitus in the original Greek and Latin, he would have known that there were heights in the eloquence of history far beyond the reach of the author of the *Life of Charles the Twelfth.* But the finest heroic poem, several of the most powerful tragedies, and the most brilliant and picturesque historical work that Frederic had ever read, were Voltaire's. Such high and various excellence moved the young Prince almost to adoration. The opinions of Voltaire on religious and philosophical questions had not yet been fully exhibited to the public. At a later period, when an exile from his country, and at open war with the Church, he spoke out. But when Frederic was at Rheinsberg, Voltaire was still a courtier; and, though he could not always curb his petulant wit, he had as yet published nothing that could exclude him from Versailles, and little that a divine of the mild and generous school of Grotius and Tillotson might not read with pleasure. In the *Henriade,* in *Zaire,* and in *Alzire,* Christian piety is exhibited in the most amiable form; and, some years after the period of which we are writing, a Pope condescended to accept the dedication of *Mahomet.* The real sentiments of the poet, however, might be clearly perceived by a keen eye through the decent disguise with which he veiled them, and could not escape the sagacity of Frederic, who held similar opinions, and had been accustomed to practise similar dissimulation.

The Prince wrote to his idol in the style of a worshipper; and Voltaire replied with exquisite grace and address. A correspondence followed, which may be studied with advantage by those who wish to become proficient in the ignoble art of flattery. No man ever paid compliments better than Voltaire. His sweetest confectionery had always a delicate, yet stimulating flavour, which was delightful to palates wearied by the coarse preparations of inferior artists. It was only from his hand that so much sugar could be swallowed without making the swallower sick. Copies of verses, writing-desks, trinkets of amber, were exchanged between

the friends. Frederic confided his writings to Voltaire; and Voltaire applauded, as if Frederic had been Racine and Bossuet in one. One of his Royal Highness's performances was a refutation of Machiavelli. Voltaire undertook to convey it to the press. It was entitled the Anti-*Machiavel,* and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war, in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men.

The old King uttered now and then a ferocious growl at the diversions of Rheinsberg. But his health was broken; his end was approaching; and his vigour was impaired. He had only one pleasure left, that of seeing tall soldiers. He could always be propitiated by a present of a grenadier of six feet four or six feet five; and such presents were from time to time judiciously offered by his son.

Early in the year 1740, Frederic William met death with a firmness and dignity worthy of a better and wiser man; and Frederic, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, became King of Prussia. His character was little understood. That he had good abilities, indeed, no person who had talked with him, could doubt. But the easy Epicurean life which he had led, his love of good cookery and good wine, of music, of conversation, of light literature, led many to regard him as a sensual and intellectual voluptuary. His habit of canting about moderation, peace, liberty, and the happiness which a good mind derives from the happiness of others, had imposed on some who should have known better. Those who thought best of him, expected a Telemachus after Fénelon's pattern. Others predicted the approach of a Medicean age, an age propitious to learning and art, and not unpropitious to pleasure. Nobody had the least suspicion that a tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry more extraordinary still, without fear, without faith, and without mercy, had ascended the throne.

The disappointment of Falstaff at his old boon-companion's coronation was not more bitter than that which awaited some of the inmates of Rheinsberg. They had long looked forward to the accession of their patron, as to the event from which their own prosperity and greatness was to date. They had at last reached the promised land, the land which they had figured to themselves as flowing with milk and honey; and they found it a desert. "No more of these fooleries," was the short, sharp admonition given by Frederic to one of them. It soon became plain that, in the most important points, the new sovereign bore a strong family likeness to his predecessor. There was indeed a wide difference between the father and the son as respected extent and vigour of intellect, speculative opinions, amusements, studies, outward demeanour. But the groundwork of the character was the same in both. To both were common the love of order, the love of business, the military taste, the parsimony, the imperious spirit, the temper irritable event to ferocity, the pleasure in the pain and humiliation

of others. But these propensities had in Frederic William partaken of the general unsoundness of his mind, and wore a very different aspect when found in company with the strong and cultivated understanding of his successor. Thus, for example, Frederic was as anxious as any prince could be about the efficiency of his army. But this anxiety never degenerated into a monomania, like that which led his father to pay fancy prices for giants. Frederic was as thrifty about money as any prince or any private man ought to be. But he did not conceive, like his father, that it was worth while to eat unwholesome cabbages for the purpose of saving four or five rixdollars in the year. Frederic was, we fear, as malevolent as his father; but Frederic's wit enabled him often to show his malevolence in ways more decent than those to which his father resorted, and to inflict misery and degradation by a taunt instead of a blow. Frederic, it is true, by no means relinquished his hereditary privilege of kicking and cudgelling. His practice, however, as to that matter, differed in some important respects from his father's. To Frederic William, the mere circumstance that any persons whatever, men, women, or children, Prussians or foreigners, were within reach of his toes and of his cane, appeared to be a sufficient reason for proceeding to belabour them. Frederic required provocation as well as vicinity; nor was he ever known to inflict this paternal species of correction on any but his born subjects; though on one occasion M. Thiébault had reason, during a few seconds, to anticipate the high honour of being an exception to this general rule.

The character of Frederic was still very imperfectly understood either by his subjects or by his neighbours, when events occurred which exhibited it in a strong light. A few months after his accession Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Germany, died, the last descendant, in the male line, of the House of Austria.

Charles had no son, and had, long before his death, relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life, his principal object had been to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the House of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession, widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the Pragmatic Sanction. By virtue of this law, his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian cabinet had, during twenty years, been directed to one single end, the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, the Germanic body, had bound them-

selves by treaty to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction. That instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on this subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be, that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces which had been united for centuries would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were, therefore, bound by every obligation which those who are entrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the rights of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child, when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent, and the new cares of empire, were too much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed, and her cheek lost its bloom. Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland, declared in form their intention to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the Anti-Machiavel, had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war; and all this for no end whatever, except that he might extend his dominions, and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy, to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

We will not condescend to refute at length the pleas which the compiler of the Memoirs before us has copied from Doctor Preuss. They

amount to this, that the House of Brandenburg had some ancient pretensions to Silesia, and had in the previous century been compelled, by hard usage on the part of the Court of Vienna, to waive those pretensions. It is certain that, whoever might originally have been in the right, Prussia had submitted. Prince after prince of the House of Brandenburg had acquiesced in the existing arrangement. Nay, the Court of Berlin had recently been allied with that of Vienna, and had guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian states. Is it not perfectly clear that, if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day? The laws of all nations have wisely established a time of limitation, after which titles, however illegitimate in their origin, cannot be questioned. It is felt by everybody, that to eject a person from his estate on the ground of some injustice committed in the time of the Tudors would produce all the evils which result from arbitrary confiscation, and would make all property insecure. It concerns the commonwealth — so runs the legal maxim — that there be an end of litigation. And surely this maxim is at least equally applicable to the great commonwealth of states; for in that commonwealth litigation means the devastation of provinces, the suspension of trade and industry, sieges like those of Badajoz and St. Sebastian, pitched fields like those of Eylau and Borodino. We hold that the transfer of Norway from Denmark to Sweden was an unjustifiable proceeding; but would the King of Denmark be therefore justified in landing, without any new provocation in Norway, and commencing military operations there? The King of Holland thinks, no doubt, that he was unjustly deprived of the Belgian provinces. Grant that it were so. Would he, therefore, be justified in marching with an army on Brussels? The case against Frederic was still stronger, inasmuch as the injustice of which he complained had been committed more than a century before. Nor must it be forgotten that he owed the highest personal obligations to the House of Austria. It may be doubted whether his life had not been preserved by the intercession of the prince whose daughter he was about to plunder.

To do the King justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and *Memoirs* he took a very different tone. His own words are: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war."

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigour. It was impossible wholly to conceal his preparations; for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprised his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederic's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a young prince who was known

chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthrophy. " We will not," they wrote, " we cannot, believe it."

In the meantime the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of goodwill, Frederic commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim to any part of her territories. At length he sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions; as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one.

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads heavy with mire. But the Prussians pressed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was subjugated: no enemy ventured to encounter the King in the field; and, before the end of January 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederic and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian King of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war, it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation; and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the Pragmatic Sanction had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust, was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age, and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild day-dream of conquest and spoliation, felt that France, bound as she was by solemn stipulations, could not, without disgrace, make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance which the Pragmatic Sanction gave to the Queen of Hungary; but he was not sufficiently powerful to move without support. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that, after a short period of restlessness,

all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late Emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbours. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in the war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and the red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederic rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederic's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of the infantry, was unequalled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin, a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the governments of Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, had fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles the Twelfth at Bender.

Frederic's first battle was fought at Molwitz; and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general; but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry, which he commanded in person, was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English grey carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old Field-Marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the King had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valour of men

who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age.

The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity, disappeared about this time from the scene, but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace to the vain hope of preserving their power. Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton; and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military efforts. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet; which knew war by nothing but its trophies; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the Place of Victories, little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederic invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the Imperial throne, a throne which the practice of centuries had almost entitled the House of Austria to regard as a hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second. Scarcely had she arisen from her couch, when she hastened to Presburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could restrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabres, and with eager voices vowed to stand

by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then, her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye; but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came again before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

In the meantime, Frederic was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the Continent, at the expense of the House of Hapsburg. His first object was to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second object was that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guarantee formerly given to the Pragmatic Sanction. His plan now was to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English Government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off Frederic, that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty, had not the arms of Frederic been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold and active, though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The King was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valour and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his personal courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia: Frederic abandoned his allies: Saxony followed his example; and the Queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands who had died of cold, fatigue, and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them the seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody debatable land which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandoor, the Croat, and the Hussar, then first became familiar to Western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began

to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the three Bishoprics.

The Court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederic for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons: perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Chateauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Lewis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin; and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task; for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence; and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the King of Prussia. The truth was that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederic's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life, and that the unlucky versifier who pestered him with reams of middling Alexandrines, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees, and the great King of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into his Majesty's hands a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the King's poems; and the King has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. " He had no credentials," says Frederic, " and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce."

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power of Maria Theresa and George the Second to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederic's conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof; and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guarantees, he said, were mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities, marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the Elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconstancy of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Lorraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes. It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpses of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year of 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land, in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw, for the last time, hostile armies set in battle array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederic, as the date at which his novitiate in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederic was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfriedberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors, and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skilful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout of Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equalled by none of his contemporaries, or equalled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfriedberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the meantime, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederic had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The Court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Lewis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederic made peace with England, and, before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general assent of the Germanic body, to the Imperial throne.

Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Frederic. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia: he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as

holding the balance of Europe, a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a Margrave. By the public, the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong. He was at the same time allowed to be a man of parts, a rising general, a shrewd negotiator and adminstrator. Those qualities wherein he surpassed all mankind, were as yet unknown to others or to himself; for they were qualities which shine out only on a dark ground. His career had hitherto, with little interruption, been prosperous; and it was only in adversity, in adversity which seemed without hope or resource, in adversity which would have overwhelmed even men celebrated for strength of mind, that his real greatness could be shown.

He had, from the commencement of his reign, applied himself to public business after a fashion unknown among kings. Lewis the Fourteenth, indeed, had been his own prime minister, and had exercised a general superintendence over all the departments of the Government; but this was not sufficient for Frederic. He was not content with being his own prime minister: he would be his own sole minister. Under him there was no room, not merely for a Richelieu or a Mazarin, but for a Colbert, a Louvois, or a Torcy. A love of labour for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow-creatures, made him unwilling to ask counsel, to confide important secrets, to delegate ample powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks, and were not so much trusted by him as valuable clerks are often trusted by the heads of departments. He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendant of public works, his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs, his own master of the horse, steward, and chamberlain. Matters of which no chief of an office in any other government would ever hear, were, in this singular monarchy, decided by the King in person. If a traveller wished for a good place to see a review, he had to write to Frederic, and received next day, from a royal messenger, Frederic's answer signed by Frederic's own hand. This was an extravagant, a morbid activity. The public business would assuredly have been better done if each department had been put under a man of talents and integrity, and if the King had contented himself with a general control. In this manner the advantages which belong to unity of design, and the advantages which belong to the division of labour, would have been to a great extent combined. But such a system would not have suited the peculiar temper of Frederic. He could tolerate no will, no reason, in the State, save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate and transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an

official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties, there is as much in a copying machine, or a lithographic press, as he required from a secretary of the cabinet.

His own exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind. At Potsdam, his ordinary residence, he rose at three in summer and four in winter. A page soon appeared, with a large basket full of all the letters which had arrived for the King by the last courier, despatches from ambassadors, reports from officers of revenue, plans of buildings, proposals for draining marshes, complaints from persons who thought themselves aggrieved, applications from persons who wanted titles, military commissions, and civil situations. He examined the seals with a keen eye; for he was never for a moment free from the suspicion that some fraud might be practised on him. Then he read the letters, divided them into several packets, and signified his pleasure, generally by a mark, often by two or three words, now and then by some cutting epigram. By eight he had generally finished this part of his task. The adjutant-general was then in attendance, and received instructions for the day as to all the military arrangements of the kingdom. Then the King went to review his guards, not as kings ordinarily review their guards, but with the minute attention and severity of an old drill-sergeant. In the meantime the four cabinet secretaries had been employed in answering the letters on which the King had that morning signified his will. These unhappy men were forced to work all the year round like negro slaves in the time of the sugar-crop. They never had a holiday. They never knew what it was to dine. It was necessary that, before they stirred, they should finish the whole of their work. The King, always on his guard against treachery, took from the heap a handful of letters at random, and looked into them to see whether his instructions had been exactly followed. This was no bad security against foul play on the part of the secretaries; for if one of them were detected in a trick, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with five years of imprisonment in a dungeon. Frederic then signed the replies, and all were sent off the same evening.

The general principles on which this strange government was conducted deserve attention. The policy of Frederic was essentially the same as his father's; but Frederic, while he carried that policy to lengths to which his father never thought of carrying it, cleared it at the same time from the absurdities with which his father had encumbered it. The King's first object was to have a great, efficient, and well-trained army. He had a kingdom which in extent and population was hardly in the second rank of European powers; and yet he aspired to a place not inferior to that of the sovereigns of England, France, and Austria. For that end it was necessary that Prussia should be all sting. Lewis the Fifteenth, with five times as many subjects as Frederic, and more than five times as large a revenue, had not a more formidable army. The proportion which the sol-

diers in Prussia bore to the people seems hardly credible. Of the males in the vigour of life, a seventh part were probably under arms; and this great force had, by drilling, by reviewing, and by the unsparing use of cane and scourge, been taught to form all evolutions with a rapidity and a precision which would have astonished Villars or Eugene. The elevated feelings which are necessary to the best kind of army were then wanting to the Prussian service. In those ranks were not found the religious and political enthusiasm which inspired the pikemen of Cromwell, the patriotic ardour, the thirst of glory, the devotion to a great leader, which inflamed the Old Guard of Napoleon. But in all the mechanical parts of the military calling, the Prussians were as superior to the English and French troops of that day as the English and French troops to a rustic militia.

Though the pay of the Prussian soldier was small, though every rixdollar of extraordinary charge was scrutinized by Frederic with a vigilance and suspicion such as Mr. Joseph Hume never brought to the examination of an army estimate, the expense of such an establishment was, for the means of the country, enormous. In order that it might not be utterly ruinous, it was necessary that every other expense should be cut down to the lowest possible point. Accordingly Frederic, though his dominions bordered on the sea, had no navy. He neither had nor wished to have colonies. His judges, his fiscal officers, were meanly paid. His ministers at foreign courts walked on foot, or drove shabby old carriages till the axletrees gave way. Even to his highest diplomatic agents, who resided at London and Paris, he allowed less than a thousand pounds sterling a year. The royal household was managed with a frugality unusual in the establishments of opulent subjects, unexampled in any other palace. The King loved good eating and drinking, and during a great part of his life took pleasure in seeing his table surrounded by guests; yet the whole charge of his kitchen was brought within the sum of two thousand pounds sterling a year. He examined every extraordinary item with a care which might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince. When more than four rixdollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress Queen. Not a bottle of champagne was uncorked without his express order. The game of the royal parks and forests, a serious head of expenditure in most kingdoms, was to him a source of profit. The whole was farmed out; and though the farmers were almost ruined by their contract, the King would grant them no remission. His wardrobe consisted of one fine gala dress, which lasted him all his life; of two or three old coats fit for Monmouth Street, of yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and of huge boots embrowned by time. One taste alone sometimes allured him beyond the limits of parsimony, nay, even beyond the limits of prudence, the taste for building. In all other things

his economy was such as we might call by a harsher name, if we did not reflect that his funds were drawn from a heavily taxed people, and that it was impossible for him, without excessive tyranny, to keep up at once a formidable army and a splendid court.

Considered as an administrator, Frederic had undoubtedly many titles to praise. Order was strictly maintained throughout his dominions. Property was secure. A great liberty of speaking and of writing was allowed. Confident in the irresistible strength derived from a great army, the King looked down on malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain; and gave little encouragement to spies and informers. When he was told of the disaffection of one of his subjects, he merely asked, " How many thousand men can he bring into the field? " He once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. The placard had been posted up so high that it was not easy to read it. Frederic ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. " My people and I," he said, " have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please." No person would have dared to publish in London satires on George the Second approaching to the atrocity of those satires on Frederic, which the booksellers at Berlin sold with impunity. One bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon that perhaps was ever written in the world, the *Memoirs of Voltaire,* published by Beaumarchais, and asked for his Majesty's orders. " Do not advertise it in an offensive manner," said the King; " but sell it by all means. I hope it will pay you well." Even among statesmen accustomed to the licence of a free press, such steadfastness of mind as this is not very common.

It is due also to the memory of Frederic to say that he earnestly laboured to secure to his people the great blessing of cheap and speedy justice. He was one of the first rulers who abolished the cruel and absurd practice of torture. No sentence of death, pronounced by the ordinary tribunals, was executed without his sanction; and his sanction, except in cases of murder, was rarely given. Towards his troops he acted in a very different manner. Military offences were punished with such barbarous scourging that to be shot was considered by the Prussian soldier as a secondary punishment. Indeed, the principle which pervaded Frederic's whole policy was this, that the more severely the army is governed, the safer it is to treat the rest of the community with lenity.

Religious persecution was unknown under his government, unless some foolish and unjust restrictions which lay upon the Jews may be regarded as forming an exception. His policy with respect to the Catholics of Silesia presented an honourable contrast to the policy which, under very similar circumstances, England long followed with respect to the Catholics of Ireland. Every form of religion and irreligion found an asylum in the States. The scoffer whom the parliaments of France had sentenced to a cruel

death, was consoled by a commission in the Prussian service. The Jesuit who could show his face nowhere else, who in Britain was still subject to penal laws, who was proscribed by France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, who had been given up even by the Vatican, found safety and the means of subsistence in the Prussian dominions.

Most of the vices of Frederic's administration resolve themselves into one vice, the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits, all inclined him to this great fault. He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money, of which the King was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in ploughing bogs, in planting mulberry trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers, nor his own, could ever teach him something more than an edict and a grant of public money was required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

For his commercial policy, however, there was some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade; and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions that a prince whose attention was divided among a thousand objects, and who had never read a law-book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his Judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right, and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant; but to be ruled by a busy-body is more than human nature can bear.

The same passion for directing and regulating appeared in every part of the King's policy. Every lad of a certain station in life was forced to go to certain schools within the Prussian dominions. If a young Prussian repaired, though but for a few weeks, to Leyden or Göttingen for the purpose of study, the offence was punished with civil disabilities, and sometimes with the confiscation of property. Nobody was to travel without the royal permission. If the permission were granted, the pocket-money of the

tourist was fixed by royal ordinance. A merchant might take with him two hundred and fifty rixdollars in gold, a noble was allowed to take four hundred; for it may be observed, in passing, that Frederic studiously kept up the old distinction between the nobles and the community. In speculation, he was a French philosopher, but in action, a German prince. He talked and wrote about the privileges of blood in the style of Sieyès; but in practice no chapter in the empire looked with a keener eye to genealogies and quarterings.

Such was Frederic the Ruler. But there was another Frederic, the Frederic of Rheinsberg, the fiddler and flute-player, the poetaster and the metaphysician. Amidst the cares of State the King had retained his passion for music, for reading, for writing, for literary society. To these amusements he devoted all the time that he could snatch from the business of war and government; and perhaps more light is thrown on his character by what passed during his hours of relaxation, than by his battles or his laws.

It was the just boast of Schiller that, in his country, no Augustus, no Lorenzo, had watched over the infancy of poetry. The rich and energetic language of Luther, driven by the Latin from the schools of pedants, and by the French from the palaces of kings, had taken refuge among the people. Of the powers of that language Frederic had no notion. He generally spoke of it, and of those who used it, with the contempt of ignorance. His library consisted of French books; at his table nothing was heard but French conversation. The associates of his hours of relaxation were, for the most part, foreigners. Britain furnished to the royal circle two distinguished men, born in the highest rank, and driven by civil dissensions from the land to which, under happier circumstances, their talents and virtues might have been a source of strength and glory. George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, had taken arms for the House of Stuart in 1715; and his younger brother James, then only seventeen years old, had fought gallantly by his side. When all was lost they retired together to the Continent, roved from country to country, served under various standards, and so bore themselves as to win the respect and goodwill of many who had no love for the Jacobite cause. Their long wanderings terminated at Potsdam; nor had Frederic any associates who deserved or obtained so large a share of his esteem. They were not only accomplished men, but nobles and warriors, capable of serving him in war and diplomacy, as well as of amusing him at supper. Alone of all his companions they appear never to have had reason to complain of his demeanour towards them. Some of those who knew the palace best pronounced that the Lord Marischal was the only human being whom Frederic ever really loved.

Italy sent to the parties at Potsdam the ingenious and amiable Algarotti, and Bastiani, the most crafty, cautious, and servile of Abbés. But the greater part of the society which Frederic had assembled round him was drawn from France. Maupertuis had acquired some celebrity by the journey

which he had made to Lapland, for the purpose of ascertaining, by actual measurement, the shape of our planet. He was placed in the chair of the Academy of Berlin, a humble imitation of the renowned academy of Paris. Baculard D'Arnaud, a young poet, who was thought to have given promise of great things, had been induced to quit his country, and to reside at the Prussian Court. The Marquess D'Argens was among the King's favourite companions, on account, as it should seem, of the strong opposition between their characters. The parts of D'Argens were good, and his manners those of a finished French gentleman; but his whole soul was dissolved in sloth, timidity, and self-indulgence. He was one of that abject class of minds which are superstitious without being religious. Hating Christianity with a rancour which made him incapable of rational inquiry, unable to see in the harmony and beauty of the universe the traces of divine power and wisdom, he was the slave of dreams and omens, would not sit down to table with thirteen in company, turned pale if the salt fell towards him, begged his guests not to cross their knives and forks on their plates, and would not for the world commence a journey on Friday. His health was a subject of constant anxiety to him. Whenever his head ached, or his pulse beat quick, his dastardly fears and effeminate precautions were the jest of all Berlin. All this suited the King's purpose admirably. He wanted somebody by whom he might be amused, and whom he might despise. When he wished to pass half an hour in easy polished conversation. D'Argens was an excellent companion; when he wanted to vent his spleen and contempt, D'Argens was an excellent butt.

With these associates, and others of the same class, Frederic loved to spend the time which he could steal from public cares. He wished his supper parties to be gay and easy. He invited his guests to lay aside all restraint, and to forget that he was at the head of a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers, and was absolute master of the life and liberty of all who sat at meat with him. There was, therefore, at these parties the outward show of ease. The wit and learning of the company were ostentatiously displayed. The discussions on history and literature were often highly interesting. But the absurdity of all the religions known among men was the chief topic of conversation; and the audacity with which doctrines and names venerated throughout Christendom were treated on these occasions startled even persons accustomed to the society of French and English freethinkers. Real liberty, however, or real affection, was in this brilliant society not to be found. Absolute kings seldom have friends: and Frederic's faults were such as, even where perfect equality exists, make friendship exceedingly precarious. He had indeed many qualities which, on first acquaintance were captivating. His conversation was lively; his manners, to those whom he desired to please, were even caressing. No man could flatter with more delicacy. No man succeeded more completely in inspiring those who approached him with vague hopes of some great advantage from his

kindness. But under this fair exterior he was a tyrant, suspicious, disdainful, and malevolent. He had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when habitually and deliberately indulged by a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart — a taste for severe practical jokes. If a courtier was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriachal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he had particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going hither. These things, it may be said, are trifles. They are so; but they are indications, not to be mistaken, of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement.

Frederic had a keen eye for the foibles of others, and loved to communicate his discoveries. He had some talent for sarcasm, and considerable skill in detecting the sore places where sarcasm would be most acutely felt. His vanity, as well as his malignity, found gratification in the vexation and confusion of those who smarted under his caustic jests. Yet in truth his success on these occasions belonged quite as much to the king as to the wit. We read that Commodus descended, sword in hand, into the arena, against a wretched gladiator, armed only with a foil of lead, and, after shedding the blood of the helpless victim, struck medals to commemorate the inglorious victory. The triumphs of Frederic in the war of repartee were of much the same kind. How to deal with him was the most puzzling of questions. To appear constrained in his presence was to disobey his commands, and to spoil his amusement. Yet if his associates were enticed by his graciousness to indulge in the familiarity of a cordial intimacy, he was certain to make them repent of their presumption by some cruel humiliation. To resent his affronts was perilous; yet not to resent them was to deserve to invite them. In his view, those who mutinied were insolent and ungrateful; those who submitted were curs made to receive bones and kickings with the same fawning patience. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how anything short of the rage of hunger should have induced men to bear the misery of being the associates of the Great King. It was no lucrative post. His Majesty was as severe and economical in his friendships as in the other charges of his establishment, and as unlikely to give a rixdollar too much for his guests as for his dinners. The sum which he allowed to a poet or a philosopher was the very smallest sum for which such poet or philosopher could be induced to sell himself into slavery; and the bondsman might think himself fortunate, if what had been so grudgingly given was not, after years of suffering, rudely and arbitrarily withdrawn.

Potsdam was, in truth, what it was called by one of its most illustrious inmates, the Palace of Alcina. At the first glance it seemed to be a delightful spot, where every intellectual and physical enjoyment awaited

the happy adventurer. Every newcomer was received with eager hospitality, intoxicated with flattery, encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness. It was in vain that a long succession of favourites who had entered that abode with delight and hope, and who, after a short term of delusive happiness, had been doomed to expiate their folly by years of wretchedness and degradation, raised their voices to warn the aspirant who approached the charmed threshold. Some had wisdom enough to discover the truth early, and spirit enough to fly without looking back; others lingered on to a cheerless and unhonoured old age. We have no hesitation in saying that the poorest author of that time in London, sleeping on a bulk, dining in a cellar, with a cravat of paper, and a skewer for a shirt-pin, was a happier man than any of the literary inmates of Frederic's Court.

But of all who entered the enchanted garden in the inebriation of delight, and quitted it in agonies of rage and shame, the most remarkable was Voltaire. Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his country. His fame had raised him up enemies. His sensibility gave them a formidable advantage over him. They were, indeed, contemptible assailants. Of all that they wrote against him, nothing has survived except what he has himself preserved. But the constitution of his mind resembled the constitution of those bodies in which the slightest scratch of a bramble, or the bite of a gnat, never fails to fester. Though his reputation was rather raised than lowered by the abuse of such writers as Fréron and Desfontaines, though the vengeance which he took on Fréron and Desfontaines was such, that scourging, branding, pillorying, would have been a trifle to it, there is reason to believe that they gave him far more pain than he ever gave them. Though he enjoyed during his own lifetime the reputation of a classic, though he was extolled by his contemporaries above all poets, philosophers, and historians, though his works were read with as much delight and admiration at Moscow and Westminster, at Florence and Stockholm, as at Paris itself, he was yet tormented by that restless jealousy which should seem to belong only to minds burning with the desire of fame, and yet conscious of impotence. To men of letters who could by no possibility be his rivals, he was, if they behaved well to him, not merely just, not merely courteous, but often a hearty friend and a munificent benefactor. But to every writer who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed enemy. He slily depreciated Montesquieu and Buffon. He publicly, and with violent outrage, made war on Rousseau. Nor had he the heart of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good humour or of contempt. With all his great talents, and all his long experience of the world, he had no more self-command than a petted child, or a hysterical woman. Whenever he was mortified, he exhausted the whole rhetoric of anger and sorrow to express his mortification. His torrents of bitter words, his stamping and cursing, his grimaces and his tears of rage, were a rich feast to those abject

natures, whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits and in the abasement of immortal names. These creatures had now found out a way of galling him to the very quick. In one walk, at least, it had been admitted by envy itself that he was without a living competitor. Since Racine had been laid among the great men whose dust made the holy precinct of Port-Royal holier, no tragic poet had appeared who could contest the palm with the author of *Zaire,* of *Alzire,* and of *Merope.* At length a rival was announced. Old Crébillon, who, many years before, had obtained some theatrical success, and who had long been forgotten, came forth from his garret in one of the meanest lanes near the Rue St. Antoine, and was welcomed by the acclamations of envious men of letters, and of a capricious populace. A thing called *Catiline,* which he had written in his retirement, was acted with boundless applause. Of this execrable piece it is sufficient to say, that the plot turns on a love affair, carried on in all the forms of Scudéry, between Catiline, whose confidant is the Prætor Lentulus, and Tullia, the daughter of Cicero. The theatre resounded with acclamations. The King pensioned the successful poet; and the coffee-houses pronounced that Voltaire was a clever man, but that the real tragic inspiration, the celestial fire which had glowed in Corneille and Racine, was to be found in Crébillon alone.

The blow went to Voltaire's heart. Had his wisdom and fortitude been in proportion to the fertility of his intellect, and to the brilliancy of his wit, he would have seen that it was out of the power of all the puffers and detractors in Europe to put Catiline above Zaire; but he had none of the magnanimous patience with which Milton and Bentley left their claims to the unerring judgment of time. He eagerly engaged in an undignified competition with Crébillon, and produced a series of plays on the same subjects which his rival had treated. These pieces were coolly received. Angry with the court, angry with the capital, Voltaire began to find pleasure in the prospect of exile. His attachment for Madame du Châtelet long prevented him from executing his purpose. Her death set him at liberty; and he determined to take refuge at Berlin.

To Berlin he was invited by a series of letters, couched in terms of the most enthusiastic friendship and admiration. For once the rigid parsimony of Frederic seemed to have relaxed. Orders, honourable offices, a liberal pension, a well-served table, stately apartments under a royal roof, were offered in return for the pleasure and honour which were expected from the society of the first wit of the age. A thousand louis were remitted for the charges of the journey. No ambassador setting out from Berlin for a court of the first rank, had ever been more amply supplied. But Voltaire was not satisfied. At a later period, when he possessed an ample fortune, he was one of the most liberal of men; but till his means had become equal to his wishes, his greediness for lucre was unrestrained either by justice or by shame. He had the effrontery to ask for a thousand louis more, in order

to enable him to bring his niece, Madame Denis, the ugliest of coquettes, in his company. The indelicate rapacity of the poet produced its natural effect on the severe and frugal King. The answer was a dry refusal. " I did not," said his Majesty, " solicit the honour of the lady's society." On this, Voltaire went off into a paroxysm of childish rage. " Was there ever such avarice? He has hundreds of tubs full of dollars in his vaults, and haggles with me about a poor thousand louis." It seemed that the negotiation would be broken off; but Frederic, with great dexterity, affected indifference, and seemed inclined to transfer his idolatry to Baculard D'Arnaud. His Majesty even wrote some bad verses, of which the sense was, that Voltaire was a setting sun, and that D'Arnaud was rising. Good-natured friends soon carried the lines to Voltaire. He was in his bed. He jumped out in his shirt, danced about the room with rage, and sent for his passport and his post-horses. It was not difficult to foresee the end of a connexion which had such a beginning.

It was in the year 1750 that Voltaire left the great capital, which he was not to see again till, after the lapse of near thirty years, he returned bowed down by extreme old age, to die in the midst of a splendid and ghastly triumph. His reception in Prussia was such as might well have elated a less vain and excitable mind. He wrote to his friends at Paris, that the kindness and the attention with which he had been welcomed surpassed description, that the King was the most amiable of men, that Potsdam was the paradise of philosophers. He was created chamberlain, and received, together with his gold key, the cross of an order, and a patent ensuring to him a pension of eight hundred pounds sterling a year for life. A hundred and sixty pounds a year were promised to his niece if she survived him. The royal cooks and coachmen were put at his disposal. He was lodged in the same apartments in which Saxe had lived, when, at the height of power and glory, he visited Prussia. Frederic, indeed, stooped for a time even to use the language of adulation. He pressed to his lips the meagre hand of the little grinning skeleton, whom he regarded as the dispenser of immortal renown. He would add, he said, to the titles which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, another title, derived from his last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus: Frederic, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire. But even amidst the delights of the honeymoon, Voltaire's sensitive vanity began to take alarm. A few days after his arrival, he could not help telling his niece that the amiable King had a trick of giving a sly scratch with one hand while patting and stroking with the other. Soon came hints not the less alarming, because mysterious. " The supper parties are delicious. The King is the life of the company. But — I have operas and comedies, reviews and concerts, my studies and books. But — but — Berlin is fine, the princesses charming, the maids of honour handsome. But —— "

This eccentric friendship was fast cooling. Never had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. Frederic was frugal, almost niggardly. When he had secured his plaything he began to think that he had bought it too dear. Voltaire, on the other hand, was greedy, even to the extent of imprudence and knavery; and conceived that the favourite of a monarch who had barrels full of gold and silver laid up in cellars ought to make a fortune which a receiver-general might envy. They soon discovered each other's feelings. Both were angry; and a war began, in which Frederic stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. It is humiliating to relate, that the great warrior and statesman gave orders that his guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate should be curtailed. It is, if possible, a still more humiliating fact, that Voltaire indemnified himself by pocketing the wax candles in the royal antechamber. Disputes about money, however, were not the most serious disputes of these extraordinary associates. The sarcasms of the King soon galled the sensitive temper of the poet. D'Arnaud and D'Argens, Guichard and La Métrie, might, for the sake of a morsel of bread, be willing to bear the insolence of a master; but Voltaire was of another order. He knew that he was a potentate as well as Frederic, that his European reputation, and his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. In truth, of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name. Principles unassailable by reason, principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions, began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned upon them. To every opponent, however strong in his cause and his talents, in his station and his character, who ventured to encounter the great scoffer, might be addressed the caution which was given of old to the Archangel: —

> *"I forewarn thee, shun*
> *His deadly arrow: neither vainly hope*
> *To be invulnerable in those bright arms,*
> *Though temper'd heavenly; for that fatal dint,*
> *Save Him who reigns above, none can resist."*

We cannot pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem; how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain; how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery,

and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration, the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government. This is not the place for a full character of Voltaire.

Causes of quarrel multiplied fast. Voltaire, who, partly from love of money, and partly from love of excitement, was always fond of stock-jobbing, became implicated in transactions of at least a dubious character. The King was delighted at having such an opportunity to humble his guest; and bitter reproaches and complaints were exchanged. Voltaire, too, was soon at war with the other men of letters who surrounded the King; and this irritated Frederic, who, however, had himself chiefly to blame: for, from that love of tormenting which was in him a ruling passion, he perpetually lavished extravagant praises on small men and bad books, merely in order that he might enjoy the mortification and rage which on such occasions Voltaire took no pains to conceal. His Majesty, however, soon had reason to regret the pains which he had taken to kindle jealousy among the members of his household. The whole palace was in a ferment with literary intrigues and cabals. It was to no purpose that the imperial voice, which kept a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers in order, was raised to quiet the contention of the exasperated wits. It was far easier to stir up such a storm than to lull it. Nor was Frederic, in his capacity of wit, by any means without his own share of vexations. He had sent a large quantity of verses to Voltaire, and requested that they might be returned, with remarks and corrections. " See," exclaimed Voltaire, " what a quantity of his dirty linen the King has sent me to wash! " Talebearers were not wanting to carry the sarcasm to the royal ear; and Frederic was as much incensed as a Grub Street writer who had found his name in the *Dunciad.*

This could not last. A circumstance which, when the mutual regard of the friends was in its first glow, would merely have been matter for laughter, produced a violent explosion. Maupertuis enjoyed as much of Frederic's goodwill as any man of letters. He was President of the Academy of Berlin; and he stood second to Voltaire, though at an immense distance, in the literary society which had been assembled at the Prussian Court. Frederic had, by playing for his own amusement on the feelings of the two jealous and vainglorious Frenchmen, succeeded in producing a bitter enmity between them. Voltaire resolved to set his mark, a mark never to be effaced, on the forehead of Maupertuis, and wrote the exquisitely ludicrous *Diatribe of Doctor Akakia.* He showed this little piece to Frederic, who had too much taste and too much malice not to relish such delicious pleasantry. In truth, even at this time of day, it is not easy for any person who has the least perception of the ridiculous to read the jokes on the Latin city, the Patagonians, and the hole to the centre of the earth, without laughing till he cries. But though Frederic was di-

verted by this charming pasquinade, he was unwilling that it should get abroad. His self-love was interested. He had selected Maupertuis to fill the chair of his Academy. If all Europe were taught to laugh at Maupertuis, would not the reputation of the Academy, would not even the dignity of its royal patron, be in some degree compromised? The King, therefore, begged Voltaire to suppress this performance. Voltaire promised to do so, and broke his word. The *Diatribe* was published, and received with shouts of merriment and applause by all who could read the French language. The King stormed. Voltaire, with his usual disregard of truth, asserted his innocence, and made up some lie about a printer or an amanuensis. The King was not to be so imposed upon. He ordered the pamphlet to be burned by the common hangman, and insisted upon having an apology from Voltaire, couched in the most abject terms. Voltaire sent back to the King his cross, his key, and the patent of his pension. After this burst of rage, the strange pair began to be ashamed of their violence, and went through the forms of reconciliation. But the breach was irreparable; and Voltaire took his leave of Frederic for ever. They parted with cold civility; but their hearts were big with resentment. Voltaire had in his keeping a volume of the King's poetry, and forgot to return it. This was, we believe, merely one of the oversights which men setting out upon a journey often commit. That Voltaire could have meditated plagiarism is quite incredible. He would not, we are confident, for the half of Frederic's kingdom, have consented to father Frederic's verses. The King, however, who rated his own writings much above their value, and who was inclined to see all Voltaire's actions in the worst light, was enraged to think that his favourite compositions were in the hands of an enemy, as thievish as a daw and as mischievous as a monkey. In the anger excited by this thought, he lost sight of reason and decency, and determined on committing an outrage at once odious and ridiculous.

Voltaire had reached Frankfort. His niece, Madame Denis, came thither to meet him. He conceived himself secure from the power of his late master, when he was arrested by order of the Prussian resident. The precious volume was delivered up. But the Prussian agents had, no doubt, been instructed not to let Voltaire escape without some gross indignity. He was confined twelve days in a wretched hovel. Sentinels with fixed bayonets kept guard over him. His niece was dragged through the mire by the soldiers. Sixteen hundred dollars were extorted from him by his insolent gaolers. It is absurd to say that this outrage is not attributed to the King. Was anybody punished for it? Was anybody called in question for it? Was it not consistent with Frederic's character? Was it not of a piece with his conduct on other similar occasions? Is it not notorious that he repeatedly gave private directions to his officers to pillage and demolish the houses of persons against whom he had a grudge, charging them at the same time to take their measures in such a way that his name might not

be compromised? He acted thus toward Count Bruhl in the Seven Years' War. Why should we believe that he would have been more scrupulous with regard to Voltaire?

When at length the illustrious prisoner regained his liberty, the prospect before him was but dreary. He was an exile both from the country of his birth and from the country of his adoption. The French Government had taken offence at his journey to Prussia, and would not permit him to return to Paris; and in the vicinity of Prussia it was not safe for him to remain.

He took refuge on the beautiful shores of Lake Leman. There, loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him, and having little to hope or to fear from courts and churches, he began his long war against all that, whether for good or evil, had authority over man; for what Burke said of the Constituent Assembly, was eminently true of this its great forerunner: Voltaire could not build: he could only pull down: he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name, not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge. But no human teacher ever left behind him so vast and terrible a wreck of truths and falsehoods, of things noble and things base, of things useful and things pernicious. From the time when his sojourn beneath the Alps commenced, the dramatist, the wit, the historian, was merged in a more important character. He was now the patriarch, the founder of a sect, the chief of a conspiracy, the prince of a wide intellectual commonwealth. He often enjoyed a pleasure dear to the better part of his nature, the pleasure of vindicating innocence which had no other helper, of repairing cruel wrongs, of punishing tyranny in high places. He had also the satisfaction, not less acceptable to his ravenous vanity, of hearing terrified Capuchins call him the Antichrist. But whether employed in works of benevolence, or in works of mischief, he never forgot Potsdam and Frankfort; and he listened anxiously to every murmur which indicated that a tempest was gathering in Europe, and that his vengeance was at hand.

He soon had his wish. Maria Theresa had never for a moment forgotten the great wrong which she had received at the hand of Frederic. Young and delicate, just left an orphan, just about to be a mother, she had been compelled to fly from the ancient capital of her race; she had seen her fair inheritance dismembered by robbers, and of those robbers he had been the foremost. Without a pretext, without a provocation, in defiance of the most sacred engagements, he had attacked the helpless ally whom he was bound to defend. The Empress Queen had the faults as well as the virtues which are connected with quick sensibility and a high spirit. There was no peril which she was not ready to brave, no calamity which she was not ready to bring on her subjects, or on the whole human race, if only she might once taste the sweetness of a complete revenge. Revenge, too, pre-

sented itself, to her narrow and superstitious mind, in the guise of duty. Silesia had been wrested not only from the House of Austria, but from the Church of Rome. The conqueror had indeed permitted his new subjects to worship God after their own fashion; but this was not enough. To bigotry it seemed an intolerable hardship that the Catholic Church, having long enjoyed ascendency, should be compelled to content itself with equality. Nor was this the only circumstance which led Maria Theresa to regard her enemy as the enemy of God. The profaneness of Frederic's writings and conversation, and the frightful rumours which were circulated respecting the immorality of his private life, naturally shocked a woman who believed with the firmest faith all that her confessor told her, and who, though surrounded by temptations, though young and beautiful, though ardent in all her passions, though possessed of absolute power, had preserved her fame unsullied even by the breath of slander.

To recover Silesia, to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the great object of her life. She toiled during many years for this end, with zeal as indefatigable as that which the poet ascribed to the stately goddess who tired out her immortal horses in the work of raising the nations against Troy, and who offered to give up to destruction her darling Sparta and Mycenæ, if only she might once see the smoke going up from the palace of Priam. With even such a spirit did the proud Austrian Juno strive to array against her foe a coalition such as Europe had never seen. Nothing would content her but that whole civilized world, from the White Sea to the Adriatic, from the Bay of Biscay to the pastures of the wild horses of the Tanais, should be combined in arms against one petty State.

She early succeeded by various arts in obtaining the adhesion of Russia. An ample share of spoil was promised to the King of Poland; and that prince, governed by his favourite, Count Bruhl, readily promised the assistance of the Saxon forces. The great difficulty was with France. That the Houses of Bourbon and of Hapsburg should ever cordially coöperate in any great scheme of European policy, had long been thought, to use the strong expression of Frederic, just as impossible as that fire and water should amalgamate. The whole history of the Continent, during two centuries and a half, had been the history of the mutual jealousies and enmities of France and Austria. Since the administration of Richelieu, above all, it had been considered as the plain policy of the Most Christian King to thwart on all occasions the Court of Vienna, and to protect every member of the Germanic body who stood up against the dictation of the Cæsars. Common sentiments of religion had been unable to mitigate this strong antipathy. The rulers of France, even while clothed in the Roman purple, even while persecuting the heretics of Rochelle and Auvergne, had still looked with favour on the Lutheran and Calvinistic princes who were struggling against the chief of the empire. If the French ministers paid

any respect to the traditional rules handed down to them through many generations, they would have acted towards Frederic as the greatest of their predecessors acted towards Gustavus Adolphus. That there was deadly enmity between Prussia and Austria was of itself a sufficient reason for close friendship between Prussia and France. With France Frederic could never have any serious controversy. His territories were so situated that his ambition, greedy and unscrupulous as it was, could never impel him to attack her of his own accord. He was more than half a Frenchman: he wrote, spoke, read nothing but French: he delighted in French society: the admiration of the French he proposed to himself as the best reward of all his exploits. It seemed incredible that any French Government, however notorious for levity or stupidity, could spurn away such an ally.

The Court of Vienna, however, did not despair. The Austrian diplomatists propounded a new scheme of politics, which, it must be owned, was not altogether without plausibility. The great powers, according to this theory, had long been under a delusion. They had looked on each other as natural enemies, while in truth they were natural allies. A succession of cruel wars had devastated Europe, had thinned the population, had exhausted the public resources, had loaded governments with an immense burden of debt; and when, after two hundred years of murderous hostility or of hollow truce, the illustrious Houses whose enmity had distracted the world sat down to count their gains, to what did the real advantage on either side amount? Simply to this, that they had kept each other from thriving. It was not the King of France, it was not the Emperor, who had reaped the fruits of the Thirty Years' War, or of the War of the Pragmatic Sanction. These fruits had been pilfered by states of the second and third rank, which, secured against jealousy by their insignificance, had dexterously aggrandized themselves while pretending to serve the animosity of the great chiefs of Christendom. While the lion and tiger were tearing each other, the jackal had run off into the jungle with the prey. The real gainer by the Thirty Years' War had been neither France nor Austria, but Sweden. The real gainer by the War of the Pragmatic Sanction had been neither France nor Austria, but the upstart Brandenburg. France had made great efforts, had added largely to her military glory, and largely to her public burdens; and for what end? Merely that Frederic might rule Silesia. For this and this alone one French army, wasted by sword and famine, had perished in Bohemia; and another had purchased with floods of the noblest blood, the barren glory of Fontenoy. And this prince, for whom France had suffered so much, was he a grateful, was he even an honest ally? Had he not been as false to the Court of Versailles as to the Court of Vienna? Had he not played, on a large scale, the same part which, in private life, is played by the vile agent of chicane who sets his neighbours quarrelling, involves them in costly and interminable litiga-

tion, and betrays them to each other all round, certain that, whoever may be ruined, he shall be enriched? Surely the true wisdom of the great powers was to attack, not each other, but this common barrator, who, by inflaming the passions of both, by pretending to serve both, and by deserting both, had raised himself above the station to which he was born. The great object of Austria was to regain Silesia: the great object of France was to obtain an accession of territory on the side of Flanders. If they took opposite sides, the result would probably be that, after a war of many years, after the slaughter of many thousands of brave men, after the waste of many millions of crowns, they would lay down their arms without having achieved either object: but, if they came to an understanding, there would be no risk, and no difficulty. Austria would willingly make in Belgium such cessions as France could not expect to obtain by ten pitched battles. Silesia would easily be annexed to the monarchy of which it had long been a part. The union of two such powerful governments would at once overawe the King of Prussia. If he resisted, one short campaign would settle his fate. France and Austria, long accustomed to rise from the game of war both losers, would, for the first time, both be gainers. There could be no room for jealousy between them. The power of both would be increased at once; the equilibrium between them would be preserved; and the only sufferer would be a mischievous and unprincipled buccaneer, who deserved no tenderness from either.

These doctrines, attractive from their novelty and ingenuity, soon became fashionable at the supper-parties and in the coffee-houses of Paris, and were espoused by every gay marquis and every facetious abbé who was admitted to see Madame de Pompadour's hair curled and powdered. It was not, however, to any political theory that the strange coalition between France and Austria owed its origin. The real motive which induced the great continental powers to forget their old animosities and their old state maxims was personal aversion to the King of Prussia. This feeling was strongest in Maria Theresa; but it was by no means confined to her. Frederic, in some respects a good master, was emphatically a bad neighbour. That he was hard in all dealings, and quick to take all advantages, was not his most odious fault. His bitter and scoffing speech had inflicted keener wounds than his ambition. In his character of wit he was under less restraint than even in his character of ruler. Satirical verses against all the princes and ministers of Europe were ascribed to his pen. In his letters and conversation he alluded to the greatest potentates of the age in terms which would have better suited Collé, in a war of repartee with young Crébillon at Pelletier's table, than a great sovereign speaking of great sovereigns. About women he was in the habit of expressing himself in a manner which it was impossible for the meekest of women to forgive; and, unfortunately for him, almost the whole Continent was then governed by women who were by no means conspicuous for meekness. Maria Theresa

herself had not escaped his scurrilous jests. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia knew that her gallantries afforded him a favourite theme for ribaldry and invective. Madame de Pompadour, who was really the head of the French Government, had been even more keenly galled. She had attempted, by the most delicate flattery, to propitiate the King of Prussia; but her messages had drawn from him only dry and sarcastic replies. The Empress Queen took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses, though the most austere of matrons, she forgot in her thirst for revenge both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded concubine, who, having acquired influence by prostituting herself, retained it by prostituting others. Maria Theresa actually wrote with her own hand a note, full of expressions of esteem and friendship to her dear cousin, the daughter of the butcher Poisson, the wife of the publican D'Etioles, the kidnapper of young girls for the harem of an old rake, a strange cousin for the descendant of so many Emperors of the West! The mistress was completely gained over, and easily carried her point with Lewis, who had, indeed, wrongs of his own to resent. His feelings were not quick, but contempt, says the Eastern proverb, pierces even through the shell of the tortoise; and neither prudence nor decorum had ever restrained Frederic from expressing his measureless contempt for the sloth, the imbecility, and the baseness of Lewis. France was thus induced to join the coalition; and the example of France determined the conduct of Sweden, then completely subject to French influence.

The enemies of Frederic were surely strong enough to attack him openly; but they were desirous to add to all their other advantages the advantage of a surprise. He was not, however, a man to be taken off his guard. He had tools in every Court; and he now received from Vienna, from Dresden, and from Paris, accounts so circumstantial and so consistent, that he could not doubt of his danger. He learnt, that he was to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body; that the greater part of his dominions was to be portioned out among his enemies; that France, which from her geographical position could not directly share in his spoils, was to receive an equivalent in the Netherlands; that Austria was to have Silesia, and the Czarina East Prussia; that Augustus of Saxony expected Magdeburg; and that Sweden would be rewarded with part of Pomerania. If these designs succeeded, the House of Brandenburg would at once sink in the European system to a place lower than that of the Duke of Würtemberg or the Margrave of Baden.

And what hope was there that these designs would fail? No such union of the continental powers had been seen for ages. A less formidable confederacy had in a week conquered all the provinces of Venice, when Venice was at the height of power, wealth, and glory. A less formidable confederacy had compelled Lewis the Fourteenth to bow down his haughty head

to the very earth. A less formidable confederacy has, within our own memory, subjugated a still mightier empire, and abused a still prouder name. Such odds had never been heard of in war. The people whom Frederic ruled were not five millions. The population of the countries which were leagued against him amounted to a hundred millions. The disproportion in wealth was at least equally great. Small communities, actuated by strong sentiments of patriotism or loyalty, have sometimes made head against great monarchies weakened by factions and discontents. But small as was Frederic's kingdom, it probably contained a greater number of disaffected subjects than were to be found in all the states of his enemies. Silesia formed a fourth part of his dominions; and from the Silesians, born under Austrian princes, the utmost that he could expect was apathy. From the Silesian Catholics he could hardly expect anything but resistance.

Some states have been enabled, by their geographical position, to defend themselves with advantage against immense force. The sea has repeatedly protected England against the fury of the whole Continent. The Venetian Government, driven from its possessions on the land, could still bid defiance to the confederates of Cambray from the arsenal amidst the lagoons. More than one great and well appointed army, which regarded the shepherds of Switzerland as an easy prey, has perished in the passes of the Alps. Frederic had no such advantage. The form of his states, their situation, the nature of the ground, all were against him. His long, scattered, straggling territory seemed to have been shaped with an express view to the convenience of invaders, and was protected by no sea, by no chain of hills. Scarcely any corner of it was a week's march from the territory of the enemy. The capital itself, in the event of war, would be constantly exposed to insult. In truth there was hardly a politician or a soldier in Europe who doubted that the conflict would be terminated in a very few days by the prostration of the House of Brandenburg.

Nor was Frederic's own opinion very different. He anticipated nothing short of his own ruin, and of the ruin of his family. Yet there was still a chance, a slender chance, of escape. His states had at least the advantage of a central position; his enemies were widely separated from each other, and could not conveniently unite their overwhelming forces on one point. They inhabited different climates, and it was probable that the season of the year which would be best suited to the military operations of one portion of the League, would be unfavourable to those of another portion. The Prussian monarchy, too, was free from some infirmities which were found in empires far more extensive and magnificent. Its effective strength for a desperate struggle was not to be measured merely by the number of square miles or the number of people. In that spare but well-knit and well-exercised body, there was nothing but sinew, and muscle and bone. No public creditors looked for dividends. No distant colonies required defence. No Court, filled with flatterers and mistresses, devoured the pay of fifty

battalions. The Prussian army, though far inferior in number to the troops which were to be opposed to it, was yet strong out of all proportion to the extent of the Prussian dominions. It was also admirably trained and admirably officered, accustomed to obey and accustomed to conquer. The revenue was not only unencumbered by debt, but exceeded the ordinary outlay in time of peace. Alone of all the European princes, Frederic had a treasure laid up for a day of difficulty. Above all, he was one, and his enemies were many. In their camps would certainly be found the jealousy, the dissension, the slackness inseparable from coalitions; on his side was the energy, the unity, the secrecy of a strong dictatorship. To a certain extent the deficiency of military means might be supplied by the resources of military art. Small as the King's army was, when compared with the six hundred thousand men whom the confederates could bring into the field, celerity of movement might in some degree compensate for deficiency of bulk. It was thus just possible that genius, judgment, resolution, and good luck united, might protract the struggle during a campaign or two; and to gain even a month was of importance. It could not be long before the vices which are found in all extensive confederacies would begin to show themselves. Every member of the League would think his own share of the war too large, and his own share of the spoils too small. Complaints and recriminations would abound. The Turk might stir on the Danube; the statesmen of France might discover the error which they had committed in abandoning the fundamental principles of their national policy. Above all, death might rid Prussia of its most formidable enemies. The war was the effect of the personal aversion with which three or four sovereigns regarded Frederic; and the decease of any one of those sovereigns might produce a complete revolution in the state of Europe.

In the midst of a horizon generally dark and stormy, Frederic could discern one bright spot. The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748, had been in Europe no more than an armistice; and had not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe. In India the sovereignty of the Carnatic was disputed between two great Mussulman houses; Fort Saint George had taken one side, Pondicherry the other; and in a series of battles and sieges the troops of Lawrence and Clive had been opposed to those of Dupleix. A struggle less important in its consequences, but not less likely to produce irritation, was carried on between those French and English adventurers, who kidnapped negroes and collected gold dust on the coast of Guinea. But it was in North America that the emulation and mutual aversion of the two nations were most conspicuous. The French attempted to hem in the English colonists by a chain of military posts, extending from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. The English took arms. The wild aboriginal tribes appeared on each side mingled with the Pale-faces. Battles were fought;

forts were stormed; and hideous stories about stakes, scalpings, and death-songs reached Europe, and inflamed that national animosity which the rivalry of ages had produced. The disputes between France and England came to a crisis at the very time when the tempest which had been gathering was about to burst on Prussia. The tastes and interests of Frederic would have led him, if he had been allowed an option, to side with the House of Bourbon. But the folly of the Court of Versailles left him no choice. France became the tool of Austria; and Frederic was forced to become the ally of England. He could not, indeed, expect that a power which covered the sea with its fleets, and which had to make war at once on the Ohio and the Ganges, would be able to spare a large number of troops for operations in Germany. But England, though poor compared with the England of our time, was far richer than any country on the Continent. The amount of her revenue, and the resources which she found in her credit, though they may be thought small by a generation which has seen her raise a hundred and thirty millions in a single year, appeared miraculous to the politicians of that age. A very moderate portion of her wealth, expended by an able and economical prince, in a country where prices were low, would be sufficient to equip and maintain a formidable army.

Such was the situation in which Frederic found himself. He saw the whole extent of his peril. He saw that there was still a faint possibility of escape; and, with prudent temerity, he determined to strike the first blow. It was in the month of August 1756, that the great war of the Seven Years commenced. The King demanded of the Empress Queen a distinct explanation of her intentions, and plainly told her that he should consider a refusal as a declaration of war. "I want," he said, "no answer in the style of an oracle." He received an answer at once haughty and evasive. In an instant the rich electorate of Saxony was overflowed by sixty thousand Prussian troops. Augustus with his army occupied a strong position at Pirna. The Queen of Poland was at Dresden. In a few days Pirna was blockaded and Dresden was taken. The first object of Frederic was to obtain possession of the Saxon State papers; for those papers, he well knew, contained ample proofs that, though apparently an aggressor, he was really acting in self-defence. The Queen of Poland, as well acquainted as Frederic with the importance of those documents, had packed them up, had concealed them in her bedchamber, and was about to send them off to Warsaw, when a Prussian officer made his appearance. In the hope that no soldier would venture to outrage a lady, a queen, a daughter of an emperor, the mother-in-law of a dauphin, she placed herself before the trunk, and at length sat down on it. But all resistance was vain. The papers were carried to Frederic, who found in them, as he expected, abundant evidence of the designs of the coalition. The most important documents were instantly published, and the effect of the publication was great. It

was clear that, of whatever sins the King of Prussia might formerly have been guilty, he was now the injured party, and had merely anticipated a blow intended to destroy him.

The Saxon camp at Pirna was in the meantime closely invested; but the besieged were not without hopes of succour. A great Austrian army under Marshal Brown was about to pour through the passes which separate Bohemia from Saxony. Frederic left at Pirna a force sufficient to deal with the Saxons, hastened into Bohemia, encountered Brown at Lowositz, and defeated him. This battle decided the fate of Saxony. Augustus and his favourite Bruhl fled to Poland. The whole army of the Electorate capitulated. From that time till the end of the war, Frederic treated Saxony as a part of his dominions, or, rather, he acted towards the Saxons in a manner which may serve to illustrate the whole meaning of that tremendous sentence, "subjectos tanquam suos, viles tanquam alienos." Saxony was as much in his power as Brandenburg; and he had no such interest in the welfare of Saxony as he had in the welfare of Brandenburg. He accordingly levied troops and exacted contributions throughout the enslaved province, with far more rigour than in any part of his own dominions. Seventeen thousand men who had been in the camp at Pirna were half compelled, half persuaded to enlist under their conqueror. Thus, within a few weeks from the commencement of hostilities, one of the confederates had been disarmed, and his weapons were now pointed against the rest.

The winter put a stop to military operations. All had hitherto gone well. But the real tug of war was still to come. It was easy to foresee that the year 1757 would be a memorable era in the history of Europe.

The King's scheme for the campaign was simple, bold, and judicious. The Duke of Cumberland with an English and Hanoverian army was in Western Germany, and might be able to prevent the French troops from attacking Prussia. The Russians, confined by their snows, would probably not stir till the spring was far advanced. Saxony was prostrated. Sweden could do nothing very important. During a few months Frederic would have to deal with Austria alone. Even thus the odds were against him. But ability and courage have often triumphed against odds still more formidable.

Early in 1757 the Prussian army in Saxony began to move. Through four defiles in the mountains they came pouring into Bohemia. Prague was the King's first mark; but the ulterior object was probably Vienna. At Prague lay Marshal Brown with one great army. Daun, the most cautious and fortunate of the Austrian captains, was advancing with another. Frederic determined to overwhelm Brown before Daun should arrive. On the sixth of May was fought, under those walls which, a hundred and thirty years before, had witnessed the victory of the Catholic league and the flight of the unhappy Palatine, a battle more bloody than any which Europe saw during the long interval between Malplaquet and Eylau. The King and

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick were distinguished on that day by their valour and exertions. But the chief glory was with Schwerin. When the Prussian infantry wavered, the stout old marshal snatched the colours from an ensign, and, waving them in the air, led back his regiment to the charge. Thus at seventy-two years of age he fell in the thickest battle, still grasping the standard which bears the black eagle on the field argent. The victory remained with the King; but it had been dearly purchased. Whole columns of his bravest warriors had fallen. He admitted that he had lost eighteen thousand men. Of the enemy, twenty-four thousand had been killed, wounded, or taken.

Part of the defeated army was shut up in Prague. Part fled to join the troops which, under the command of Daun, were now close at hand. Frederic determined to play over the same game which had succeeded at Lowositz. He left a large force to besiege Prague, and at the head of thirty thousand men he marched against Daun. The cautious Marshal, though he had a great superiority in numbers, would risk nothing. He occupied at Kolin a position almost impregnable, and awaited the attack of the King.

It was the eighteenth of June, a day which, if the Greek superstition still retained its influence, would be held sacred to Nemesis, a day on which the two greatest princes of modern times were taught, by a terrible experience, that neither skill not valour can fix the inconstancy of fortune. The battle began before noon; and part of the Prussian army maintained the contest till after the midsummer sun had gone down. But at length the King found that his troops, having been repeatedly driven back with frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. He was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field. The officers of his personal staff were under the necessity of expostulating with him, and one of them took the liberty to say, " Does your Majesty mean to storm the batteries alone? " Thirteen thousand of his bravest followers had perished. Nothing remained for him but to retreat in good order, to raise the siege of Prague, and to hurry his army by different routes out of Bohemia.

This stroke seemed to be final. Frederic's situation had at best been such, that only an uninterrupted run of good luck could save him, as it seemed, from ruin. And now, almost in the outset of the contest he had met with a check which, even in a war between equal powers, would have been felt as serious. He had owed much to the opinion which all Europe entertained of his army. Since his accession, his soldiers had in many successive battles been victorious over the Austrians. But the glory had departed from his arms. All whom his malevolent sarcasms had wounded, made haste to avenge themselves by scoffing at the scoffer. His soldiers had ceased to confide in his star. In every part of his camp his dispositions were severely criticized. Even in his own family he had detractors. His next brother, William, heir-presumptive, or rather, in truth, heir-apparent to the throne, and great-grandfather of the present King, could not refrain

from lamenting his own fate and that of the House of Hohenzollern, once so great and so prosperous, but now, by the rash ambition of its chief, made a by-word to all nations. These complaints, and some blunders which William committed during the retreat from Bohemia, called forth the bitter displeasure of the inexorable King. The prince's heart was broken by the cutting reproaches of his brother; he quitted the army, retired to a country seat, and in a short time died of shame and vexation.

It seemed that the King's distress could hardly be increased. Yet at this moment another blow not less terrible than that of Kolin fell upon him. The French under Marshal D'Estrées had invaded Germany. The Duke of Cumberland had given them battle at Hastembeck, and had been defeated. In order to save the Electorate of Hanover from entire subjugation, he had made, at Closter Seven, an arrangement with the French Generals, which left them at liberty to turn their arms against the Prussian dominions.

That nothing might be wanting to Frederic's distress, he lost his mother just at this time; and he appears to have felt the loss more than was to be expected from the hardness and severity of his character. In truth, his misfortunes had now cut to the quick. The mocker, the tyrant, the most rigorous, the most imperious, the most cynical of men, was very unhappy. His face was so haggard, and his form so thin, that when on his return from Bohemia he passed through Leipsic, the people hardly knew him again. His sleep was broken; the tears, in spite of himself, often started into his eyes; and the grave began to present itself to his agitated mind as the best refuge from misery and dishonour. His resolution was fixed never to be taken alive, and never to make peace on condition of descending from his place among the powers of Europe. He saw nothing left for him except to die; and he deliberately chose his mode of death. He always carried about with him a sure and speedy poison in a small glass case; and to the few in whom he placed confidence, he made no mystery of his resolution.

But we should very imperfectly describe the state of Frederic's mind, if we left out of view the laughable peculiarities which contrasted so singularly with the gravity, energy, and harshness of his character. It is difficult to say whether the tragic or the comic predominated in the strange scene which was then acting. In the midst of all the great King's calamities, his passion for writing indifferent poetry grew stronger and stronger. Enemies all round him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, he poured forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines, hateful to gods and men, the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene, the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. It is amusing to compare what he did during the last months of 1757, with what he wrote during the same time. It may be doubted whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or of Napoleon, will bear a comparison with that short period, the most brilliant

in the history of Prussia and of Frederic. Yet at this very time the scanty leisure of the illustrious warrior was employed in producing odes and epistles, a little better than Cibber's, and a little worse than Hayley's. Here and there a manly sentiment which deserves to be in prose makes its appearance in company with Prometheus and Orpheus, Elysium and Acheron, the Plaintive Philomel, the poppies of Morpheus, and all the other frippery which, like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting woman, has long been contemptuously abandoned by genius to mediocrity. We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking, and so grotesque, as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

Frederic had some time before made advances towards a reconciliation with Voltaire; and some civil letters had passed between them. After the battle of Kolin their epistolary intercourse became, at least in seeming, friendly and confidential. We do not know any collection of Letters which throws so much light on the darkest and most intricate parts of human nature, as the correspondence of these strange beings after they had exchanged forgiveness. Both felt that the quarrel had lowered them in the public estimation. They admired each other. They stood in need of each other. The great King wished to be handed down to posterity by the great Writer. The great Writer felt himself exalted by the homage of the great King. Yet the wounds which they had inflicted on each other were too deep to be effaced, or even perfectly healed. Not only did the scars remain; the sore places often festered and bled afresh. The letters consisted for the most part of compliments, thanks, offers of service, assurances of attachment. But if anything brought back to Frederic's recollection the cunning and mischievous pranks by which Voltaire had provoked him, some expression of contempt and displeasure broke forth in the midst of eulogy. It was much worse when anything recalled to the mind of Voltaire the outrages which he and his kinswoman had suffered at Frankfort. All at once his flowing panegyric was turned into invective. "Remember how you behaved to me. For your sake I have lost the favour of my native King. For your sake I am an exile from my country. I loved you. I trusted myself to you. I had no wish but to end my life in your service. And what was my reward? Stripped of all that you had bestowed on me, the key, the order, the pension, I was forced to fly from your territories. I was haunted as if I had been a deserter from your grenadiers. I was arrested, insulted, plundered. My niece was dragged through the mud of Frankfort by your soldiers, as if she had been some wretched follower of your camp. You have great talents. You have good qualities. But you have one odious vice. You delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher. You have given

some colour to the slanders of the bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith." Then the King answers, with less heat but equal severity — " You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It was well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living. Let us have no more of this. And, above all, let me hear no more of your niece. I am sick to death of her name. I can bear with your faults for the sake of your merits; but she has not written *Mahomet* or *Merope*."

An explosion of this kind, it might be supposed, would necessarily put an end to all amicable communication. But it was not so. After every outbreak of ill humour this extraordinary pair became more loving than before, and exchanged compliments and assurances of mutual regard with a wonderful air of sincerity.

It may well be supposed that men who wrote thus to each other, were not very guarded in what they said of each other. The English ambassador, Mitchell, who knew that the King of Prussia was constantly writing to Voltaire with the greatest freedom on the most important subjects, was amazed to hear his Majesty designate this highly favoured correspondent as a bad-hearted fellow, the greatest rascal on the face of the earth. And the language which the poet held about the King was not much more respectful.

It would probably have puzzled Voltaire himself to say what was his real feeling towards Frederic. It was compounded of all sentiments, from enmity to friendship, and from scorn to admiration; and the proportions in which these elements were mixed, changed every moment. The old patriarch resembled the spoiled child who screams, stamps, cuffs, laughs, kisses, and cuddles within one quarter of an hour. His resentment was not extinguished; yet he was not without sympathy for his old friend. As a Frenchman he wished success to the arms of his country. As a philosopher, he was anxious for the stability of a throne on which a philosopher sat. He longed both to save and to humble Frederic. There was one way, and only one, in which all his conflicting feelings could at once be gratified. If Frederic were preserved by the interference of France, if it were known that for that interference he was indebted to the mediation of Voltaire, this would indeed be delicious revenge; this would indeed be to heap coals of fire on that haughty head. Nor did the vain and restless poet think it impossible that he might, from his hermitage near the Alps, dictate peace to Europe. D'Estrées had quitted Hanover, and the command of the French army had been entrusted to the Duke of Richelieu, a man whose

chief distinction was derived from his success in gallantry. Richelieu was in truth the most eminent of that race of seducers by profession, who furnished Crébillon the younger and La Clos with models for their heroes. In his earlier days the royal house itself had not been secure from his presumptuous love. He was believed to have carried his conquests into the family of Orleans; and some suspected that he was not unconcerned in the mysterious remorse which embittered the last hours of the charming mother of Lewis the Fifteenth. But the Duke was now sixty years old. With a heart deeply corrupted by vice, a head long accustomed to think only on trifles, an impaired constitution, an impaired fortune, and, worst of all, a very red nose, he was entering on a dull, frivolous, and unrespected old age. Without one qualification for military command, except that personal courage which was common between him and the whole nobility of France, he had been placed at the head of the army of Hanover; and in that situation he did his best to repair, by extortion and corruption, the injury which he had done to his property by a life of dissolute profuson.

The Duke of Richelieu to the end of his life hated the philosophers as a sect, not for those parts of their system which a good and wise man would have condemned, but for their virtues, for their spirit of free inquiry, and for their hatred of those social abuses of which he was himself the personification. But he, like many of those who thought with him, excepted Voltaire from the list of proscribed writers. He frequently sent flattering letters to Ferney. He did the patriarch the honour to borrow money of him, and even carried this condescending friendship so far as to forget to pay the interest. Voltaire thought that it might be in his power to bring the Duke and the King of Prussia into communication with each other. He wrote earnestly to both; and he so far succeeded that correspondence between them was commenced.

But it was to very different means that Frederic was to owe his deliverance. At the beginning of November, the net seemed to have closed completely round him. The Russians were in the field, and were spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians. A great French army was advancing from the west under the command of Marshal Soubise, a prince of the great Armorican house of Rohan. Berlin itself had been taken and plundered by the Croatians. Such was the situation from which Frederic extricated himself, with dazzling glory, in the short space of thirty days.

He marched first against Soubise. On the fifth of November the armies met at Rosbach. French were two to one; but they were ill-disciplined, and their general was a dunce. The tactics of Frederic, and the well-regulated valour of the Prussian troops obtained a complete victory. Seven thousand of the invaders were made prisoners. Their guns, their colours, their baggage, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Those who escaped

fled as confusedly as a mob scattered by cavalry. Victorious in the West, the King turned his arms towards Silesia. In that quarter everything seemed to be lost. Breslau had fallen; and Charles of Lorraine, with a mighty power, held the whole province. On the fifth of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederic, with forty thousand men, and Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen, hard by Breslau. The King, who was, in general, perhaps too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this great day, to means resembling those which Bonaparte afterwards employed with such signal success for the purpose of stimulating military enthusiasm. The principal officers were convoked. Frederic addressed them with great force and pathos; and directed them to speak to their men as he had spoken to them. When the armies were set in battle array, the Prussian troops were in a state of fierce excitement; but their excitement showed itself after the fashion of a grave people. The columns advanced to the attack chanting, to the sound of drums and fifes, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Sternholds. They had never fought so well; nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. " That battle," said Napoleon, " was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rang among generals." The victory was complete. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded, or taken; fifty stand of colours, a hundred guns, four thousand wagons, fell into the hands of the Prussians. Breslau opened its gates; Silesia was reconquered; Charles of Lorraine retired to hide his shame and sorrow at Brussels; and Frederic allowed his troops to take some repose in winter quarters, after a campaign, to the vicissitudes of which it will be difficult to find any parallel in ancient or modern history.

The King's fame filled all the world. He had during the last year, maintained a contest, on terms of advantage, against three powers, the weakest of which had more than three times his resources. He had fought four great pitched battles against superior forces. Three of these battles he had gained: and the defeat of Kolin, repaired as it had been, rather raised than lowered his military renown. The victory of Leuthen is, to this day, the proudest on the roll of Prussian fame. Leipsic indeed, and Waterloo, produced consequences more important to mankind. But the glory of Leipsic must be shared by the Prussians with the Austrians and Russians; and at Waterloo the British infantry bore the burden and heat of the day. The victory of Rosbach was, in a military point of view, less honourable than that of Leuthen; for it was gained over an incapable general, and a disorganized army; but the moral effect which it produced was immense. All the preceding triumphs of Frederic had been triumphs over Germans, and could excite no emotions of national pride among the German people. It was impossible that a Hessian or a Hanoverian could feel any patriotic exaltation at hearing that Pomeranians had slaughtered Moravians, or that

Saxon banners had been hung in the churches of Berlin. Indeed, though the military character of the Germans justly stood high throughout the world, they could boast of no great day which belonged to them as a people; of no Agincourt, of no Bannockburn. Most of their victories had been gained over each other; and their most splendid exploits against foreigners had been achieved under the command of Eugene, who was himself a foreigner. The news of the battle of Rosbach stirred the blood of the whole of the mighty population from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the borders of Courland to those of Lorraine. Westphalia and Lower Saxony had been deluged by a great host of strangers, whose speech was unintelligible, and whose petulant and licentious manners had excited the strongest feelings of disgust and hatred. That great host had been put to flight by a small band of German warriors, led by a prince of German blood on the side of father and mother, and marked by the fair hair and the clear blue eye of Germany. Never since the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne, had the Teutonic race won such a field against the French. The tidings called forth a general burst of delight and pride from the whole of the great family which spoke the various dialects of the ancient language of Arminius. The fame of Frederic began to supply, in some degree, the place of a common government and of a common capital. It became a rallying point for all true Germans, a subject of mutual congratulation to the Bavarian and the Westphalian, to the citizen of Frankfort, and to the citizen of Nuremberg. Then first it was manifest that the Germans were truly a nation. Then first was discernible that patriotic spirit which, in 1813, achieved the great deliverance of central Europe, and which still guards, and long will guard, against foreign ambition the old freedom of the Rhine.

Nor were the effects produced by that celebrated day merely political. The greatest masters of German poetry and eloquence have admitted that, though the great King neither valued nor understood his native language, though he looked on France as the only seat of taste and philosophy, yet, in his own despite, he did much to emancipate the genius of his countrymen from the foreign yoke; and that, in the act of vanquishing Soubise, he was, unintentionally, rousing the spirit which soon began to question the literary precedence of Boileau and Voltaire. So strangely do events confound all the plans of man. A prince who read only French, who wrote only French, who aspired to rank as a French classic, became, quite unconsciously, the means of liberating half the Continent from the dominion of that French criticism of which he was himself, to the end of his life, a slave. Yet even the enthusiasm of Germany in favour of Frederic hardly equalled the enthusiasm of England. The birthday of our ally was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as that of our own sovereign; and at night the streets of London were in a blaze with illuminations. Portraits of the Hero of Rosbach, with his cocked hat and long pigtail, were in every house. An attentive observer will, at this day, find in the parlours of old-fashioned

inns, and in the portfolios of print-sellers, twenty portraits of Frederic for one of George the Second. The sign-painters were everywhere employed in touching up Admiral Vernon into the King of Prussia. This enthusiasm was strong among religious people, and especially among the Methodists, who knew that the French and Austrians were Papists, and supposed Frederic to be the Joshua or Gideon of the Reformed Faith. One of Whitfield's hearers, on the day on which thanks for the battle of Leuthen were returned at the Tabernacle, made the following exquisitely ludicrous entry in a diary, part of which has come down to us: " The Lord stirred up the King of Prussia and his soldiers to pray. They kept three fast days, and spent about an hour praying and singing psalms before they engaged the enemy. O! how good it is to pray and fight! " Some young Englishmen of rank proposed to visit Germany as volunteers, for the purpose of learning the art of war under the greatest of commanders. This last proof of British attachment and admiration, Frederic politely but firmly declined. His camp was no place for amateur students of military science. The Prussian discipline was rigorous even to cruelty. The officers, while in the field, were expected to practice an abstemiousness and self-denial such as was hardly surpassed by the most rigid monastic orders. However noble their birth, however high their rank in the service, they were not permitted to eat from anything better than pewter. It was a high crime even in a count and field-marshal to have a single silver spoon among his baggage. Gay young Englishmen of twenty thousand a year, accustomed to liberty and luxury, would not easily submit to these Spartan restraints. The King could not venture to keep them in order as he kept his own subjects in order. Situated as he was with respect to England, he could not well imprison or shoot refractory Howards and Cavendishes. On the other hand, the example of a few fine gentlemen, attended by chariots and livery servants, eating in plates, and drinking champagne and Tokay, was enough to corrupt his whole army. He thought it best to make a stand at first, and civilly refused to admit such dangerous companions among his troops.

The help of England was bestowed in a manner far more useful and more acceptable. An annual subsidy of near seven hundred thousand pounds enabled the King to add probably more than fifty thousand men to his army. Pitt, now at the height of power and popularity, undertook the task of defending Western Germany against France, and asked Frederic, only for the loan of a general. The general selected was Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had attained high distinction in the Prussian service. He was put at the head of an army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, partly composed of mercenaries hired from the petty princes of the empire. He soon vindicated the choice of the two allied Courts, and proved himself the second general of the age.

Frederic passed the winter at Breslau, in reading, writing, and preparing for the next campaign. The havoc which the war had made among

his troops was rapidly repaired; and in the spring of 1758 he was again ready for the conflict. Prince Ferdinand kept the French in check. The King in the meantime, after attempting against the Austrians some operations which led to no very important result, marched to encounter the Russians, who, slaying, burning, and wasting wherever they turned, had penetrated into the heart of his realm. He gave them battle at Zorndorf, near Frankfort on the Oder. The fight was long and bloody. Quarter was neither given nor taken; for the Germans and Scythians regarded each other with bitter aversion, and the sight of the ravages committed by the half savage invaders, had incensed the King and his army. The Russians were overthrown with great slaughter; and for a few months no further danger was to be apprehended from the east.

A day of thanksgiving was proclaimed by the King, and was celebrated with pride and delight by his people. The rejoicings in England were not less enthusiastic or less sincere. This may be selected as the point of time at which the military glory of Frederic reached its zenith. In the short space of three quarters of a year he had won three great battles over the armies of three mighty and warlike monarchies, France, Austria, and Russia.

But it was decreed that the temper of that strong mind should be tried by both extremes of fortune in rapid succession. Close upon this series of triumphs came a series of disasters, such as would have blighted the fame and broken the heart of almost any other commander. Yet Frederic, in the midst of his calamities, was still an object of admiration to his subjects, his allies, and his enemies. Overwhelmed by adversity, sick of life, he still maintained the contest, greater in defeat, in flight, and in what seemed hopeless ruin, than on the fields of his proudest victories.

Having vanquished the Russians, he hastened into Saxony to oppose the troops of the Empress Queen, commanded by Daun, the most cautious, and Laudohn, the most inventive and enterprising of her generals. These two celebrated commanders agreed on a scheme, in which the prudence of one and the vigour of the other seem to have been happily combined. At the dead of night they surprised the king in his camp at Hochkirchen. His presence of mind saved his troops from destruction; but nothing could save them from defeat and severe loss. Marshal Keith was among the slain. The first roar of the guns roused the noble exile from his rest, and he was instantly in the front of the battle. He received a dangerous wound, but refused to quit the field, and was in the act of rallying his broken troops, when an Austrian bullet terminated his chequered and eventful life.

The misfortune was serious. But of all generals Frederic understood best how to repair defeat, and Daun understood least how to improve victory. In a few days the Prussian army was as formidable as before the battle. The prospect was, however, gloomy. An Austrian army under General Harsch had invaded Silesia, and invested the fortress of Neisse. Daun, after his success at Hochkirchen, had written to Harsch in very

confident terms: — " Go on with your operations against Neisse. Be quite at ease as to the King. I will give a good account of him." In truth, the position of the Prussians was full of difficulties. Between them and Silesia lay the victorious army of Daun. It was not easy for them to reach Silesia at all. If they did reach it, they left Saxony exposed to the Austrians. But the vigour and activity of Frederic surmounted every obstacle. He made a circuitous march of extraordinary rapidity, passed Daun, hastened into Silesia, raised the siege of Niesse, and drove Harsch into Bohemia. Daun availed himself of the King's absence to attack Dresden. The Prussians defended it desperately. The inhabitants of that wealthy and polished capital begged in vain for mercy from the garrison within, and from the besiegers without. The beautiful suburbs were burned to the ground. It was clear that the town, if won at all, would be won street by street by the bayonet. At this conjuncture came news, that Frederic, having cleared Silesia of his enemies, was returning by forced marches into Saxony. Daun retired from before Dresden, and fell back into the Austrian territories. The King, over heaps of ruins, made his triumphant entry into the unhappy metropolis, which had so cruelly expiated the weak and perfidious policy of its sovereign. It was now the twentieth of November. The cold weather suspended military operations; and the King again took up his winter quarters at Breslau.

The third of the seven terrible years were over; and Frederic still stood his ground. He had been recently tried by domestic as well as by military disasters. On the fourteenth of October, the day on which he was defeated at Hochkirchen, the day on the anniversary of which, forty-eight years later, a defeat far more tremendous laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust, died Wilhelmina, Margravine of Bayreuth. From the accounts which we have of her, by her own hand, and by the hands of the most discerning of her contemporaries, we should pronounce her to have been coarse, indelicate, and a good hater, but not destitute of kind and generous feelings. Her mind, naturally strong and observant, had been highly cultivated; and she was, and deserved to be, Frederic's favourite sister. He felt the loss as much as it was in his iron nature to feel the loss of anything but a province or a battle.

At Breslau, during the winter, he was indefatigable in his poetical labours. The most spirited lines, perhaps, that he ever wrote, are to be found in a bitter lampoon on Lewis and Madame de Pompadour, which he composed at this time, and sent to Voltaire. The verses were, indeed, so good, that Voltaire was afraid that he might himself be suspected of having written them, or at least of having corrected them; and partly from fright, partly, we fear, from love of mischief, sent them to the Duke of Choiseul, then prime minister of France. Choiseul very wisely determined to encounter Frederic at Frederic's own weapons, and applied for assistance to Palissot, who had some skill as a versifier, and some little

talent for satire. Palissot produced some very stinging lines on the moral and literary character of Frederic, and these lines the Duke sent to Voltaire. This war of couplets, following close on the carnage of Zorndorf and the conflagration of Dresden, illustrates well the strangely compounded character of the King of Prussia.

At this moment he was assailed by a new enemy. Benedict the Fourteenth, the best and wisest of the two hundred and fifty successors of St. Peter, was no more. During the short interval between his reign and that of his disciple Ganganelli, the chief seat in the Church of Rome was filled by Rezzonico, who took the name of Clement the Thirteenth. This absurd priest determined to try what the weight of his authority could effect in favour of the orthodox Maria Theresa against a heretic king. At the high mass on Christmas-day, a sword with a rich belt and scabbard, a hat of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and a dove of pearls, the mystic symbol of the Divine Comforter, were solemnly blessed by the supreme pontiff, and were sent with great ceremony to Marshal Daun, the conqueror of Kolin and Hochkirchen. This mark of favour had more than once been bestowed by the Popes on the great champions of the faith. Similar honours had been paid, more than six centuries earlier, by Urban the Second to Godfrey of Bouillon. Similar honours had been conferred on Alba for destroying the liberties of the Low Countries, and on John Sobiesky after the deliverance of Vienna. But the presents which were received with profound reverence by the Baron of the Holy Sepulchre in the eleventh century, and which had not wholly lost their value even in the seventeenth century, appeared inexpressibly ridiculous to a generation which read Montesquieu and Voltaire. Frederic wrote sarcastic verses on the gifts, the giver, and the receiver. But the public wanted no prompter; and an universal roar of laughter from Petersburg to Lisbon reminded the Vatican that the age of crusades was over.

The fourth campaign, the most disastrous of all the campaigns of this fearful war, had now opened. The Austrians filled Saxony and menaced Berlin. The Russians defeated the King's generals on the Oder, threatened Silesia, effected a junction with Laudohn, and entrenched themselves strongly at Kunersdorf. Frederic hastened to attack them. A great battle was fought. During the earlier part of the day everything yielded to the impetuosity of the Prussians, and to the skill of their chief. The lines were forced. Half the Russian guns were taken. The King sent off a courier to Berlin with two lines, announcing a complete victory. But, in the meantime, the stubborn Russians, defeated yet unbroken, had taken up their stand in an almost impregnable position, on an eminence where the Jews of Frankfort were wont to bury their dead. Here the battle recommenced. The Prussian infantry, exhausted by six hours of hard fighting under a sun which equalled the tropical heat, were yet brought up repeatedly to the attack, but in vain. The King led three charges in person. Two horses were

killed under him. The officers of his staff fell all round him. His coat was pierced by several bullets. All was in vain. His infantry was driven back with frightful slaughter. Terror began to spread fast from man to man. At that moment, the fiery cavalry of Laudohn, still fresh, rushed on the wavering ranks. Then followed an universal rout. Frederic himself was on the point of falling into the hands of the conquerors, and was with difficulty saved by a gallant officer, who, at the head of a handful of Hussars, made good a diversion of a few minutes. Shattered in body, shattered in mind, the King reached that night a village which the Cossacks had plundered; and there, in a ruined and deserted farmhouse, flung himself on a heap of straw. He had sent to Berlin a second dispatch very different from the first: — "Let the royal family leave Berlin. Send the archives to Potsdam. The town may make terms with the enemy."

The defeat was, in truth, overwhelming. Of fifty thousand men who had that morning marched under the black eagles, not three thousand remained together. The King bethought him again of his corrosive sublimate, and wrote to bid adieu to his friends, and to give directions as to the measures to be taken in the event of his death: — "I have no resource left" — such is the language of one of his letters — "all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell for ever."

But the mutual jealousies of the confederates prevented them from following up their victory. They lost a few days in loitering and squabbling; and a few days, improved by Frederic, were worth more than the years of other men. On the morning after the battle, he had got together eighteen thousand of his troops. Very soon his force amounted to thirty thousand. Guns were procured from the neighbouring fortresses; and there was again an army. Berlin was for the present safe; but calamities came pouring on the King in uninterrupted succession. One of his generals, with a large body of troops, was taken at Maxen; another was defeated at Meissen; and when at length the campaign of 1759 closed, in the midst of a rigorous winter, the situation of Prussia appeared desperate. The only consoling circumstance was, that, in the West, Ferdinand of Brunswick had been more fortunate than his master; and by a series of exploits, of which the battle of Minden was the most glorious, had removed all apprehension of danger on the side of France.

The fifth year was now about to commence. It seemed impossible that the Prussian territories, repeatedly devastated by hundreds of thousands of invaders, could longer support the contest. But the King carried on war as no European power has ever carried on war, except the Committee of Public Safety during the great agony of the French Revolution. He governed his kingdom as he would have governed a besieged town, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as

there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket; as long as there was a horse left, that horse might draw artillery. The coin was debased, the civil functionaries were left unpaid; in some provinces civil government altogether ceased to exist. But there was still rye-bread and potatoes; there were still lead and gunpowder; and, while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederic was determined to fight it out to the very last.

The earlier part of the campaign of 1760 was unfavourable to him. Berlin was again occupied by the enemy. Great contributions were levied on the inhabitants, and the royal palace was plundered. But at length, after two years of calamity, victory came back to his arms. At Lignitz he gained a great battle over Laudohn; at Torgau, after a day of horrible carnage, he triumphed over Daun. The fifth year closed, and still the event was in suspense. In the countries where the war had raged, the misery and exhaustion were more appalling than ever; but still there were left men and beasts, arms and food, and still Frederic fought on. In truth he had now been baited into savageness. His heart was ulcerated with hatred. The implacable resentment with which his enemies persecuted him, though originally provoked by his own unprincipled ambition, excited in him a thirst for vengeance which he did not even attempt to conceal. " It is hard," he says in one of his letters, " for a man to bear what I bear. I begin to feel that, as the Italians say, revenge is a pleasure for the gods. My philosophy is worn out by suffering. I am no saint, like those of whom we read in the legends; and I will own that I should die content if only I could first inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

Borne up by such feelings, he struggled with various success, but constant glory, through the campaign of 1761. On the whole the result of this campaign was disastrous to Prussia. No great battle was gained by the enemy; but, in spite of the desperate bounds of the hunted tiger, the circle of pursuers was fast closing round him. Laudohn had surprised the important fortress of Schweidnitz. With that fortress half of Silesia, and the command of the most important defiles through the mountains had been transferred to the Austrians. The Russians had overpowered the King's generals in Pomerania. The country was so completely desolated that he began, by his own confession, to look round him with blank despair, unable to imagine where recruits, horses, or provisions were to be found.

Just at this time, two great events brought on a complete change in the relations of almost all the powers of Europe. One of those events was the retirement of Mr. Pitt from office; the other was the death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

The retirement of Pitt seemed to be an omen of utter ruin to the House of Brandenburg. His proud and vehement nature was incapable of anything that looked like either fear or treachery. He had often declared that, while he was in power, England should never make a peace of Utrecht, should

never, for any selfish object, abandon an ally even in the last extremity of distress. The Continental war was his own war. He had been bold enough, he who in former times had attacked, with irresistible powers of oratory, the Hanoverian policy of Carteret, and the German subsidies of Newcastle, to declare that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire, and that he would conquer America in Germany. He had fallen; and the power which he had exercised, not always with discretion, but always with vigour and genius, had devolved on a favourite who was the representative of the Tory party, of the party which had thwarted William, which had persecuted Marlborough, which had given up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip of Anjou. To make peace with France, to shake off, with all, or more than all, the speed compatible with decency, every Continental connexion, these were among the chief objects of the new Minister. The policy then followed inspired Frederic with an unjust, but deep and bitter aversion to the English name, and produced effects which are still felt throughout the civilized world. To that policy it was owing that, some years later, England could not find on the whole Continent a single ally to stand by her, in her extreme need, against the House of Bourbon. To that policy it was owing that Frederic, alienated from England, was compelled to connect himself closely, during his later years, with Russia, and was induced to assist in that great crime, the fruitful parent of other great crimes, the first partition of Poland.

Scarcely had the retreat of Mr. Pitt deprived Prussia of her only friend, when the death of Elizabeth produced an entire revolution in the politics of the North. The Grand Duke Peter, her nephew, who now ascended the Russian throne, was not merely free from the prejudices which his aunt had entertained against Frederic, but was a worshipper, a servile imitator of the great King. The days of the new Czar's government were few and evil, but sufficient to produce a change in the whole state of Christendom. He set the Prussian prisoners at liberty, fitted them out decently, and sent them back to their master; he withdrew his troops from the provinces which Elizabeth had decided on incorporating with her dominions; and he absolved all those Prussian subjects, who had been compelled to swear fealty to Russia, from their engagements.

Not content with concluding peace on terms favourable to Prussia, he solicited rank in the Prussian service, dressed himself in a Prussian uniform, wore the Black Eagle of Prussia on his breast, made preparations for visiting Prussia, in order to have an interview with the object of his idolatry, and actually sent fifteen thousand excellent troops to re-enforce the shattered army of Frederic. Thus strengthened, the King speedily repaired the losses of the preceding year, reconquered Silesia, defeated Daun at Buckersdorf, invested and retook Schweidnitz, and, at the close of the year, presented to the forces of Maria Theresa a front as formidable as before the great reverses of 1759. Before the end of the campaign, his

friend, the Emperor Peter, having, by a series of absurd insults to the institutions, manners, and feelings of his people, united them in hostility to his person and government, was deposed and murdered. The Empress, who, under the title of Catherine the Second, now assumed the supreme power, was, at the commencement of her administration, by no means partial to Frederic, and refused to permit her troops to remain under his command. But she observed the peace made by her husband; and Prussia was no longer threatened by danger from the East.

England and France at the same time paired off together. They concluded a treaty, by which they bound themselves to observe neutrality with respect to the German war. Thus the coalitions on both sides were dissolved; and the original enemies, Austria and Prussia, remained alone confronting each other.

Austria had undoubtedly far greater means than Prussia, and was less exhausted by hostilities; yet it seemed hardly possible that Austria could effect alone what she had in vain attempted to effect when supported by France on the one side, and by Russia on the other. Danger also began to menace the imperial house from another quarter. The Ottoman Porte held threatening language, and a hundred thousand Turks were mustered on the frontiers of Hungary. The proud and revengeful spirit of the Empress Queen at length gave way; and, in February 1763, the peace of Hubertsburg put an end to the conflict which had, during seven years, devastated Germany. The King ceded nothing. The whole Continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp.

The war was over. Frederic was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. If he had not made conquests as vast as those of Alexander, of Cæsar, and of Napoleon, if he had not, on fields of battle, enjoyed the constant success of Marlborough and Wellington, he had yet given an example unrivalled in history of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power, and the utmost spite of fortune. He entered Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up; and, as he passed along in an open carriage, with Ferdinand of Brunswick at his side, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. He was moved by those marks of attachment, and repeatedly exclaimed "Long live my dear people! Long live my children!" Yet, even in the midst of that gay spectacle, he could not but perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The city had been more than once plundered. The population had considerably diminished. Berlin, however, had suffered little when compared with most parts of the kingdom. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks, was such as might appall the firmest mind. Almost every province had been the seat of war, and of war conducted with merciless ferocity. Clouds of Croatians had descended on Silesia. Tens of thousands of Cossacks had been let loose on Pomerania and Brandenburg. The mere contributions

levied by the invaders amounted, it was said, to more than a hundred millions of dollars; and the value of what they extorted was probably much less than the value of what they destroyed. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed-corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine, and contagious maladies produced by famine, had swept away the herds and flocks; and there was reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war. Near fifteen thousand houses had been burned to the ground. The population of the kingdom had in seven years decreased to the frightful extent of ten per cent. A sixth of the males capable of bearing arms had actually perished on the field of battle. In some districts, no labourers, except women, were seen in the fields at harvest-time. In others, the traveller passed shuddering through a succession of silent villages, in which not a single inhabitant remained. The currency had been debased; the authority of laws and magistrates had been suspended; the whole social system was deranged. For, during that convulsive struggle, everything that was not military violence was anarchy. Even the army was disorganized. Some great generals, and a crowd of excellent officers, had fallen, and it had been impossible to supply their place. The difficulty of finding recruits had, towards the close of the war, been so great, that selection and rejection were impossible. Whole battalions were composed of deserters or of prisoners. It was hardly to be hoped that thirty years of repose and industry would repair the ruin produced by seven years of havoc. One consolatory circumstance, indeed, there was. No debt had been incurred. The burdens of the war had been terrible, almost insupportable; but no arrear was left to embarrass the finances in time of peace.

Here, for the present, we must pause. We have accompanied Frederic to the close of his career as a warrior. Possibly, when these *Memoirs* are completed, we may resume the consideration of his character, and give some account of his domestic and foreign policy, and of his private habits, during the many years of tranquillity which followed the Seven Years' War.

IMMANUEL KANT

1724–1804

By E. A. Chr. Wasianski *and* Thomas De Quincey [1] (1785–1859)

I take it for granted that all people of education will acknowledge some interest in the *personal* history of Immanuel Kant, however little their taste or their opportunities may have brought them acquainted with the history of Kant's philosophical opinions. A great man, though in an unpopular path, must always be an object of liberal curiosity. To suppose a reader thoroughly indifferent to Kant, is to suppose him thoroughly unintellectual; and, therefore, though in reality he should happen *not* to regard Kant with interest, it would still be amongst the fictions of courtesy to presume that he *did*. On this principle I make no apology to any reader, philosophic or not, Goth or Vandal, Hun or Saracen, for detaining him upon a short sketch of Kant's life and domestic habits, drawn from the authentic records of his friends and pupils. It is true that, without any illiberality on the part of the public, the *works* of Kant are not, in this country, regarded with the same interest which has gathered about his *name;* and this may be attributed to three causes — first, to the language in which those works are written; secondly, to the supposed obscurity of the philosophy which they deliver, whether inalienable, or due to Kant's particular mode of expounding it; thirdly, to the unpopularity of *all* speculative philosophy whatsoever, no matter how treated, in a country where the structure and tendency of society impress upon the whole activities of the nation a direction almost exclusively practical. But, what-

[1] Reprinted from De Quincey's *Works*. These Memoirs — *The Last Days of Immanuel Kant* — were written in German by Wasianski (1804), and translated and edited by De Quincey, whose note, after the phrase (p. 945) "It is Wasianski who speaks," reads as follows:

"This notification, however, must not be too rigorously interpreted. Undoubtedly it would be wrong, and of evil example, to distribute and confound the separate responsibilities of men. When the opinions involve important moral distinctions, by all means let every man hang by his own hook, and answer for no more than he has solemnly undertaken for. But, on the other hand, it would be most annoying to the reader, if all the petty recollections of some ten or fourteen men reporting upon Kant were individually to be labelled each with its separate certificate of origin and ownership. *Wasianski loquitur* may be regarded as the running title: but it is not, therefore, to be understood that Wasianski is always responsible for each particular opinion or fact reported, unless where it is liable to doubt or controversy. In that case, the responsibility is cautiously discriminated and restricted."

ever may have been the immediate fortunes of his writings, no man of enlightened curiosity will regard the author himself without something of a profounder interest. Measured by one test of power — viz., by the number of books written directly for or against himself, to say nothing of those which indirectly he has modified — there is no philosophic writer whatsoever, if we except Aristotle, Des Cartes, and Locke, who can pretend to approach Kant in the extent or in the depth of influence which he has exercised over the minds of men. Such being his claims upon our notice, I repeat that it is no more than a reasonable act of respect for the reader, to presume in him so much interest about Kant as will justify this brief memorial sketch of his life and habits.

Immanuel Kant, the second of six children, was born at Königsberg, in Prussia (a city at that time containing about fifty thousand inhabitants), on the 22nd of April, 1724. His parents were people of humble rank, and not rich even for their own station, but able (with some assistance from a near relative, and with a trifle in addition from a gentleman who esteemed them for their piety and domestic virtues) to give their son Immanuel a liberal education. He was sent, when a child, to a charity school; and in the year 1732 was removed to the Royal (or Frederician) Academy. Here he studied the Greek and Latin classics, and formed an intimacy with one of his school-fellows, David Ruhnken (afterwards so well known to scholars under his Latinized name of Ruhnkenius), which lasted until the death of the latter. In 1737, Kant lost his mother, a woman of exalted character, and of intellectual accomplishments beyond her rank, who contributed to the future eminence of her illustrious son by the direction which she impressed upon his youthful thoughts, and by the elevated morals to which she trained him. Kant never spoke of her to the end of his life without the utmost tenderness, or without earnest acknowledgment of his obligations to her maternal care.

In 1740, at Michaelmas, he entered the university of Königsberg. In 1746, when about twenty-two years old, he wrote his first work, upon a question partly mathematical and partly philosophic — viz., the valuation of living forces. The question concerned had been first moved by Leibnitz, in opposition to the Cartesians; a new *law* of valuation, and not merely a new valuation, was insisted on by Leibnitz; and the dispute was supposed to have been here at last and finally settled, after having occupied most of the great European mathematicians for more than half a century. Kant's *Dissertation* was dedicated to the King of Prussia, but never reached him; having, in fact (though printed, I believe), never been published. From this time till 1770, Kant supported himself as a private tutor in different families, or by giving private lectures in Königsberg, especially to military men on the art of fortification. In 1770, he was appointed to the Chair of Mathematics, which he exchanged soon after for that of Logic and metaphysics. On this occasion he delivered an inaugural

disputation (*De Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis Formâ et Principiis*), which is remarkable for containing the first germs of the Transcendental Philosophy. In 1781, he published his great work, the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, or *Critical Investigation of the Pure Reason*. On February 12, 1804, he died.

There are the great epochs of Kant's life. But his was a life remarkable, not so much for its incidents, as for the purity and philosophic dignity of its daily tenor; and of this the best impression will be obtained from Wasianski's memorials — checked and supported by the collateral testimonies of Jachmann, Rink, Borowski, and others. We see him here struggling with the misery of decaying faculites, and with the pain, depression, and agitation of two different complaints — one affecting his stomach, and the other his head; over all which the benignity and nobility of his nature mount, as if on wings, victoriously to the last. The principal defect of this and all other memoirs of Kant is, that they report too little of his conversation and opinions. And perhaps the reader will be disposed to complain, that some of the notices are too minute and circumstantial, so as to be at one time undignified, and at another unfeeling. With respect to the first objection, it may be answered, that biographical gossip of this sort, and ungentlemanly scrutiny into a man's private life, though not what a man of honour would allow himself to write, may be read without blame; and, where a great man is the subject, sometimes with advantage. As to the other objection, I should hardly know how to excuse Mr. Wasianski for kneeling at the bedside of his dying friend, in order to record, with the accuracy of a shorthand reporter, the last flutter of Kant's pulse, and the struggles of nature labouring in extremity, except by supposing that his idealized conception of Kant, as of one belonging to all ages, seemed in *his* mind to transcend and swallow up the ordinary restraints of human sensibility; and that, under this impression, he gave *that* to his sense of a public duty which, it may be hoped, he would willingly have declined on the impulse of his private affections. Now let us begin, premising that for the most part it is Wasianski who speaks:

My knowledge of Professor Kant began long before the period to which this little memorial of him chiefly refers. In the year 1773 or 1774, I cannot exactly say which, I attended his lectures. Afterwards I acted as his amanuensis; and in that office was naturally brought into a closer connexion with him than any other of the students; so that, without any request on my part, he granted me a general privilege of free access to his class-room. In 1780 I took orders, and withdrew myself from all connexion with the university. I still continued, however, to reside in Königsberg; but wholly forgotten, or at any rate wholly unnoticed, by Kant. Ten years later (that is to say, in 1790), I met him by accident at a gay festal party; in fact it was a wedding party, and the wedding was that of

a Königsberg professor. At table, Kant distributed his conversation and attentions pretty generally; but after the entertainment, when the company had dispersed into separate groups, he came and seated himself obligingly by my side. At that time I was a florist — an amateur, I mean, from the passion I had for flowers; upon learning which, he talked of my favourite pursuit, and with very extensive information. In the course of our conversation, I was surprised to find that he was perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of my situation. He reminded me of our previous connexion; expressed his satisfaction at finding that I was happy; and was so good as to desire that, if my engagements allowed me, I would now and then come and dine with him. Soon after this, he rose to take his leave; and, as our roads lay in the same direction, he proposed to me that I should accompany him home. I did so; and then received an invitation for the next week, with a general invitation for every week after, and permission to name my own day. At first I found it difficult to account for the distinction with which Kant had treated me; and I conjectured that some obliging friend might have spoken of me, in his hearing, somewhat more advantageously than belonged to my humble pretensions; but more intimate experience has convinced me, that he was in the habit of making continual enquiries after the welfare of his former pupils, and was heartily rejoiced to hear of their prosperity. So that it appeared I was wrong in thinking that he had forgotten me.

This revival of my intimacy with Kant coincided pretty nearly, in point of time, with a complete change in his own domestic arrangements. Up to this period it had been his custom to dine at a *table d'hôte*. But he now began to keep house himself; and every day invited a few friends to dine with him, so as to fix the party (himself included) at three for the lower extreme, and at nine for the upper, and upon any little festival from five to eight. He was, in fact, a punctual observer of Lord Chesterfield's rule — that his dinner party, himself included, should not fall below the number of the Graces, nor exceed that of the Muses. In the whole economy of his household arrangements, and especially of his dinner-parties, there was something peculiar, and amusingly opposed to the conventional usage of society; not, however, that there was any neglect of decorum, such as sometimes occurs in houses where there are no ladies to impress a better tone upon the manners. The routine, which under no circumstances either varied or relaxed, was this: no sooner was dinner ready, than Lampe, the professor's old footman, stepped into the study with a certain measured air, and announced it. This summons was obeyed at a pace of double-quick time — Kant talking all the way to the eating-room about the state of the weather, a subject which he usually pursued during the earlier part of the dinner. Graver themes, such as the political events of the day, were never introduced before dinner, or at all in his study. The moment that Kant had taken his seat and unfolded his napkin, he opened the business

of the hour with a particular formula — " Now then, gentlemen! " The words are nothing; but the tone and air with which he uttered them proclaimed, in a way that nobody could mistake, relaxation from the toils of the morning, and determinate abandonment of himself to social enjoyment. The table was hospitably spread; a sufficient choice of dishes there was to meet the variety of tastes; and the decanters of wine were placed, not on a distant sideboard, or under the odious control of a servant (first cousin to the Barmecides), but anacreontically on the table, and at the elbow of every guest. Every person helped himself; and all delays, from too elaborate a spirit of ceremony, were so disagreeable to Kant, that he seldom failed to express his displeasure with anything of that sort, though not angrily. For this hatred of delay Kant had a special excuse, having always worked hard from an early hour in the morning, and eaten nothing until dinner. Hence it was that in the latter period of his life, though less perhaps from actual hunger than from some uneasy sensation of habit or periodical irritation of stomach, he could hardly wait with patience for the arrival of the last person invited.

There was no friend of Kant's but considered the day on which he was to dine with him as a day of festal pleasure. Without giving himself the air of an instructor, Kant really was such in the very highest degree. The whole entertainment was seasoned with the overflow of his enlightened mind, poured out naturally and unaffectedly upon every topic, as the chances of conversation suggested it; and the time flew rapidly away, from one o'clock to four, five or even later, profitably and delightfully. Kant tolerated no lulls, which was the name he gave to the momentary pauses in conversation, when its animation languished. Some means or other he always devised for rekindling its tone of interest; and in this he was much assisted by the tact with which he drew from every guest his peculiar tastes, or the particular direction of his pursuits; and on these, be they what they might, he was never unprepared to speak with knowledge, and with the interest of an original observer. The local affairs of Königsberg must have been interesting indeed before they could be allowed to usurp attention at *his* table. And what may seem still more singular, it was rarely or never that he directed the conversation to any branch of the philosophy founded by himself. Indeed he was perfectly free from the fault which besets so many *savans* and *literati,* of intolerance towards those whose pursuits might happen to have disqualified them for any special sympathy with his own. His style of conversation was popular in the highest degree, and unscholastic; so much so, that any stranger acquainted with his works, but not with his person, would have found it difficult to believe, that in this delightful and genial companion he saw the profound author of the Transcendental Philosophy.

The subjects of conversation at Kant's table were drawn chiefly from natural philosophy, chemistry, meteorology, natural history, and, above all,

from politics. The news of the day, as reported in the newspapers, was discussed with a peculiar vigilance of examination. With regard to any narrative that wanted dates of time and place, plausible as it might otherwise seem, he was uniformly an inexorable sceptic, and held it unworthy of repetition. So keen was his penetration into the interior of political events, and the secret policy under which they moved, that he talked rather with the authority of a diplomatic person who had access to cabinet intelligence, than as a simple spectator of the great scenes which were in those days unfolding throughout Europe. At the time of the French Revolution, he threw out many conjectures, and what then passed for paradoxical anticipations, especially in regard to military operations, which were as punctually fulfilled as his own memorable conjecture in regard to the hiatus in the planetary system between Mars and Jupiter, the entire confirmation of which he lived to witness on the discovery of Ceres by Piazzi, and of Pallas by Dr. Olbers. These two discoveries, by the way, impressed him much; and they furnished a topic on which he always talked with pleasure; though, according to his usual modesty, he never said a word of his own sagacity in having upon *à priori* grounds shown the probability of such discoveries many years before.

It was not only in the character of a companion that Kant shone, but also as a courteous and liberal host, who had no greater pleasure than in seeing his guests happy and jovial, and rising with exhilarated spirits from the mixed pleasures — intellectual and liberally sensual — of his Platonic banquets. Chiefly, perhaps, with a view to the sustaining of genial hilarity, he showed himself somewhat of an artist in the composition of his dinner-parties. Two rules there were which he obviously observed, and I may say invariably: the first was, that the company should be miscellaneous; this for the sake of securing sufficient variety to the conversation: and accordingly his parties presented as much variety as the world of Königsberg afforded, being drawn from all varieties of life — men in office, professors, physicians, clergymen, and enlightened merchants. His second rule was, to have a due balance of *young* men, frequently of *very* young men, selected from the students of the university, in order to impress a movement of gaiety and juvenile playfulness on the conversation; an additional motive for which, as I have reason to believe, was, that in this way he withdrew his mind from the sadness which sometimes overshadowed it, for the early deaths of some young friends whom he loved.

And this leads me to mention a singular feature in Kant's way of expressing his sympathy with his friends in sickness. So long as the danger was imminent, he testified a restless anxiety, made perpetual enquiries, waited with impatience for the crisis, and sometimes could not pursue his customary labours from agitation of mind. But no sooner was the patient's death announced than he recovered his composure, and assumed an air of stern tranquillity — almost of indifference. The reason was, that he

viewed life in general, and therefore that particular affection of life which we call sickness, as a state of oscillation and perpetual change, between which and the fluctuating sympathies of hope and fear, there was a natural proportion that justified them to the reason; whereas death as a permanent state that admitted of no *more* and no *less,* that terminated all anxiety, and forever extinguished the agitations of suspense — he regarded as not adapted to any state of feeling, but one of the same enduring and unchanging character. However, all this philosophic heroism gave way on one occasion; for many persons will remember the tumultuous grief which he manifested upon the death of Mr. Ehrenboth, a young man of very fine understanding and extensive attainments, for whom he had the greatest affection. And naturally it happened, in so long a life as his, in spite of his provident rule for selecting his social companions as much as possible amongst the young, that he had to mourn for many a heavy loss that could never be supplied to him.

To return, however, to the course of his day, immediately after the termination of his dinner-party, Kant walked out for exercise; but on this occasion he never took any companion; partly, perhaps, because he thought it right, after so much convivial and colloquial relaxation, to pursue his meditations, and partly (as I happen to know) for this very peculiar reason — that he wished to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, which he could not do, if he were obliged continually to open his mouth in conversation. His reason for this wish was, that the atmospheric air, being thus carried round by a longer circuit, and reaching the lungs, therefore, in a state of less rawness, and at a temperature somewhat higher, would be less apt to irritate them. By a steady perseverance in this practice, which he constantly recommended to his friends, he flattered himself with a long immunity from coughs, hoarsenesses, catarrhs, and all modes of pulmonary derangement; and the fact really was, that these troublesome affections attacked him very rarely. Indeed, I myself, by only occasionally adopting this rule, have found my chest not so liable as formerly to such attacks.

On returning from his walk, he sat down to his library table, and read till dusk. During this period of dubious light, so friendly to thought, he rested in tranquil meditation on what he had been reading, provided the book were worth it; if not, he sketched his lecture for the next day, or some part of any book he might then be composing. During this state of repose, he took his station winter and summer by the stove, looking through the window at the old tower of Löbenicht; not that he could be said properly to see it, but the tower rested upon his eye as distant music on the ear — obscurely, or but half revealed to the consciousness. No words seem forcible enough to express his sense of the gratification which he derived from this old tower, when seen under these circumstances of twilight and quiet reverie. The sequel, indeed, showed how important it had become to his comfort; for at length some poplars in a neighbouring garden shot up to

such a height as to obscure the tower, upon which Kant became very uneasy and restless, and at length found himself positively unable to pursue his evening meditations. Fortunately, the proprietor of the garden was a very considerate and obliging person, who had, besides, a high regard for Kant; and, accordingly, upon a representation of the case being made to him, he gave orders that the poplars should be cropped. This was done; the old tower of Löbenicht was again exposed; Kant recovered his equanimity, and once more found himself able to pursue his twilight meditations in peace.

After the candles were brought, Kant prosecuted his studies till nearly ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour before retiring for the night, he withdrew his mind as much as possible from every class of thoughts which demanded any exertion or energy of attention, on the principle, that by stimulating and exciting him too much, such thoughts would be apt to cause wakefulness; and the slightest interference with his customary hour of falling asleep was in the highest degree unpleasant to him. Happily, this was with him a very rare occurrence. He undressed himself without his servant's assistance; but in such an order, and with such a Roman regard to decorum and the τὸ πρέπον, that he was always ready at a moment's warning to make his appearance without embarrassment to himself or to others. This done, he lay down on a mattress, and wrapped himself up in a quilt, which in summer was always of cotton; in autumn, of wool; at the setting-in of winter, he used both; and, against very severe cold, he protected himself by one of eider-down, of which the part which covered his shoulders was not stuffed with feathers, but padded, or rather wadded closely with layers of wool. Long practice had taught him a very dexterous mode of *nesting* and enswathing himself in the bed-clothes. First of all, he sat down on the bed-side; then with an agile motion he vaulted obliquely into his lair; next he drew one corner of the bed-clothes under his left shoulder, and, passing it below his back brought it round so as to rest under his right shoulder; fourthly, by a particular *tour d'adresse,* he operated on the other corner in the same way; and finally contrived to roll it round his whole person. Thus swathed like a mummy, or (as I used to tell him) self-involved like a silk-worm in its cocoon, he awaited the approach of sleep, which generally came on immediately. For Kant's health was exquisite; not mere negative health, or the absence of pain, and of irritation, and also of *mal-aise* (either of which, though not "pain," is often worse to bear), but a state of positive pleasurable sensation, and a conscious possession of all his vital activities. Accordingly, when packed up for the night in the way I have described, he would often ejaculate to himself (as he used to tell us at dinner) — "Is it possible to conceive a human being with more perfect health than myself?" In fact, such was the purity of his life, and such the happy condition of his situation, that no uneasy passion ever arose to excite him, nor care to harass, nor pain to awake him. Even in the severest winter, his sleeping-room was without

a fire; only in his latter years he yielded so far to the entreaties of his friends as to allow of a very small one. All nursing or self-indulgence found no quarter with Kant. In fact, five minutes, in the coldest weather, sufficed to supersede the first chill of the bed, by the diffusion of a general glow over his person. If he had any occasion to leave his room in the night-time (for it was always kept dark day and night, summer and winter), he guided himself by a rope, which was duly attached to his bedpost every night, and carried into the adjoining apartment.

Kant never perspired, night or day. Yet it was astonishing how much heat he supported habitually in his study, and, in fact, was not easy if it wanted but one degree of this heat. Seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit was the invariable temperature of this room in which he chiefly lived; and if it fell below that point, no matter at what season of the year, he had it raised artificially to the usual standard. In the heats of summer he went thinly dressed, and invariably in silk stockings; yet, as even this dress could not always secure him against perspiring when engaged in active exercise, he had a singular remedy in reserve. Retiring to some shady place, he stood still and motionless — with the air and attitude of a person listening, or in suspense — until his usual *aridity* was restored. Even in the most sultry summer night, if the slightest trace of perspiration had sullied his night-dress, he spoke of it with emphasis, as of an accident that perfectly shocked him.

On this occasion, whilst illustrating Kant's notions of the animal economy, it may be as well to add one other particular, which is, that, for fear of obstructing the circulation of the blood, he never would wear garters; yet, as he found it difficult to keep up his stockings without them, he had invented for himself a most elaborate substitute, which I will describe. In a little pocket, somewhat smaller than a watch-pocket, but occupying pretty nearly the same situation as a watch-pocket on each thigh, there was placed a small box, something like a watch-case, but smaller; into this box was introduced a watch-spring in a wheel, round about which wheel was wound an elastic cord, for regulating the force of which there was a separate contrivance. To the two ends of this cord were attached hooks, which hooks were carried through a small aperture in the pockets, and so, passing down the inner and the outer side of the thigh, caught hold of two loops which were fixed on the off side and the near side of each stocking. As might be expected, so complex an apparatus was liable, like the Ptolemaic system of the heavens, to occasional derangements; however, by good luck, I was able to apply an easy remedy to these disorders, which otherwise threatened to disturb the comfort, and even the serenity, of the great man.

Precisely at five minutes before five o'clock, winter and summer, Lampe, Kant's footman, who had formerly served in the army, marched into his master's room with the air of a sentinel on duty, and cried aloud, in a mili-

tary tone, " Mr. Professor, the time is come." This summons Kant invariably obeyed without one moment's delay, as a soldier does the word of command — never, under any circumstances, allowing himself a respite, not even under the rare accident of having passed a sleepless night. As the clock struck five, Kant was seated at the breakfast-table, where he drank what he called *one* cup of tea; and no doubt he thought it such; but the fact was, in part from his habit of reverie, and in part also for the purpose of refreshing its warmth, he filled up his cup so often, that in general he is supposed to have drunk two, three, or some unknown number. Immediately after, he smoked a pipe of tobacco (the only one which he allowed himself through the entire day), but so rapidly, that a pile of reliques partially aglow remained unsmoked. During this operation he thought over his arrangements for the day, as he had done the evening before during twilight. About seven he usually went to his lecture-room, and from that he returned to his writing-table. Precisely at three-quarters before one, he arose from his chair, and called aloud to the cook, " It has struck three-quarters." The meaning of which summons was this: — At dinner, and immediately after taking soup, it was his constant practice to swallow what he called a dram, which consisted either of Hungarian wine, of Rhenish, of a cordial, or (in default of these) of the English compound called *Bishop*. A flask or a jug of this was brought up by the cook on the proclamation of the three-quarters. Kant hurried with it to the dining-room, poured out his *quantum,* left it standing in readiness (covered, however, with paper, to prevent its becoming vapid), and then went back to his study, where he awaited the arrival of his guests, whom to the latest period of his life he never received otherwise than in full dress.

Thus we come round again to dinner, and the reader has now an accurate picture of Kant's day, according to the usual succession of its changes. To *him* the monotony of this succession was not burdensome, and probably contributed, with the uniformity of his diet, and other habits of the same regularity, to lengthen his life. On this consideration, indeed, he had come to regard his health and his old age as in a great measure the product of his own exertions. He spoke of himself often under the figure of a gymnastic artist, who had continued for nearly fourscore years to support his balance upon the tight-rope of life, without once swerving to the right or to the left. And certainly, in spite of every illness to which his constitutional tendencies had exposed him, he still kept his position in life triumphantly.

This anxious attention to his health accounts for the great interest which he attached to all new discoveries in medicine, or to new ways of theorizing on the old ones. As a work of great pretension in both classes, he set the highest value upon the theory of the Scotch physician, Brown, or (as it is usually called, from the Latinized name of its author) the Brunonian Theory. No sooner had Weikard adopted and popularized it in

Germany, than Kant became familiar with its details. He considered it not only as a great step taken for medicine, but even for the general interests of man, and fancied that in this he saw something analogous to the course which human nature has held in still more important enquiries — viz.: first of all, a continual ascent towards the more and more elaborately complex, and then a treading back, on its own steps, towards the simple and elementary. Dr. Beddoes' Essays, also, for producing by art and for curing pulmonary consumption, and the method of Reich for curing fevers, made a powerful impression upon him; which, however, declined as those novelties (especially the last) began to sink in credit. As to Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination, he was less favourably disposed to it; he apprehended dangerous consequences from the absorption of a brutal miasma into the human blood, or at least into the lymph; and at any rate he thought that, as a guarantee against the variolous infection, it required a much longer probation. Groundless as all these views were, it was exceedingly entertaining to hear the fertility of argument and analogy which he brought forward to support them. One of the subjects which occupied him at the latter end of his life, was the theory and phenomena of galvanism, which, however, he never satisfactorily mastered. Augustin's book upon this subject was about the last that he read, and his copy still retains on the margin his pencil-marks of doubts, queries, and suggestions.

The infirmities of age now began to steal upon Kant, and betrayed themselves in more shapes than one. Connected with Kant's prodigious memory for all things having any intellectual bearings, he had from youth laboured under an unusual weakness of this faculty in relation to the common affairs of daily life. Some remarkable instances of this are on record from the period of his childish days; and now, when his second childhood was commencing, this infirmity increased upon him very sensibly. One of the first signs was, that he began to repeat the same stories more than once on the same day. Indeed, the decay of his memory was too palpable to escape his own notice; and, in order to provide against it, and to secure himself from all apprehension of inflicting tedium upon his guests, he began to write a syllabus, or list of themes, for each day's conversation, on cards, or the covers of letters, or any chance scrap of paper. But these memoranda accumulated so fast upon him, and were so easily lost, or not forthcoming at the proper moment, that I prevailed on him to substitute a blank-paper book, which still remains, and exhibits some affecting memorials of his own conscious weakness. As often happens, however, in such cases, he had a perfect memory for the remote events of his life, and could repeat with great readiness very long passages from German or Latin poems, especially from the *Æneid*, whilst the very words that had been uttered but a moment before dropped away from his remembrance. The past came forward with the distinctness and liveli-

ness of an immediate existence, whilst the present faded away into the obscurity of infinite distance.

Another sign of his mental decay was the weakness with which he now began to theorize. He accounted for everything by electricity. A singular mortality at this time prevailed amongst the cats of Vienna, Basle, Copenhagen, and other places widely remote. Cats being so eminently an electric animal, of course he attributed this epizootic to electricity. During the same period he persuaded himself that a peculiar configuration of clouds prevailed; this he took as a collateral proof of his electrical hypothesis. His own headaches, too, which in all probability were a mere remote effect of old age, and a direct one of an inability to think as easily and as severely as formerly, he explained upon the same principle. And this was a notion of which his friends were not anxious to disabuse him; because, as something of the same character of weather (and therefore probably the same general distribution of the electric power) is found to prevail for whole cycles of years, entrance upon another cycle held out to him some prospect of relief. A delusion, which secured the comforts of hope, was the next best thing to an actual system of relief; and a man who, in such circumstances, is cured of his delusion, "*cui demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error*," might reasonably have exclaimed, "*Pol, me occidistis, amici.*"

Possibly the reader may suppose that, in this particular instance of charging his own decays upon the state of the atmosphere, Kant was actuated by the weakness of vanity, or some unwillingness to face the real fact that his powers were decaying. But this was not the case. He was perfectly aware of his own condition; and, as early as 1799, he said, in my presence, to a party of his friends, "Gentlemen, I am old, and weak, and childish, and you must treat me as a child." Or perhaps it may be thought that he shrank from the contemplation of death, which, as apoplexy seemed to be threatened by the pains in his head, might have happened any day. But neither was this the case. He now lived in a continual state of resignation, and prepared for any decree whatever of Providence. "Gentlemen," said he one day to his guests, "I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if, on this very night, suddenly the summons to death were to reach me, I should hear it with calmness, should raise my hands to heaven, and say, Blessed be God! Were it indeed possible that a whisper such as this could reach my ear — Fourscore years thou hast lived, in which time thou hast inflicted much evil upon thy fellow-men, the case would be otherwise." Whosoever has heard Kant speak of his own death, will bear witness to the tone of earnest sincerity which, on such occasions, marked his manner and gestures.

A third sign of his decaying faculties was, that he now lost all accurate measure of time. One minute, nay, without exaggeration, a much less space of time, stretched out in his apprehension of things to a wearisome

duration. Of this I can give one rather amusing instance, which was of constant recurrence. At the beginning of the last year of his life, he fell into a custom of taking, immediately after dinner, a cup of coffee, especially on those days when it happened that I was of his party. And such was the importance he attached to this little pleasure, that he would even make a memorandum beforehand, in the blank-paper book I had given him, that on the next day I was to dine with him, and consequently that there was to be coffee. Sometimes it would happen that the interest of conversation carried him past the time at which he felt the craving for it; and this I was not sorry to observe, as I feared that coffee, which he had never been accustomed to, might disturb his rest at night. But, if this did not happen, then commenced a scene of some interest. Coffee must be brought " upon the spot " (a word he had constantly in his mouth during his latter days) " in a moment." And the expressions of his impatience, though from old habit still gentle, were so lively, and had so much of infantine naïveté about them, that none of us could forbear smiling. Knowing what would happen, I had taken care that all the preparations should be made beforehand: the coffee was ground; the water was boiling; and the very moment the word was given, his servant shot in like an arrow, and plunged the coffee into the water. All that remained, therefore, was to give it time to boil up. But this trifling delay seemed unendurable to Kant. All consolations were thrown away upon him: vary the formula as we might, he was never at a loss for a reply. If it was said, " Dear professor, the coffee will be brought up in a moment." — " *Will* be! " he would say, " but there's the rub, that it only *will* be:

' Man never is, *but always* to be *blest.'* "

If another cried out, " The coffee is coming immediately," " Yes," he would retort, " and so is the next hour: and, by the way, it's about that length of time that I have waited for it." Then he would collect himself with a stoical air, and say, " Well, one can die after all: it is but dying; and in the next world, thank God! there is no drinking of coffee, and consequently no waiting for it." Sometimes he would rise from his chair, open the door, and cry out, with a feeble querulousness, as if appealing to the last arrears of humanity amongst his fellow-creatures, " Coffee! coffee! " And when at length he heard the servant's steps upon the stairs, he would turn round to us, and, as joyfully as ever sailor from the mast-head, he would call out, " Land, land! my dear friends, I see land."

This general decline in Kant's powers, active and passive, gradually brought about a revolution in his habits of life. Hitherto, as I have already mentioned, he went to bed at ten, and rose a little before five. The latter practice he still observed, but not the other. In 1802 he retired as early as nine, and afterwards still earlier. He found himself so much refreshed by this addition to his rest, that at first he was disposed to utter a

ἕυρηκα, as over some great discovery in the art of restoring exhausted nature: but afterwards, on pushing it still farther, he did not find the success answer his expectations. His walks he now limited to a few turns in the king's gardens, which were at no great distance from his own house. In order to walk more firmly, he adopted a peculiar method of stepping: he carried his foot to the ground, not forward, and obliquely, but perpendicularly, and with a kind of stamp, so as to secure a larger basis, by setting down the entire sole at once. Notwithstanding this precaution, upon one occasion he fell in the street. He was quite unable to raise himself; and two young ladies, who saw the accident, ran to his assistance. With his usual graciousness of manner he thanked them fervently for their assistance, and presented one of them with a rose which he happened to have in his hand. This lady was not personally known to Kant; but she was greatly delighted with his little present, and still keeps the rose as a frail memorial of her transitory interview with the great philosopher.

This accident, as I have reason to think, was the cause of his henceforth renouncing exercise altogether. All labours, even that of reading, were now performed slowly and with manifest effort; and those which cost him any considerable bodily exertion became very exhausting. His feet refused to do their office more and more; he fell continually, both when moving across the room, and even when standing still; yet he seldom suffered from these falls; and he constantly laughed at them, maintaining that it was impossible he could hurt himself, from the extreme lightness of his person, which was indeed by this time the merest shadow of a man. Very often, especially in the morning, he dropped asleep in his chair from pure weariness and exhaustion: on these occasions he was apt to fall upon the floor, from which he was unable to raise himself up, until accident brought one of his servants or his friends into the room. Afterwards these falls were prevented by substituting a chair with circular supports, that met and clasped in front.

These unseasonable dozings exposed him to another danger. He fell repeatedly, whilst reading, with his head into the candles; a cotton night-cap which he wore was instantly in a blaze, and flaming about his head. Whenever this happened, Kant behaved with great presence of mind. Disregarding the pain, he seized the blazing cap, drew it from his head, laid it quietly on the floor, and trod out the flames with his feet. Yet, as this last act brought his dressing-gown into a dangerous neighbourhood to the flames, I changed the form of his cap, persuaded him to arrange the candles differently, and had a large vase of water placed constantly by his side; and in this way I applied a remedy to a danger which would else probably have proved fatal to him.

From the sallies of impatience which I have described in the case of the coffee, there was reason to fear that, with the increasing infirmities

of Kant, would grow up a general waywardness and obstinacy of temper. For my own sake, therefore, and not less for his, I now laid down one rule for my future conduct in his house: which was, that I would, on no occasion, allow my reverence for him to interfere with the firmest expression of what seemed the just opinion on subjects relating to his own health; and, in cases of great importance, that I would make no compromise with his particular humours, but insist, not only on my view of the case, but also on the practical adoption of my views; or, if this were refused to me, that I would take my departure at once, and not be made responsible for the comfort of a person whom I had no power to influence. And this behaviour on my part it was that won Kant's confidence; for there was nothing which disgusted him so much as any approach to sycophancy or to compliances of timidity. As his imbecility increased, he became daily more liable to mental delusions; and, in particular, he fell into many fantastic notions about the conduct of his servants, and, consequently, sometimes into a peevish mode of treating them. Upon these occasions I generally observed a deep silence. But now and then he would ask me for my opinion; and when this happened, I did not scruple to say, " Ingenuously, then, Mr. Professor, I think that you are in the wrong." — " You think so? " he would reply calmly, at the same time asking for my reasons, which he would listen to with great patience and candour. Indeed, it was evident that the firmest opposition, so long as it rested upon assignable grounds and principles, won upon his regard; whilst his own nobleness of character still moved him to habitual contempt for timorous and partial acquiescence in his opinions, even when his infirmities made him most anxious for such acquiescence.

Earlier in life Kant had been little used to contradiction. His superb understanding, his brilliancy in conversation, founded in part upon his ready and sometimes rather caustic wit, and in part upon his prodigious command of knowledge — the air of noble self-confidence which the consciousness of these advantages impressed upon his manners — and the general acquaintance with the severe purity of his life — all combined to give him a station of superiority to others, which generally secured him from open contradiction. And if it sometimes happened that he met a noisy and intemperate opposition, supported by any pretences to wit, he usually withdrew himself calmly from that sort of unprofitable altercation, by contriving to give such a turn to the conversation as won the general favour of the company to himself, and impressed silence, or modesty at least, upon the boldest disputant. From a person so little familiar with opposition, it could scarcely have been anticipated that he should daily surrender his wishes to mine, if not without discussion, yet always without displeasure. So, however, it was. No habit, of whatever long standing, could be objected to as injurious to his health, but he would generally renounce it. And he had this excellent custom in such cases, that either he

would resolutely and at once decide for his own opinion, or, if he professed to follow his friend's, he would follow it sincerely, and not try it unfairly, by trying it imperfectly. Any plan, however trifling, which he had once consented to adopt on the suggestion of another, was never afterwards defeated or embarrassed by unseasonable interposition from his own humours. And thus, the very period of his decay drew forth so many fresh expressions of his character, in its amiable or noble features, as daily increased my affection and reverence for his person.

Having mentioned his servants, I shall here take occasion to give some account of his man-servant Lampe. It was a great misfortune for Kant, in his old age and infirmities, that this man also became old, and subject to a different sort of infirmities. This Lampe had originally served in the Prussian army; on quitting which he entered the service of Kant. In this situation he had lived about forty years; and, though always dull and stupid, had, in the early part of this period, discharged his duties with tolerable fidelity. But latterly, presuming upon his own indispensableness, from his perfect knowledge of all the domestic arrangements, and up his master's weakness, he had fallen into great irregularities and habitual neglects. Kant had been obliged, therefore, of late to threaten repeatedly that he would discharge him. I, who knew that Kant, though one of the kindest-hearted men, was also one of the firmest, foresaw that this discharge, once given, would be irrevocable: for the word of Kant was as sacred as other men's oaths. Consequently, upon every opportunity I remonstrated with Lampe on the folly of his conduct; and his wife joined me on these occasions. Indeed, it was high time that a change should be made in some quarter; for it now became dangerous to leave Kant, who was constantly falling from weakness, to the care of an old ruffian, who was himself apt to fall from intoxication. The fact was, that from the moment I undertook the management of Kant's affairs, Lampe saw there was an end to his old system of abusing his master's confidence in pecuniary affairs, and to all the other advantages which he took of his helpless situation. This made him desperate, and he behaved worse and worse; until one morning, in January, 1802, Kant told me, that humiliating as he felt such a confession, the fact was, that Lampe had just treated him in a way which he was ashamed to repeat. I was too much shocked to distress him by enquiring into the particulars. But the result was, that Kant now insisted, temperately but firmly, on Lampe's dismissal. Accordingly, a new servant, named Kaufmann, was immediately engaged; and on the following day Lampe was discharged, with a handsome pension for life.

Here I must mention a little circumstance which does honour to Kant's benevolence. In his last will, on the assumption that Lampe would continue with him to his death, he had made a very liberal provision for him; but upon this new arrangement of the pension, which was to take effect

immediately, it became necessary to revoke that part of his will, which he did in a separate codicil, that began thus: — " In consequence of the misbehaviour of my servant Lampe, I think fit," etc. But soon after, considering that such a solemn and deliberate record of Lampe's misconduct might be seriously injurious to his interests, he cancelled the passage, and expressed it in such a way, that no trace remained behind of his just displeasure. And his benign nature was gratified with knowing that, this one sentence being blotted out, there remained no other in all his numerous writings, published or confidential, which spoke the language of anger, or could leave any ground for doubting that he died in charity with all the world. Upon Lampe's calling to demand a written character, he was, however, a good deal embarrassed; Kant's well-known reverence for truth so stern and inexorable being, in this instance, armed against the first impulses of his kindness. Long and anxiously he sat, with the certificate lying before him, debating how he should fill up the blanks. I was present; but in such a matter I did not presume to suggest any advice. At last he took his pen, and filled up the blank as follows: — " —— has served me long and faithfully " — (for Kant was not aware that he had robbed him) — " but did not display those particular qualifications which fitted him for waiting on an old and infirm man like myself."

This scene of disturbance over, which to Kant, a lover of peace and tranquillity, caused a shock that gladly he would have been spared, it was fortunate that no other of that nature occurred during the rest of his life. Kaufmann, the successor of Lampe, turned out to be a respectable and upright man, and soon conceived a great attachment to his master. Henceforth things wore a new face in Kant's family: by the removal of one of the belligerents, peace was once more restored amongst his servants; for hitherto there had been eternal wars between Lampe and the cook. Sometimes it was Lampe that carried a war of aggression into the cook's territory of the kitchen; sometimes it was the cook that revenged these insults, by sallying out upon Lampe in the neutral ground of the hall, or invaded him even in his own sanctuary of the butler's pantry. The uproars were everlasting; and thus far it was fortunate for the peace of the philosopher, that his hearing had begun to fail; by which means he was spared many an exhibition of hateful passions and ruffian violence, that annoyed his guests and friends. But now all things had changed: deep silence reigned in the pantry; the kitchen rang no more with martial alarums; and the hall was unvexed with skirmish or pursuit. Yet it may be readily supposed that to Kant, at the age of seventy-eight, changes, even for the better, were not welcome: so intense had been the uniformity of his life and habits, that the least innovation in the arrangement of articles as trifling as a penknife or a pair of scissors disturbed him; and not merely if they were pushed two or three inches out of their customary

position, but even if they were laid a little awry; and as to larger objects, such as chairs, etc., any dislocation of their usual arrangement, any transposition, or addition to their number, perfectly confounded him; and his eye appeared restlessly to haunt the seat of the mal-arrangement, until the ancient order was restored. With such habits the reader may conceive how distressing it must have been to him, at this period of decaying powers, to adapt himself to a new servant, a new voice, a new step, etc.

Aware of this, I had, on the day before he entered upon his duties, written down for the new servant upon a sheet of paper the entire routine of Kant's daily life, down to the minutest and most trivial circumstances; all of which he mastered with the greatest rapidity. To make sure, however, we went through a rehearsal of the whole ritual; he performing the manœuvres, I looking on, and giving the word. Still I felt uneasy at the idea of his being left entirely to his own discretion on his first *début* in good earnest, and therefore I made a point of attending on this important day; and in the few instances where the new recruit missed the accurate manœuvre, a glance or a nod from me easily made him comprehend his failure.

One part only there was of the daily ceremonial where all of us were at a loss, since it was that part which no mortal eyes had ever witnessed but those of Lampe: this was breakfast. However, that we might do all in our power, I myself attended at four o'clock in the morning. The day happened, as I remember, to be the first of February 1802. Precisely at five Kant made his appearance; and nothing could equal his astonishment on finding me in the room. Fresh from the confusion of dreaming, and bewildered alike by the sight of his new servant, by Lampe's absence, and by my presence, he could with difficulty be made to comprehend the purpose of my visit. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and we would now have given any money to that learned Theban, who could have instructed us in the arrangement of the breakfast-table. But this was a mystery revealed to none but Lampe. At length Kant took this task upon himself; and apparently all was now settled to his satisfaction. Yet still it struck me that he was under some embarrassment or constraint. Upon this I said that, with his permission, I would take a cup of tea, and afterwards smoke a pipe with him. He accepted my offer with his usual courteous demeanour; but seemed unable to familiarize himself with the novelty of his situation. I was at this time sitting directly opposite to him; and at last he frankly told me, but with the kindest and most apologetic air, that he was really under the necessity of begging that I would sit out of his sight; for that, having sat alone at the breakfast-table for considerably more than half a century, he could not abruptly adapt his mind to a change in this respect; and he found his thoughts very sensibly distracted. I did as he desired; the servant retired into an ante-room, where he waited within call; and Kant recovered his wonted composure.

Just the same scene passed over again, when I called at the same hour on a fine summer morning some months after.

Henceforth all went right: or, if occasionally some little mistake occurred, Kant showed himself very considerate and indulgent, and would remark spontaneously, that a new servant could not be expected to know all his ways and humours. In one respect, however, this new man adapted himself to Kant's scholarlike taste in a way which Lampe was incapable of doing. Kant was somewhat fastidious in matters of pronunciation; and Kaufmann had a great facility in catching the true sound of Latin words, the titles of books, and the names or designations of Kant's friends; not one of which accomplishments could Lampe, the most insufferable of blockheads, ever attain to. In particular, I have been told by Kant's old friends, that for the space of thirty-eight years, during which he had been in the habit of reading the newspaper published by Hartung, Lampe delivered it with the same identical blunder on every day of publication: — "Mr. Professor, here is Hart*mann's* journal." Upon which Kant would reply, "Eh! what? — What's that you say? Hartmann's journal? I tell you, it is not Hartmann's, but Hartung's: now, repeat after me — not Hartmann's, but Hartung's." Then Lampe, looking sulky, and drawing himself up with the stiff air of a soldier on guard, and in the very same monotonous tone with which he had been used to sing out his challenge of *Who goes there?* would roar, "not Hartmann's, but Hartung's." — "Now again!" Kant would say: on which again Lampe roared, "Not Hartmann's, but Hartung's." — "Now a third time," cried Kant: on which for a third time the unhappy Lampe would howl out, in truculent despair, "Not Hartmann's, but Hartung's." And this whimsical scene of parade duty was continually repeated: duly as the day of publication came round (viz., twice a week), the irreclaimable old dunce was put through the same manœuvres, which were as invariably followed by the same blunder on the next. So that this incorrigible blockhead must have repeated the same unvarying blunder for a hundred and four times annually (i.e., twice a week), multiplied into thirty-eight, as the number of years. For more than one-half of man's normal life under the scriptural allowance, had this never-enough-to-be-admired old donkey foundered punctually on the same identical rock. In spite, however, of this advantage in the new servant, and a general superiority to his predecessor, Kant's nature was too kind, too good, and too indulgent to all people's infirmities but his own, not to miss the voice and the "old familiar face" that he had been accustomed to for forty years. And I met with what struck me as an affecting instance of Kant's yearning after his old good-for-nothing servant in his memorandum-book: other people record what they wish to remember; but Kant had here recorded what he was to forget. "Mem. — February, 1802, the name of Lampe must now be remembered no more."

In the spring of this year, 1802, I advised Kant to take the air. It was

very long since he had been out of doors, and walking was now out of the question. But I thought that perhaps the motion of a carriage and the air might have a chance of reviving him. On the power of vernal sights and sounds I did not much rely; for these had long ceased to affect him. Of all the changes that spring carries with it, there was one only that now interested Kant; and he longed for it with an eagerness and intensity of expectation, that it became almost painful to witness: this was the return of a little bird (sparrow was it, or robin-redbreast?) that sang in his garden, and before his window. This bird, either the same, or one of a younger generation, had sung for years in the same situation; and Kant grew uneasy when the cold weather, lasting longer than usual, retarded its return. Like Lord Bacon, indeed, he had a child-like love for birds in general; and in particular he took pains to encourage the sparrows to build above the windows of his study; and when this happened (as it often did, from the deep silence which prevailed in the room), he watched their proceedings with the delight and the tenderness which others give to a human interest. To return to the point I was speaking of, Kant was at first very unwilling to adopt my proposal of going abroad. "I shall sink down in the carriage," said he, "and fall together like a heap of old rags." But I persisted with a gentle importunity in urging him to the attempt, assuring him that we would return immediately, if he found the effort too much for him. Accordingly, upon a tolerably warm day of early summer, I and an old friend of Kant's accompanied him to a little place which I rented in the country. As we drove through the streets, Kant was delighted to find that he could sit upright, and bear the motion of the carriage, and seemed to draw youthful pleasure from the sight of the towers and other public buildings, which he had not seen for years. We reached the place of our destination in high spirits. Kant drank a cup of coffee, and attempted to smoke a little. After this, he sat and sunned himself, listening with delight to the carolling of birds, which congregated in great numbers about this spot. He distinguished every bird by its song, and called it by its right name. After staying about half an hour, we set off on our homeward journey, Kant still cheerful, but apparently satiated with his day's enjoyment.

I had on this occasion purposely avoided taking him to any public gardens, that I might not disturb his pleasure by exposing him to the distressing gaze of public curiosity. However, it became known in Königsberg that Kant had gone out; and accordingly, as the carriage moved through the streets which led homewards, there was a general rush from all quarters in that direction; and, when we turned into the street where the house stood, we found it already choked up with people. As we slowly drew up to the door, a lane was formed in the crowd, through which Kant was led, I and my friend supporting him on our arms. Looking at the crowd, I observed the faces of many persons of rank and dis-

tinguished strangers, some of whom now saw Kant for the first time, and many of them for the last.

As the winter of 1802–3 approached, he complained more than ever of an affection of the stomach, which no medical man had been able to mitigate, or even to explain. The winter passed over in a complaining way; he was weary of life, and longed for the hour of dismission. " I can be of service to the world no more," said he, " and am a burden to myself." Often I endeavoured to cheer him by the anticipation of excursions that we might make together when summer came again. On these he calculated with so much earnestness, that he had made a regular scale or classification of them — 1. Airings; 2. Journeys; 3. Travels. And nothing could equal the yearning impatience expressed for the coming of spring and summer, not so much for their own peculiar attractions, as because they were the seasons for travelling. In his memorandum-book he made this note: — " The three summer months are June, July, and August "; meaning that they were the three months for travelling. And in conversation he expressed the feverish strength of his wishes so plaintively and affectingly, that everybody was drawn into powerful sympathy with him, and wished for some magical means of antedating the course of the seasons.

During this winter his bedroom was often warmed. *That* was the room in which he kept his little collection of books, somewhere about four hundred and fifty volumes, chiefly presentation-copies from the authors. It may seem strange that Kant, who read so extensively, should have no larger library; but he had less need of one than most scholars, having in his earlier years been librarian at the Royal Library of the Castle; and since then, having enjoyed from the liberality of Hartknoch, his publisher (who, in his turn, had profited by the liberal terms on which Kant had made over to him the copyright of his own works), the first sight of every new book that appeared.

At the close of this winter (that is, in 1803), Kant first began to complain of unpleasant dreams, sometimes of very terrific ones, which awakened him in great agitation. Oftentimes melodies, which he had heard in earliest youth sung in the streets of Königsberg, resounded painfully in his ears, and dwelt upon them in a way from which no efforts of abstraction could release him. These kept him awake to unseasonable hours; and sometimes, when after long watching he had fallen asleep, however profound his sleep might be, it was suddenly broken up by terrific dreams, which alarmed him beyond description. Almost every night the bell-rope, which communicated with a bell in the room above his own, where his servant slept, was pulled violently, and with the utmost agitation. No matter how fast the servant might hurry down, he was almost always too late, and was pretty sure to find his master out of bed, and often making his way in terror to some other part of the house. The weakness of his feet

exposed him to such dreadful falls on these occasions, that at length (but with much difficulty) I persuaded him to let his servant sleep in the same room with himself.

The morbid affection of the stomach, out of which the dreadful dreams arose, began now to be more and more distressing; and he tried various applications, which he had formerly been loud in condemning, such as a few drops of rum upon a piece of sugar, naphtha, etc. But all these were only palliatives; for his advanced age precluded the hope of a radical cure. His dreams became continually more appalling; single scenes, or passages in these dreams, were sufficient to compose the whole course of mighty tragedies, the impression from which was so profound as to stretch far into his waking hours. Amongst other phantasmata more shocking and indescribable, his dreams constantly represented to him the forms of murderers advancing to his bedside; and so agitated was he by the awful trains of phantoms that swept past him nightly, that in the first confusion of awaking he generally mistook his servant, who was hurrying to his assistance, for a murderer. In the day-time we often conversed upon these shadowy illusions; and Kant, with his usual spirit of stoical contempt for nervous weakness of every sort, laughed at them; and, to fortify his own resolution to contend against them, he wrote down in his memorandum-book, "No surrender now to panics of darkness." At my suggestion, however, he now burned a light in his chamber, so placed as that the rays might be shaded from his face. At first he was very averse to this, though gradually he became reconciled to it. But that he could bear it at all, was to me an expression of the great revolution accomplished by this terrific agency of his dreams. Heretofore, darkness and utter silence were the two pillars on which his sleep rested: no step must approach his room; and as to light, if he saw but a moonbeam penetrating a crevice of the shutters, it made him unhappy; and, in fact, the windows of his bedchamber were barricaded night and day. But now darkness was a terror to him, and silence an oppression. In addition to his lamp, therefore, he had now a repeater in his room. The sound was at first too loud, but means were taken to muffle the hammer; after which both the ticking and the striking became companionable sounds to him.

At this time (spring of 1803) his appetite began to fail, which I thought no good sign. Many persons insist that Kant was in the habit of eating too much for health. I, however, cannot assent to this opinion; for he ate but once a day, and drank no beer. Of this liquor (I mean the strong black beer) he was, indeed, the most determined enemy. If ever a man died prematurely, Kant would say, "He has been drinking beer, I presume." Or, if another were indisposed, you might be sure he would ask, "But does he drink beer?" And, according to the answer on this point, he regulated his anticipations for the patient. Strong beer, in short, he

uniformly maintained to be a slow poison. Voltaire, by the way, had said to a young physician who denounced coffee under the same bad name of a " slow poison," " You're right there, my friend: slow it is, and horribly slow, for I have been drinking it these seventy years, and it has not killed me yet " ; but this was an answer which, in the case of beer, Kant would not allow of.

On the 22nd of April, 1803, his birthday, the last which he lived to see, was celebrated in a full assembly of his friends. This festival he had long looked forward to with great expectation and delighted even to hear the progress made in the preparations for it. But, when the day came, the over-excitement and tension of expectation seemed to have defeated itself. He tried to appear happy; but the bustle of a numerous company confounded and distressed him, and his spirits were manifestly forced. He seemed first to revive into any real sense of pleasure at night, when the company had departed, and he was undressing in his study. He then talked with much pleasure about the presents which, as usual, would be made to his servants on this occasion; for Kant was never happy himself, unless he saw all around him happy. He was a great maker of presents; but at the same time he had no toleration for the studied theatrical effect, the accompaniment of formal congratulations, and the sentimental pathos, with which birthday presents are made in Germany. In all this, his masculine taste gave him a sense of something *fade* and ludicrous.

The summer of 1803 was now come, and, visiting Kant one day, I was thunderstruck to hear him direct me, in the most serious tone, to provide the funds necessary for an extensive foreign tour. I made no opposition, but asked his reasons for such a plan; he alleged the miserable sensations he had in his stomach, which were no longer endurable. Knowing what power over Kant a quotation from a Roman poet had always possessed, I simply replied, " Post equitem sedet atra cura " ; and for the present he said no more. But the touching and pathetic earnestness with which he was continually ejaculating prayers for warmer weather, made it doubtful to me whether his wishes on this point ought not, partially at least, to be gratified; and I therefore proposed to him a little excursion to the cottage we had visited the year before. " Anywhere," said he, " no matter whither, provided it be far enough." Towards the latter end of June, therefore, we executed this scheme. On getting into the carriage, the order of the day with Kant was, " Distance, distance. Only let us go far enough," said he: but scarcely had we reached the city-gates, before the journey seemed already to have lasted too long. On reaching the cottage, we found coffee waiting for us; but he would scarcely allow himself time for drinking it, before he ordered the carriage to the door; and the journey back seemed insupportably long to him, though it was per-

formed in something less than twenty minutes. " Is this never to have an end? " was his continual exclamation; and great was his joy when he found himself once more in his study, undressed, and in bed. And for this night he slept in peace, and once again was liberated from the persecution of dreams.

Soon after he began again to talk of journeys, of travels in remote countries, etc., and, in consequence, we repeated our former excursion several times; and though the circumstances were pretty nearly the same on every occasion, always terminating in disappointment as to the immediate pleasure anticipated, yet, undoubtedly, they were, on the whole, salutary to his spirits. In particular, the cottage itself, standing under the shelter of tall alders, with a valley silent and solitary stretched beneath it, through which a little brook meandered, broken by a waterfall, whose pealing sound dwelt pleasantly on the ear, sometimes, on a quiet sunny day, gave a lively delight to Kant: and once, under accidental circumstances of summer-clouds and sunlights, the little pastoral landscape suddenly awakened a lively remembrance, which had been long laid asleep, of a heavenly summer morning in youth, which he had passed in a bower upon the banks of a rivulet that ran through the grounds of a dear and early friend, General Von Lossow. The strength of the impression was such, that he seemed actually to be living over that morning again, thinking as he then thought, and conversing with beloved friends that were no more.

His very last excursion was in August of this year (1803), not to my cottage, but to the garden of a friend. On this particular day he manifested great impatience. It had been arranged that he was to meet an old friend at the gardens; and I, with two other gentlemen, attended him. It happened that *our* party arrived first; and thus we had to wait; but only for a few minutes. Such, however, was Kant's weakness, and total loss of power to estimate the duration of time, that, after waiting a few moments, several hours (he fancied) must have elapsed. So that his friend could not be expected. Under this impression he came away, and in discomposure of mind. And so ended Kant's travelling in this world.

In the beginning of autumn, the sight of his right eye began to fail him; the left he had long lost the use of. This earliest of his losses it is noticeable that he had discovered by mere accident. Sitting down one day to rest himself in the course of a walk, it occurred to him that he would try the comparative strength of his eyes; but, on taking out a newspaper which he had in his pocket, he was surprised to find that with his left eye he could not distinguish a letter. In earlier life he had two remarkable affections of the eyes: once, on returning from a walk, he saw objects double for a long space of time; and twice he became stone-blind. Whether these accidents are to be considered as uncommon, I leave to the decision

of oculists. Certain it is, they gave very little disturbance to Kant; who, until old age had lowered the tone of his powers, lived in a constant state of stoical preparation for the worst that could befall him. I was now shocked to think of the degree in which his burdensome sense of dependence would be aggravated, if he should totally lose the power of sight. Even as it was he read and wrote with great difficulty: in fact, his writing was little better than that which most people can produce as a trial of skill with their eyes shut. From old habits of solitary study, he had no pleasure in hearing others read to him; and he daily distressed me by the pathetic earnestness of his entreaties that I would have a reading glass devised for him. Whatever my own optical skill could suggest I tried, and the best opticians were sent for, to bring their glasses, and take his directions for altering them; but all was to no purpose.

In this last year of his life, Kant very unwillingly received the visits of strangers; and, unless under particular circumstances, wholly declined them. Yet, when travellers had come a very great way out of their road to see him, I confess that I was at a loss how to conduct myself. To have refused too pertinaciously, could not but give me the air of wishing to make myself of importance. And I must acknowledge, that, amongst some few instances of importunity and coarse expressions of low-bred curiosity, I witnessed, pretty generally in all ranks, a most delicate sensibility to the condition of the aged recluse. On sending in their cards, they would usually accompany them by some message, expressive of their unwillingness to gratify their wish to see him, at any risk of distressing him. The fact was, that such visits *did* distress him much; for he felt it a degradation to be exhibited in his helpless state, when he was aware of his own incapacity to meet properly the attention that was paid to him. Some, however, were admitted, according to the circumstances of the case and the accidental state of Kant's spirits at the moment. Amongst these, I remember that we were particularly pleased with M. Otto, the same who signed the treaty of peace between France and England with the present Lord Liverpool (then Lord Hawkesbury). A young Russian also rises to my recollection at this moment, from the excessive (and I think unaffected) enthusiasm which he displayed. On being introduced to Kant, he advanced hastily, took both his hands, and kissed them. Kant, who, from living so much amongst his English friends, had a good deal of the English dignified reserve about him, and hated anything like *scenes,* appeared to shrink a little from this mode of salutation, and was rather embarrassed. However, the young man's manner, I believe, was not at all beyond his genuine feelings; for next day he called again, made some enquiries about Kant's health, was very anxious to know whether his old age was burdensome to him, and, above all things, entreated for some little memorial of the great man to carry away with him. By accident the servant had found a small cancelled fragment of the original

MS. of Kant's *Anthropologie:* this, with my sanction, he gave to the Russian; who received it with rapture, kissed it, and then gave to the servant in return the only dollar he had about him; and, thinking that not enough, actually pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and forced them upon the man. Kant, whose native simplicity of character very much indisposed him to sympathy with any extravagances of feeling, could not, however, forbear smiling good-humouredly on being made acquainted with this instance of naïveté and enthusiasm in his young admirer.

I now come to an event in Kant's life which ushered in its closing stage. On the 8th of October, 1803, for the first time since his youth, he was seriously ill. When a student at the university, he had once suffered from an ague, which, however, gave way to pedestrian exercise; and in later years he had endured some pain from a contusion on his head; but, with these two exceptions (if they can be considered such), he had never (properly speaking) been ill. At present, the cause of his illness was this: his appetite had latterly been irregular, or rather I should say depraved; and he no longer took pleasure in anything but bread and butter and English cheese. On the 7th of October, at dinner he ate little else, in spite of everything that I and another friend then dining with him could urge to dissuade him. For the first time I fancied that he seemed displeased with my importunity, as though I were overstepping the just line of my duties. He insisted that the cheese never had done him any harm, nor would now. I had no course left me but to hold my tongue; and he did as he pleased. The consequence was what might have been anticipated — a restless night, succeeded by a day of memorable illness. The next morning all went on as usual, till nine o'clock, when Kant, who was then leaning on his sister's arm, suddenly fell senseless to the ground. A messenger was immediately dispatched for me; and I hurried down to his house, where I found him lying on his bed, which had now been removed into his study, speechless and insensible. I had already summoned his physician: but, before he arrived, nature put forth efforts which brought Kant a little to himself. In about an hour he opened his eyes, and continued to mutter unintelligibly until towards the evening when he rallied a little, and began to talk rationally. For the first time in his life, he was now, for a few days, confined to his bed, and ate nothing. On the 12th of October, he again took some refreshment, and would have had his favourite food; but I was now resolved, at any risk of his displeasure, to oppose him firmly. I therefore stated to him the whole consequences of his last indulgence, of all which he manifestly had no recollection. He listened to what I said very attentively, and calmly expressed his conviction that I was perfectly in the wrong; but for the present he submitted. However, some days after, I found that he had been offering a florin for a little bread and cheese, and then a dollar, and even more. Being again refused,

he complained heavily; but gradually he weaned himself from asking for it, though at times he betrayed involuntarily how much he desired it.

On the 13th of October, his usual dinner parties were resumed, and he was considered convalescent; but it was seldom indeed that he recovered the tone of tranquil spirits which he had preserved until his late attack. Hitherto he had always loved to prolong this meal, the only one he took — or, as he expressed it in classical phrase, "cœnam *ducere*" ; but now it was difficult to hurry it over fast enough for his wishes. From dinner, which terminated about two o'clock, he went straight to bed, and at intervals fell into slumbers; from which, however, he was regularly roused up by phantasmata or terrific dreams. At seven in the evening came on duly a period of great distress, which lasted till five or six in the morning — sometimes later; and he continued through the night alternately to walk about and lie down, occasionally tranquil, but more often in great agitation.

It now became necessary that somebody should sit up with him, his man-servant being wearied out with the toils of the day. No person seemed to be so proper for this office as his sister, both as having long received a very liberal pension from him, and also as his nearest relative, who would be the best witness to the fact that her illustrious brother had wanted no comforts or attention in his last hours which his situation admitted of. Accordingly she was applied to, and undertook to watch him alternately with his footman — a separate table being kept for her, and a very handsome addition made to her allowance. She turned out to be a quiet, gentle-minded woman, who raised no disturbances amongst the servants, and soon won her brother's regard by the modest and retiring style of her manners; I may add, also, by the truly sisterly affection which she displayed towards him to the last.

The 8th of October had grievously affected Kant's faculties, but had not wholly destroyed them. For short intervals the clouds seemed to roll away that had settled upon his majestic intellect, and it now shone forth as heretofore. During these moments of brief self-possession, his wonted benignity returned to him; and he expressed his gratitude for the exertions of those about him, and his sense of the trouble they underwent, in a very affecting way. With regard to his man-servant, in particular, he was very anxious that he should be rewarded by liberal presents; and he pressed me earnestly on no account to be parsimonious. Indeed, Kant was nothing less than princely in his use of money; and there was no occasion on which he was known to express the passion of scorn very powerfully, but when he was commenting on mean and penurious acts or habits. Those who knew him only in the streets, fancied that he was not liberal; for he steadily refused, upon principle, to relieve all common beggars. But, on the other hand, he was most liberal to the public charitable institutions; secretly also he assisted his own poor relations in a

much ampler way than could reasonably have been expected of him; and it now appeared that he had many other deserving pensioners upon his bounty; a fact that was utterly unknown to any of us, until his increasing blindness and other infirmities devolved the duty of paying these pensions upon myself. It must be recollected, also, that Kant's whole fortune (which, exclusively of his official appointments, did not amount to more than 20,000 dollars) was the product of his own honourable toils for nearly threescore years, and that he had himself suffered all the hardships of poverty in his youth, though he never once ran into any man's debt; circumstances in his history which, as they express how fully he must have been acquainted with the value of money, greatly enhance the merit of his munificence.

In December, 1803, he became incapable of signing his name. His sight, indeed, had for some time failed him so much, that at dinner he could not find his spoon without assistance; and, when I happened to dine with him, I first cut in pieces whatever was on his plate, next put it into a dessert-spoon, and then guided his hand to find the spoon. But his inability to sign his name did not arise merely from blindness: the fact was, that, from irretention of memory, he could not recollect the letters which composed his name; and, when they were repeated to him, he could not represent the figure of the letters in his imagination. At the latter end of November, I had remarked that these incapacities were rapidly growing upon him, and in consequence I prevailed on him to sign beforehand all the receipts, etc., which would be wanted at the end of the year; and afterwards, on my representation, to prevent all disputes, he gave me a regular legal power to sign on his behalf.

Much as Kant was now reduced, yet he had occasionally moods of social hilarity. His birthday was always an agreeable subject to him; some weeks before his death, I was calculating the time which it still wanted of that anniversary, and cheering him with the prospect of the rejoicings which would then take place. "All your old friends," said I, "will meet together, and drink a glass of champagne to your health."— "That," said he, "must be done upon the spot"; and he was not satisfied till the party was actually assembled. He drank a glass of wine with them, and, with great elevation of spirits, celebrated by anticipation this birthday which he was destined never to see.

In the latter weeks of his life, however, a great change took place in the tone of his spirits. At his dinner-table, where heretofore such a cloudless spirit of joviality had reigned, there was now a melancholy silence. It disturbed him to see his two dinner companions conversing privately together, whilst he himself sat like a mute on the stage with no part to perform. Yet to have engaged him in the conversation would have been still more distressing, for his hearing was now very imperfect; the effort to hear was itself painful to him; and his expressions, even when his thoughts were

accurate enough, became nearly unintelligible. It is remarkable, however, that at the very lowest point of his depression, when he became perfectly incapable of conversing with any rational meaning on the ordinary affairs of life, he was still able to answer correctly and distinctly, in a degree that was perfectly astonishing, upon any question of philosophy or of science, especially of physical geography, chemistry, or natural history. He talked satisfactorily, in his very worst state, of the gases, and stated very accurately different propositions of Kepler's, especially the law of their planetary motions. And I remember, in particular, that upon the very last Monday of his life, when the extremity of his weakness moved a circle of his friends to tears, and he sat amongst us insensible to all we could say to him, cowering down, or rather, I might say, collapsing into a shapeless heap upon his chair, deaf, blind, torpid, motionless — even then I whispered to the others, that I would engage that Kant should take his part in conversation with propriety and animation. This they found it difficult to believe. Upon which I drew close to his ear, and put a question to him about the Moors of Barbary. To the surprise of everybody but myself, he immediately gave us a summary account of their habits and customs; and told us, by the way, that in the word *Algiers* the *g* ought to be pronounced hard (as in the English word *gear*).

During the last fortnight of Kant's life, he busied himself unceasingly in a way that seemed not merely purposeless, but self-contradictory. Twenty times in a minute he would unloose and tie his neck-handkerchief; so also with a sort of belt which he wore about his dressing-gown; the moment it was clasped, he unclasped it with impatience, and was then equally impatient to have it clasped again. But no description can convey an adequate impression of the weary restlessness with which from morning to night he pursued these labours of Sisyphus — doing and undoing — fretting that he could not do it, fretting that he had done it.

By this time he seldom knew any of us who were about him, but took us all for strangers. This happened first with his sister, then with me, and finally with his servant. Such an alienation from us all distressed me more than any other instance of his decay: though I knew that he had not really withdrawn his affection from me, yet his air and mode of addressing me gave me constantly that feeling. So much the more affecting was it, when the sanity of his perceptions and his remembrances returned, but at intervals of slower and slower recurrence. In this condition, silent or babbling childishly, self-involved and torpidly abstracted, or else busy with self-created phantoms and delusions, waking up for a moment to trifles, sinking back for hours to what might perhaps be disjointed fragments of grand perishing reveries, what a contrast did he offer to *that* Kant who had once been the brilliant centre of the most brilliant circles for rank, wit, or knowledge, that Prussia afforded! A distinguished person from Berlin, who had called upon him during the preceding summer, was greatly shocked

at his appearance, and said. " This is not Kant that I have seen, but the shell of Kant! " How much more would he have said this, if he had seen him now.

For now came February, 1804, which was the last month that Kant was destined to see. It is remarkable that, in the memorandum-book which I have before mentioned, I found a fragment of an old song (inserted by Kant, and dated in the summer about six months before the time of his death), which expressed that February was the month in which people had the least weight to carry, for the obvious reason that it was shorter by two and by three days than the others; and the concluding sentiment was in a tone of fanciful pathos to this effect — " Oh, happy February! in which man has least to bear — least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach! " Even of this short month, however, Kant had not twelve entire days to bear, for it was on the twelfth that he died; and, in fact, he may be said to have been dying from the first. He now barely vegetated; though there were still transitory gleams flashing fitfully from the embers of his ancient magnificent intellect.

On the 3rd of February the springs of life seemed to be ceasing from their play; for from this day, strictly speaking, he ate nothing more. His existence henceforward seemed to be the mere prolongation of an impetus derived from an eighty years' life, after the moving power of the mechanism was withdrawn. His physician visited him every day at a particular hour; and it was settled that I should always be there to meet him. Nine days before his death, on paying his usual visit, the following little circumstance occurred, which affected us both, by recalling forcibly to our minds the ineradicable courtesy and goodness of Kant's nature. When the physician was announced, I went up to Kant, and said to him, " Here is Dr. A——." Kant rose from his chair, and, offering his hand to the doctor, murmured something in which the word " posts " was frequently repeated, but with an air as though he wished to be helped out with the rest of the sentence. Dr. A——, who thought that, by *posts,* he meant the stations for relays of post-horses, and therefore that his mind was wandering, replied, that all the horses were engaged, and begged him to compose himself. But Kant went on, with great effort to himself, and added, " Many posts, heavy posts — then much goodness — then much gratitude." All this he said with apparent incoherence, but with great warmth, and increasing self-possession. I meantime perfectly divined what it was that Kant, under his cloud of imbecility, wished to say, and I interpreted accordingly. " What the professor wishes to say, Dr. A——, is this, that, considering the many and weighty posts which you fill in the city and in the university, it argues great goodness on your part to give up so much of your time to him " (for Dr. A—— would never take any fees from Kant); " and that he has the deepest sense of this goodness." — " Right," said Kant, earnestly —

" right! " But he still continued to stand, and was nearly sinking to the ground. Upon which I remarked to the physician, that Kant, as I was well convinced, would not sit down, however much he suffered from standing, until he knew that his visitors were seated. The doctor seemed to doubt this; but Kant, who heard what I said, by a prodigious effort confirmed my construction of his conduct, and spoke distinctly these words — " God forbid I should be sunk so low as to forget the offices of humanity."

When dinner was announced, Dr. A—— took his leave. Another guest had now arrived, and I was in hopes, from the animation which Kant had so recently displayed, that we should today have a pleasant party; but my hopes were vain — Kant was more than usually exhausted; and, though he raised a spoon to his mouth, he swallowed nothing. For some time everything had been tasteless to him; and I had endeavoured, but with little success, to stimulate the organs of taste by nutmeg, cinnamon, etc. Today all failed, and I could not prevail upon him to taste even a biscuit, rusk, or anything of that sort. I had once heard him say that several of his friends, whose complaint was *marasmus,* had closed their illness by four or five days of entire freedom from pain, but totally without appetite, and then slumbered tranquilly away. Through this state I apprehended that he was himself now passing.

Saturday, the 4th of February, I heard his guests loudly expressing their fears that they should never meet him again; and I could not but share these fears myself. However, on

Sunday, the 5th, I dined at his table in company with his particular friend Mr. R. R. V. Kant was still present, but so weak that his head dropped upon his knees, and he sank down against the right side of the chair. I went and arranged his pillows, so as to raise and support his head: and, having done this, I said, " Now, my dear sir, you are again in right order." Great was our astonishment when he answered clearly and audibly, in the Roman military phrase, " Yes, *testudine et facie* " ; and immediately after added, " Ready for the enemy, and in battle array." His powers of mind were smouldering away in their ashes; but every now and then some lambent flame, or grand emanation of light, shot forth, to make it evident that the ancient fire still slumbered below.

Monday, the 6th, he was much weaker and more torpid: he spoke not a word except on the occasion of my question about the Moors, as previously stated, and sat with sightless eyes, lost in himself, and manifesting no sense of our presence, so that we had the feeling of some mighty phantom from some forgotten century being seated amongst us.

About this time, Kant had become much more tranquil and composed. In the earlier periods of his illness, when his yet unbroken strength was brought into active conflict with the first attacks of decay, he was apt to be peevish, and sometimes spoke roughly or even harshly to his servants. This, though very opposite to his natural disposition, was altogether excus-

able under the circumstances. He could not make himself understood: things were therefore brought to him continually which he had not asked for; and what he really wanted oftentimes he could not obtain, because all his efforts to name it were unintelligible. A violent nervous irritation, besides, affected him, from the unsettling of the equilibrium in the different functions of his nature; weakness in one organ being made more palpable to him by disproportionate strength in another. But at length the strife was finished; the whole system was thoroughly undermined, and now moving forward in rapid and harmonious progress to dissolution. From this time till all was over, no movement of impatience, or expression of fretfulness, ever escaped him.

I now visited him three times a day; and on

Tuesday, February 7, going about dinner-time, I found the usual party of friends sitting down alone; for Kant was in bed. This was a new scene in *his* house, and increased our fears that his end was close at hand. However, having seen him rally so often, I would not run the risk of leaving him without a dinner-party for the next day; and accordingly, at the customary hour of one, we assembled in his house on

Wednesday, February 8. I paid my respects to him as cheerfully as possible, and ordered dinner to be served. Kant sat at the table with us; and, taking a spoon with a little soup in it, carried it to his lips, but immediately put it down again, and retired to bed, from which he never rose again.

Thursday, the 9th, he had sunk into the weakness of a dying person, and the corpse-like appearance (the *facies Hippocratica*) had already taken possession of him. I visited him frequently through the course of the day; and going for the last time about ten o'clock at night, I found him in a state of insensibility. I could not draw any sign from him that he knew me, and I left him to the care of his sister and his servant.

Friday, the 10th, I went to see him at six o'clock in the morning. It was very stormy, and a deep snow had fallen in the night-time. And, by the way, I remember that a gang of house-breakers had forced their way through the premises, in order to reach Kant's next neighbour, who was a goldsmith. As I drew near to his bedside, I said, " Good-morning." He returned my salutation, by saying, " Good-morning," but in so feeble and faltering a voice that it was hardly articulate. I was rejoiced to find him sensible, and asked him if he knew me. — " Yes," he replied; and, stretching out his hand, touched me gently upon the cheek. Through the rest of the day, whenever I visted him, he seemed to have relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Saturday, the 11th, he lay with fixed and rayless eyes; but to all appearance in perfect peace. I asked him again, on this day, if he knew me. He was speechless, but he turned his face towards me, and made signs that I should kiss him. Deep emotion thrilled me as I stooped down to kiss his

pallid lips; for I knew that in this solemn act of tenderness he meant to express his thankfulness for our long friendship, and to signify his last farewell. I had never seen him confer this mark of his love upon anybody except once, and that was a few weeks before his death, when he drew his sister to him and kissed her. The kiss which he now gave to me was the last memorial that he knew me.

Whatever fluid was now offered to him passed the œsophagus with a rattling sound, as often happens with dying people; and there were all the signs of death being close at hand.

I wished to stay with him till all was over; and, as I had been amongst the nearest witnesses of his life, to be witness also of his departure; and, therefore, I never quitted him, except when I was called off for a few minutes to attend some private business. The whole of this night I spent at his bedside. Though he had passed the day in a state of insensibility, yet in the evening he made intelligible signs that he wished to have his bed put in order; he was therefore lifted out in our arms, and the bedclothes and pillows being hastily arranged, he was carried back again. He did not sleep; and a spoonful of liquid, which was sometimes put to his lips, he usually pushed aside; but about one o'clock in the night he himself made a movement towards the spoon, from which I collected that he was thirsty; and I gave him a small quantity of wine and water sweetened; but the muscles of his mouth had not strength enough to retain it; so that, to prevent its flowing back, he raised his hand to his lips, until with a rattling sound it was swallowed. He seemed to wish for more; and I continued to give him more, until he said, in a way that I was just able to understand, "It is enough." And these were his last words. It is enough! Sufficit! Mighty and symbolic words! At intervals he pushed away the bedclothes, and exposed his person; I constantly restored the clothes to their situation, and on one of these occasions I found that the whole body and extremities were already growing cold, and the pulse intermitting.

At a quarter after three o'clock on Sunday morning, February 12, 1804, Kant stretched himself out as if taking up a position for his final act, and settled into the precise posture which he preserved to the moment of death. The pulse was now no longer perceptible to the touch in his hands, feet, or neck. I tried every part where a pulse beats, and found none but in the left hip, where it continued to beat with violence, but often intermitted.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon he suffered a remarkable change; his eye was rigid, and his face and lips became discoloured by a cadaverous pallor. Still, such was the intensity of his constitutional habits, that no trace appeared of the cold sweat which naturally accompanies the last mortal agony.

It was near eleven o'clock when the moment of dissolution approached. His sister was standing at the foot of the bed, his sister's son at the head. I, for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations in the pulse, was

kneeling at the bedside; and I called his servant to come and witness the death of his good master. The last agony was now advancing to its close, if *agony* it could be called, where there seemed to be no struggle. And precisely at this moment, his distinguished friend Mr. R. R. V., whom I had summoned by a messenger, entered the room. First of all, the breath grew feebler; then it missed its regularity of return; then it wholly intermitted, and the upper lip was slightly convulsed; after this there followed one feeble respiration or sigh; and after that no more; but the pulse still beat for a few seconds — slower and fainter, slower and fainter, till it ceased altogether; the mechanism stopped; the last motion was at an end; and exactly at that moment the clock struck eleven.

Soon after his death the head of Kant was shaved; and, under the direction of Professor Knorr, a plaster cast was taken, not a mask merely, but a cast of the whole head, designed (I believe) to enrich the craniological collection of Dr. Gall.

The corpse being laid out and properly attired, immense numbers of people in every rank, from the highest to the lowest, flocked to see it. Everybody was anxious to avail himself of the last opportunity he would have for entitling himself to say, " I too have seen Kant." This went on for many days, during which, from morning to night, the house was thronged with the public. Great was the astonishment of all people at the meagreness of Kant's appearance; and it was universally agreed that a corpse so wasted and fleshless had never been beheld. His head rested upon the same cushion on which once the gentlemen of the university had presented an address to him; and I thought that I could not apply it to a more honourable purpose than by placing it in the coffin, as the final pillow of that immortal head.

Upon the style and mode of his funeral, Kant had expressed his wishes in earlier years by a special memorandum. He there desired that it should take place early in the morning, with as little noise and disturbance as possible, and attended only by a few of his most intimate friends. Happening to meet with this memorandum, whilst I was engaged at his request in arranging his papers, I very frankly gave him my opinion, that such an injunction would lay me, as the executor of his will, under great embarrassments; for that circumstances might very probably arise under which it would be next to impossible to carry it into effect. Upon this Kant tore the paper, and left the whole to my own discretion. The fact was, I foresaw that the students of the university would never allow themselves to be robbed of this occasion for expressing their veneration by a public funeral. The event showed that I was right; for a funeral such as Kant's, one so solemn and so magnificent, the city of Königsberg has never witnessed before or since. The public journals, and separate reports in pamphlets, etc.,

have given so minute an account of its details, that I shall here notice only the heads of the ceremony.

On the 28th of February, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the dignitaries of church and state, not only those resident in Königsberg, but from the remotest parts of Prussia, assembled in the church of the castle. Hence they were escorted by the whole body of the university, splendidly dressed for the occasion, and by many military officers of rank, with whom Kant had always been a great favourite, to the house of the deceased professor; from which the corpse was carried by torchlight, the bells of every church in Königsberg tolling, to the cathedral, which was lit up by innumerable wax-lights. A never-ending train of people followed it on foot. In the cathedral, after the usual burial rites, accompanied with every possible expression of national veneration to the deceased, there was a grand musical service, most admirably performed; at the close of which, Kant's mortal remains were lowered into the academic vault; and there he now rests among the patriarchs of the university. PEACE BE TO HIS DUST; AND TO HIS MEMORY EVERLASTING HONOUR!

JOHANN WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

1756–1791

By Henri Beyle [Stendhal][1] (1783–1842)

The father of Mozart had the greatest influence upon the singular destiny of his son, whose dispositions he developed, and perhaps modified: it is therefore necessary, in the first place, to say a few words concerning him.

Leopold Mozart was the son of a bookbinder of Augsburg. He pursued his studies at Salzburg; and, in 1743, was admitted into the number of the musicians of the prince-archbishop of that city. In 1762, he became sub-director of the prince's chapel. As the duties of his office did not take up the whole of his time, he employed a part of it in giving lessons on the violin, and teaching the rules of musical composition. He published "An Essay on teaching the Violin with Accuracy," which met with good success. He married Anna Maria Pertl; and it has been remarked, as a circumstance worthy the attention of an exact observer, that this couple, who gave birth to an artist so happily organized for musical harmony, were noted in Salzburg for their uncommon beauty.

Of seven children sprung from this marriage, two only lived; a daughter, Mary Ann, and a son, of whom we are now to speak.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus [Amadeus] Mozart, was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. A few years afterwards, his father discontinued giving lessons in the town, and determined to devote all the time which the duties of his office left at his disposal, to the superintendence of the musical education of his two children.

The daughter, who was rather older than Wolfgang, made great proficiency, and shared the public admiration with her brother, in the excursions which she afterwards made with her family. She married, in the sequel, a counsellor of the prince-archbishop of Salzburg, preferring domestic happiness to the renown of distinguished talent.

Mozart was scarcely three years old when his father began to give lessons on the harpsichord to his sister, who was then seven. His astonishing disposition for music immediately manifested itself. His delight was to seek for *thirds* on the piano, and nothing could equal his joy when he had

[1] Reprinted from *The Life of Haydn . . . Followed by the Life of Mozart*, etc. Translated from the French of L. A. C. Bombet [Stendhal] . . . by William Gardiner, Boston, 1839.

Stendhal's *Mozart* is to a great extent his own work, though he declares it a translation from the German of Schlichtegroll. Originally written in 1814.

found this harmonious chord. The minute details into which I am about to enter, will, I presume, be interesting to the reader.

When he was four years old, his father began to teach him, almost in sport, some minuets, and other pieces of music, an occupation which was as agreeable to the master, as to the pupil. Mozart would learn a minuet in half an hour, and a piece of greater extent in less than twice that time. Immediately after, he played them with the greatest clearness, and perfectly in time. In less than a year, he made such rapid progress, that, at five years old, he already invented little pieces of music which he played to his father, and which the latter, in order to encourage the rising talent of his son, was at the trouble of writing down. Before the little Mozart acquired a taste for music, he was so fond of all the amusements of his age, which were in any way calculated to interest him, that he sacrificed even his meals to them. On every occasion he manifested a feeling and affectionate heart. He would say ten times in a day to those about him, "Do you love me well?" and whenever in jest they said "No," the tears would roll down his cheeks. From the moment he became acquainted with music, his relish for the sports and amusements of his age vanished, or to render them pleasing to him, it was necessary to introduce music in them. A friend of his parents often amused himself in playing with him: sometimes they carried the playthings in procession from one room to another; then, the one who had nothing to carry, sung a march, or played it on the violin.

During some months, a fondness for the usual studies of his childhood gained such an ascendency over Wolfgang, that he sacrificed every thing, even music, to it. While he was learning arithmetic, the tables, the chairs, and even the walls, were covered with figures which he had chalked upon them. The vivacity of his mind led him to attach himself easily to every new object that was presented to him. Music, however, soon became again the favorite object of his pursuit. He made such rapid advances in it, that his father, notwithstanding he was always with him, and in the way of observing his progress, could not help regarding him as a prodigy. The following anecdote, related by an eyewitness, is a proof of this.

His father, returning from the church one day with a friend, found his son busy in writing. "What are you doing there, my little fellow?" asked he. "I am composing a *concerto* for the harpsichord, and have almost got to the end of the first part." "Let us see this fine scrawl." "No, I have not yet finished it." The father, however, took the paper, and showed his friend a sheet-full of notes, which could scarcely be deciphered for the blots of ink. The two friends at first laughed heartily at this heap of scribbling, but, after a little time, when the father had looked at it with more attention, his eyes were fastened on the paper; and, at length, overflowed with tears of joy, and wonder, "Look, my friend," said he, with a smile of delight; "every thing is composed according to the rules;

it is a pity that the piece cannot be made any use of, but it is too difficult; nobody would be able to play it." "It is a *concerto*," replied the son, "and must be studied till it can be properly played. This is the style in which it ought to be executed." He accordingly began to play, but succeeded only so far as to give them an idea of what he had intended. At that time, the young Mozart firmly believed that to play a *concerto* was about as easy as to work a miracle, and, accordingly, the composition in question was a heap of notes, correctly placed, but presenting so many difficulties, that the most skilful performer would have found it impossible to play it.

The young composer so astonished his father, that the latter conceived the idea of exhibiting him at the different courts in Germany. There is nothing extraordinary in such an idea in this country. As soon, therefore, as Wolfgang had attained his sixth year, the Mozart family, consisting of the father, the mother, the daughter, and Wolfgang, took a journey to Munich. The two children performed before the elector, and received infinite commendations. This first expedition succeeded in every respect. The young artists, delighted with the reception they had met with, redoubled their application on their return to Salzburg, and acquired a degree of execution on the piano, which no longer required the consideration of their youth to render it highly remarkable. During the autumn of the year 1762, the whole family repaired to Vienna, and the children performed before the court.

The emperor Francis I. said, in jest, on that occasion, to little Wolfgang; "It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers, but to play with only one, without seeing the keys, would indeed be extraordinary." Without manifesting the least surprise at this strange proposal, the child immediately began to play with a single finger, and with the greatest possible precision, and clearness. He afterwards desired them to cover the keys of the piano-forte, and continued to play in the same manner, as if he had long practised it.

From his most tender age, Mozart, animated with the true feeling of his art, was never vain of the compliments paid him by the great. He only performed insignificant trifles when he had to do with people unacquainted with music. He played, on the contrary, with all the fire and attention of which he was capable, when in the presence of connoisseurs; and his father was often obliged to have recourse to artifice, in order to make the great men, before whom he was to exhibit, pass for such with him. When Mozart, at the age of six years, sat down to play in presence of the emperor Francis, he addressed himself to his majesty, and asked: "Is not M. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; he understands the thing." The emperor sent for Wagenseil, and gave up his place to him, by the side of the piano. "Sir," said Mozart, to the composer, "I am going to play one of your *concertos,* you must turn over the leaves for me."

Hitherto, Wolfgang had only played on the harpsichord, and the extraor-

dinary skill which he displayed on that instrument, seemed to exclude even the wish that he should apply to any other. But the genius which animated him, far surpassed any hopes that his friends could have dared to entertain; he had not even occasion for lessons.

On his return from Vienna to Salzburg with his parents, he brought with him a small violin, which had been given him during his residence at the capital, and amused himself with it. A short time afterwards, Wenzl, a skilful violin player, who had then just begun to compose, came to Mozart, the father, to request his observations on six trios, which he had written during the journey of the former to Vienna. Schachtner, the archbishop's trumpeter, to whom Mozart was particularly attached, happened to be at the house, and we give the following anecdote in his words:

"The father," said Schachtner, "played the bass, Wenzl the first violin, and I was to play the second. Mozart requested permission to take this last part; but his father reproved him for this childish demand, observing, that as he had never received any regular lessons on the violin, he could not possibly play it properly. The son replied, that it did not appear to him necessary to receive lessons in order to play the second violin. His father, half angry at this reply, told him to go away, and not interrupt us. Wolfgang was so hurt at this, that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin, I begged that he might be permitted to play with me, and the father, with a good deal of difficulty, consented. 'Well,' said he to Wolfgang, 'you may play with M. Schachtner, on condition that you play very softly, and do not let yourself be heard; otherwise, I shall send you out directly." We began the trio, little Mozart playing with me, but it was not long before I perceived, with the greatest astonishment, that I was perfectly useless. Without saying any thing, I laid down my violin, and looked at the father, who shed tears of affection at the sight. The child played all the six trios in the same manner. The commendations we gave him made him pretend that he could play the first violin. To humor him, we let him try, and could not forbear laughing on hearing him execute this part, very imperfectly, it is true, but still so as never to be set fast."

Every day afforded fresh proofs of Mozart's exquisite organization for music. He could distinguish, and point out, the slightest differences of sound, and every false or even rough note, not softened by some chord, was a torture to him. It was from this cause, that during the early part of his childhood, and even till he had attained his tenth year, he had an insurmountable horror for the trumpet, when it was not used merely as an accompaniment. The sight of this instrument produced upon him much the same impression as that of a loaded pistol does upon other children, when pointed at them in sport. His father thought he could cure him of this fear, by causing the trumpet to be blown in his presence, notwith-

standing his son's entreaties to be spared that torment; but, at the first blast, he turned pale, fell upon the floor, and would probably have been in convulsions, if they had not immediately ceased.

After he had made some proficiency upon the violin, he occasionally made use of that of Schachtner, the family friend whom we have just mentioned, which he highly esteemed, because he drew from it sounds extremely soft. Schachtner, one day, came to the house, while the young Mozart was amusing himself with playing on his own violin. "What is your violin doing?" was the child's first inquiry; and he then went on playing fantasies. After a few moments' pause, he said to Schachtner, "Could not you have left me your violin, tuned as it was when I last used it? It is half a quarter of a note below this." They at first laughed at this scrupulous exactness; but the father, who had often observed his son's extraordinary memory for sounds, sent for the violin, and, to the great astonishment of all present, it was half a quarter of a note below the other, as Wolfgang had said.

Though the child every day beheld new proofs of the astonishment, and admiration, inspired by his talents, it neither rendered him proud, nor self-willed: a man in talent, in every thing else he was an obedient and docile child. Never did he appear dissatisfied with any thing that his father ordered. Even after playing the whole of the day, he would continue to do so, without showing the least ill-humor, when his father desired it. He understood, and obeyed the slightest signs made by his parents, and carried his obedience so far as to refuse the sweetmeats which were offered him, when he had not their permission to accept them.

In the month of July, 1763, when he was in his seventh year, his family set out on their first expedition beyond the boundaries of Germany: and it is from this period that the celebrity of the name of Mozart in Europe is to be dated. The tour commenced with Munich, where the young artist played a concerto on the violin, in presence of the elector, after an extempore prelude. At Augsburg, Manheim, Francfort, Coblentz, Brussels, the two children gave public concerts, or played before the princes of the district, and received everywhere the greatest commendations.

In the month of November they arrived at Paris, where they remained five months. They performed at Versailles, and Wolfgang played the organ of the king's chapel before the court. They gave in Paris two grand public concerts, and universally met with the most distinguished reception. They were even so far honored as to have their portraits taken; the father was engraved between his two children, from a design of Carmontelle's. It was at Paris that Mozart composed and published his first two works, one of which he dedicated to the princess Victoire, second daughter of Louis XV., and the other to the Countess de Tesse.

In April, 1764, the Mozarts went to England, where they remained till

about the middle of the following year. The children performed before the King, and, as at Versailles, the son played the organ of the royal chapel. His performance on the organ was thought more of, at London, than his exhibitions on the harpsichord. During his stay there, he and his sister gave a grand concert, all the symphonies of which were his own composition.

It may be supposed that the two children, and especially Wolfgang, did not stop at a degree of proficiency, which every day procured them such flattering applause. Notwithstanding their continual removals, they practised with the greatest regularity, and Wolfgang began to sing difficult airs, which he executed with great expression. The incredulous, at Paris and at London, had put him to the trial with various difficult pieces of Bach, Handel, and other masters: he played them immediately, at first sight, and with the greatest possible correctness. He played, one day, before the king of England, a piece full of melody, from the bass only. At another time, Christian Bach, the queen's music-master, took little Mozart between his knees, and played a few bars. Mozart then continued and they thus played alternately a whole sonata, with such precision, that those who did not see them thought it was executed by the same person. During his residence in England, that is, when he was eight years old, Wolfgang composed six sonatas, which were engraved at London and dedicated to the queen.

In the month of July, 1765, the Mozart family returned to Calais, from whence they continued their journey through Flanders, where the young artist often played the organs of the monasteries, and cathedral churches. At the Hague, the two children had an illness which endangered their lives, and from which they were four months in recovering. Wolfgang composed six sonatas for the piano-forte during his convalescence, which he dedicated to the princess of Nassau-Weilbour. In the beginning of the year 1766, they passed a month at Amsterdam, from whence they repaired to the Hague, to be present at the installation of the prince of Orange. Mozart composed for this solemnity a *quodlibet* for all the instruments, and also different airs and variations for the princess.

After having performed several times before the Stadtholder, they returned to Paris, where they stayed two months, and then returned to Germany, by Lyons and Switzerland. At Munich, the elector gave Mozart a musical *theme*, and required him to develop it, and write it down immediately, which he did in the prince's presence, without recurring either to the harpsichord or the violin. — After writing it, he played it; which excited the greatest astonishment in the elector and his whole court. After an absence of more than three years, they returned to Salzburg, towards the end of November, 1766, where they remained till the autumn of the following year; and this tranquillity seemed further to augment the talents of Wolfgang. In 1768, the children performed at Vienna, in

presence of the emperor Joseph II, who commissioned Mozart to compose the music of an opera buffa, — the *Finta Semplice*. It was approved of by Hasse, the chapel-master, and by Metastasio, but was never brought on the stage.

On many occasions, at the houses of the professors Bono, and Hasse, of Metastasio, of the duke of Braganza, of prince Kaunitz, the father desired any Italian air that was at hand to be given to his son, who wrote the parts for all the instruments in presence of the company. At the dedication of the church of *The Orphans* he composed the music of the mass, the motet, and a trumpet duet, and directed this solemn music, in presence of the imperial court, though he was at that time only twelve years old.

He returned to pass the year 1769 at Salzburg. In the month of December, his father took him into Italy, just after he had been appointed director of the archbishop of Salzburg's concert. We may imagine the reception given in that country to this celebrated child, who had excited such admiration in the other parts of Europe.

The house of Count Firmian, the governor-general, was the theatre of his glory at Milan. After having received the poem of the opera to be performed during the Carnival of 1771, and of which he undertook to write the music, Wolfgang quitted that city in the month of March, 1770. At Bologna, he found an enthusiastic admirer in the celebrated Father Martini, the same person of whom Jomelli came to take lessons. Father Martini, and the Bologna amateurs, were transported at seeing a child of thirteen, whose small stature made him appear still younger, develop all the subjects of fugues proposed by Martini, and execute them on the piano-forte, without hesitating, and with the greatest precision. At Florence, he excited similar astonishment by the correctness with which he played, at sight, the most difficult fugues and themes, proposed to him by the marquis de Ligneville, a distinguished amateur.

We have an anecdote respecting him, during his residence at Florence, which does not immediately relate to music. He became acquainted, in that city, with a young Englishman, of about his own age, whose name was Thomas Linley. He was a pupil of Martini, and played on the violin with admirable skill, and gracefulness. The friendship of the two boys became quite ardent, and, on the day of their separation, Linley gave his friend Mozart some verses, which he had procured for the purpose, from the celebrated Corinna. He accompanied him to the gate of the town, and their parting was attended with a copious effusion of tears.

In the passion-week, the Mozarts repaired to Rome, where, as may be supposed, they did not fail to hear the celebrated *Miserere* performed in the Sixtine chapel, on the evening of Ash-Wednesday. As it was said, at that time, that the pope's musicians were forbidden to give copies of it under pain of excommunication, Wolfgang determined to commit it to

memory, and actually wrote it all down on his return to his inn. The service being repeated, on Good-Friday, he again attended with his manuscript in his hat, and had thus an opportunity of making some corrections. The story was much talked of in Rome, but the thing appeared so incredible, that, in order to ascertain its truth, the child was engaged to sing this *Miserere* at a public concert. He executed it to perfection, and the amazement of Cristofori, who had sung it at the Sixtine chapel, and who was present, rendered the triumph of Mozart complete.

The difficulty of what he thus accomplished is much greater than may at first be imagined. But, for the sake of explanation, I shall enter into a few details respecting the Sixtine chapel, and the *Miserere.*

In this chapel, there are usually not less than thirty-two voices, without an organ, or any other instrument to accompany or support them. The establishment reached its highest perfection about the commencement of the eighteenth century. — Since that time, the salaries of the singers at the pope's chapel having remained nominally the same, and consequently being really much diminished, while the opera was rising in estimation and good singers obtained premiums, before unknown, the Sixtine chapel has gradually lost the talents it originally possessed.

The *Miserere,* which is performed there twice in passion-week, and which produces such an effect upon strangers, was composed, about two hundred years since, by Gregorio Allegri, a descendant of Antonio Allegri, better known by the name of Correggio. At the moment of its commencement, the pope and cardinals prostrate themselves. The light of the tapers illumines the representation of the last judgment, painted by Michael Angelo, on the wall with which the altar is connected. As the service proceeds, the tapers are extinguished, one after the other, and the impression produced by the figures of the damned, painted with terrific power by Michael Angelo, is increased in awfulness, when they are dimly seen by the pale light of the last tapers. When the service is on the point of concluding, the leader, who beats the time, renders it imperceptibly slower; the singers diminish the volume of their voices, and the sinner, confounded before the majesty of his God, and prostrated before his throne, seems to await in silence his final doom.

The sublime effect of this composition depends, as it appears, on the manner in which it is sung, and the place in which it is performed. There is a kind of traditional knowledge, by which the pope's singers are taught certain ways of managing their voices, so as to produce the greatest effect, and which it is impossible to express by notes. Their singing possesses all the qualities which render music affecting. The same melody is repeated to all the verses of the psalm, but the music, though similar in the masses, is not so in the details. It is accordingly easy to be understood, without being tiresome. The peculiarity of the Sixtine chapel, consists in accelerating or retarding the time in certain expressions, in

swelling or diminishing the voice according to the sense of the words, and in singing some of the verses with more animation than others.

The following anecdote will show still more clearly the difficulty of the exploit performed by Mozart in singing the *Miserere*.

It is related that the emperor Leopold I, who was not only fond of music, but was himself a good composer, requested of the pope, through his ambassador, a copy of the *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the imperial chapel at Vienna. The request was complied with, and the director of the Sixtine chapel caused a copy to be written out, which was immediately transmitted to the emperor, who had in his service the first singers of the day.

Notwithstanding their talents, the *Miserere* of Allegri produced, at Vienna, no more effect than the dullest common chant, and the emperor and his court were persuaded that the pope's chapel-master, desirous of keeping the *Miserere* to himself, had eluded his master's orders, and sent an inferior composition. A courier was immediately despatched to complain to the pope of this want of respect, and the director was dismissed without being allowed to say a word in his own justification. The poor man, however, prevailed on one of the cardinals to intercede for him, and to represent to his holiness, that the manner of performing the *Miserere* could not be expressed in notes; but required much time, and repeated lessons from the singers of the chapel, who possessed the traditional knowledge of it. The pope, who knew nothing of music, could scarcely comprehend how the same notes should not be just as good at Vienna, as at Rome. He, however, allowed the poor chapel-master to write his defence to the emperor, and, in time, he was received again into favor.

It was this well-known anecdote, which occasioned the people of Rome to be so astonished when they heard a child sing their *Miserere*, correctly, after two lessons. Nothing is more difficult than to excite surprise in Rome, in any thing relating to the fine arts. The most brilliant reputation dwindles into insignificance in that celebrated city, where the finest productions of every art are the subjects of daily and familiar contemplation.

I know not whether it arose from the reputation which it procured him, but it appears that the solemn and affecting chant of the *Miserere* made a deep impression on the mind of Mozart, who showed, ever afterwards, a marked preference for Handel, and the tender Boccherini.

From Rome the Mozarts went to Naples, where Wolfgang played on the piano-forte at the *Conservatorio della Pietà*. When he was in the middle of his sonata, the audience took it into their heads, that there was a charm in the ring which he wore. It became necessary to explain to him the cause of the disturbance which arose, and he was at last obliged to take off this supposed magic circle. We may imagine the effect produced on such an auditory, when they found, that after the ring was taken off, the music was not the less beautiful. Wolfgang gave a second grand concert, at the house

of prince Kaunitz, the emperor's ambassador, and afterwards returned to Rome. The pope desired to see him, and conferred on him the cross and brevet of a knight of the Golden Spur. At Bologna, he was nominated, unanimously, member and master of the Philharmonic Academy. He was shut up alone, agreeably to usage, and in less than half an hour he composed an anthem for four voices.

Mozart's father hastened his return to Milan, that he might attend to the opera which he had undertaken. The time was advancing, and they did not reach that city till the close of October, 1770. Had it not been for this engagement, Mozart might have obtained what is considered in Italy the first musical honour, — the composition of a serious opera for the theatre of Rome.

On the 26th of December, the first representation of the *Mithridates* took place, at Milan. This opera, composed by Mozart, at the age of fourteen, was performed twenty nights in succession; a circumstance which sufficiently indicates its success. The manager immediately entered into a written agreement with him for the composition of the first opera for the year 1773. Mozart left Milan, which resounded with his fame, to pass the last days of the carnival at Venice, in company with his father. At Verona, which he only passed through, he was presented with a diploma, constituting him a member of the Philharmonic Society of that city. Wherever he went in Italy, he met with the most distinguished reception, and was generally known by the name of the Philharmonic Knight: *Il Cavaliere Filarmonico.*

When Mozart returned with his father to Salzburg, in March, 1771, he found a letter from Count Firmian, of Milan, who commanded him, in the name of the empress Maria Theresa, to compose a dramatic cantata on occasion of the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand. The empress had chosen the celebrated Hasse, as the oldest professor, to write the opera, and she was desirous that the youngest composer should undertake the cantata, the subject of which was *Ascanius in Alba.* He undertook the work, and in the month of August, set out for Milan, where, during the solemnities of the marriage, the opera and the serenade were performed alternately.

In 1772, he composed for the election of the new archbishop of Salzburg, the cantata entitled *Il sogno di Scipione;* and at Milan, where he passed the winter of the year following, he wrote *Lucio Silla,* a serious opera, which had twenty-six successive representations. In the Spring of 1773, Mozart returned to Salzburg, and during some excursions which he made in the course of this year to Vienna and Munich, he produced various compositions of merit, as, *La Finta Giardiniera,* an opera buffa, two grand masses for the elector of Bavaria's chapel, &c. In 1775, the archduke Maximilian spent some time at Salzburg, and it was on this occasion that Mozart composed the cantata entitled *Il Re Pastore.*

The early part of the life of Mozart is the most extraordinary: the details of it may interest the philosopher, as well as the artist. We shall be more concise in our account of the remainder of his too short career.

Arrived at the age of nineteen, Mozart might flatter himself that he had attained the summit of his art, since of this he was repeatedly assured, wherever he went; — from London to Naples. As far as regarded the advancement of his fortune, he was at liberty to choose among all the capitals of Europe. Experience had taught him that he might everywhere reckon on general admiration. His father thought that Paris would suit him best, and, accordingly, in the month of September, 1777, he set out for that capital, accompanied by his mother only.

It would have been, unquestionably, very advantageous to him to have settled there, but the French music, of that time, did not accord with his taste; and the preference shown for vocal performances would have given him little opportunity of employing himself in the instrumental department. He had also the misfortune to lose his mother in the year after his arrival. From that time, Paris became insupportable to him. After having composed a symphony for the *Concert spirituel*, and a few other pieces, he hastened to rejoin his father in the beginning of 1779.

In the month of November, of the year following, he repaired to Vienna, whither he had been summoned by his sovereign, the archbishop of Salzburg. He was then in his twenty-fourth year. The habits of Vienna were very agreeable to him, and the beauty of its fair inhabitants, it appears, still more so. There he fixed himself, and nothing could ever prevail upon him afterwards to leave it. The empire of the passions having commenced in this being, so exquisitely sensible to his art, he soon became the favorite composer of his age, and gave the first example of a remarkable child becoming a great man.

To give a particular analysis of each of Mozart's works would be too long, and too difficult; an amateur ought to know them all. Most of his operas were composed at Vienna, and had the greatest success, but none of them was a greater favorite than the *Zauber-Flöte*, which was performed one hundred times in less than a year.

Like Raphael, Mozart embraced his art in its whole extent. Raphael appears to have been unacquainted with one thing only, the mode of painting figures on a ceiling, in contracted proportion, or what is termed *fore-shortening*. He always supposes the canvas of the piece to be attached to the roof, or supported by allegorical figures.

As for Mozart, I am not aware of any department in which he has not excelled; operas, symphonies, songs, airs for dancing, — he is great in every thing. Haydn's friend, the Baron Von Swieten, went so far as to say, that, if Mozart had lived, he would have borne away the sceptre of instrumental music, even from that great master. In the comic opera

Mozart is deficient in gayety. In this respect he is inferior to Galuppi, Guglielmi, and Sarti.

The most remarkable circumstance in his music, independently of the genius displayed in it, is the novel way in which he employs the orchestra, especially the wind instruments. He draws surprising effects from the flute, an instrument of which Cimarosa hardly ever made any use. He enriches the accompaniment with all the beauties of the finest symphonies.

Mozart has been accused of taking interest only in his own music, and of being acquainted with none but his own works. This is the reproach of mortified vanity. Employed all his life in writing his own ideas, Mozart had not, it is true, time to read all those of other masters. But he readily expressed his approbation of whatever he met with that possessed merit, even the simplest air, provided it was original; though, less politic than the great artists of Italy, he had no consideration for mediocrity.

He most esteemed Porpora, Durante, Leo, and Alessandro Scarlatti, but he placed Handel above them all. He knew the principal works of that great master by heart. He was accustomed to say; "Handel knows best of all of us what is capable of producing a great effect. When he chooses, he strikes like the thunder-bolt."

He remarked of Jomelli, "This artist shines, and will always shine, in certain departments; but he should have confined himself to them, and not have attempted to write sacred music in the ancient style." He had not much opinion of Vincenzo Martini, whose *Cosa rara* was at that time much in favor. "There are some very pretty things in it," said he, "but, twenty years hence, nobody will think of it."

We possess nine operas composed by Mozart to Italian words: *La Finta Semplice*, comic opera, his first essay in the dramatic department: *Mithridates*, serious opera: *Lucio Silla*, serious opera: *La Giardiniera*, comic opera: *Idomeneo*, serious opera: *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, composed in 1787: *Cosi fan tutte*, comic opera: and *La Clemenza di Tito*, an opera of Metastasio, which was performed, for the first time, in 1792.

He wrote only three German operas, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Der Schauspieldirector*, and *Die Zauber-Flöte*, in 1792.

He has left seventeen symphonies, and instrumental pieces of all kinds.

Mozart was also one of the first piano-forte players in Europe. He played with extraordinary rapidity; the execution of his left hand, especially, was greatly admired.

As early as the year 1785, Haydn said to Mozart's father, who was then at Vienna: "I declare to you, before God, and on my honour, that I regard your son as the greatest composer I ever heard of."

Such was Mozart in music. To those acquainted with human nature, it will not appear surprising, that a man, whose talents in this department were the object of general admiration, should not appear to equal advantage in the other situations of life.

Mozart possessed no advantages of person, though his parents were noted for their beauty. Cabanis remarks, that

"Sensibility may be compared to a fluid, the total quantity of which is determined; and which, whenever it flows more abundantly in any one channel, is proportionably diminished in the others."

Mozart never reached his natural growth. During his whole life, his health was delicate. He was thin and pale: and though the form of his face was unusual, there was nothing striking in his physiognomy, but its extreme variableness. The expression of his countenance changed every moment, but indicated nothing more than the pleasure or pain which he experienced at the instant. He was remarkable for a habit, which is usually the attendant of stupidity. His body was perpetually in motion; he was either playing with his hands, or beating the ground with his foot. There was nothing extraordinary in his other habits, except his extreme fondness for the game of billiards. He had a table in his house, on which he played every day by himself, when he had not any one to play with. His hands were so habituated to the piano, that he was rather clumsy in every thing beside. At table, he never carved, or if he attempted to do so, it was with much awkwardness, and difficulty. His wife usually undertook that office.

The same man, who, from his earliest age, had shown the greatest expansion of mind in what related to his art, in other respects remained always a child. He never knew how properly to conduct himself. The management of domestic affairs, the proper use of money, the judicious selection of his pleasures, and temperance in the enjoyment of them, were never virtues to his taste. The gratification of the moment was always uppermost with him. His mind was so absorbed by a crowd of ideas, which rendered him incapable of all serious reflection, that, during his whole life, he stood in need of a guardian to take care of his temporal affairs. His father was well aware of his weakness in this respect, and it was on this account that he persuaded his wife to follow him to Paris, in 1777, his engagements not allowing him to leave Salzburg himself.

But this man, so absent, so devoted to trifling amusements, appeared a being of a superior order as soon as he sat down to a piano-forte. His mind then took wing, and his whole attention was directed to the sole object for which nature designed him, *the harmony of sounds*. The most numerous orchestra did not prevent him from observing the slightest false note, and he immediately pointed out, with surprising precision, by what instrument the fault had been committed, and the note which should have been made.

When Mozart went to Berlin, he arrived late in the evening. Scarcely had he alighted, when he asked the waiter of the inn, whether there was any opera that evening. "Yes, the *Entführung aus dem Serail*." "That is charming!" He immediately set out for the theatre, and placed himself at

the entrance of the pit, that he might listen without being observed. But, sometimes, he was so pleased with the execution of certain passages, and at others, so dissatisfied with the manner, or the time, in which they were performed, or with the embellishments added by the actors, that, continually expressing either his pleasure, or disapprobation, he insensibly got up to the bar of the orchestra. The manager had taken the liberty of making some alterations in one of the airs. When they came to it, Mozart, unable to restrain himself any longer, called out, almost aloud, to the orchestra, in what way it ought to be played. Everybody turned to look at the man in a great coat, who was making all this noise. Some persons recognised Mozart, and, in an instant, the musicians and actors were informed that he was in the theatre. Some of them, and amongst the number a very good female singer, were so agitated at the intelligence, that they refused to come again upon the stage. The manager informed Mozart of the embarrassment he was in. He immediately went behind the scenes, and succeeded, by the compliments which he paid to the actors, in prevailing upon them to go on with the piece.

Music was his constant employment, and his most gratifying recreation. Never, even in his earliest childhood, was persuasion required to engage him to go to his piano. On the contrary, it was necessary to take care that he did not injure his health by his application. He was particularly fond of playing in the night. If he sat down to the instrument at nine o'clock in the evening, he never left it before midnight, and even then it was necessary to force him away from it, for he would have continued to modulate, and play voluntaries, the whole night. In his general habits he was the gentlest of men, but the least noise during the performance of music offended him violently. He was far above that affected or misplaced modesty, which prevents many performers from playing till they have been repeatedly entreated. The nobility of Vienna often reproached him with playing, with equal interest, before any persons that took pleasure in hearing him.

An amateur, in a town through which Mozart passed in one of his journeys, assembled a large party of his friends, to give them an opportunity of hearing this celebrated musician. Mozart came, agreeably to his engagement, said very little, and sat down to the piano-forte. Thinking that none but connoisseurs were present, he began a slow movement, the harmony of which was sweet, but extremely simple, intending by it to prepare his auditors for the sentiment which he designed to introduce afterwards. The company thought all this very common-place. The style soon became more lively; they thought it pretty enough. It became severe, and solemn, of a striking, elevated, and more difficult harmony. Some of the ladies began to think it quite tiresome, and to whisper a few criticisms to one another; soon, half the party were talking. The master of the house

was upon thorns, and Mozart himself at last perceived how little his audience were affected by the music. He did not abandon the principal idea with which he commenced, but he developed it with all the fire of which he was capable; still he was not attended to. Without leaving off playing, he began to remonstrate rather sharply with his audience, but as he fortunately expressed himself in Italian, scarcely anybody understood him. They became however more quiet. When his anger was a little abated, he could not himself forbear laughing at his impetuosity. He gave a more common turn to his ideas, and concluded with playing a well-known air, of which he gave ten or twelve charming variations. The whole room was delighted, and very few of the company were at all aware of what had passed. Mozart, however, soon took leave, inviting the master of the house, and a few connoisseurs, to spend the evening with him at his inn. He detained them to supper, and, upon their intimating a wish to hear him play, he sat down to the instrument, where, to their great astonishment, he forgot himself till after midnight.

An old harpsichord tuner came to put some strings to his travelling piano-forte. "Well, my good old fellow," says Mozart to him, "what do I owe you? I leave to-morrow." The poor man, regarding him as a sort of deity, replied, stammering and confounded, "Imperial Majesty! . . . Mr. the *maître de Chapelle* of his imperial majesty! . . . I cannot . . . It is true that I have waited upon you several times. . . . You shall give me a crown." "A crown!" replied Mozart, "a worthy fellow, like you, ought not to be put out of his way for a crown;" and he gave him some ducats. The honest man, as he withdrew, continued to repeat, with low bows, "Ah! Imperial Majesty!"

Of his operas, he esteemed most highly the *Idomeneus*, and *Don Juan*. He was not fond of talking of his own works; or, if he mentioned them, it was in a few words. Of *Don Juan* he said, one day, "This opera was not composed for the public of Vienna, it is better suited to Prague; but, to say the truth, I wrote it only for myself, and my friends."

The time which he most willingly employed in composition, was the morning, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him, he was not to be drawn from it. If he was taken from the piano-forte, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights with his pen in his hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work, that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. It once happened, that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert, so long, that he had not time to write out the part which he was to perform himself. The emperor Joseph, who was peeping everywhere, happening to cast his eyes on the sheet which Mozart seemed to be playing from, was surprised to see nothing but

empty lines, and said to him: "Where's your part?" "Here," replied Mozart, putting his hand to his forehead.

The same circumstance nearly occurred with respect to the overture of *Don Juan*. It is generally esteemed the best of his overtures; yet it was only composed the night previous to the first representation, after the general rehearsal had taken place. About eleven o'clock in the evening, when he retired to his apartment, he desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him, in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales, and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while his wife was talking, and dropped alseep as soon as she ceased. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, the continual alternation of sleep and watching, so fatigued him, that his wife persuaded him to take some rest, promising to awake him in an hour's time. He slept so profoundly, that she suffered him to repose for two hours. At five o'clock in the morning she awoke him. He had appointed the music copiers to come at seven, and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had scarcely time to write out the copies necessary for the orchestra, and the musicians were obliged to play it without a rehearsal. Some persons pretend, that they can discover in this overture the passages where Mozart dropped asleep, and those where he suddenly awoke again.

Don Juan had no great success at Vienna at first. A short time after the first representation, it was talked of in a large party, at which most of the connoisseurs of the capital, and amongst others Haydn, were present. Mozart was not there. Everybody agreed that it was a very meritorious performance, brilliant in imagination, and rich in genius; but every one had also some fault to find with it. All had spoken, except the modest Haydn. His opinion was asked. "I am not," said he, with his accustomed caution, "a proper judge of the dispute: all that I know is, that Mozart is the greatest composer now existing." The subject was then changed.

Mozart, on his part, had also a great regard for Haydn. He has dedicated to him a set of quartetts, which may be classed with the best productions of the kind. A professor of Vienna, who was not without merit, though far inferior to Haydn, took a malicious pleasure in searching the compositions of the latter, for all the little inaccuracies which might have crept into them. He often came to show Mozart symphonies, or quartetts, of Haydn's, which he had put into score, and in which he had, by this means, discovered some inadvertences of style. Mozart always endeavoured to change the subject of conversation: at last, unable any longer to restrain himself, "Sir," said he to him, sharply, "if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

A painter, who was desirous of flattering Cimarosa, said to him once that he considered him superior to Mozart. "I, Sir," replied he smartly;

"what would you say to a person who should assure you that you were superior to Raphael?"

Mozart judged his own works with impartiality, and often with a severity, which he would not easily have allowed in another person. The emperor Joseph II was fond of Mozart, and had appointed him his chapel-master; but this prince pretended to be a *dilettante*. His travels in Italy had given him a partiality for the music of that country, and the Italians who were at his court did not fail to keep up this preference, which, I must confess, appears to me to be well founded.

These men spoke of Mozart's first essays with more jealousy than fairness, and the emperor, who scarcely ever judged for himself, was easily carried away by their decisions. One day, after hearing the rehearsal of a comic opera (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*), which he had himself demanded of Mozart, he said to the composer: "My dear Mozart, that is too fine for my ears; there are too many notes there." "I ask your majesty's pardon," replied Mozart, dryly; "there are just as many notes as there should be." The emperor said nothing, and appeared rather embarrassed by the reply; but when the opera was performed, he bestowed on it the greatest encomiums.

Mozart was himself less satisfied with this piece afterwards, and made many corrections and retrenchments in it. He said, in playing on the piano-forte one of the airs which had been most applauded; "This is very well for the parlour, but it is too verbose for the theatre. At the time I composed this opera, I took delight in what I was doing, and thought nothing too long."

Mozart was not at all selfish; on the contrary, liberality formed the principal feature of his character. He often gave without discrimination, and, still more frequently, expended his money without discretion.

During one of his visits to Berlin, the king, Frederic William, offered him an appointment of 3,000 crowns a year, if he would remain at his court, and take upon him the direction of his orchestra. Mozart made no other reply, than "Shall I leave my good emperor?" Yet, at that time, Mozart had no fixed establishment at Vienna. One of his friends blaming him afterwards for not having accepted the king of Prussia's proposals, he replied: "I am fond of Vienna, the emperor treats me kindly, and I care little about money."

Some vexatious intrigues, which were excited against him at court, occasioned him, nevertheless, to request his dismissal; but a word from the emperor, who was partial to the composer, and especially to his music, immediately changed his resolution. He had not art enough to take advantage of this favorable moment, to demand a fixed salary; but the emperor himself, at length, thought of regulating his establishment. Unfortunately, he consulted on the subject a man who was not a friend to

Mozart. He proposed to give him 800 florins (about 100*l.*) and this sum was never increased. He received it as private composer to the emperor, but he never did any thing in this capacity. He was once required, in consequence of one of the general government orders, frequent at Vienna, to deliver in a statement of the amount of his salary. He wrote, in a sealed note, as follows: "Too much for what I have done; too little for for what I could have done."

The music sellers, the managers of the theatres, and others, daily took advantage of his well-known disinterestedness. He never received any thing for the greater part of his compositions for the piano. He wrote them to oblige persons of his acquaintance, who expressed a wish to possess something in his own writing for their private use. In these cases he was obliged to conform to the degree of proficiency which those persons had attained; and this explains why many of his compositions for the harpsichord appear unworthy of him. Artaria, a music seller, at Vienna, and others of his brethren, found means to procure copies of these pieces, and published them without the permission of the author; or, at any rate, without making him any pecuniary acknowledgement.

One day, the manager of a theatre, whose affairs were in a bad state, and who was almost reduced to despair, came to Mozart, and made known his situation to him, adding, "You are the only man in the world who can relieve me from my embarrassment." "I," replied Mozart, "how can that be?" "By composing for me an opera to suit the taste of the description of people who attend my theatre. To a certain point you may consult that of the connoisseurs, and your own glory; but have a particular regard to that class of persons who are not judges of good music. I will take care that you shall have the poem shortly, and that the decorations shall be handsome; in a word, that every thing shall be agreeable to the present mode." Mozart, touched by the poor fellow's entreaties, promised to undertake the business for him. "What remuneration do you require?" asked the manager. "Why, it seems that you have nothing to give me," said Mozart; "but, that you may extricate yourself from your embarrassments, and that, at the same time, I may not altogether lose my labor, we will arrange the matter thus: You shall have the score, and give me what you please for it, on condition that you will not allow any copies to be taken. If the opera succeeds, I will dispose of it in another quarter." The manager, enchanted with this generosity, was profuse in his promises. Mozart immediately set about the music, and composed it agreeably to the instructions given him. The opera was performed; the house was always filled; it was talked of all over Germany, and was performed, a short time afterwards, on five or six different theatres, none of which had obtained their copies from the distressed manager.

On other occasions, he met only with ingratitude from those to whom he had rendered service, but nothing could extinguish his compassion for

the unfortunate. Whenever any distressed artists, who were strangers to Vienna, applied to him, in passing through the city, he offered them the use of his house and table, introduced them to the acquaintance of those persons whom he thought most likely to be of use to them, and seldom let them depart without writing for them *concertos*, of which he did not even keep a copy, in order that, being the only persons to play them, they might exhibit themselves to more advantage.

Mozart often gave concerts at his house on Sundays. A Polish count, who was introduced on one of these occasions, was delighted, as well as the rest of the company, with a piece of music for five instruments, which was performed for the first time. He expressed to Mozart how much he had been gratified by it, and requested that, when he was at leisure, he would compose for him a trio for the flute. Mozart promised to do so on condition that it should be at his own time. The count, on his return home, sent the composer 100 gold demi-sovereigns, (about 100*l.*) with a very polite note, in which he thanked him for the pleasure he had enjoyed. Mozart sent him the original score of the piece for five instruments, which had appeared to please him. The count left Vienna. A year afterwards he called again upon Mozart, and inquired about his trio. "Sir,' replied the composer, "I have never felt myself in a disposition to write any thing that I should esteem worthy of your acceptance." "Probably," replied the count, "you will not feel more disposed to return me the 100 demi-sovereigns, which I paid you beforehand for the piece." Mozart, indignant, immediately returned him his sovereigns; but the count said nothing about the original score of the piece for five instruments; and it was soon afterwards published by Artaria, as a quatuor for the harpsichord, with an accompaniment for the violin, alto, and violoncello.

It has been remarked, that Mozart very readily acquired new habits. The health of his wife, whom he always passionately loved, was very delicate. During a long illness which she had, he always met those who came to see her, with his finger on his lips, as an intimation to them not to make a noise. His wife recovered, but, for a long time afterwards, he always went to meet those who came to visit him with his finger on his lips, and speaking in a subdued tone of voice.

In the course of this illness, he occasionally took a ride on horseback, early in the morning; but, before he went, he was always careful to lay a paper near his wife, in the form of a physician's prescription. The following is a copy of one of these: "Good morning, my love; I hope you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed you: be careful not to take cold, or to hurt yourself in stooping: do not vex yourself with the servants: avoid everything that would be unpleasant to you, till I return: take good care of yourself: I shall return at nine o'clock."

Constance Weber was an excellent companion for Mozart, and often gave him useful advice. She bore him two children, whom he tenderly

loved. His income was considerable, but his immoderate love of pleasure, and the disorder of his affairs, prevented him from bequeathing any thing to his family, except the celebrity of his name, and the attention of the public. After the death of this great composer, the inhabitants of Vienna testified to his children, their gratitude for the pleasure which their father had so often afforded them.

During the last years of Mozart's life, his health, which had always been delicate, declined rapidly. Like all persons of imagination, he was timidly apprehensive of future evils, and the idea that he had not long to live, often distressed him. At these times, he worked with such rapidity, and unremitting attention, that he sometimes forgot every thing that did not relate to his art. Frequently, in the height of this enthusiasm, his strength failed him, he fainted, and was obliged to be carried to his bed. Every one saw that he was ruining his health by this immoderate application. His wife and his friends did all they could to divert him. Out of complaisance, he accompanied them in the walks and visits to which they took him, but his thoughts were always absent. He was only occasionally roused from this silent and habitual melancholy, by the presentiment of his approaching end, an idea which always awakened in him fresh terror.

His insanity was similar to that of Tasso, and to that which rendered Rousseau so happy in the valley of Charmettes, by leading him, through the fear of approaching death, to the only true philosophy, the enjoyment of the present moment and the forgetting of sorrow. Perhaps, without that high state of nervous sensibility which borders on insanity, there is no superior genius in the arts which require tenderness of feeling.

His wife, uneasy at these singular habits, invited to the house those persons whom he was most fond of seeing, and who pretended to surprise him, at times when, after many hours' application, he ought naturally to have thought of resting. Their visits pleased him, but he did not lay aside his pen; they talked, and endeavoured to engage him in the conversation, but he took no interest in it; they addressed themselves particularly to him, he uttered a few inconsequential words, and went on with his writing.

This extreme application, it may be observed, sometimes accompanies genius, but is by no means a proof of it. Who can read Thomas's emphatic collection of superlatives? Yet this writer was so absorbed in his meditations on the means of being eloquent, that once, at Montmorency, when his footman brought him the horse on which he usually rode out, he offered the animal a pinch of snuff. Raphael Mengs also, in the present age, was remarkable for absence, yet he is only a painter of the third order; while Guido, who was always at the gaming table, and who, towards the conclusion of his life, painted as many as three pictures in a day, to pay the debts of the night, has left behind him works, the least

valuable of which is more pleasing than the best of Mengs, or of Carlo Maratti, both of them men of great application.

A lady once said to me, "Mr. —— tells me that I shall reign for ever in his heart; that I shall be sole mistress of it. Assuredly I believe him, but what signifies it, if his heart itself does not please me?" Of what use is the application of a man without genius? Mozart has been, in the eighteenth century, perhaps the most striking example of the union of the two. Benda, the author of "Ariadne in the Isle of Naxos," has also long fits of absence.

It was in this state of mind that he composed the *Zauber-Flöte*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, the *Requiem*, and some other pieces of less celebrity. It was while he was writing the music of the first of these operas, that he was seized with the fainting fits we have mentioned. He was very partial to the *Zauber-Flöte*, though he was not quite satisfied with some parts of it, to which the public had taken a fancy, and which were incessantly applauded. This opera was performed many times, but the weak state in which Mozart then was, did not permit him to direct the orchestra, except during nine or ten of the first representations. When he was no longer able to attend the theatre, he used to place his watch by his side, and seemed to follow the orchestra in his thoughts. "Now the first act is over," he would say, "now they are singing such an air," &c.; then, the idea would strike him afresh, that he must soon bid adieu to all this for ever.

The effect of this fatal tendency of mind was accelerated by a very singular circumstance. I beg leave to be permitted to relate it in detail, because we are indebted to it for the famous *Requiem*, which is justly considered one of Mozart's best productions.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak to him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified and impressive manners. "I have been commissioned, Sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you." "Who is he?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not wish to be known." "Well, what does he want?" "He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a *Requiem*." Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the *Requiem*. The stranger continued, "Employ all your genius on this work; it is destined for a connoisseur." "So much the better." "What time do you require?" "A month." "Very well; in a month's time I shall return. What price do you set on your work?" "A hundred ducats." The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly

called for pen, ink, and paper, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night, with an ardor which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm: one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her abruptly: "It is certain that I am writing this *Requiem* for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advanced slowly. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger; "what further time do you require?" "Another month. The work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed." "In that case, it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more." "Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who, then, are you?" "That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed for want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connexion with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. He applied himself with the more ardor to his *Requiem*, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits; but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed, the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short space of time he has acquired a name which will never perish, so long as feeling hearts are to be found.

MARIE CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT

1768–1793

By Jules Michelet[1] (1798)

On Sunday July 7th, 1793, the drums rolled on the vast green carpet of the plain at Caen, and there came together the volunteers who set forth on their march toward Paris to engage in the so-called "Marat War." There were just thirty of these volunteers, and the fair ladies and deputies who met there were surprised and chagrined at the meagre force. There was one young lady, among others, who appeared especially grieved: this was Mlle. Marie Charlotte Corday d'Armont, a beautiful young creature, a Republican of noble but poor family, then residing at Caen. Pétion, who had seen her occasionally, assumed that she had come to the plain that morning to see her lover, whose impending departure rendered her sad. He rallied her rather facetiously. "You would be sorry, indeed," said he, "if they did not go?"

This cynical Girondin, who had seen so much in the world, could not understand the pure motive and the ardent flame that possessed the heart of the young girl. He who knew only the empty speeches and phrase-making of world-weary men, could not know that to her her words were matters of destiny, of life and death. On that vast field at Caen, that could easily have held a hundred thousand men, but now held no more than thirty, she realized what no one else realized: that her Fatherland had been abandoned.

Since the men were doing so little, she believed that a woman's help was necessary.

Mlle. Corday belonged to the high nobility; she was of the family of Corneille's heroines — Chimène, Pauline and Horace's sister. She was actually a great grand-niece of the author of *Cinna*. The sublime was part of her temperament. In the last letter she ever wrote, she expressed her most ardent desires. All is said in the constant repetition of the word "Peace, Peace!"

At once sublime and a creature of reason — in the Norman fashion like her ancestor, — she reasoned in this way: Law is peace. Who killed the Law of June 2nd? Marat, before all others. Once the murderer of that Law is killed, peace will again flourish. The death of one man will give life to all the rest.

[1] Translated from the French, for this collection, by Barrett H. Clark. Originally appeared in *Les Femmes de la Révolution*, Paris, 1854.

Thus she reasoned. She gave no thought to her own life — that was her gift.

An idea, a single purpose, as noble as it was determined. Everything centered in one man; in cutting short the thread of that life, she believed she would with one clean, honest gesture cut the thread that bound the ill-starred destiny of all people; it would be as simple as snipping off the thread of her spindle.

You must not think of Mlle. Corday as a wild virago to whom the shedding of human blood was a matter of no account. On the contrary, it was in order to prevent bloodshed that she had decided to strike her blow. She believed she was going to save a whole people by exterminating an exterminator. She had the soft and tender heart of a woman. What she had taken upon herself was an act of pity. You feel her soft sweetness in the one existing portrait of her, made as she was on the point of death. There is nothing in it to suggest the bloody deed associated with her name. It shows the face of a young Norman lady, a virgin in the full bloom of her maidenhood. She seems much younger than her twenty-five years. You can almost imagine hearing her slightly childlike voice speak the very words she wrote to her father, tinged with a Norman drawl: "I ask your forgiveness, Papa — ."

In this tragic portrait she seems absolutely composed, reasonable, serious, like the other women of her part of the country. Does she look with indifference upon her fate? By no means. There is not a touch of false heroism. And remember, as she looks upon us, she was to meet the supreme test in half an hour. Is there no sign of the sulking child? Possibly; look well, and you may detect the trace of a slight move on that lip, just a suspicion. Yet so little resentful of the approach of death! Against the barbarous enemy about to cut short her sweet life — with so many possible romances and so much love in store for her! You are taken aback, seeing her so charmingly resigned. The heart seems to stop beating, tears spring to the eyes. You must turn aside from this portrait.

The painter has seized upon and depicted a moment of desperation, and transmitted to us a regret that will last for all time. No one looks upon this picture without feeling, "I was born too late! How deeply I could have loved her!" Her ash-colored hair is full of soft light. She wears a white bonnet and a white dress. Are these a symbol, a justification as it were of her innocence? I cannot say. In her eyes are doubt and sadness. She is not saddened by her destiny. Perhaps by her deed? Even in the strongest of those who commit an act like hers, no matter what their faith, we often see strange doubts arise before them at the last moments.

Look again into her sad soft eyes; you feel something besides, something that perhaps explains her destiny. She had always been alone.

That is indeed the one thing about her that is not altogether reassuring. In this creature compounded of what was good and lovely, there dwelt that sinis-

ter force, the Demon of Solitude. She knew no mother; hers died too early for the child to learn the meaning of maternal tenderness. She was deprived of that love which none but a mother can give. To all intents and purposes, she had no father. Hers was a poor nobleman, of an impractical and romantic turn, who spent his time writing against the abuses that supported his class, much more concerned with his books than with his children. And it might almost be said that she had no brothers. Both of hers differed so far in their ideas from the ideas that were dear to her, that in 1792 they joined the army of Condé.

When she was received into the convent of the Abbaye-aux-Dames at Caen — an institution for the daughters of the impoverished nobility — was she not still alone? There is little doubt, when one stops to consider to what an extent, in such places (which ought to be veritable sanctuaries of Christian equality) the rich look down upon the poor. There was, it seems, no place better suited to preserve the traditions of caste pride than this convent. Originally founded by Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror, the building dominates the city; with its Romanesque vaults, built one over the other, it is the perfect expression of feudal insolence.

Charlotte's heart first sought refuge in religious devotion, and in the tender friendships of the convent. She was especially devoted to two young ladies, poor and of noble birth like herself. There she also caught her first glimpse of the outside world, for a most worldly set of young people were allowed to frequent the drawing-room and the Mother Superior's parlors. No doubt the frivolity of these people helped strengthen the determination of Mlle. Corday to retire from the world, and gave her a desire for solitude.

Her real friends were her books. The philosophical ideas of the century had penetrated into the convents, and the girl's reading was haphazard. She read Raynal and Rousseau indiscriminately. "Her brain," said one journalist, "was a jumble of all sorts of reading-matter."

She was one of those who can read books of all kinds without being in the least corrupted by them. Knowing well what is right as well as what is wrong, she preserved a singular, an almost childlike moral purity, which was apparent in the intonations of a silvery voice that sounded almost like a child's; one could feel instinctively that the girl who spoke belonged entirely to herself. It was perhaps possible to forget the features of Mlle. Corday, but never her voice. Someone who heard her speak once at Caen, casually, testified ten years later that he could recall it perfectly.

This prolongation of childhood into young womanhood was a characteristic likewise of Jeanne d'Arc, who remained a little girl to the end, having never actually been a woman.

What before all else made Mlle. Corday an unforgettable figure was that her childlike voice was combined with a grave personal beauty,

virile in its expression, though delicate in the features. This contrast produced a twofold effect; it attracted and at the same time it commanded respect. You looked and were drawn toward her, but at once there was something that intimidated you; there was something in her expression that partook of immortality. She seemed ardently to desire it; seemed already to be living in the Elysium of Plutarch, among those who had given their lives that they might live everlastingly.

The Girondins had absolutely no effect upon her. Most of them had indeed ceased to be even themselves. She twice saw Barbaroux — then a deputy from Provence — in order to secure a letter and to plead on behalf of a woman friend of hers, member of a Provençal family. She had also seen Fanchet, Bishop of Calvados. She had little affection or esteem for him, regarding him as an immoral churchman. It is hardly necessary to add that Mlle. Corday knew no priests, nor ever went to confession.

When the convents were suppressed, her father had married again; she therefore found a home in Caen with her aged aunt, Mme. Breteville. It was there that she made her great resolution.

Had she done this without hesitation? By no means. At one time she was held back out of consideration for that aunt, who, from the goodness of her heart had taken her in. Would not such a deed seriously embarrass the aged lady? Her aunt surprised her with tears in her eyes one day. "I am weeping," said Mlle. Corday, "for France, for my family, for you. So long as Marat is alive, which of us is sure to live?"

Before going away she gave away her books, all but a volume of Plutarch which she took with her. In the courtyard she met by chance the child of a workingman who lived in the same house. She gave the child her drawing book, kissed her, and brushed her cheek with a tear.

Two tears in all! Quite enough to satisfy the demands of nature. Charlotte Corday could not take leave of life without first going to see her father. She saw him at Argentan, where she received his blessing. Thence she proceeded to Paris, in the public conveyance, riding in company with several Montagnards, great admirers of Marat. It was not long before they made up to her and even asked her hand in marriage. She pretended to be asleep, smiled, and played with a child.

She reached Paris on Thursday, the 11th, about noon, and went to stay at the Hôtel de la Providence, 17 rue des Vieux-Augustins. Being excessively tired, she went to bed at five in the afternoon, and until late the next morning slept the sleep of a young girl whose conscience is at peace. Her sacrifice had already been made, her deed accomplished — in her mind: she doubted no longer.

She was so thoroughly determined that she saw no need of haste in carrying out her design. She quietly discharged a debt of friendship, which was the pretext of her journey to Paris. At Caen she had obtained a letter from Barbaroux to his colleague Duperret. She declared that she desired

through him to get from the Ministry of the Interior certain documents necessary to her friend, Mlle. Forbin, who was an *emigrée.*

When she called next morning Duperret had gone to a sitting of the Convention. She returned to her room, and spent the day quietly reading Plutarch's *Lives*, that Bible of the strong. In the evening she went again to see the deputy, and found him at supper, in the bosom of his family. He obligingly promised he would go with her on the following day. She felt qualms on seeing that family she was about to involve or compromise, and said to Duperret very earnestly: "Take my advice, and go to Caen. You must make your escape before tomorrow night." But that very night, possibly even when Charlotte was talking to him, Duperret was already on the proscribed list. Nonetheless he kept his word to the young lady, and next day took her to the Minister's office. But the Minister refused to see them, giving them to understand that, since they were both under suspicion, they could in no way help the *emigrée.*

Charlotte Corday returned to her room only to throw Duperret, who accompanied her, off the scent. She went out again immediately, and made her way to the Palais-Royal. In the garden, flooded with sunshine and full of the gaiety of happy throngs, she made her way through little children at play, to a dealer in cutlery, bought a new forty-sous knife with an ebony handle, and hid it under her scarf.

How was she to use the weapon, now that she had it? She would have liked to give an air of high solemnity to the execution of her design. She had already passed on Marat. Her first idea, conceived at Caen, pondered over and determined on even when she came to Paris, had been to have a dramatically striking stage setting. She wanted to deliver her blow on the Champ de Mars, in the sight of all people, before Heaven, during the celebration of the 14th of July. She would punish this king of anarchy on the aniversary of the downfall of Royalism. And she would indeed have carried out to the last detail — true descendant as she was of Corneille — the famous verses from *Cinna:* "Tomorrow he makes a sacrifice at the Capitol. He shall be the victim; let us here do justice for all the world, in the presence of the gods."

But the festival was postponed, and Mlle. Corday determined to punish Marat on the scene of his crimes, the very spot where, shattering the principle of national representation, he had dictated the vote of the Convention, designating those who were to be allowed to live, and those who were to die. She would have struck him at the very peak of the Mountain. But Marat was ill; he no longer attended the Assembly.

She had therefore to go to his home, seek him at his own fireside, making her way past those who kept strict watch over him. Painful as the idea might be, she would have to gain his confidence and then deceive him. This is the one thing that pained her, or caused her the slightest remorse.

Her first note to Marat remained unanswered. In her second can be noted a trace of impatience: it marked the development of her passion. She even tells him that she "will reveal certain secrets to him"; that she is "persecuted, unhappy." She does not scruple to deceive him by arousing a sense of pity in the man she had condemned to death as one who was pitiless — an enemy of mankind.

As a matter of fact she had no need of this device, for she never sent the letter.

At seven o'clock on the evening of July 13th, she left her room, took a public carriage at the Place des Victoires, and crossing the Pont-Neuf, reached the door of Marat's house, at number 20 Rue des Cordeliers (today No. 18, Rue de L'Ecole de Médecine), the large and gloomy house just next to the house at the corner, with the tower.

Marat lived on the darkest floor — the second — of that dark house; it was convenient for a journalist and popular tribune, whose home must necessarily be as public as the street. Messengers, sign-makers, employees continually coming and going with proofs, persons of all sorts were everlastingly about the place. Marat's rooms themselves were a series of queer contrasts, faithfully reflecting the spiritual dissonances that characterised the life and destiny of the man himself. The dark rooms facing the courtyard, filled with old furniture, dirty tables heaped with newspapers, reminded one of the melancholy abode of a day-laborer. If you made your way beyond these you would be surprised to come upon a little sitting-room overlooking the street, hung with blue and white damask — delicately, coquettishly tinted. The windows had silk curtains; a few porcelain vases here and there, which were usually filled with flowers. Clearly the room of a woman, a good woman, attentive and tender, solicitous on behalf of the man who had dedicated his life to an arduous task. Here was his sanctuary, his place of rest. This was the mystery of Marat's life — later revealed by his sister. He was not in his own home; indeed he had no home. "Marat did not support her [his sister Albertine says]. A wonderful woman, taking pity on his plight, knowing how he fled from cellar to cellar, concealed in her own home the Friend of the People, dedicating to him her entire fortune, and sacrificing her comfort and repose."

Among Marat's papers was found a written promise of marriage to Catherine Evrard. He had already married her, with the sun and nature as witnesses.

The poor woman, old before her time, lived in an agony of insecurity. She felt the presence of death ever hovering near Marat. She kept guard at the doors, stopping every one at the threshold who aroused her suspicions.

Mlle. Corday's face was far from awaking any suspicions in her heart: the modest appearance of this young lady from the provinces was re-

assuring. At a time when everything was a matter of extremes — when women were either loose, or cynical in manner — this young lady proclaimed her solid Norman origin; she obviously was not exploiting her beauty. Her lovely hair was bound with a green ribbon, and she wore one of those bonnets well-known to the women of Calvados, a modest affair, far less flamboyant than what was worn by the women of Caux. Contrary to the fashion of the epoch, and in spite of the warmth of a July day, she had covered her bosom with a silk fichu, tied securely behind her back. She had on a white silk dress, and no other luxurious decorations except what rightfully belongs to a modest woman, in this case simply the light lace facings of her bonnet that hung down over her cheeks.

There was no trace of pallor in her face; red cheeks; a voice strong with assurance. Not a sign of emotion.

With a firm step she walked through the outer entrance and passed quickly on without stopping at the porter's lodge, where she was vainly ordered to stop. She then underwent the inspection of Catherine who, on hearing the porter's shouts, had opened the door and was trying to bar Mlle. Corday's progress. By this time Marat himself had heard the altercations — as well as the silvery vibrant tones of the young lady's voice. He was not at all afraid of women, and though he was at that moment taking a bath, he gave peremptory orders that the visitor should be admitted. The room into which she was shown was small and dark. A soiled sheet wrapped round him, and the board on which he wrote held in front of him, Marat thrust through the door his head, his shoulders, and his right arm. His gray hair, covered with a handkerchief or napkin, his yellow skin and bony frame, his huge frog-like mouth — there was little to remind one that this creature was a man. But it is not surprising that the young lady scarcely looked at him. She had come on the pretext of giving him news about the situation in Normandy. He asked questions, and was particularly anxious for the names of the deputies who had escaped to Caen. As she gave the names he wrote them down. When this was done, he said to her: "Very well. In a week they will be sent to the guillotine."

These words gave her the final impulse, the ultimate motive for striking. Drawing the knife from the bosom of her dress, she plunged it up to the hilt, straight into Marat's heart. Coming from above, and with such tremendous force, the knife just grazed the clavicle, completely pierced one lung, opened an artery and released a torrent of blood.

"Help, my dear! God!", was all he could say before he died.

Catherine was the first to arrive. Then followed a police officer. They bound Charlotte, standing rigid and as though petrified, by the window. The officer threw a chair at her head, and then barricaded the door to prevent her escape. She did not move a muscle. Neighbors and several people who happened to be in the vicinity came in, attracted by the cries. A

surgeon was summoned, but when he arrived he pronounced the victim dead. Members of the National Guard came in and kept the crowd from tearing Charlotte to pieces. Her wrists were bound — a useless precaution, since she made no effort to move her hands. She looked about her with cold, disdainful eyes. A wigmaker of the neighborhood who had seized her knife, brandished it above his head and shouted. She paid no attention to him. There was one thing only that seemed to arouse her curiosity and pained her — as she said later — and that was the cries of Catherine Marat. It was she who first gave her this painful notion that "after all, Marat was a man." She seemed to be saying to herself, "What! Someone loved him!"

A higher police officer arrived at a quarter to eight, then the police administrators Louvet and Marino, and later the deputies Maure, Chabot, Drouet, and Legendre, who had come direct from the Convention to see the "Monster." They were astonished to find a fair young lady between two soldiers, who held her firmly by the hands. She answered all their questions quietly but with firmness and simplicity. She even admitted that she would have escaped if it had been possible. Such are the contradictions of nature. In a Proclamation to the French People which she had written beforehand and carried on her person, she stated that she wished to die in order that her head, carried about in Paris, might serve as a rallying standard for all who respected the laws.

There was another contradiction: she said and wrote that she hoped to die an unknown woman. And yet there were found on her her baptismal certificate and passport. The other things she carried with her indicated a complete tranquillity of mind; they were only such things as a careful woman requires. Besides her key and watch and money were a thimble and thread, with which to repair in prison the damage that her clothing would undoubtedly suffer while she was being arrested.

The trip to the Abbaye required scarcely two minutes. But it was beset with danger. The street was crowded with Marat's friends, the furious Cordeliers, who wept and howled and demanded that the assassin should be delivered up to them. Charlotte had been prepared for everything, having resigned herself to any sort of death, except being torn to bits by a furious mob. She is said to have faltered for an instant. But the Abbaye was at last reached.

When she was again questioned the same night, by members of the Committee of Public Safety and other deputies, she showed not only firmness but even a touch of sprightliness. Legendre, full of self-importance and believing that he himself might have deserved the martyrdom suffered by Marat, said to her: "Was it not you who came to see me yesterday dressed like a nun?" "The citizen is mistaken," she answered with a smile. "I did not consider either his life or his death a matter of any importance to the safety of the Republic."

Chabot took possession of her watch, and kept it. "I thought," said Mlle. Corday, "that Capuchins had taken the vow of poverty!"

It was a great disappointment to Chabot and the others who cross-examined the girl that they could find nothing, either on her person or in her answers, to prove that she had been sent by the Girondins of Caen. At the examination held during the night Chabot still maintained that she had some paper concealed in the bosom of her dress; taking advantage of the fact that her hands were bound, he ventured to touch her. No doubt he would have managed to find what was not there: the Girondin manifesto. Hampered as she was, she was able to repulse him with some spirit; she recoiled so violently that the cords that bound her snapped, revealing for an instant the white firmness of her breast. The incident struck pity into the hearts of those present, and the prisoner was released in order to allow her to arrange her clothing, pull down her sleeves and slip on a pair of gloves under the chains that bound her wrists.

She was transferred on the morning of the 16th from the Abbaye to the Conciergerie, where she wrote a long letter to Barbaroux, evidently calculated by the lightness of its tone to prove the perfect tranquillity of her mind. This letter, which was certain of being circulated throughout all Paris the next day, was, despite the familiar form of its composition, in effect a sort of manifesto. In it she seeks to convey the idea that the volunteers at Caen were both ardent and numerous. She had not yet heard of the defeat at Vernon.

What seems to prove that she was less calm than she pretended to be, is her repeating four times the motive and the excuse of her crime: Peace, the desire for Peace. The letter bears the date "The Second Day of the Preparation for Peace." Toward the middle of the letter she writes: "Would that peace could be established as quickly as I wish it. I have enjoyed peace during the past two days. The happiness of my country is my happiness."

Then she wrote to her father asking his forgiveness for having herself disposed of her own life, and quotes this line:

"The crime is the shame, not the scaffold."

She wrote also to Doulcet de Pontecoulant, nephew of the Mother Superior at Caen. He was a prudent Girondin, and Mlle. Corday chose him to defend her. But Doulcet did not spend that night at home, and her letter never reached him.

If I can credit a precious note communicated to me by the family of the artist who painted her portrait in prison, she had had a special bonnet made to wear at the trial. This explains why she spent thirty-six francs during the very short period of her captivity.

Just how was she to be charged? The Paris authorities attributed her crime, in a proclamation, to the Federalists, saying that "This Fury

had come from the house of the ci-devant Count Dorset." Fouquier-Tinville wrote to the Committee of Public Safety that he "had just been informed that she was a friend of Belzunce, that she wished to avenge Belzunce, and his relative Biron, recently denounced by Marat; that Barbaroux had urged her on," and much else besides. An absurd story, to which he dared make no further reference in his charge.

The public was not mistaken, for everyone believed that she had acted on her own responsibility alone, depending on no counsels but those of her own courage, devotion, and fanaticism. The other prisoners in the Abbaye and Conciergerie, even the people in the streets (after the very first out-cries), regarded her in silence and respectful admiration. "When she appeared in the courtroom," said her officious defender, Chauveau-Lagarde, "everyone, including the jury, the judges and spectators, seemed to regard Mlle. Corday as a judge who had summoned them to the Last Judgment. It might have been possible to paint her features or reproduce her words, but no art could depict the grandeur of her soul, which shone on her face. The effect created by her defense was one of those things which is instinctively felt, but cannot possibly be expressed."

Later he was to correct her answers which had been, as usual, softened, altered, and mutilated in the printed report of the *Moniteur*. Many of these are cast in the mould of the compact repartees of Corneille.

"Who was it who stimulated you to such hatred?"

"I needed the hatred of no one else: I had enough of my own."

"The deed must have been suggested by someone?"

"You carry out very badly what you have not yourself conceived."

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes."

"What do you mean by his crimes?"

"The terrible things he was doing to France."

"What could you hope to accomplish by killing him?"

"To restore peace to my country."

"Do you imagine you have killed all the Marats?"

"With this one dead, the others may perhaps be afraid to go on."

"How long had you been planning the deed?"

"Since the 31st of May, when the people's representatives were killed here."

Said the judge after the accusation had been made: "What have you to answer to this?"

"Nothing, except that I succeeded."

The truth of her statements was upheld on all points but one: she maintained that there were thirty thousand volunteers at Caen. She wished to inspire fear at Paris.

In many of her answers there is ample evidence that her spirit was by no means proof against natural emotions. She was not able to hear the

entire deposition of the sobbing wife of Marat. She interrupted with the words, "Yes, I killed him."

She also gave a start when they showed her the knife, turning her eyes away and making a gesture with her arm. Her voice trembled as she said, "Yes, I recognize it, I recognize it."

Fouquier-Tinville called attention to the fact that she struck the blow from above in order to be surer of its effect. Had it been otherwise the knife might have been stopped by one of Marat's ribs. He added, "Apparently you had had previous experience!"

"Monster!" cried Charlotte. "He thinks me an assassin!"

Chauveau-Lagarde tells us that this came like a thunderclap. The hearings were over, having lasted only half an hour.

Judge Montané wanted to save Mlle. Corday. He altered the question he was to address to the jury, asking only, "Did she commit the deed with premeditation?", suppressing the other half of the formula, "with criminal and anti-revolutionary intent?" Because of this the judge was himself arrested a few days later.

The judge and jury would have preferred the defense to plead insanity. The judge wished it in order to save her, the jury to humiliate her. The judge looked into her eyes and acted as she wished him to act, establishing the fact that the crime had been premeditated for a long time. He could say that the only defense she wished was to have no defense at all. He was a young man, and became deeply affected by the woman's courage, and dared risk the scaffold by publicly saying, "This steadfastness, this abnegation, sublime from one point of view," etc.

After her sentence, she was at her own request taken to the young lawyer, thanking him graciously for his generous and tactful defence. She wished to give him some token of her esteem. "These gentlemen," she said, "have just informed me that my property is confiscated. I owe something to the prison people, and ask you to discharge my debt."

Leaving the courtroom by the dark winding staircase and returning to her cell below, she smiled at the prisoners as she passed along the corridor, and made her excuses to the jailer, Richard, and his wife, with whom she had promised to take dinner. She was visited by a priest who offered her consolation, and politely showed him the door. "Thank those," she told him, "who sent you here."

During the trial she had noticed an artist trying to draw a portrait of her. He seemed to take an extraordinary interest in her, and she had turned toward him. After the trial she asked him to see her, and gave him the last hours of her life before being led to execution. The painter's name was Hauer; he was second in command of the Cordeliers' battalion. It was probably because of his rank that he was permitted to remain with the prisoner, with no other witness than a guard. She spoke quite calmly about various unimportant matters, as well as the events of the day, and

told him of her great spiritual peace. She asked Hauer to make a miniature of the portrait and send it to her family.

At the end of an hour and a half there came a gentle knock on the little door behind which she was sitting. It opened, and the executioner appeared. Turning toward him she caught sight of the scissors and the red shirt he was carrying. She could scarcely suppress a slight gesture of emotion, and said to him involuntarily, "So soon?" Then in full command of herself she turned to the painter:

"Monsieur, I don't know how to thank you for your kindness. I have only this to offer you. Keep it as a remembrance of me." She seized the executioner's scissors, cut a pretty lock of long hair which had escaped from under her bonnet, and gave it to Hauer. The guards and executioner were deeply moved.

The moment she climbed into the cart, while the crowd, excited both by fury and admiration saw the lovely victim in a shirt emerge from the low arcade of the Conciergerie, Nature herself seemed to ally herself with the passions of humanity, and a violent storm broke over Paris. It was of short duration, and seemed to fly on ahead of Mlle. Corday: when she came to the Pont-Neuf it slowly passed up the Rue Saint-Honoré. Then the sun came out again, for it was not yet seven o'clock in the evening, and the day was the 19th of July. The light cast on the girl's features by the red shirt gave them a strangely fantastic hue.

We are told that Robespierre, Danton and Desmoulins had stationed themselves somewhere along the street and watched her go by. She was the personification of Peace, yet a sort of symbol of a Revolutionary Nemesis. She stirred the hearts in the breasts of those bystanders and filled them with astonishment.

The serious-minded onlookers who followed her through to the end — men of letters, physicians, and the like — were impressed by something very unusual: as a rule the strongest of those who were condemned to die on the scaffold preserved their fortitude by assuming some sort of activity, either by singing patriotic songs or calling out daring messages to their enemies. Mlle. Corday displayed perfect tranquillity, grace and simple serenity. When she reached the place of execution she was a picture of majesty; she seemed transfigured in the light of that summer sunset.

A certain physician who had kept his eyes fastened upon her every moment, declares that she turned pale when she first caught sight of the guillotine, but an instant later the color returned to her cheeks, and she mounted the steps with assurance. She was once more the young girl when the executioner tore the fichu from her shoulders. With a sense of natural modesty she stepped forward of her own accord, as though to cut the matter short by going to meet her death.

As her head fell, one of Marat's followers — a carpenter, who was assisting the executioner — stooped, picked it up with a brutal movement, and

showing it to the assembled people, struck the face. A thrill of horror and a muttering spread over the entire square. Some say the cheeks of the head blushed. Doubtless this was an optical illusion, for the rays of the setting sun shone through the trees of the Champs-Elysées into the eyes of all.

The Commune of Paris, and the court as well, satisfied public indignation by throwing the culprit into prison.

In spite of the few jeers of the Marat sympathisers it was easy to see that the crowd was deeply moved to sorrow, as well as to admiration. Public sentiment can be measured by the tone of the *Chronique de Paris*, which even in those days of official control, published an almost unqualified eulogy of Charlotte Corday.

Many men were so deeply impressed by her death that they never quite recovered. We have already seen how the judge was affected, and to what extremes her youthful defender had gone to save her life. The painter Hauer was no less profoundly moved. The same year he exhibited his picture of Marat, perhaps by way of excusing himself for having painted Mlle. Corday, but his name was unknown at subsequent expositions. He seems to have given up painting.

The effect of Mlle. Corday's death was terrible. She made death attractive. The example of her intrepidity attracted others. Several persons who had caught sight of her gave themselves up to a kind of tragic voluptuousness, and sought to follow her into unknown worlds. A young German named Adam Lux, who had been sent to Paris to plead for the union of Mayence with France, published a pamphlet in which he asked to die that he might meet Charlotte Corday. This poor wretch, who had come to France full of enthusiasm, believing that to see the French Revolution actually in process of being, he would be present at the realization of the ideal of human regeneration, was unable to contemplate the premature death of that ideal. He did not understand the cruel tests which every such beginning must undergo. In his melancholy brain Charlotte Corday symbolized that liberty which was about to disappear. He saw her at the trial, and her admirable self-command touched him to the heart. He saw her again, majestic and queen-like, on the scaffold. She had come to him twice, as in a vision.

Then he took his own life.

"I had faith in her courage," he wrote, "but felt powerless when I saw her surrounded by howling mobs of people — that image of sweetness, her soft eyes shining amid the darkness, her tender and brave soul speaking through her eyes. This memory of her will live with me always. What deep feelings, bitter and sweet, hitherto unsuspected, has she given me! They support within me a love of the Patrie for which she wished to die, and which I in turn have adopted as my own. Let these people honor me by sending me to the guillotine, which has now become a veritable altar!"

The pure and simple soul of this mystic, who shudders at the thought of murder, adored Charlotte Corday.

"No doubt," he continues, "one has a right to kill a usurper or a tyrant, but Marat was neither."

His was a tender soul, in striking contrast with the violence of a great nation bent on wholesale assassination — like the Girondins, and even the Royalists. Their fury demanded a saint as victim, and a legend to follow. Charlotte was far different — becoming a different sort of legend and inspiring a different sort of poetry — from Louis XVI, who was, in a manner of speaking, a vulgar martyr, in whom the only interesting thing was his misfortune.

Out of Charlotte's blood a new religion arose: the religion of the poniard. André Chénier wrote a hymn to the new divinity:

> *"Oh virtue! Oh Poniard, the one hope of the world,*
> *That is thy sacred weapon!"*

This conception, written and rewritten in every age and in every land, was to appear again in the remotest corner of Europe, in Pushkin's *Hymn to the Poniard.*

The ancient patron of heroic murder, Brutus — a pale memory from the far-off days of antiquity — was again to be found, transformed into a new divinity, more powerful and seductive. Thenceforward the presiding genius to young men who dream of striking a blow for Liberty will be not Brutus, but the beautiful Charlotte, as she stood in the sinister splendor of her red mantle, under the bloody halo of the setting sun of a July day, and the first purple haze of evening.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667–1745

By William Makepeace Thackeray[1] (1811–1863)

In Treating of the English humourists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humourous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin — a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If Humour only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humourous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humourous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness — your scorn for untruth, pretention, imposture — your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him — sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he has gone — and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergymen, Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practise there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at

[1] Reprinted from *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, etc. These papers were originally delivered as lectures in 1861.

Footnotes are omitted.

Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild, and witty, and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1694, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester Johnson, Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship while they were both dependents of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of Saint Patrick, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous 'Drapier's Letters' and 'Gulliver's Travels.' He married Hester Johnson (Stella), and buried Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson, who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Doctor Wilde of Dublin, who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson 'the most malignant of his biographers': it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen — perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been

Shakespeare's shoeblack — just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him — to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition — but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you — watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you; and after fighting your battles, masked, in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.

'Thus at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant!'

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke: — 'All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue riband or a coach and six.'

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw, who says, 'These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold'; and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my Lord

Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband, and my Lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from Saint James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax — that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day — that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost — the bells rung in William's victory, in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble, almost everybody gambled; as in the Railway mania — not many centuries ago — almost every one took his unlucky share: a man of that time, of the vast talents and ambition of Swift, could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigation. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter, like that of a great genius, that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards, writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man — what statesman projecting a *coup* — what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour — what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? There was a French General the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen: there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck — as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister

island the honour and glory; but, it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo. Goldsmith was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money: with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness. Dreading ridicule too, as a man of his humour — above all, an Englishman of his humour — certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof to Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship — wore a cassock that was only not a livery — bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my Lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands. It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world — measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous common-places! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple, that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service — ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelop his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears

buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park; and lets the King's party and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the Sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat: between his study-chair and his tulip-beds, clipping his apricots and pruning his essays, — the statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St. James's as at Shene; where, in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty; or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse; or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people around about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men —

> '*Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise and great,*
> *Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate.*'

As for Dorinda, his sister, —

> '*Those who would grief describe, might come and trace*
> *Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.*
> *To see her weep, joy every face forsook,*
> *And grief flung sables on each menial look.*
> *The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,*
> *That furnished spirit and motion through the whole.*'

Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his honour's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second table; the Irish secretary owned as much afterwards; and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards —

and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known — and what a contempt his Excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin! (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the house-keeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things — above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square toes and periwig, — when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps, for the Irish secretary, his Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues, and *plates-bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Lærtius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *A propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man — that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), 'His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them.' And one person in that household, that pompous, stately, kindly Moor Park, saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half-killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders.

'The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning; and the reasons of quitting your honour's family — that is, whether the

last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgements at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honour's lady and sister.'

Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower?

Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man says: —

'Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esquire, going into the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud, he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe: "For," says he, "he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Doctor Swift to follow him — both went off just before prayers.'

There's a little malice in the Bishop's 'just before prayers.'

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men, too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man — he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman — no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of Saint Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a Church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the 'Tale of a Tub' to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book, could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the 'Beggar's Opera' — Gay the wildest of the wits about town — it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders — to invest in a cassock and bands — just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen, and the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss — Harry Fielding and Dick Steele — were especially loud, and I believe really fervent, in their expressions of belief; they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginery atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behaviour, they got upon their knees and cried 'Peccavi' with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes and idolatries in general; and hiccupped Church and State with fervour.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the 'Tale of a Tub,' when he said, 'Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him — a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright,

and dazzling, and strong, — to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men, — an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John — what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit — for Swift could love and could fray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire. The paper left behind him, called 'Thoughts on Religion,' is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant — he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony — what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The 'sæva indignatio' of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone — as if the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry — breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous 'Drapier's Letters' patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humour and invective: they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy — the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them: one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case

with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these; in a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it; rages against children; an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous 'Modest Proposal' for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre. 'I have been assured,' says he in the 'Modest Proposal' 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût*.' And taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways; he hashes it; and he serves it up cold; and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as 'dropped from its dam,' advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! 'A child,' says his Reverence, 'will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish,' and so on; and the subject being so delightful that he can't leave it, he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, 'the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve.' Amiable humourist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practised in the Dean's gay days; when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called 'roasting' him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the 'Almanach des Gourmands' says, 'On naît rôtisseur.'

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In 'Gulliver,' the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and amongst his favourite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example — God help him! — which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method

through all his works of humour. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic, a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the First Minister who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the 'Royal Sovereign,' the King of Brobdingnag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. 'The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine' (what a surprising humour there is in this description!) — 'The Emperor's features,' Gulliver says, 'are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his Court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders.'

What a surprising humour there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear that was like 'the mast of some great ammiral;' but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage, when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag, he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humour, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounceable country, describes his parting from his master the horse.

'I took,' he says, 'a second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms they would soon change their opinion.'

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence, the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been

censured, the nature of the favour conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete; it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable *Mr. Punch* to persons about to marry, and say 'Don't.' When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as 'almost stifled with the filth which fell about him.' The reader of the fourth part of 'Gulliver's Travels' is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language: a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind — tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed — the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of 'Gulliver' is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dulness, the mean aims, the base successes — all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory — of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? what secret remorse was rankling at his heart? what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world bloodshot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift.

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'

The most unhappy man on earth; — *Miserrimus* — what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped him as a liberator, a

saviour, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver — the most famous statesmen and the greatest poets of his day had applauded him and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says, 'It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*'

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean. Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief — boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty, we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that, in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart — in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity — in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy, — in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly — the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls 'his little language' in his journal to Stella. He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a

letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses — as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. 'Stay,' he writes one morning — it is the 14th of December, 1710 — 'Stay, I will answer some of your letters this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?' he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then — the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love: —

'When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigour and delight performed.
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best pattern of true friends! beware
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours:

For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed.'

One little triumph Stella had in her life — one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her — that — that young woman, who lived five doors from Doctor Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner — Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her. He kept Bolingbroke's, and Pope's, and Harley's, and Peterborough's: but Stella 'very carefully,' the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course: that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury Street, where he has the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI he says 'he has visited a lady just come to town,' whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII he enters a query of Stella's — 'What do you mean "that boards near me, that I dine with now and then"? What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do.' Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the Doctor has been to dine 'gravely' with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh: then that he has been to 'his neighbour:' then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen; and scented Vanessa in the air. The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The 'little language' is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, doesn't *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him; she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something godlike, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet. As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Doctor Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business; until the impetuous Vanessa be-

comes too fond of him, until the Doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them — that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her — she died of that passion.

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, 'That doesn't surprise me,' said Mrs. Stella, 'for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.' A woman — a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Doctor Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the Dean's hand, the words: '*Only a woman's hair.*' An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair; only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion: — only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there. He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven score years. He was always alone — alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention — none, I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE

1672–1751

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH[1] (1728–1774)

THERE are some characters that seem formed by nature to take delight in struggling with opposition, and whose most agreeable hours are passed in storms of their own creating. The subject of the present sketch was perhaps, of all others, the most indefatigable in raising himself enemies, to show his power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior talents, than on finding objects on which to exercise their activity. His life was spent in a continual conflict of politics; and, as if that was too short for the combat, he has left his memory as a subject of lasting contention.

It is, indeed, no easy matter to preserve an acknowledged impartiality in talking of a man so differently regarded on account of his political, as well as his religious principles. Those whom his politics may please, will be sure to condemn him for his religion; and on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his theological opinions, are the most likely to decry his politics. On whatever side he is regarded, he is sure to have opposers; and this was perhaps what he most desired, having, from nature, a mind better pleased with the struggle than the victory.

Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in the year 1672, at Battersea, in Surrey, at a seat that had been in the possession of his ancestors for ages before. His family was of the first rank, equally conspicuous for its antiquity, dignity, and large possessions. It is found to trace its original as high as Adam de Port, Baron of Basing, in Hampshire, before the conquest; and in a succession of ages, to have produced warriors patriots, and statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their loyalty, and others for their defending the rights of the people. His grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, marrying one of the daughters of Lord Chief Justice St. John, who, as all know, was strongly attached to the republican party, Henry, the subject of the present memoir, was brought up in his family, and consequently, imbibed the first principles of his education among the dissenters. At that time, Daniel Burgess, a fanatic of a very peculiar kind, being at once possessed of zeal and humour, and as

[1] Reprinted from *The Life of Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke*, London, 1770. Originally appeared as a preface to Bolingbroke's *Dissertation on Parties*.
The spelling and punctuation have been modernised.

well known for the archness of his conceits, as the furious obstinacy of his principles, was confessor in the presbyterian way to his grandmother, and was appointed to direct our author's first studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling mind as mistaken zeal; and, perhaps, the absurdity of the first lectures he received, might have given him that contempt for all religions, which he might have justly conceived against one. Indeed no task can be more mortifying than what he was condemned to undergo: "I was obliged," says he, in one place, "while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth psalm." Dr. Manton and his sermons were not likely to prevail much on one who was, perhaps, the most sharpsighted in the world at discovering the absurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of establishing many of his own.

But these dreary institutions were of no very long continuance; as soon as it was fit to take him out of the hands of the women, he was sent to Eton school, and removed thence to Christ-church College, in Oxford. His genius and understanding were seen and admired in both these seminaries, but his love of pleasure had so much the ascendancy, that he seemed contented rather with the consciousness of his own great powers, than their exertion. However, his friends, and those who knew him most intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the extent of his mind; and, when he left the university, he was considered as one who had the fairest opportunity of making a shining figure in active life.

Nature seemed not less kind to him in her external embellishments than in adorning his mind. With the graces of a handsome person, and a face in which dignity was happily blended with sweetness, he had a manner of address that was very engaging. His vivacity was always awake, his apprehension was quick, his wit refined, and his memory amazing: his subtlety in thinking and reasoning was profound; and all these talents were adorned with an elocution that was irresistible.

To the assemblage of so many gifts from nature, it was expected that art would soon give her finishing hand; and that a youth, begun in excellence, would soon arrive at perfection: but such is the perverseness of human nature, that an age which should have been employed in the acquisition of knowledge, was dissipated in pleasure; and instead of aiming to excel in praise-worthy pursuits, Bolingbroke seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest rake about town. This period might have been compared to that of fermentation in liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those liquors which never ferment are seldom clear. In this state of disorder, he was not without his lucid intervals; and even while he was noted for keeping Miss Gumley, the most expensive prostitute in the kingdom, and bearing the greatest quantity of wine without intoxication, he even then despised his

paltry ambition. "The love of study," says he, "and desire of knowledge, were what I felt all my life; and though my genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly that very often I heard him not in the hurry of those passions with which I was transported, yet some calmer hours there were, and in them I hearkened to him." These sacred admonitions were indeed very few, since his excesses are remembered to this very day. I have spoken to an old man, who assured me, that he saw him and one of his companions run naked through the park in a fit of intoxication; but then it was a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present.

During this period all his attachments were to pleasure, so his studies only seemed to lean that way. His first attempts were in poetry, in which he discovers more wit than taste, more labour than harmony in his versification. We have a copy of his verses prefixed to Dryden's Virgil, complimenting the poet, and praising his translation. We have another, not so well known, prefixed to a French work, published in Holland by the Chevalier de St. Hyacinth, entitled, Le Chef de Oeuvre d'un Inconnu. This performance is a humorous piece of criticism upon a miserable old ballad; and Bolingbroke's compliment, though written in English, is printed in Greek characters, so that at the first glance it may deceive the eye, and be mistaken for real Greek. There are two or three things more of his composition, which have appeared since his death, but which do honour neither to his parts nor memory.

In this mad career of pleasure he continued for some time; but at length in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth year of his age, he began to dislike his method of living, and to find that sensual pleasure alone was not sufficient to make the happiness of a reasonable creature. He therefore made his first effort to break from his state of infatuation, by marrying the daughter and coheiress of Sir Henry Winchescomb, a descendant from the famous Jack of Newbury, who, though but a clothier in the reign of Henry VIII was able to entertain the King and all his retinue in the most splendid manner. This lady was possessed of a fortune exceeding forty thousand pounds, and was not deficient in mental accomplishments; but whether he was not yet fully satiated with his former pleasures, or whether her temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for some time together, they parted by mutual consent, both equally displeased; he complaining of the obstinacy of her temper, she of the shamelessness of his infidelity. A great part of her fortune some time after, upon his attainder, was given her back: but, as her family estates were settled upon him, he enjoyed them after her death, upon the reversal of his attainder.

Having taken a resolution to quit the allurements of pleasure for the stronger attractions of ambition, soon after his marriage he procured a seat in the House of Commons, being elected for the borough of Wotton-

Basset in Wiltshire, his father having served several times for the same place. Besides his natural endowments and his large fortune, he had other very considerable advantages that gave him weight in the senate, and seconded his views of preferment. His grandfather Sir Walter St. John was still alive; and that gentleman's interest was so great in his own county of Wilts, that he represented it in two Parliaments in a former reign. His father also was then the representative for the same; and the interest of his wife's family in the house was very extensive. Thus Bolingbroke took his seat with many accidental helps, but his chief and great resourse lay in his own extensive abilities.

At that time the whig and the tory parties were strongly opposed in the house and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter years of King William, the tories, who from every motive were opposed to the court, had been gaining popularity, and now began to make a public stand against their competitors. Robert Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, a staunch and confirmed tory, was in the year 1700 chosen speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the accession of Queen Anne, in the year ensuing. Bolingbroke had all along been bred up, as was before observed, among the dissenters, his friends leaned to that persuasion, and all his connexions were in the whig interest. However, either from principle, or from perceiving the tory party to be then gaining ground, while the whigs were declining, he soon changed his connexions, and joined himself to Harley, for whom then he had the greatest esteem; nor did he bring him his vote alone, but his opinion, which even before the end of his first session, he rendered very considerable, the house perceiving even in so young a speaker the greatest eloquence, united with the profoundest discernment. The year following he was again chosen anew for the same borough, and persevered in his former attachments, by which he gained such an authority and influence in the house, that it was thought proper to reward his merit; and, on the 10th of April 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War, and of the Marine, his friend Harley having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The tory party being thus established in power, it may easily be supposed that every method would be used to depress the whig interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much justice was done even to merit in an enemy, that the Duke of Marlborough, who might be considered as at the head of the opposite party, was supplied with all the necessaries for carrying on the war in Flanders with vigour: and it is remarkable, that the greatest events of his campaigns, such as the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies, and several glorious attempts made by the Duke to shorten the war by some decisive action, fell out while Bolingbroke was Secretary at War. In fact, he was a sincere admirer of that great general, and avowed it upon all occasions to the last moment of his life: he knew his faults, he admired his virtues, and had the boast of being instrumental

in giving lustre to those triumphs, by which his own power was in a manner overthrown.

As the affairs of the nation were then in as fluctuating a state as at present, Harley, after maintaining the lead for above three years, was in his turn obliged to submit to the whigs, who once more became the prevailing party, and he was compelled to resign the seals. The friendship between him and Bolingbroke seemed at this time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his fortune, and the next day resigned his employments in the administration, following his friend's example, and setting an example at once of integrity and moderation. As an instance of this, when his coadjutors, the tories, were for carrying a violent measure in the House of Commons, in order to bring the Princess Sophia into England, Bolingbroke so artfully opposed it, that it dropt without a debate. For this his moderation was praised, but perhaps at the expense of his sagacity.

For some time the whigs seemed to have gained a complete triumph, and upon the election of a new parliament, in the year 1708, Bolingbroke was not returned. The interval which followed, of above two years, he employed in the severest study; and this recluse period he ever after used to consider as the most active and serviceable of his whole life. But his retirement was soon interrupted by the prevailing of his party once more; for the Whig parliament bring dissolved in the year 1710, he was again chosen, and Harley being made Chancellor, and Under-treasurer of the Exchequer, the important post of Secretary of State was given to our author, in which he discovered a degree of genius and assiduity, that perhaps have never been known to be united in one person to the same degree.

The English annals scarcely produce a more trying juncture, or that required such various abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a sphere where he was obliged to conduct the machine of state, struggling with a thousand various calamities; a desperate enraged party, whose characteristic it has ever been to bear none in power but themselves; a war conducted by an able general, his professed opponent, and whose victories only tended to render him every day more formidable; a foreign enemy, possessed of endless resources, and seeming to gather strength from every defeat; an insidious alliance, that wanted only to gain the advantage of victory, without contributing to the expenses of the combat; a weak declining mistress that was led by every report, and seemed to listen to whatever was said against him; still more, a gloomy, indolent, and suspicious colleague, that envied his power, and hated him for his abilities: these were a part of the difficulties that Bolingbroke had to struggle with in office, and under which he was to conduct the treaty of peace of Utrecht, which was considered as one of the most complicated negotiations that history can afford. But nothing seemed too great for his abilities and

industry; he set himself to the undertaking with spirit; he began to pave the way to the intended treaty, by making the people discontented at the continuance of the war; for this purpose, he employed himself in drawing up accurate computations of the numbers of our own men, and that of foreigners, employed in its destructive progress. He even wrote in the Examiners, and other periodical papers of the times, showing how much of the burden rested upon England, and how little was sustained by those who falsely boasted their alliance. By these means, and after much debate in the House of Commons, the Queen received a petition from Parliament, showing the hardships the allies had put upon England in carrying on this war, and consequently how necessary it was to apply relief to so ill-judged a connexion. It may be easily supposed that the Dutch against whom this petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their power to oppose it; many of the foreign courts also, with whom he had any transactions, were continually at work to defeat the minister's intentions. Memorial was delivered after memorial; the people of England, the parliament, and all Europe, were made acquainted with the injustice and the dangers of such a proceeding; however, Bolingbroke went on with steadiness and resolution; and although the attacks of his enemies at home might have been deemed sufficient to employ his attention, yet he was obliged, at the same time that he furnished materials to the press in London, to furnish instructions to all our ministers and ambassadors abroad, who would do nothing but in pursuance of his directions. As an orator in the senate, he exerted all his eloquence, he stated all the great points that were brought before the house, he answered the objections that were made by the leaders of the opposition; and all this with such success, that even his enemies, while they opposed his power, acknowledged his abilities. Indeed, such were the difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himself some years after, that he never looked back on this great event, passed as it was, without a secret emotion of the mind, when he compared the vastness of the undertaking, and the importance of the success, with the means employed to bring it about, and with those which were employed to frustrate his intentions.

While he was thus industriously employed, he was not without the rewards that deserved to follow such abilities, joined to so much assiduity. In July, 1712, he was created Baron St. John of Lidyard Tregoze in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke; by the last of which titles he is now generally known, and is likely to be talked of by posterity: he was also the same year appointed lord lieutenant of the county of Essex. By the titles of Tregoze and Bolingbroke, he united the honours of the elder and younger branch of his family; and thus transmitted into one channel the opposing interests of two races, that had been distinguished, one for their loyalty to king Charles I the other for their attachment to the parliament that opposed him. It was afterwards his boast, that he steered clear of

the extremes for which his ancestors had been distinguished, having kept the spirit of the one, and acknowledged the subordination that distinguished the other.

Bolingbroke, being thus raised very near the summit of power, began to perceive more clearly the defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find that Lord Oxford, whose party he had followed, and whose person he had esteemed, was by no means so able or so industrious as he supposed him to be. He now began from his heart to renounce the friendship he once had for his coadjutor: he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to ascribe his own promotion to Oxford's hatred, and to suppose that he was sent up to the House of Lords only to render him contemptible. These suspicions were partly true, and partly suggested by Bolingbroke's own ambition: being sensible of his own superior importance and capacity, he could not bear to see another take the lead in public affairs, when they owed their chief success to his own management. Whatever might have been his motives, whether of contempt, hatred, or ambition, it is certain an irreconcilable breach began between these two leaders of their party; their mutual hatred was so great, that even their own common interest, the vigour of their negotiations, and the safety of their friends, were entirely sacrificed to it. It was in vain that Swift, who was admitted into their counsels, urged the unreasonable impropriety of their disputes; that while they were thus at variance within the walls, the enemy were making irreparable breaches without. Bolingbroke's antipathy was so great, that even success would have been hateful to him if Lord Oxford were to be a partner. He abhorred him to that degree, that he could not bear to be joined with him in any case; and even some time after, when the lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting measures with him for their mutual safety, preferring even death itself to the appearance of a temporary friendship.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual animosities at this juncture; and it may be asserted with truth, that men who were unable to suppress or conceal their resentments upon such a trying occasion, were unfit to take the lead in any measures, be their industry or their abilities ever so great. In fact, their dissensions were soon found to involve not only them, but their party in utter ruin: their hopes had for some time been declining, the whigs were daily gaining ground, and the Queen's death soon after totally destroyed all their schemes with their power.

Upon the accession of George I to the throne, danger began to threaten the late ministry on every side: whether they had really intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the whigs made it a pretext for destroying them, is uncertain; but the king very soon began to show that they were to expect neither favour nor mercy at his hands. Upon his

landing at Greenwich, when the court came to wait upon him, and Lord Oxford among the number, he studiously avoided taking any notice of him, and testified his resentment by the caresses he bestowed upon the members of the opposite faction. A regency had been some time before appointed to govern the kingdom, and Addison was made secretary. Bolingbroke still maintained his place of state secretary, but subject to the contempt of the great and the insults of the mean. The first step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all letters and packets directed to the Secretary of State, to be sent to Mr. Addison; so that Bolingbroke was in fact removed from his office, that is, the execution of it, in two days after the Queen's death. But this was not the worst; for his mortifications were continually heightened by the daily humiliation of waiting at the door of the apartment where the regency sat, with a bag in his hand, and being all the time, as it were, exposed to the insolence of those who were tempted by their natural malevolence, or who expected to make their court to those in power by abusing him.

Upon this sudden turn of fortune, when the seals were taken from him, he went into the country; and having received a message from court to be present when the seal was taken from the door of the Secretary's office, he excused himself, alleging, that so trifling a ceremony might as well be performed by one of the under Secretaries, but at the same time requested the honour of kissing the King's hand, to whom he testified the utmost submission. This request, however, was rejected with disdain; the King had been taught to regard him as an enemy and threw himself entirely on the whigs for safety and protection.

The new parliament, mostly composed of whigs, met the 17th of March, and in the King's speech from the throne many inflaming hints were given, and many methods of violence chalked out to the two houses. "The first steps (says Lord Bolingbroke, speaking on this occasion) in both were perfectly answerable; and, to the shame of the peerage be it spoken, I saw at that time several Lords concur to condemn, in one general vote, all that they had approved in a former Parliament by many particular resolutions. Among several bloody resolutions proposed and agitated at this time, the resolution of impeaching me of high treason was taken, and I took that of leaving England, not in a panic terror, improved by the artifices of the Duke of Marlborough, whom I knew even at that time too well to act by his advice or information in any case, but on such grounds as the proceedings which soon followed sufficiently justified, and such as I have never repented building upon. Those who blamed it in the first heat, were soon after obliged to change their language: for what other resolution could I take? The method of prosecution designed against me would have put me out of a condition immediately to act for myself, or to serve those who were less exposed than me, but who were however in danger. On the other hand, how few were there on whose assistance I could

depend, or to whom I would even in these circumstances be obliged? The ferment in the nation was wrought up to a considerable height; but there was at that time no reason to expect that it could influence the proceedings in Parliament, in favour of those who should be accused: left to its own movement, it was much more proper to quicken than slacken the prosecutions; and who was there to guide its motions? The tories, who had been true to one another to the last, were a handful, and no great vigour could be expected from them; the whimsicals, disappointed of the figure which they hoped to make, began indeed to join their old friends. One of the principal among them, namely, the Earl of Anglesea, was so very good as to confess to me, that if the court had called the servants of the late Queen to account, and stopped there, he must have considered himself as a judge, and acted according to his conscience on what should have appeared to him; but that war had been declared to the whole tory party, and that now the state of things was altered. This discourse needed no commentary, and proved to me, that I had never erred in the judgment I made of this set of men. Could I then resolve to be obliged to them, or to suffer with Oxford? As much as I still was heated by the disputes, in which I had been all my life engaged against the whigs, I would sooner have chosen to owe my security to their indulgence, than to the assistance of the whimsicals; but I thought banishment, with all her train of evils, preferable to either."

Such was the miserable situation to which he was reduced upon this occasion: of all the number of his former flatterers and dependents, scarcely was one found remaining. Every hour brought fresh reports of his alarming situation, and the dangers which threatened him and his party on all sides. Prior, who had been employed in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht, was come over to Dover, and promised to reveal all he knew. The Duke of Marlborough planted his creatures round his Lordship, who artfully endeavoured to increase the danger; and an impeachment was actually preparing in which he was accused of high treason. It argued therefore no great degree of timidity in his Lordship, to take the first opportunity to withdraw from danger, and to suffer the first boilings of popular animosity to quench the flame that had been raised against him: Accordingly, having made a gallant show of despising the machinations against him, having appeared in a very unconcerned manner at the playhouse in Drurylane, and having bespoke another play for the night ensuing; having subscribed to a new opera that was to be acted some time after, and talking of making an elaborate defence, he went off that same night in disguise to Dover, as a servant to Le Vigne, a messenger belonging to the French king; and there one William Morgan, who had been a captain in General Hill's regiment of dragoons, hired a vessel, and carried him over to Calais, where the Governor attended him in his coach, and carried him to his house with all possible distinction.

The news of Lord Bolingbroke's flight was soon known over the whole town; and the next day a letter from him to Lord Lansdowne was handed about in print, to the following effect:

"My Lord.

"I left the town so abruptly, that I had no time to take leave of you or any of my friends. You will excuse me, when you know that I had certain and repeated informations from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken, by those who have power to execute it, to pursue me to the scaffold. My blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance, nor could my innocence be any security, after it had once been demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there been the least reason to hope for a fair and open trial, after having been already prejudged unheard by the two houses of Parliament, I should not have declined the strictest examination. I challenge the most inveterate of my enemies to produce any one instance of a criminal correspondence, or the least corruption of any part of the administration in which I was concerned. If my zeal for the honour and dignity of my Royal Mistress, and the true interest of my country have any where transported me to let slip a warm or unguarded expression, I hope the most favourable interpretation will be put upon it. It is a comfort that will remain with me in all my misfortunes, that I served her Majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that especially which she had most at heart, relieving her people from a bloody and expensive war, and that I have also been too much an Englishman, to sacrifice the interests of my country to any foreign ally; and it is for this crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall hear more at large from me shortly.

Yours," &c.

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to France, than his flight was construed into a proof of his guilt; and his enemies accordingly set about driving on his impeachment with redoubled alacrity. Mr., afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, who had suffered a good deal by his attachment to the whig interest during the former reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the charge against him in the House of Commons. His impeachment consisted of six articles, which Walpole read to the House, in substance as follows: — First, that whereas the Lord Bolingbroke had assured the Dutch ministers, that the Queen his mistress would make no peace but in concert with them, yet he had sent Mr. Prior to France that same year with proposals for a treaty of peace with that monarch, without the consent of the allies. Secondly, that he advised and promoted the making a separate treaty of convention with France, which was signed in September. Thirdly, that he disclosed to M. Mesnager, the French minister at London, this convention, which was the preliminary instruc-

tions to her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. Fourthly, that her Majesty's final instructions to her Plenipotentiaries were disclosed by him to the Abbot Gualtier, who was an emissary of France. Fifthly, that he disclosed to the French the manner how Tournay in Flanders might be gained by them. And lastly, that he advised and promoted the yielding up Spain and the West Indies to the Duke of Anjou, then an enemy to her Majesty. These were urged by Walpole with great vehemence, and aggravated with all the eloquence of which he was master. He challenged any person in behalf of the accused, and asserted, that to vindicate, were in a manner to share his guilt. In this universal consternation of the tory party, none was for some time seen to stir; but at length General Ross, who had received favours from his Lordship, boldly stood up, and said, he wondered that no man more capable was found to appear in defence of the accused. However, in attempting to proceed, he hesitated so much, that he was obliged to sit down, observing, that he would reserve what he had to say to another opportunity. It may easily be supposed, that the whigs found no great difficulty in passing the vote for his impeachment through the House of Commons. It was brought into that House on the 10th of June, 1715, it was sent up to the House of Lords on the 6th of August ensuing, and in consequence of which he was attainted by them of high treason on the 10th of September. Nothing could be more unjust than such a sentence; but justice had been drowned in the spirit of party.

Bolingbroke, thus finding all hopes cut off at home, began to think of improving his wretched fortune upon the Continent. He had left England with a very small fortune, and his attainder totally cut off all resources for the future. In this depressed situation he began to listen to some proposals which were made by the Pretender, who was then residing at Barr, in France, and who was desirous of admitting Bolingbroke into his secret councils. A proposal of this nature had been made shortly after his arrival at Paris, and before his attainder at home; but, while he had yet any hopes of succeeding in England, he absolutely refused, and made the best applications his ruined fortune would permit, to prevent the extremity of his prosecution.

He had for some time waited for an opportunity of determining himself, even after he found it vain to think of making his peace at home. He let his Jacobite friends in England know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their service the little all that remained, as frankly as he had exposed all that was gone. At length, says he, talking of himself, these commands came, and were executed in the following manner. The person who was sent to me arrived in the beginning of July, 1715, at the place I had retired to in Dauphine. He spoke in the name of all his friends whose authority could influence me; and he brought word, that Scotland was not only ready to take arms, but under some sort of dissatisfaction to be withheld from beginning; that in England the people

were exasperated against the government to such a degree, that, far from wanting to be encouraged, they could not be restrained from insulting it on every occasion; that the whole tory party was become avowedly Jacobites; that many officers of the army and the majority of the soldiers, were well affected to the cause; that the city of London was ready to rise, and that the enterprises for seizing of several places were ripe for execution; in a word, that most of the principal tories were in concert with the Duke of Ormond: for I had pressed particularly to be informed whether his Grace acted alone, or if not, who were his council; and that the others were so disposed, that there remained no doubt of their joining as soon as the first blow should be struck. He added, that my friends were a little surprised to observe that I lay neuter in such a conjuncture. He represented to me the danger I ran of being prevented by people of all sides from having the merit of engaging early in this enterprise, and how unaccountable it would be for a man, impeached and attainted under the present government, to take no share in bringing about a revolution, so near at hand, and so certain. He entreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to advise and assist in carrying on his affairs, and to solicit and negotiate at the Court of France, where my friends imagined that I should not fail to meet a favourable reception, and whence they made no doubt of receiving assistance in a situation of affairs so critical, so unexpected, and so promising. He concluded, by giving me a letter from the Pretender, whom he had seen in his way to me, in which I was pressed to repair without loss of time to Commercy; and this instance was grounded on the message which the bearer of the letter had brought me from England. In the progress of the conversation with the messenger, he related a number of facts, which satisfied me as to the general disposition of the people; but he gave me little satisfaction as to the measures taken to improve this disposition, for driving the business on with vigour, if it tended to a révolution, or for supporting it to advantage, if it spun into a war. When I questioned him concerning several persons whose disinclination to the government admitted no doubt, and whose names, quality, and experience, were very essential to the success of the undertaking, he owned to me that they kept a great reserve, and did at most but encourage others to act, by general and dark expressions. I received this account and this summons ill in my bed; yet, important as the matter was, a few minutes served to determine me. The circumstances wanting to form a reasonable inducement to engage did not excuse me; but the smart of a bill of attainder tingled in every vein, and I looked on my party to be under oppression, and to call for my assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many particulars unknown to this gentleman; for I did not imagine that the English could be so near to take up arms as he represented them to be, on no other foundation than that which he exposed.

In this manner, having for some time debated with himself, and taken his resolution, he lost no time in repairing to the Pretender at Commercy, and took the seals of that nominal king, as he had formerly those of his potent mistress. But this was a terrible falling off indeed; the very first conversation he had with this weak projector, gave him the most unfavourable expectations of future success. He talked to me, says his Lordship, like a man who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which: and when he entered into the particulars of his affairs, I found, that concerning the former he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of Ormond had been for some time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: he had taken the direction of this whole affair, as far as it related to England, upon himself; and had received a commission for this purpose, which contained the most ample powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from France a small body of forces, a sum of money and a quantity of ammunition: but to the first part of the request he received a flat denial, but was made to hope that some arms and some ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy prospect; yet hope swelled the depressed party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready revolution. It was their interest to be secret and industrious; but, rendered sanguine by their passions, they made no doubt of subverting a government with which they were angry, and gave as great an alarm, as would have been imprudent at the eve of a general insurrection.

Such was the state of things when Bolingbroke arrived to take up his new office at Commercy; and although he saw the deplorable state of the party with which he was embarked, yet he resolved to give his affairs the best complexion he was able, and set out for Paris, in order to procure from that court the necessary succours for his new master's invasion of England. But his reception and negotiations at Paris were still more unpromising than those at Commercy; and nothing but absolute infatuation seemed to dictate every measure taken by the party. He there found a multitude of people at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own eyes; no subordination, no order, no concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible; every meeting-house which the populace demolished, as he himself says, every little drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations; and there was hardly one among them, who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about in a few weeks. Care and hope, says our author very humorously, sat on every busy Irish face; those who could read and write had letters to show, and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition had their secrets to

whisper. No sex was excluded from this ministry; Fanny Oglethorpe kept her corner in it; and Olive Trant, a woman of the same mixed reputation, was the great wheel of this political machine. The ridiculous correspondence was carried on with England by people of like importance, and who were busy in sounding the alarm in the ears of an enemy, whom it was their interest to surprise. By these means, as he himself continues to inform us, the government of England was put on its guard, so that before he came to Paris, what was doing had been discovered. The little armament made at Havre de Grace, which furnished the only means to the Pretender of landing on the coasts of Britain, and which had exhausted the treasury of St. Germains, was talked of publicly. The earl of Stair, the English minister at that city, very soon discovered its destination, and all the particulars of the intended invasion; the names of the persons from whom supplies came, and who were particularly active in the design, were whispered about at tea-tables and coffee-houses. In short, what by the indiscretion of the protectors, what by the private interests and ambitious views of the French, the most private transactions came to light; and such of the more prudent plotters, who supposed that they had trusted their heads to the keeping of one or two friends, were in reality at the mercy of numbers. Into such company, exclaims our noble writer, was I fallen for my sins. Still, however, he went on, steering in the wide ocean without a compass, till the death of Louis XIV and the arrival of the Duke of Ormond at Paris, rendered all his endeavours abortive: yet, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, he still continued to despatch several messages and directions for England, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous answers. Among the number of these, he drew up a paper at Chaville, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, Marshal Berwick, and De Torcy, which was sent to England just before the death of the king of France, representing that France could not answer the demands of their memorial, and praying directions what to do. A reply to this came through the French secretary of state, wherein they declared themselves unable to say any thing, till they saw what turn affairs would take on the death of the king, which had reached their ears. Upon another occasion a message coming from Scotland to press the Chevalier to hasten their rising, he despatched a messenger to London to the earl of Mar, to tell him that the concurrence of England in the insurrection was ardently wished and expected: but, instead of that nobleman's waiting for instructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and there actually put himself at the head of his clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of Ormond, he despatched one Mr. Hamilton, who got all the papers by heart for fear of a miscarriage, to their friends in England, to inform them that though the Chevalier was destitute of succour, and all reasonable hopes of it, yet he would land as they pleased in England or Scotland at a minute's warning; and therefore they might rise immediately

after they had sent despatches to him. To this message Mr. Hamilton returned very soon with an answer given by Lord Lansdowne, in the name of all the persons privy to the secret, that since affairs grew daily worse, and would not mend by delay, the malecontents in England had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of Ormond on his landing; adding, that his person would be as safe in England as in Scotland, and that in every other respect it was better he should land in England; that they had used their utmost endeavours, and hoped the western counties would be in a good posture to receive him; and that he should land as near as possible to Plymouth. With these assurances the duke embarked, though he had heard before of the seizure of many of his most zealous adherents, of the dispersion of many more, and the consternation of all; so that upon his arrival at Plymouth, finding nothing in readiness, he returned to Brittany. In these circumstances the Pretender himself sent to have a vessel got ready for him at Dunkirk, in which he went to Scotland, leaving Lord Bolingbroke all this while at Paris, to try if by any means some assistance might not be procured without which all hopes of success were at an end. It was during this negotiation upon this miserable proceeding, that he was sent for by Mrs. Trant (a woman who had for some time before ingratiated herself with the Regent of France, by supplying him with mistresses from England) to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where she lived with Mademoiselle Chausery, an old superannuated waiting-woman belonging to the Regent. By these he was acquainted with the measures they had taken for the service of the Duke of Ormond; although Bolingbroke, who was actually secretary to the negotiation, had never been admitted to a confidence in their secrets. He was therefore a little surprised at finding such mean agents employed without his privity, and very soon found them utterly unequal for the task. He quickly therefore withdrew himself from such wretched auxiliaries, and the Regent himself seemed pleased at his defection.

In the meantime the Pretender set sail from Dunkirk for Scotland; and though Bolingbroke had all along perceived that his cause was hopeless, and his projects ill-designed; although he had met with nothing but opposition and disappointment in his service; yet he considered that this of all others was the time he could not be permitted to relax in the cause. He now therefore neglected no means, forgot no argument which his understanding could suggest, in applying to the court of France; but his success was not answerable to his industry. The King of France, not able to furnish the Pretender with money himself, had written some time before his death to his grandson the King of Spain, and had obtained from him a promise of forty thousand crowns. A small part of this sum had been received by the Queen's treasurer at St. Germains, and had been sent to Scotland, or employed to defray the expenses which were daily

making on the coast; at the same time Bolingbroke pressed the Spanish ambassador at Paris, and solicited the ministers at the court of Spain. He took care to have a number of officers picked out of the Irish troops which serve in France, gave them their routes, and sent a ship to receive and transport them to Scotland. Still, however, the money came in so slowly, and in such trifling sums, that it turned to little account, and the officers were on their way to the Pretender. At the same time he formed a design of engaging French privateers in the expedition, that were to have carried whatever should be necessary to send to any part of Britain in their first voyage, and then to cruise under the Pretender's commission. He had actually agreed for some, and had it in his power to have made the same bargain with others: Sweden on the one side, and Scotland on the other, could have afforded them retreats; and, if the war had been kept up in any part of the mountains, this armament would have been of the utmost advantage. But all his projects and negotiations failed by the Pretender's precipitate return, who was not above six weeks in his expedition, and flew out of Scotland even before all had been tried in his defence.

The expedition being in this manner totally defeated, Bolingbroke now began to think that it was his duty as well as interest to save the poor remains of the disappointed party. He never had any great opinion of the Pretender's success before he set off; but when this adventurer had taken the last step which it was in his power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him, nor the Scots, to be any longer bubbles of their own credulity, and of the scandalous artifices of the French court. In a conversation he had with the Marshal de Huxelles, he took occasion to declare, that he would not be the instrument of amusing the Scots; and since he was able to do them no other service, he would at least inform them of what little dependence they might place upon assistance from France. He added, that he would send them vessels, which, with those already on the coast of Scotland, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of Mar, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his resolution, and advised him to execute it, as the only thing which was left to do; but in the meantime the Pretender landed at Graveline, and gave orders to stop all vessels, bound on his account to Scotland; and Bolingbroke saw him the morning after his arrival at St. Germains, and he received him with open arms.

As it was the Secretary's business, as soon as Bolingbroke heard of his return, he went to acquaint the French court with it; when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to Barr with all possible diligence; and in this measure Bolingbroke entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such haste: he had a mind to stay some time at St. Germains, and in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to have a private meeting with the Regent: he accordingly sent Bolingbroke to

solicit this meeting, who exerted all his influence in the negotiation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal de Huxelles, who answered him by word of mouth, and by letters, refusing him by both, and assuring him that the Regent said the things which were asked were puerilities, and swore he would not see him. The Secretary, no ways displeased with his ill success, returned with this answer to his master, who acquiesced in this determination, and declared he would instantly set out for Lorrain, at the same time assuring Bolingbroke of his firm reliance on his integrity.

However, the Pretender, instead of taking post for Lorrain, as he had promised, went to a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided, and there continued for several days seeing the Spanish and Swedish ministers, and even the Regent himself. It might have been in these interviews that he was set against his new Secretary, and taught to believe that he had been remiss in his duty and false to his trust: Be this as it will, a few days after the Duke of Ormond came to see Bolingbroke, and, having first prepared him for the surprise, put into his hands a note directed to the duke, and a little scrip of paper directed to the Secretary: they were both in the Pretender's hand writing, and dated as if written by him on his way to Lorrain; but in this Bolingbroke was not to be deceived, who knew the place of his present residence. In one of these papers the Pretender declared that he had no farther occasion for the Secretary's service; and the other was an order to him to give up the papers in his office; all which, he observes, might have been contained in a letter-case of a moderate size. He gave the Duke the seals, and some papers which he could readily come at; but for some others, in which there were several insinuations, under the Pretender's own hand, reflecting upon the Duke himself, these he took care to convey by a safe hand, since it would have been very improper that the Duke should have seen them. As he thus gave up without scruple all the papers which remained in his hands, because he was determined never to make use of them, so he declared he took a secret pride in never asking for those of his own which were in the Pretender's hands; contenting himself with making the Duke understand, how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner, who only wanted an opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his cause. In fact, if we survey the measures taken on the one side, and the abilities of the man on the other, it will not appear any way wonderful that he should be disgusted with a party, who had neither principle to give a foundation to their hopes, union to advance them, nor abilities to put them in motion.

Bolingbroke, being thus dismissed from the Pretender's service, supposed that he had got rid of the trouble and the ignominy of so mean an employment at the same time; but he was mistaken: he was no sooner rejected from the office than articles of impeachment were preferred against him, in the same manner as he had before been impeached in

England, though not with such effectual injury to his person and fortune. The articles of his impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into seven heads, in which he was accused of treachery, incapacity, and neglect. The first was, that he was never to be found by those who came to him about business; and if by chance or stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in a hurry, and by putting them off to another time, still avoided giving them any answer. The second was, that the Earl of Mar complained by six different messengers at different times, before the Chevalier came from Dunkirk, of his being in want of arms and ammunition, and prayed a speedy relief; and though the things demanded were in my Lord's power, there was not so much as one pound of powder in any of the ships which by his Lordship's directions parted from France. Thirdly, the Pretender himself after his arrival sent General Hamilton to inform him, that his want of arms and ammunition was such, that he should be obliged to leave Scotland, unless he received speedy relief; yet Lord Bolingbroke amused Mr Hamilton twelve days together, and did not introduce him to any of the French ministers, though he was referred to them for a particular account of affairs; or so much as communicated his letters to the Queen, or any body else. Fourthly, the Count de Castle Blanco had for several months at Havre a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and did daily ask his Lordship's orders how to dispose of them, but never got any instructions. Fifthly, the Pretender's friends at the French court had for some time past no very good opinion of his Lordship's integrity, and a very bad one of his discretion. Sixthly, at a time when many merchants in France would have carried privately any quantity of arms and ammunition into Scotland, his Lordship desired a public order for the embarkation, which being a thing not to be granted, is said to have been done in order to urge a denial. Lastly, the Pretender wrote to his Lordship by every occasion after his arrival in Scotland; and though there were many opportunities of writing in return, yet from the time he landed there, to the day he left it, he never received any letter from his Lordship. Such were the articles, by a very extraordinary reverse of fortune, preferred against Lord Bolingbroke, in less than a year after similar articles were drawn up against him by the opposite party at home. It is not easy to find out what he could have done thus to disoblige all sides; but he had learned by this time to make out happiness from the consciousness of his own designs, and to consider all the rest of mankind as uniting in a faction to oppress virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both sides, yet he was not remiss in vindicating himself from all. Against these articles of impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate answer, in which he vindicates himself with great plausibility. He had long, as he asserts, wished to leave the Pretender's service, but was entirely at a loss how to conduct himself in so difficult a resignation; but at length, says he, the

Pretender and his council disposed of things better for me, than I could have done for myself. I had resolved, on his return from Scotland, to follow him till his residence should be fixed somewhere; after which, having served the tories in this, which I looked upon as their last struggle for power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's affairs till the end of the term for which I embarked with him, I should have esteemed myself to be at liberty, and should, in the civilest manner I was able, have taken my leave of him. Had we parted thus, I should have remained in a very strange situation all the rest of my life; on one side he would have thought that he had a right on any future occasion to call me out of my retreat, the tories would probably have thought the same thing, my resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I foresaw that both would condemn me: on the other side, the consideration of his having kept measures with me, joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a point of honour, by which I should have been tied down, not only from ever engaging against him, but also from making my peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian knot asunder at one blow: he broke the links of that chain which former engagements had fastened on me, and gave me a right to esteem myself as free from all obligations of keeping measures with him; as I should have continued if I had never engaged in his interest.

It is not to be supposed that one so very delicate to preserve his honour, would previously have basely betrayed his employer: a man conscious of acting so infamous a part, would have undertaken no defence, but let the accusations, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the calm that was to succeed in tranquillity. He appeals to all the ministers with whom he transacted business, for the integrity of his proceedings, at that juncture; and had he been really guilty, when he opposed the ministry here after his return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his duplicity. The truth is, that he perhaps was the most disinterested minister at that time in the Pretender's court; as he had spent great sums of his own money in his service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing, in which case he believes that he was single. His integrity is much less impeachable on this occasion than his ambition; for all the steps he took may be fairly ascribed to his displeasure at having the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Mar treated more confidentially than himself. It was his aim always to be foremost in every administration, and he could not bear to act as a subaltern in so paltry a court as that of the Pretender.

At all periods of his exile, he still looked towards home with secret regret; and had even taken every opportunity to apply to those in power, either to soften his prosecutions, or lessen the number of his enemies at home. In accepting his office under the Pretender, he made it a condition to be at liberty to quit the post whenever he should think proper; and

being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his mind entirely towards making his peace in England, and employing all the unfortunate experience he had acquired to undeceive his tory friends, and to promote the union and quiet of his native country. It was not a little favourable to his hopes, that about this time, though unknown to him, the Earl of Stair, ambassador to the French court, had received full power to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender; but yet had never made him any proposals, which might be considered as the grossest outrage. But when the breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one Monsieur Saludin, a gentleman of Geneva, to Lord Bolingbroke, to communicate to him his Majesty King George's favourable disposition to grant him a pardon, and his own earnest desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an offer by much too advantageous for Bolingbroke in his wretched circumstances to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible sense of the king's goodness, and of the ambassador's friendship. They had frequent conferences shortly after upon the subject. The turn which the English ministry gave the matter, was to enter into a treaty to reverse his attainder, and to stipulate the conditions on which this act of grace should be granted him: but this method of negotiation he would by no means submit to; the notice of a treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that way to work. Accordingly he opened himself without any reserve to Lord Stair, and told him, that he looked upon himself obliged in honour and conscience to undeceive his friends in England, both as to the state of foreign affairs, as to the management of the Jacobite interest abroad, and as to the characters of the persons; in every one of which points he knew them to be most grossly and most dangerously deluded. He observed, that the treatment he had received from the Pretender and his adherents, would justify him to the world in doing this; that, if he remained in exile all his life, he might be assured that he would never have more to do with the Jacobite cause; and that, if he were restored, he would give it an effectual blow, in making that apology which the Pretender had put him under a necessity of making; that in doing this, he flattered himself that he should contribute something towards the establishment of the king's government, and to the union of his subjects. He added, that if the court thought him sincere in those professions, a treaty with him was unnecessary; and, if if they did not believe so, then a treaty would be dangerous to him. The Earl of Stair, who has also confirmed this account of Lord Bolingbroke's, in a letter to Mr. Craggs, readily came into his sentiments on this head, and soon after the King approved it upon their representations; he accordingly received a promise of pardon from George I who, on the 2d of July 1716, created his father Baron of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, and Viscount St. John. This seemed preparatory to his own restoration; and, instead of prosecuting any farther ambitious schemes against the

government, he rather began to turn his mind to philosophy; and since he could not gratify his ambition to its full extent, he endeavoured to learn the art of despising it. The variety of distressful events that had hitherto attended all his struggles, at last had thrown him into a state of reflection, and this produced, by way of relief, a *consolatio philosophica*, which he wrote the same year, under the titles of Reflections upon exile. In this peace in which he professes to imitate the manner of Seneca, he with some wit draws his own picture, and represents himself as suffering persecution, for having served his country with abilities and integrity. A state of exile thus incurred, he very justly shows to be rather honourable than distressful; and indeed there are few men who will deny, that the company of strangers to virtue, is better than the company of enemies to it. Besides this philosophical tract, he also wrote this year several letters, in answer to the charges laid upon him by the Pretender and his adherents; and the following year he drew up a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the tories, in the form of a letter to Sir William Windham.

Nor was he so entirely devoted to the fatigues of business, but that he gave pleasure a share in its pursuits. He had never much agreed with the lady he first married, and after a short cohabitation they separated, and lived ever after asunder. She therefore remained in England upon his going into exile, and by proper application to the throne, was allowed a sufficient maintenance to support her with becoming dignity: however, she did not long survive his first disgrace; and upon his becoming a widower he began to think of trying his fortune once more in a state which was at first so unfavourable. For this purpose he cast his eye on the widow of the Marquis of Villette, a niece to the famous Madam Maintenon; a young lady of great merit and understanding, possessed of a very large fortune, but encumbered with a long and troublesome lawsuit. In the company of this very sensible woman he passed his time in France, sometimes in the country, and sometimes at the capital, till the year 1723, in which, after the breaking up of the Parliament, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pardon as to his personal safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his family inheritance, his title, nor a seat in Parliament.

To obtain this favour had been the governing principle of his politics for some years before; and upon the first notice of his good fortune, he prepared to return to his native country, where, however, his dearest connexions were either dead, or declared themselves suspicious of his former conduct in support of their party. It is observable that Bishop Atterbury, who was banished at this time for a supposed treasonable correspondence in favour of the tories, was set on shore at Calais, just when Lord Bolingbroke arrived there on his return to England. So extraordinary a reverse of fortune could not fail of strongly affecting that good prelate, who observed with some emotion, that he perceived himself to be exchanged; he presently left it to his auditors to imagine, whether his country were the loser or the gainer by such an exchange.

Lord Bolingbroke, upon his return to his native country, began to make very vigorous applications for farther favours from the crown: his pardon, without the means of support, was but an empty, or perhaps it might be called a distressful act of kindness, as it brought him back among his former friends in a state of inferiority his pride could not endure. However, his applications were soon after successful, for in about two years after his return he obtained an act of Parliament to restore him to his family inheritance, which amounted to nearly three thousand pounds a-year. He was also enabled by the same to possess any purchase he should make of any other estate in the kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a seat of Lord Tankerville's, at Dawley, near Uxbridge in Middlesex, where he settled with his lady, and laid himself out to enjoy the rural pleasures in perfection, since the more glorious ones of ambition were denied him. With this resolution he began to improve his new purchase in a very peculiar style, giving it all the air of a country farm, and adorning even his hall with all the implements of husbandry. We have a sketch of his way of living in this retreat in a letter of Pope's to Swift, who omits no opportunity of representing his Lordship in the most amiable points of view. This letter is dated from Dawley, the country farm above-mentioned, and begins thus: "I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in the admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasure, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that this scheme of retreat is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from Bath, he finds all peccant humours are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that for one whole day we have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans, and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for two hundred pounds, to paint his country hall with rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm." What Pope here says of his engagements with a painter, was shortly after executed; the hall was painted accordingly in black crayons only, so that at first view it brought to mind the figures often seen scratched with charcoal, or the smoke of a candle, upon the kitchen walls of farm houses. The whole, however, produced a most striking effect,

and over the door at the entrance into it was this motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus*. His Lordship seemed to be extremely happy in his pursuit of moral tranquillity, and in the exultation of his heart, could not fail of communicating his satisfactions to his friend Swift. I am in my own farm, says he, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth, to use a gardener's phrase, and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again.

There is not, perhaps, a stronger instance in the world than his Lordship, that an ambitious mind can never be fairly subdued, but will still seek for those gratifications which retirement can never supply. All this time he was mistaken in his passion for solitude, and supposed that to be the child of philosophy, which was only the effect of spleen: it was in vain that he attempted to take root in the shade of obscurity; he was originally bred in the glare of public occupation, and he secretly once more wished for transplantation. He was only a titular Lord, he had not been thoroughly restored; and, as he was excluded from a seat in the House of Peers, he burned with impatience to play a part in that conspicuous theatre. Impelled by this desire, he could no longer be restrained in obscurity, but once more entered into the bustle of public business, and disavowing all obligations to the minister, he embarked in the opposition against him, in which he had several powerful coadjutors: but previously he had taken care to prefer a petition to the House of Commons, desiring to be reinstated in his former emoluments and capacities. This petition at first occasioned very warm debates: Walpole, who pretended to espouse his cause, alleged that it was very right to admit him to his inheritance; and when Lord William Pawlet moved for a clause to disqualify him from sitting in either house, Walpole rejected the motion, secretly satisfied with a resolution which had been settled in the cabinet, that he should never more be admitted into any share of power. To this artful method of evading his pretensions, Bolingbroke was no stranger; and he was now resolved to shake that power, which thus endeavoured to obstruct the increase of his own: Taking, therefore, his part in the opposition with Pulteney, while the latter engaged to manage the House of Commons, Bolingbroke undertook to enlighten the people. Accordingly, he soon distinguished himself by a multitude of pieces, written during the latter part of George the First's reign, and likewise the beginning of that which succeeded. — These were conceived with great vigour and boldness; and now, once more engaged in the service of his country, though disarmed, gagged, and almost bound, as he declared himself to be, yet he resolved not to abandon his cause, as long as he could depend on the firmness and integrity of those coadjutors, who did not labour under the same disadvantages with himself. His letters in a paper called the Craftsman, were particularly distinguished in this political contest; and though several of the most expert politicians of the times joined in this paper,

his essays were peculiarly relished by the public. However, it is the fate of things written to an occasion, seldom to survive that occasion: the Craftsman, though written with great spirit and sharpness, is now almost forgotten, although, when it was published as a weekly paper, it sold much more rapidly than even the Spectator. Beside this work he published several other separate pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the second edition of his works, and which were very popular in their day. This political warfare continued for ten years, during which time he laboured with great strength and perseverance, and drew up such a system of politics, as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But, as upon all other occasions, he had the mortification once more to see those friends desert him, upon whose assistance he most firmly relied, and all that web of fine-spun speculation actually destroyed at once, by the ignorance of some and the perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his patriotic frenzy; he fell out not only with Pulteney for his selfish views, but with his old friends the tories, for abandoning their cause as desperate; averring, that the faint and unsteady exercise of parts on one side, was a crime but one degree inferior to the iniquitous misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take leave of a controversy in which he had been so many years engaged, without giving a parting blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his vigour at once and where as the poet says,

Animam in vulnere posuit.

This inimitable piece is entitled, "A dissertation on Parties," and of all his masterly pieces it is in general esteemed the best.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost avidity, he resolved to take leave, not only of his enemies and friends, but even of his country; and in this resolution, in the year 1736, he once more retired to France, where he looked to his native country with a mixture of anger and pity, and upon his former professing friends with a share of contempt and indignation. I expect little, says he, from the principal actors that tread the stage at present. They are divided, not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, about measures: The true division is about their different ends. Whilst the minister was not hard pushed, nor the prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one end, the reformation of the government. The destruction of the minister was pursued only as a preliminary, but of essential and indisputable necessity, to that end; but when his destruction seemed to approach, the object of his succession interposed to the sight of many, and the reformation of the government was no longer their point of view. They had divided the skin, at least in their thought, before they had taken the beast. The common fear of hastening his downfall for others made them all faint in the chase. It was this, and this alone that saved him and put off his evil day.

Such were his cooler reflections, after he had laid down his political pen to employ it in a manner, that was much more agreeable to his usual professions, and his approaching age. He had long employed the few hours he could spare, on subjects of a more general and important nature to the interests of mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the alarms of party, he made no great proficiency in his design. Still, however, he kept it in view, and he makes frequent mention in his letters to Swift, of his intentions to give metaphysics a new and useful turn. I know, says he in one of these, how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine if you can like any, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others.

Having now arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, and being blessed with a very competent share of fortune, he returned into France far from the noise and hurry of party; for his seat at Dawley was too near to devote the rest of his life to retirement and study. Upon his going to that country, as it was generally known that disdain, vexation, and disappointment had driven him there, many of his friends as well as his enemies supposed that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the number who entertained this suspicion was Swift, whom Pope in one of his letters very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust opinion. "You should be cautious," says he, "of censuring any motion or action of Lord Bolingbroke, because you hear it only from a shallow, envious, and malicious reporter. What you writ to me about him, I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to another. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare litteris*."

This reproof from Pope was not more friendly than it was true: Lord Bolingbroke was too well acquainted with the forlorn state of that party, and the folly of its conductors, once more to embark in their desperate concerns. He now saw that he had gone as far towards reinstating himself in the full possession of his former honours, as the mere dint of parts and application could go, and was at length experimentally convinced, that the decree was absolutely irreversible, and the door of the House of Lords finally shut against him. He therefore, at Pope's suggestion, retired merely to be at leisure from the broils of opposition, for the calmer pleasures of philosophy. Thus the decline of his life, though less brilliant, became more amiable; and even his happiness was improved by age, which had rendered his passions more moderate, and his wishes more attainable.

But he was far from suffering, even in solitude, his hours to glide away in torpid inactivity. That active restless disposition still continued to

actuate his pursuits; and having lost the season for gaining power over his contemporaries, he was now resolved upon acquiring fame from posterity. He had not been long in his retreat near Fontainebleau, when he began a course of letters on the study and use of history, for the use of a young nobleman. In these he does not follow the methods of St. Real and others who have treated on this subject, who make history the great fountain of all knowledge; he very wisely confines its benefits, and supposes them rather to consist in deducing general maxims from particular facts, than in illustrating maxims by the applications of historical passages. In mentioning ecclesiastical history, he gives his opinion very freely upon the subject of the divine original of the sacred books, which he supposes to have no such foundation. This new system of thinking, which he had always propagated in conversation, and which he now began to adopt in his more laboured compositions, seemed no way supported either by his acuteness or his learning. He began to reflect seriously on these subjects too late in life, and to suppose those objections very new and unanswerable which had been already confuted by thousands. "Lord Bolingbroke," says Pope, in one of his letters, "is above trifling; when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal. If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns divine."

In the mean time, as it was evident that a man of his active ambition, in choosing retirement when no longer able to lead in public, must be liable to ridicule in resuming a resigned philosophical air, in order to obviate the censure, he addressed a letter to Lord Bathurst upon the true use of retirement and study; in which he shows himself still able and willing to undertake the cause of his country, whenever its distresses should require his exertion. I have, says he, renounced neither my country, nor my friends; and by friends, I mean all those, and those alone, who are such to their country. In their prosperity they shall never hear of me; in their distress always. In that retreat wherein the remainder of my days shall be spent, I may be of some use to them, since even thence I may advise, exhort, and warn them. But upon this pursuit only, and having now exchanged the gay statesman for the grave philosopher, he shone forth with distinguished lustre. His conversation took a different turn from what had been usual with him; and as we are assured by Lord Orrery, who knew him, it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace.

Yet still amid his resolutions to turn himself from politics, and to give himself up entirely to the calls of philosophy, he could not resist embarking once more in the debates of his country; and coming back from France, settled at Battersea, an old seat which was his father's, and had been long in the possession of the family. He supposed he saw an impending calamity, and though it was not in his power to remove, he thought it his duty to retard its fall. To redeem or save the nation from perdition,

he thought impossible, since national corruptions were to be purged by national calamities; but he was resolved to lend his feeble assistance to stem the torrent that was pouring in. With this spirit he wrote that excellent piece, which is entitled, "The Idea of a Patriot King"; in which he describes a monarch uninfluenced by party, leaning to the suggestions neither of whigs nor tories, but equally the friend and the father of all. Some time after, in the year 1749, after the conclusion of the peace two years before, the measures taken by the administration seemed not to have been repugnant to his notions of political prudence for that juncture: in that year he wrote his last production, containing reflections on the then state of the nation, principally with regard to her taxes and debts, and on the causes and consequences of them. This undertaking was left unfinished, for death snatched the pen from the hand of the writer.

Having passed the latter part of his life in dignity and splendour, his rational faculties improved by reflection, and his ambition kept under by disappointment, his whole aim seemed to have been to leave the stage of life, on which he had acted such various parts, with applause. He had long wished to fetch his last breath at Battersea, the place where he was born; and fortune, that had through life seemed to traverse all his aims, at last indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a cancer in his cheek, by which excruciating disease he died on the verge of fourscore years of age. He was consonant with himself to the last; and those principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying breath, having given orders that none of the clergy should be permitted to trouble him in his latest moments.

His body was interred in Battersea church with those of his ancestors; and a marble monument erected to his memory, with the following excellent inscription:

Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN,
in the reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of War, Secretary of State,
and Viscount Bolingbroke:
in the days of King George I. and
King George II.
something more and better
His attachment to Queen Anne
exposed him to a long and severe persecution;
he bore it with firmness of mind;
he passed the latter part of his time at home,
the enemy of no national party,
the friend of no faction;
distinguished (under the cloud of a proscription,

which had not been entirely taken off)
by zeal to maintain the liberty,
and to restore the ancient prosperity,
of Great Britain.
He died the 12th of December, 1751,
aged 79.

In this manner lived and died Lord Bolingbroke, ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather properer for our wonder than our imitation, more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires; but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition, as great abilities, and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful; but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician, actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities: unwilling to submit to any in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the fields of science with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think every thing wrong, that he might show his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet, as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory, as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom in morals, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to the heap than the thousands that have gone before him. Such innovations more frequently retard than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader, by having the gloss of novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite, only because they are true. Such men are, therefore, followed at first with avidity, nor is it till some time that their disciples begin to find their error. They often, though too late, perceive that they have been following a speculative inquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good: and while they have been practising the arts of doubting, they have been losing all firmness of principle, which might tend to establish the rectitude of their private conduct. As a moralist, therefore, Lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing; but as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative

illusions, which are the result of solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the times in which they were written, they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose providence I am cheerfully resigned: This is the Last Will and Testament of me, Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne, and by her grace and favour Viscount Bolingbroke. After more than thirty years' proscription, and after the immense losses I have sustained by unexpected events in the course of it; by the injustice and treachery of persons nearest to me; by the negligence of friends, and by the infidelity of servants; As my fortune is so reduced at this time, that it is impossible for me to make such disposition, and to give such ample legacies as I always intended, I content therefore to give as follows:

My debts, and the expenses of my burial in a decent and private manner at Battersea, in the vault where my last wife lies, being first paid, I give to William Chetwynd of Stafford, Esq., and Joseph Taylor, of the Inner-Temple, London, Esq., my two assured friends, each of them one hundred guineas, to be laid out by them, as to each of them shall seem best, in some memorial, as the legacy of their departed friend; and I constitute them executors of this my will. The diamond ring which I wear upon my finger, I give to my old and long approved friend, the Marquis of Matignon, and after his decease, to his son, the Count de Gace, that I may be kept in the remembrance of a family whom I love and honour above all others.

Item, I give to my said executors the sum of four hundred pounds in trust, to place out the same in some of the public funds, or government securities, or any other securities, as they shall think proper, and to pay the interest or income thereof to Francis Arboneau, my valet-de-chambre, and Ann his wife, and the survivor of them; and after the decease of the survivor of them, if their son John Arboneau shall be living, and under the age of eighteen years, to pay the said interest or income to him, until he shall attain his said age, and then to pay the principal money, or assign the securities for the same, to him; but if he shall not be living at the decease of his father and mother, or shall afterwards die before his said age of eighteen years, in either of the said cases the said principal sum of four hundred pounds, and the securities for the same, shall sink into my personal estate, and be accounted part thereof.

Item, I give to my two servants, Marianne Tribon, and Remi Charnet, commonly called Picard, each one hundred pounds; and to every other servant living with me at the time of my decease, and who shall have lived with me two years or longer, I give one year's wages more than what shall be due to them at my death.

And whereas I am the author of the several books or tracts following, viz.

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to Caleb Danvers, Esq.

The Occasional Writer. Numb. 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilick.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

All which books or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or re-printing any of the said books, or tracts, or letters: Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Putney, in the county of Surry, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, tracts, or letters, and the liberty of re-printing the same. I also give to the said David Mallet the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said David Mallet, all the books which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

All the rest and residue of my personal estate, whatsoever and whereso-ever, I give to my said executors; and hereby revoking all former wills, I declare this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal the twenty-second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one.

HENRY SAINT JOHN BOLINGBROKE.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of

OLIVER PRICE.
THOMAS HALL.

Proved at London the fifth day of March 1752, before the worshipful Robert Chapman, doctor of laws and surrogate, by the oaths of William Chetwynd and Joseph Taylor, Esquires, the executors named in the will to whom administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer.

March, 1752. William Legard, Peter St. Eloy, Henry Stevens, } Deputy Registers.

In Dr. Matty's Life of Lord Chesterfield, he mentions that he had seen Lord Bolingbroke for several months labouring under a cruel, and to appearance incurable disorder. A cancerous humour in his face made a daily progress; and the empirical treatment he submitted to not only hastened his end, but also exposed him to the most excruciating pain. He saw him, for the last time, the day before his tortures began. Though the unhappy patient, as well as his friend, did then expect that he should recover, and accordingly desired him not to come again till his cure was completed, yet he still took leave of him in a manner which showed how much he was affected. He embraced the Earl with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter, and he knows best what do do. May he bless you." And in a letter from Chesterfield to a lady of rank at Paris, he says, "I frequently see our friend Bolingbroke, but I see him with great concern. A humour he has long had in his cheek proves to be cancerous, and has made an alarming progress of late. Hitherto it is not attended with pain, which is all he wishes, for as to the rest he is resigned. Truly, a mind like his, so far superior to the generality, would have well deserved that nature should have made an effort in his favour as to the body, and given him an uncommon share of health and duration."

The last scene is thus lamented, in a letter to the same lady: — "Are you not greatly shocked, but I am sure you are, at the dreadful death of our friend Bolingbroke? The remedy has hastened his death, against which there was no remedy, for his cancer was not topical, but universal, and had so infected the whole mass of his blood, as to be incurable. What I most lament is, that medicines put him to exquisite pain; an evil I dread much more than death, both for my friends and myself. I lose a warm, an amiable, and instructive friend. I saw him a fortnight before his death, when he depended upon a cure, and so did I; and he desired I would not come any more till he was quite well, which he expected would be in ten or twelve days. The next day the great pains came on, and never left him till within two days of his death, during which he lay insensible. What a man! what extensive knowledge! what a memory! what eloquence! His passions, which were strong, were injurious to the delicacy of his sentiments; they were apt to be confounded together, and often wilfully. The world will do him more justice now than in his lifetime."

Nineteenth Century Europe and the United States

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

1769–1821

By GEORGE BRANDES[1] (1842–1925)

IT IS now a hundred years since, with the campaign in France in 1814 and the battle of Waterloo in 1815, the Napoleonic period closed. The present war which engages the activities of three-quarters of the world and affects the destinies of the whole human race is, in the extent of territory involved, not unlike the wars of Napoleon, yet differing in high degree from them, not only in the immense masses of soldiery employed, but in the development of means of communication brought about since that time. Napoleon conducted warfare as had Alexander the Great more than two thousand years before, with infantry, with cavalry, with baggage trains upon the highways, and with ships at sea. If he desired a report for his representative at St. Petersburg, he was obliged to send his message by a courier on horseback, who returned six weeks later with the reply. His battles were fought in a day, at the most in two days. His campaigns were correspondingly short.

His whole reign was brief. He was consul a little over four years and as emperor he ruled in all ten years. Seldom has such a short period in history been so productive of activity and achievements, and so memorable.

I

The first time that Napoleon felt his plans sharply thwarted by circumstances was when he received the news of Dupont's capitulation of Baylen in 1808. From that time on, the unfailing good fortune which had borne him victoriously over all obstacles began deserting him.

Yet even as late as the beginning of October, 1812, Napoleon at Mos-

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cow stood forth as the master of the European continent. His own personal fortunes had not yet suffered a reverse. He was forty-three years old, the emperor of France and the king of Italy. He had married an emperor's daughter and had an heir to his throne. His empire stretched from the coast of Holland to the Ionic isles, from Dantzic to the southernmost tip of Italy. He reigned as absolute monarch over a hundred million people. But on the 19th of October he began the retreat from Moscow, and in 1912 the centenary of this famous retreat was celebrated throughout Russia with great festivities, as if in commemoration of a great triumph of the Russian people. However, it can scarcely be doubted that had it been Napoleon's fortune to have established a foothold in Russia it would have been a blessing to the people of that country. The Russian serfs would then have been liberated a half century before they were. The religious liberties which the czar in his fear proclaimed in 1905 would have been a reality in 1812, and without doubt the Russian people would have been led into ways of freedom and prosperity such as have since been opened to the people of France.

But the collapse of the Russian Campaign gave the final blow to Napoleon's power. Within a year and a half after he entered Moscow his domain was restricted to the isle of Elba. A year after this he was a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena. The structure of power he had built up crumbled like a house of cards.

Nevertheless, his constructive achievements within the limits of France itself have remained standing to this day, for Napoleon was not only the heir of the Revolution, but the builder of its spirit into law. He did not bring about the great movement; this must be credited to the thinkers of the eighteenth century; but he made its fruits secure. He cast the glowing ore of the Revolution into forms of law and it became hard as shining bronze and impervious to attack. When the imperial power slipped from his hands he left behind him — as did Rome of old when its world dominion was lost — his code, which in large part, survives today.

The third French republic has undertaken the difficult task of transforming this code to meet new conditions; for instance, has replaced the Concordat with the Catholic Church with a separation of church and state, a great task rather clumsily executed, and which has not yet resulted in great good, but has rather had the effect of dividing the French people into two hostile camps.

Scarcely less distinct are the traces of Napoleon's influence seen outside of France where it has made obsolete old forms of government and justice.

II.

In his first scene in "Faust" Goethe has coined the word "superman." It is a scornful designation of Faust.

In his days of supreme power Napoleon appeared indeed to be a superman.

In the course of the wars waged against him he came to be considered and pictured as a sort of "non-man," a being without human attributes. In the caricatures of the time, and particularly the English, he is frequently represented as the Devil himself, or with the Devil pointing toward him and saying: "This is my only begotten son in whom I am well pleased." Grundtvig, in 1814, published an old prophecy which pictured Napoleon as "the great Anti-Christ, or the final adversary." Since that time we have come to understand the human side of him.

After his fall every good attribute was denied him. He was simply a tyrant, an unparalleled butcher, a destroyer of human life on a great scale. And this is undeniable; 1,700,000 Frenchmen and 2,000,000 of other lands fell in the wars of the empire from 1804 to 1814.

It was asserted unqualifiedly that he was thoroughly false; that he lied in his bulletins, as set forth by a famous commentator; that he appropriated to himself the honors for victories won by his generals, for Augereau's exploit at Arcole; for Desaix's victory at Marengo, in spite of the fact that in this very bulletin he speaks of Desaix almost as Achilles did of Patroclus. He was charged with taking to himself the credit for the work of his jurists, that the Code Napoleon was the work of Portalis, forgetting the fact that Napoleon had himself driven these jurists almost to the point of weariness. He was charged with having dealt in great falsehoods in writing his memoirs at St. Helena; that his whole make-up was humbug. In Alfred de Vigny's famous story "Stello" the captive emperor is alternately presented as comedian and tragedian. It was reported that he made a study of tones and attitudes under the renowned Talma, when more certainly Talma impersonates him.

Even the military talent was denied him. In Chateaubriand's pamphlet, "Buonaparte and the Bourbons" Napoleon is pictured as an incapable general, who simply permitted his troops to take the offensive, who won victories, but entirely through the valor of his soldiers, and independent of his leadership. Thus Chateaubriand says: "What was there about this foreigner by which he could so delude the people of France? His gifts for warfare? Even of this claim he has now been stripped. Without doubt he has won many great battles. But aside from that, the more obscure general is more capable than he. People have deluded themselves with the idea that he has developed and perfected the art of war, when in truth he has carried it back to its beginning." (This passage has been incorporated by Flaubert in his collection relating to notable blockheads.)

Rumor had it that Napoleon was personally a coward. Chateaubriand, for instance, in *Mémoires d'Outretombe*, pictures his anxiety during his journey through France after his abdication at Fontainebleau, when he borrowed the uniform of an Austrian colonel, a Prussian helmet and a Russian cape. He trembled and changed colors at the least stir. But the

populace was then bent on tearing him to pieces. What wonder, then, that he who had often preserved the composure of a statue amid a rain of bullets should fear such a death!

In the German lampoons of the period of 1813–1814 he is uniformly designated as "coward," and every little German province, even Hessen-Darmstadt, took to itself the credit for his overthrow. In a Darmstadt soldier-song of the time I have found this passage:

Napoleon, du Schustergesell'!
Kujon, was läufest du so schnell?
Hättest du mit Darmstadt Frieden gemacht,
Du hättest es wahrlich weiter gebracht.

Even in France it was repeatedly asserted that in reality he was not French at all, but Italian, an alien. His name was Buonaparte. He lied, they declared in claiming he was born after the conquest of Corsica (1769); that he was a year older, hence born before the annexation of Corsica to France, and that he had permitted the official records at Ajaccio, containing the entry of his birth, to be falsified.

This assertion was untrue, although one may still hear it made by intelligent men in France. I have myself investigated these records and am convinced that their falsification would have been impossible. Carelessness in the spelling of surnames was at that time so great that "Bonaparte" is spelled differently, with and without "u," the two times in which the name, with a few intervening lines, occurs.

It is an article of faith in Germany that Napoleon was a liar. Certain it is that he, who was a politician, and, like the majority of politicians, without scruples, employed falsehood where it served his purposes. He was, moreover, a soldier, and as a Corsican had grown up in the belief that stratagem in warfare was as honorable as open conflict. Yet the care which he required of his subordinates in the use of deceit was shown in the sharp letter he sent the Count of Rovigo after the glorious victory at Montmirail and Vauxchamps in 1814, saying:

You must have lost your head in Paris since you have permitted it to go out that we here battled one against three, when I have proclaimed that I have 300,000 men, which the enemy believed, and which I must now reiterate to my disgust. In this way you destroy with a stroke of the pen all the good results of our victory. You should understand that an empty honor avails nothing, and that one of the first principles in war is to exaggerate your strength. But how can this be made clear to a poet who thinks only of flattering me and pleasing the national vanity.

Here also he lies from a sense of duty, foregoing the glory which a statement of the true facts would have brought him.

It is not necessary at this time to call attention to the violent and

obstinate in Napoleon's character, his power to win men and make them the agency of his causes. Again and again his crimes were pointed out, the terrible official murder of the Duke of Enghien, which he — even before he became emperor in 1804 — permitted, in order to terrify those opposing his royal ambitions; the like official murder of the book-dealer, Palm of Nuremberg in 1806, for publishing a book dealing with the downfall of Germany and the bad conduct of the French troops in Bavaria at the time; as also the execution, in 1810, of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean hero of liberty, over whom the weak emperor of Austria failed to extend a protecting hand.

The two last-named executions have been justified under the barbaric morals of warfare then prevailing, which also still prevail, and in even more deplorable form. The first one would appear to be unjustifiable, yet it may be noted that no less a personage than Goethe has defended it; yes, has even claimed that it required no defense. In a conversation which Goethe led at Wolzogen's table at Weimar, in October, 1808, he declared that the greatness and shrewdness of Napoleon was best revealed in the fact that he never lost sight of his goal. Other leaders indulged their sympathies or antipathies; but Napoleon never permitted himself to champion or oppose anything unless it tended to promote or retard his progress toward his goal. Whatever stood in his way was struck down. To Goethe it seemed entirely proper that Napoleon should permit a claimant to the throne like d'Enghien, or an agitator like Palm, to be shot in order that once for all examples might be made of them for terrifying the public, which everywhere disturbs the purposes of genius. And Goethe concludes (according to Falk's account): "Under trying circumstances, he contends with a corrupt century, among a corrupt people. Let us esteem him fortunate, both him and Europe, that with his mighty world projects he has not himself been corrupted."

Napoleon was considered, in 1815, by princes and peoples alike, as an absolute menace to the peace of Europe as long as he was free. Therefore, his imprisonment seemed justified, although there were few parallels then, as there are few now, for treating a captive monarch — particularly one who had surrendered of his own free will after losing a battle and abdicating his throne — as a criminal and not only holding him captive until peace had been declared but in lifelong imprisonment. The few faint parallels were those of Mary Stuart, who also relied upon an English government's magnanimity; and her husband Bothwell, who placed his faith in a Danish government's neutrality and magnanimity. We are accustomed to advise against building upon sand. Yet frequently this results in good; we have libeled the sand. It is upon magnanimity that we should never build.

III

In France, as outside of France, a great reaction set in against the July revolution, in France through Henri Beyle, through Victor Hugo (in his "Songs of Eastern Lands and Twilight Songs"); through Armand Carrel's articles; through Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire" — unphilosophic, yet clear and greatly conceived — and finally in the songs of Beranger, among the pearls of which is *Les Souveniers du Peuple*, in which the story of the emperor is told through the lips of an old peasant woman. Here, with the eager exclamation: "And did he once speak to you, grandmother; did he speak to you?" he is presented as the beloved legendary hero, with his small three-cornered hat and his long gray coat.

Corresponding to this in Germany was Heinrich Heine's verse and prose, later Laube's and others. In the English-speaking world Napoleon did not have any admirers until late, although now he has many. Also, since he was the foe of England, he now has as many in Germany.

So great was the reaction of public sentiment in the Napoleonic revival during the reign of Louis Philippe that the government felt constrained to have Napoleon's body brought back from St. Helena by the king's own son, and his sarcophagus deposited under the dome of the Invalides.

Outside of France the deification of his memory was most strikingly exemplified by the Polish poets. To them, about 1830, Napoleon appeared as a supernatural being; an enigma which foiled all attempts at its solution. He had again awakened the natural conscience which had slumbered since the eighteenth century disasters. No mere human agencies, they felt, could overcome him, none except His Excellency General Frost and His Excellency General Hunger, in Russia. In the eyes of Mickiewicz and Krasinski, he becomes a demigod, a Messiah. His mission was to liberate the peoples; and in viewing St. Helena as a sort of second Golgatha, a ray from the passion of Christ is cast over Napoleon's captivity and death.

IV

In our own day the human side of Napoleon's make-up has been studied in an unfriendly spirit during the period of Napoleon III, when his foes sought to strike the nephew through the uncle, but in an unpartisan manner since. The "un-man" and the "super-man" have finally blended into a sort of demoniac figure whose origin makes clearer its outstanding attributes.

Napoleon was in origin a full-blooded Italian. In his early years the conquest of Corsica wakened in him a consuming hatred and bitterness toward the French. Although born a French subject, in character he was not French; he was late in learning to use the language like a native, and never learned to write French correctly, as revealed in his dictations. He

had a noble Roman cast of character, of pure transparency, with no gleam of French *esprit.*

His mother was a Cornelia, no French dame of the 18th century. There was in him an antique Roman element (his head reminds one of Augustus) and a far more pronounced Italian renaissance element. His family stock was Florentine; and he had certain elements in common with the Condottiere of the 15th century, a consuming energy, and from the beginning a relative indifference toward the cause he served if thereby he mainly served himself. Like warriors of other times, he had a stubborn will, unbending resolution, the faculty to seize the occasion and form a new resolution, when an earlier was found to appear impracticable. He never lost sight of his goal and he had the conspicuous political instinct of the Italian, the instinct for advantage and the means of shifting the political viewpoint so strikingly revealed in Machiavelli, in Giulio II, and in Mazarin (Giulio Mazarini). As one reads of his political negotiations with Alexander I, one sees, as it were, Italian finesse matched against Byzantian shiftiness and cunning.

In his union of the practical with an exalted fantasy, Napoleon resembles the great figures of the Italian renaissance. French genius has a modicum of simple sound sense, clear, but devoid of fancy. It finds its most conspicuous embodiment in Montaigne (half Jewish), in La Fontaine and Molière. The most purely French genius is marked by taste and tact; it is discriminating, as in Racine or Voltaire, or verbose as in Hugo. Bonaparte is genuine, not verbal, ardent, not discriminating. Of his taste not much can be said, but of his creative fantasy a great deal, and, like Michael Angelo, he was formed on colossal and grandiose lines.

While living at Cararra, in 1505, Michael Angelo discerned a cliff which seemed to dominate the shore. A fancy he had long indulged then seized him, to transform the whole cliff into a mighty heroic countenance. This corresponds to Napoleon's plan, in 1808, to lay the foundation for world dominion by attacking England from three directions at once, by way of Suez, from central Asia and by way of the cape. To this end fleets were to be fitted out in Brest, in the Loire, in Toulon, in Spezzia, in Genoa, in Vlissingen, in Boulogne, in Dunkirk, Havre, Cherbourg, Rochefort, Bordeaux, Ferrol, Lisbon and Carthagena. The squadron from Toulon was to carry 20,000 men for the reconquest of Egypt; the fleet from Brest and the Loire was to land 18,000 men in India. The French-Russian army was to proceed directly to the Euphrates valley after dividing Turkey between France and Russia on its way. Plans for this great stroke were already under way when the revolution in Spain compelled Napoleon to postpone its execution.

With the bent in Napoleon's genius which is related to poetry and art — he not infrequently called himself an artist — he was more Italian than French. His genius has that mathematical structure which underlies

Dante's "Divina Commedia," with its strong symmetrical architecture, and has also the gigantic conception so early shown in Michael Angelo, who nevertheless could picture the little David in his conflict with Goliath.

When Bonaparte, in spite of his Italian blood, had attained to sovereignty over France, a new instance was given of the peculiar law by virtue of which those who have risen to high influence in a country are frequently of foreign birth.

V

Napoleon's personality cannot be understood without a consideration of the circumstances which made its development possible. There are three factors; Corsica, the French Revolution, and the French army. The powers which were to come to full fruition in him had long been accumulating in secret in the island of his birth, the unbridled energy of ancient and medieval ages, which in later times has been absent in Italian politics and government, was preserved in the lonely and wild Island of Corsica. The form which this energy took among his countrymen then was that of the blood feud, and more commonly banditry, while in Bonaparte it became ambition, desire for power. In Iceland, which furnishes a mild parallel, this heathen energy disappeared much quicker and no great man marks the newer time. In Corsica this energy became personified.

This desire for power found soil where it could strike deep roots and grow to the greatest heighths, when the French revolution, towards the end of the 18th century, had swept away all the old moorings of society and then with great enthusiasm had established a new order which was later followed by complete lawlessness. No one was any longer secure in life or property, and justice was the stock in trade of the political dilettante. One of Bonaparte's first political experiences was in the suppression of the Revolution of 1795. Under his directory France was no longer revolutionary but was revolutionized. A general disorder prevailed, with highway robbery as a marked feature. France longed for a man of power, an organizer.

A mass of prohibitory decrees and enactments were in force in 1798. Relatives of emigrants and former members of the nobility were shut out from the suffrage. The spokesmen of parliament were revolutionists voicing the temper of the government. The people in the provinces were helpless; if anyone absented himself for a fixed time from his local commune his name was placed upon the emigrant list. The press was muzzled. The owners and editors of thirty-five newspapers were deported and all newspapers were under political censorship. Religious worship was free on paper, but any priest could be deported forthwith. Freedom of assembly was likewise found only on paper, while freedom of person was, in effect, abolished, since anyone was liable to arrest at any time. The former members of the nobility who remained upon their estates were not only sub-

jected to plunder by tax collectors, but to abuses without number. So hostile was the government to the church, that the decree that the peasants could not dance on Sunday was revoked. Naturally the instinct for freedom turned toward revolution.

On the other side, there was no longer any ruling class in society but unbounded possibilities for advancement step by step. This situation with all its teeming possibilities France offered to Napoleon and thus made possible his elevation and his historical significance.

Next to Corsica and the Revolution as factors in Napoleon's development, comes the fact that he was of military bent and a military genius. While the civil order had fallen apart and the earlier restraints of society were shattered, there was still unity in the army, still discipline, efficiency and respect. The spirit of revolution had permeated the army with its enthusiasm and with its evils, yet no one dared suggest the destruction of the army, particularly since from the first it had been victorious. The military spirit became one of the forms of the revolutionary spirit.

The motto of the Revolution had been "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" Liberty did not permit of equality; equality did not comprehend liberty, since equality can only be brought about by force. Of fraternity there was little, except in the army.

VI

When France, after 1799, accepted Bonaparte as a dictator, although a ten-year revolution had been waged in order to throw off the yoke of tyranny, it became apparent that of the two slogans, "liberty" and "equality," under which the revolution had been accomplished, equality was considered much more precious than liberty. It is possible to criticise Bonaparte for not having made liberty secure, but he cannot be said to have destroyed it, for it was not to be found. The Jacobins had deified the word and destroyed the thing.[1] Bonaparte held as an unassailable principle the right of everyone to rise to the highest possible place, if he were industrious and courageous. He did more than recognize equality; he honored it. He made the name dear to Frenchmen and by employing the plebiscite three times he established the revolutionary principles of the sovereignty of the people.

Even before his time the privileges of birth and wealth had been abolished, yet he extended none to the Jacobins. Napoleon protected the persecuted emigrants and their relatives, the nobility, the converts from the old order, and appointed them, as well as the republicans, to whatever positions they could fill. In this way he mollified the conservatives.

But he also made secure the new property rights for the benefit of citizen and peasant which had been wrung from them by the church and the nobility. Those who had established the Republic and survived the Revolution usually enjoyed the fruits of their works and deeds. Napoleon

gave them this satisfaction. In this way he satisfied the revolutionists. The new freedom supplanting the old, which had never really been established, was now brought into being. All avenues were open for industry, the right of birth, courage, enterprise, talent, genius were free to expand.

To Europe's kaisers, kings and princesses the Revolution was naturally a thing of terror, they dreamed only of restoring the old order in France, in order that such an upheaval should not smite Europe and spread to all their lands. Napoleon secured the practises of the new time, the abolition of caste and privilege, separation of church and state, the rights of men and the new economic order against the opposition of Europe which formed one coalition after another against him.

What is more, wherever his campaign led him he took with him the spirit of the new time. He put an end to the Inquisition in Spain; he brought human rights to the Jews of Germany. He established the Code Napoleon with its liberal principles in the Rhine provinces, and in Russian Poland where despite all vicissitudes it still exists. In this manner did the man who subdued the revolution at home extend the principles of the revolution in all directions abroad.

When he had been elevated to power France expected two things of him, peace within and peace with the outside world. He did not bring about either.

He regarded a political peace with fear, yet was solicitous about preserving its form. He never condemned it, and in the end gave it approval with "*L'Acte Additionel*," in 1815.

Nor did he bring about peace with his neighbors. The policy of England, which again and again inflamed Europe against him, and his own strenuous temperament, precluded this. Yet he has the great distinction of having established tranquillity in France. He fused the people together again who had been divided by factions, and reëstablished the national unity. The respect for law and order had been lost; he brought it back to the French people. He could not establish quiet at home by permitting license. Only by the exercise of strong authority could he do so. Therefore, although he directed his army to wear mourning at the death of Washington, he could not himself be a Washington. Nor could he be a Cæsar, although frequently called one. He lacked the superb abandon of Cæsar and revealed none of Cæsar's grace and elegance. He became Napoleon, a new type, alone of his kind.

VII

With decisive energy Napoleon suppressed all opposition which sprang up against him. He unified France. He promoted equality. He made secure the fruits of the revolution's economic upheaval and extended its ideas throughout Europe.

By what faculties? By an intuition for grasping the real, the concrete, the kernel of the thing, which comes like a flash to decisive natures.

He had primarily the instinct of the artilleryman. He recognized the importance of having the greatest strength at the decisive point and at the decisive moment.

He comes as an obscure young officer to Toulon, a city then hostile to the revolution and protected against the French army by an English fleet. He sees at a glance that the high point L'Eguillette is the key to the capture of the city, as it commands the larger and smaller roadsteads of the city. He asks the authority to take it. The attempt is made by the eager lieutenant and but 300 men. It fails and the English then drag a whole park of artillery to its top. Nevertheless, he asks permission to attempt it again, and succeeds.

This achievement reveals his genius as a commander. He showed the same penetration as lawgiver, as administrator, and in his dealings with men, the ability to pierce to the heart of things. For a long time he was able to overcome all obstacles through this capacity for grasping essentials (which first failed him when unparalleled prosperity turned his head) through the astonishing comprehension and alertness of his mind, his capacity for prompt judgment and conclusions.

As first consul he had in his offices in the Tuileries, which was a laboratory, as it were, with workshop and tools, a bookcase marked "*Etats de Situation*" (material on the military and financial situation at the time). There were found bundles of documents, account books and appointment schedules. Admirers who have sought to convey an idea of his extraordinary powers have asserted that he also carried all this material in his head. It was from these books that the spy Michel for ten years sent information to Russia, a discovery not made until 1812.

There was in Napoleon's mind, as Taine had said, three stores of supervisory intelligence. Each consisted, it might be said, of a thick mental ledger which always was kept *a jour*.

The first collection was military and included a great atlas, of a topographical character, with the dispositions of all armies and fleets and the possibilities of their transformation and employment at the time — regiments, batteries, ships of the line and frigates, clothing, supply stations and their contents, horses, wagons, weapons and food.

The next grouping related to civil and financial matters at the moment, all the routine as well as the unusual receipts and expenditures, the taxes in France, war levies on other countries, the national debt, loans and bonds, public works, and all the train of public officials, senators, deputies, ministers and judges.

The third mental collection was a great encyclopedia, as it were, containing the conditions of life and the characteristics of each of the peoples over which he ruled, or against which he was making war; every class or group and every prominent man among the thousands upon thousands that he knew, was duly entered and labeled.

In 1812 he ruled personally 70,000 square miles, the greater part of Europe, and had the whole with all its details as to conditions and administration in hand. His unparalleled correspondence is evidence of this fact. In the thirty-two folios of his letters published under direction of Napoleon III, none is included the publication of which might be regarded as impolitic.

Among the hundreds of instances revealing his grasp of details in all things may be cited one: Following reports of many disorders, he sent an officer to Belgium to investigate the military situation there. The officer returned and reported. Napoleon quickly handed him back the report, with the words: "It is short two cannon in Ostend," which it really was.

In 1812, he issued, while at Moscow, the regulations for *Le Théâtre Français*, which, in all essential particulars, govern today, with rules as to the duties and parts of actors, the division of rôles, under what conditions entrances shall be made, how receipts shall be divided, and how profits shall be ordered. Only recently has this imperial authority, represented by a commission, been substituted by state authority, represented by an administrator.

He had postponed signing the decree. Yet he sat there in Moscow, threatened by winter and the Russians, soon to be encompassed by flames from the burning city, and had the imperturbability and the appreciation of the artistic to sign under such circumstances, a decree for the regulation of theatres.

VIII

His character was not of as high an order as his genius. The love of self which went with his genius, the greed for power, which was his underlying weakness, led him at times into wrong, into unwise steps.

Three periods can be recognized in his history. In the first, his own interests and those of France fall together. The expedition to Egypt, which resulted in the loss of the fleet, was undertaken chiefly for his own interest, even though France could not well spare the fleet; but it was directed against England, and therefore justified. As the young general, and in the beginning of the consulate, he was a shining figure — the hope of France. The second period is that in which his own interest and those of France do not always harmonize.

The unfortunate expedition to Russia did not spring from Napoleon's weakness for power, but from the faithlessness of Alexander I, who always entertained a curious doubt as to Napoleon's attitude toward him, and his ingrained prejudice against a "usurper," of whose friendship he had recently been so proud. The interests of his dynasty, and the welfare of the French people — two highly different things, which, of course, sometimes were united — became one and the same thing in Napoleon's campaigns from 1808 to 1813. Then comes the last period, in which his

interests and those of France are again one, the years 1814 and 1815, when he is simply the over-general of France.

It is when he enjoyed complete power and unfailing good fortune that the unattractive sides of his nature are revealed, the purely despotic, the desire to suppress, and the opposition to liberty.

He becomes transformed when he changes from the conqueror to the defender, from the sacrificer to the sacrificed. And in this latest period, as indeed from the beginning, he was the chieftain of his people, more particularly so at this time.

The election of 1799, for instance, was in reality not a free expression of the people, but the voice of the army. In 1814, on his return from Elba, when he again appears, defeated, exiled, empty-handed, he becomes the real idol of the people. It cannot be truthfully said that only his situation had changed; essentially he was the same. Napoleon is no exception to the rule that one's nature changes with his circumstances.

IX

Bonaparte cut a sorry figure the 18th Brumaire. His brother Lucien redeemed the situation. A *coup d'etat* is not brought about without intrigue, deceit and violence. Yet I consider (Victor Hugo and many others to the contrary notwithstanding) that this *coup* was not in itself an outrage; the contemptible parliament of the time deserved nothing better than to be destroyed by the military, even if it had a legal standing.

Bonaparte on the 18th Brumaire could have had no other plan than that of seizing power in France, even if, as a young general in Italy, — and even more so while at St. Jean d'Acre, — he had dreamed of establishing an empire in the Orient. However, Bernard Shaw's presentation of him in "The Man of Destiny," — in which he permits himself to be bullied by his lieutenant, have his nose tweaked by an Irish woman spy, and have his dreams of world conquest thus dissipated, — is nothing but silly caricature, in which every line is false.

Bonaparte had attained to power and it intoxicated him. He who had grown up silent and moody, foreign and disliked by his French associates, revealed a personality, an overwhelming brilliancy such as had scarcely been shown in another in like degree since ancient times. Men marvelled at him, loved him, worshipped him. His name eclipsed all other names.

It began with the army. Here was reflected that brilliancy which radiates from one who always sees correctly, acts correctly, and therefore conquers — not by chance, but by sheer force of genius.

One evening, after a great victory, his subordinate officers and members of his guard affectionately gave him, their chieftain, the designation of a subordinate, applying to him the familiar title of "The Little Corporal." He was small of stature. The title expressed a tender devotion. Yes, men were ready to die for him. Even ten years later soldiers when mortally

wounded would withstand the coming of death long enough to cry, "Long live the Emperor!" Thus in the beginning of the Russian campaign the Polish cavalry, instead of seeking a fording place, rode into the river Wilya at Wilna for him to be swept away, and with their drowning cries saluted him.

Alexander Kielland's little sketch, *Keyserens Kurer*, has reflected in masterly manner this devotion, while his bulky volume on Napoleon is worthless.

This astounding brilliancy soon captivated the French people. He was loved for his success and for his genius. He himself believed in his star and could not do otherwise. Yet he retained the admiration and loyalty of millions after this star had at length begun to sink.

X

The Greco-Roman period of antiquity was the ideal to which the men and women of the French revolution looked up. Bonaparte's officers took as their patterns the Spartans, as presented in classic tragedies, or the Romans, as they knew them from Corneille's *Horace*, or from Louis David's republican paintings in antique studies.

As the spiritual child of the revolution, he had himself the point of view of the revolutionary leader. The glass through which he saw the world from the beginning was that of the revolution. They sought to restore the manners and customs of ancient Rome; addressed one another as "Thou" and "Citizen," became heathens like the Romans, and permitted their women to dress as did the women of Rome. Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday had the make-up of Roman women, or tried to feel that they had.

Differing from them in that he sprang from real Italian stock, Napoleon yet takes a like course, assumes the title of "First Consul," an old Roman title; then that of *Imperator*, another old Roman title. His emblems are eagles, like the Roman. As did the Romans also, he permits the conquered peoples to retain their religions in peace. Furthermore, he plans for a restoration of the old Roman empire. This had been succeeded by the papal power on the one hand and the empire of Charlemagne on the other. Bonaparte takes over the papal authority in seizing Pius VII as captive. He becomes emperor in 1804, and barely two years thereafter (1806) the Holy Roman Empire of a thousand years (founded 843) may be said to have come to an end.

It seems almost childish to say that Napoleon during the hundred days was changed, became, in fact, a constitutionalist. Nevertheless, he permitted Benjamin Constant to draw up a constitution, and in 1815 abdicated the throne when the chambers requested him to do so, although a single battalion would have sufficed to scatter them. He was loyal to the constitution, when Louis XVIII, weak and vacillating as he was, dissolved

the chambers soon after his accession; what is more, locked the doors, and met with no opposition.

At Waterloo Napoleon ventured his last battle. Would it have availed had he triumphed there? The future seemed to hold little of promise. His son was not even possessed of vitality. But the terrible reaction of fifteen years which swept over Europe would have been escaped if he had won. This scarcely admits of doubt.

XI

Of the purely personal side of Napoleon it is difficult to learn the truth. The sources of the time are obscured. Among sources often referred to, for instance, are the writings of two women, both of whom were once ardently attached to him, but later were bitterly hostile to him — Madame de Staël and Madame de Remusat.

Early in their relations Madame de Staël once came to Lucien Bonaparte, almost in tears, and said: "When I stand in the presence of your brother I am overcome in my desire to gain his esteem. I seek for words, weigh and turn them in order to get him to interest himself in me." She was turned away and transformed into a terribly revengeful foe.

Madame de Remusat's original memoirs were written while she was strongly under the spell of Bonaparte, but were subsequently burned. Such as we now have were written many years afterward when her sentiments had changed. Also there are Metternich's frivolous memoirs, in which Napoleon is revealed after the manner of street gossip. "He said so and so," citing some silly expression — "but to this I replied," etc., and he (Napoleon) was soon silenced.

A certain ignorance and stupidity is revealed in Napoleon in the manner in which Metternich pressed him to the wall with his crushing answers — twenty years afterwards.

Napoleon was not lacking in simple human virtues. In school he was an industrious pupil, in the army a conscientious officer. Throughout all his life he was a good son and a good, if stern, brother.

He was inclined towards scrupulous economy, and for this reason frequently lost his temper when anyone sought to defraud him in sale or delivery. Because of this he also inspected Josephine's accounts and demanded that she should not be so extravagant as she was, that she should not contract debts, and that she should not permit accounts to be sent her in which charges double the worth of things appeared.

Under the directory the men of most influence were those who had made millions through furnishing the troops with obsolete weapons and damaged supplies. They became the great financiers of the time to whom the directory looked for loans to the state. Napoleon soon gave his attention to the strongest of these — Ouvrard, and had his wealth confiscated for fraud.

He was invariably high-minded. As emperor he stood by his old opponent Carnot, and in the noblest manner, because he recognized in him that remarkable talent, which, in spite of personal weaknesses, is the glory of Frenchmen. Again and again he pardoned breaches of his confidence, and small and large betrayals.

Most astonishing was his forbearance toward Josephine — that faithless, but elegant, Creole, that goose from a tropic isle, who not only defrauded him as wife, but betrayed him and in her corruption was on the point of dishonoring him. She had never loved him; her marriage with him was a matter of business. Before the marriage she wrote to a woman friend: "I feel lukewarm toward this matter, with such poor prospects in view."

Bonaparte was greatly loved. It has been said that he married in order to obtain the Italian command through Josephine's earlier influence with Barras. It is true Josephine secured the command for him, but in her letters is revealed how much greater was his ambition and faith in himself than the estimates of his doubting comrades in arms. "It will be," he said, "a great piece of good fortune to the people if once I tender them my services."

Josephine wavered between her lukewarm feelings and the brilliant prospects in which Napoleon believed. "Sometimes his unshakable faith affects me so," she said, "that I am led to believe everything possible which this wonderful person would have me believe." She had not yet sensed a hint of his genius.

The first use to which she put his victories was to permit herself to be bribed by army contractors until she discovered to her astonishment and terror that neither fraud nor theft was to be permitted. Nevertheless she accepted without stint pearl necklaces, diamonds, paintings, and antiques, and with convenient deceptions declared they were presents. The wedding occurred in 1796.

Already, in 1797, she had given her preference to one M. Charles, a short, thick-set fellow. While Napoleon was in Egypt she permitted this Charles to establish a foothold at Malmaison, where he conducted himself as the master of the house.

She became greatly alarmed at Bonaparte's return; she had believed he would fall in Egypt. She drove forth to meet him, but took a wrong road so that he arrived in Paris forty-eight hours before she did. He refused to see her, but after she had remained outside of his closed door day and night, he permitted himself to be moved by her tears and entreaties, and thereafter said never a word of what had occurred.

In the same manner may be noted his relations toward Bernadotte whose treacherous nature he knew. Writing from Schonbrunn, Sept. 11, 1809, he said: "It is my purpose no longer to permit the command to rest in the hands of the Duke of Pontecorvo. He is exchanging letters

with the plotters in Paris and is a man on whom I cannot rely." And again, on Sept. 15, 1810 — "To the Duke of Mollien — Give the Duke of Pontecorvo a million from the treasury. It shall later be settled." After he had discussed the case with the finance minister, Napoleon took this sum from the civil list. Bernadotte held this money until after the Swedish Rigsdag's election in order to cut a figure as the Crown Prince of Sweden. It would probably be difficult to imagine a wilder farce than that by which Bernadotte, discovered and advanced by another adventurer named Mörner, by virtue of the untruth that he was loved and supported by Napoleon, finally becomes King of Sweden.

Few men have been so basely betrayed as was Napoleon. Perhaps Cæsar is a parallel.

Bernadotte not only betrayed him, but sought to influence his comrades in command to desert him. After his attempt at suicide at Fontainebleau, Napoleon said to the Count of Vicenza: "It is not the loss of the throne that makes me unhappy. But do you know, Coulaincourt, anything worse to bear than the betrayal of your confidence? The depravity and ingratitude of people — how I have suffered from these in the last twenty days passes expression."

General Solignac had stolen six million francs from the war treasury. Napoleon removed him, permitted him to restore the sum and treated him leniently. In 1815, he was one of the first in the chamber of deputies to demand Napoleon's abdication.

Among his generals Massena was most dishonorable. Avariciousness was his vice. Once it became necessary for Napoleon to compel him to return three million francs. Yet he appointed him Duke of Rivoli and Count of Essling.

He did not do this through a need of his generals. He pursued the same course toward his subordinate officers. Once an adjutant of the viceroy of Italy had lost all the emperor's dispatches while on a trip. Napoleon wrote to his stepson: "Your adjutant has lost my dispatches. Place him under arrest a couple of days. An adjutant might in his distress lose his trousers on the road, but not his sword nor his dispatches."

Bourrienne had been his fellow pupil at school in Brienne, his private secretary during the campaigns in Italy and Egypt, and while he was first consul. He sold himself to the highest bidder, and informed Fouché of every step Bonaparte planned, for a fixed price of 25,000 francs per month. Napoleon had a suspicion of this. Not until the Coulon firm, contractors for the cavalry, had defrauded to the extent of three million francs, and it was discovered that Bourrienne was in league with the firm, did he receive his dismissal without punishment. In 1804, Napoleon again received him into his service, and made him minister to Hamburg in 1805. Here he diverted to himself an illegal income of seven or eight million francs, and began to betray Napoleon in negotiations with the bourbons

at London. A few days after the emperor's fall Bourrienne wrote to Talleyrand. "Even when I was associated with the Emperor, I wished always that this remarkable prince (Louis XVIII) and his noble house might return to France." This wish he had not made known to Napoleon.

The entire world deserted him, and finally Marmont, who had heroically fought for him to the last, opened the gates of Paris in 1814 for the allied armies opposing Napoleon. In 1815, Napoleon struck his name from the roll of the army.

When word was received at St. Helena that the emperor had been betrayed by his generals, Napoleon protested that the word was too strong. "Not betrayed," said he. "Fouché was always trying to show me letters, in which he declared the writers were speaking ill of me. I answered that I did not care to see the letters. When they are written to their wives and sweethearts they are tempted to say bad things of me, that I am a tyrant, etc., but this they must have permission to do; they must have an outlet. They think well of me for all that." This is one form in which greatness reveals itself.

XII

In dealing with women, Napoleon lacked good breeding, fine courtesy and charm. It is not true, however, that in his dealings with them he was uniformly rude and unchivalrous. His rough bulletins against Queen Louise of Prussia were politics, if, indeed, poor politics. He was chivalrous toward Queen Louise of Sachsen-Weimar, although little Weimar had denounced and repudiated him.

While in Warsaw, in 1807, he became smitten with the pure young Countess Walewska, born Laczinska, who was consumed with admiration for him, but would not give herself wholly to him. Thereupon the Polish nobility, with great display, in order to impress her, and in a document signed with all the first names in Poland, called to her consideration the fact that from small causes great political results often flow. "Think you," it read, "that Esther gave herself to Ahasverus out of love? The swoon into which she fell on seeing him is best proof that sensitiveness had no part in that contingency. She offered herself to save her people and won the honor of having saved them. If but we could say the same, to your glory and our good fortune!"

Napoleon won her with his pledge to do everything possible to rehabilitate her country. He had great sins upon his conscience over the Polish people, having misused and failed them. He wished greatly to please Marie Walewska, if it could be made to accord with his politics. Yet he was constantly repeating at the time that he did not wish to be the Don Quixote of Poland. In spite of this fact, we see in 1809, when he wished to have the czar give him his young sister Anna Pavlovna as wife, in order that the alliance with Russia might be strengthened, he

not only promised that he would never seek to extend the duchy of Warsaw, but that he would never mention the name of Poland again. When the breach in his alliance with Alexander occurred he turned again, in 1812, to the confiding Poles.

In this respect Alexander's relations with the Poles has a noteworthy parallel. He also became attached to a beautiful Polish woman, Marie Antonovna Nariszkin, born duchess of Czetwertynska, who always offered up prayer to him to reëstablish Poland. For a long time he held out against her entreaties, even could not bear to see her name. Suddenly at the outbreak of the war of 1812, Alexander issued a proclamation in which he, like the Russian over-general in 1914, and with the same falsity, promised the Poles rehabilitation of their ancient power under Russian sovereignty.

Napoleon's relations with Marie Walewska were, and always remained, a source of sorrow to him. Her marriage, in 1816, with one of his officers, General (Count) d'Ornano, grieved him when he learned of it at St. Helena. She died a year later.

XIII

The power of the spell exercised by Napoleon is best shown in his journey through France, after his return from Elba. He fled from Elba because he had learned that his removal to some distant, isolated island was contemplated. The name of St. Helena had already been mentioned.

Success attended his venture. He evaded the English ships, but met with disappointment soon after landing. He met with a spirit of hostility which made it necessary for him to resort on foot to the lonely road over the Alps. The first difficulty encountered was that of winning over the first troops he met, and who seemed bent upon shooting him. However, the courage, audacity and geniality he displayed won them, and likewise the next body, and the next.

Marshal Ney was pledged to make an end of Napoleon. He had expressed himself with great brutality against the Emperor at Fontainebleau, and was bound by his promise to Louis XVIII to bring Napoleon back in an iron cage. Nevertheless, he forgot his oath, so entranced did he become at Napoleon's proclamation that his eagles would soon be flying from steeple to steeple, until they arrived at the towers of Notre Dame. "So shall it be written," he said, and his spirit of opposition was dissipated.

He had only 6,000 men, as against Napoleon's 14,000, and his men were in mind devoted to the Emperor, simply waiting for the signal to cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" "I cannot hold back the sea with my hands," were his words. When the news was received that Ney had also gone over at Besançon, ardent young Bonapartists at Paris posted up placards at the gates of Vendome reading: "Dear Brother Louis: You need not send any more troops. I have enough now. — Napoleon."

XIV

He had said: "On the 20th of March I will be in Paris." He attained his goal. At seven o'clock in the morning of that day a great throng of people streamed toward the Tuileries, eager for news, at the report that the King had fled the evening before. A tri-colored cockade borne by an officer met with a bitter reception from a group of the King's supporters, so great already was the change in sentiment.

At ten o'clock a great throng of people streamed into the palace grounds crying: "Long live the Emperor!" "Down with the Priests!" They were the workmen on the fortifications. They shook the gates of the castle and sought to tear them off but were dispersed. Not long afterwards was heard the sound of arms, of trampling of horses, near the stone bridge, and the rumbling of caissons. Sabres and bayonets gleamed in the sunshine. They were the imperial officers whom Louis had retained at half pay, whom General Excelmans was leading from St. Denis into Paris, with a squadron of cuirassiers and some artillery. Huzzahs and shouts and the blare of trumpets and pipes were heard along their way, and Excelmans entered the Tuileries; but permitted the members of the national guard to retain their places. During the remainder of the day were seen at the various entrances to the palace an officer with a tri-colored cockade side by side with a grenadier of the national guard with the white cockade and lilies.

At two o'clock the tri-colors were hoisted on the Tuileries, the municipal chamber and the Vendome. Groups of laborers went singing through the streets. The citizens were puzzled and apprehensive. They feared or suspected a new invasion of European armies, and lamented the good King Louis, "such a brave and righteous man." Even at that hour the former members of the imperial palace's household had taken possession of the Tuileries. The crowd standing outside saw persons slipping one by one through the palace gates. The first of them in fear, as if stealing in. They were the former counselors of state, ministers, masters of chambers, directors of ceremonies, all in gala uniform, and also butlers, cooks, chamber servants in their liveries of other days.

Then there were the ladies in waiting, wives of the high officials, of generals, of financiers, and chiefs of industry, with diamond necklaces under their furs and robes of ermine, and their court gowns adorned with the imperial violets. They found one another again and felicitated one another. With child-like joy they ran through the salons, royal chambers and galleries, all the rooms they remembered so well, and where their brilliant former prospects were blasted. In the throne hall they noticed that the lilies on the carpet were simply sewed fast upon it. One of them pulled off a lily and found beneath it the imperial bee. Thereupon the women in all their finery went down upon their knees and set themselves

eagerly to work. In less than half an hour's time they had transformed the carpet to its old imperial form. They looked up and saw the imperial dukes of Bassano, Gaeta, and Rovigo, — they saw Count Lavalette, Marshal Lefebvre, Generals Davout and Excelmans, Queen Hortense of Holland, Queen Julie, consort of King Joseph. Even the doorkeepers of the old days stood at their old posts. It was as if they had slept and wakened from an evil dream.

Time sped by. Fog and darkness spread over Paris, and the last idly curious ones in the grounds could see the windows in the palace lighted up. The Emperor was momentarily expected. Expectancy was giving away to anxiety. What if a bullet from some fanatical foe or some hired enemy had laid him low!

Finally at nine o'clock a distant sound of horses and wagons was heard with cries along the Seine. The tumult drew nearer, increased in volume, became unprecedented. A postchaise swung in at a sharp trot at the palace gates, and a train of a thousand troopers of all grades of arms riding in disorder, swung their sabres and cried in a voice of thunder, "Long Live the Emperor!"

The palace grounds were soon thronged with former officers. Generals standing on the outer steps drew their swords and hurried down. The throng became so dense that the horses drew back and the postilions stopped ten steps from the conservatory entrance.

The door of the carriage was thrown open. Napoleon was pulled out of the carriage and borne from arm to arm into the hallway where other arms elevated him in the air. In this manner he was borne up the stairs. A sort of delirium seized upon his adherents. They caressed him, seized his hands and his body.

The throng bearing him soon came in contact with the other which came storming down from the story above to greet him. The two groups threatened to crush one another to death, and there were fears that the emperor would be suffocated.

Coulaincourt shouted to Lavalette, "Hold yourself, for God's sake, before him!" Lavalette stopped, turned about and braced himself against the crowd, ascending backwards up the steps, steadily one step after another before the Emperor and announcing, "It is he! It is he!"

But the Emperor seemed not to see or hear anything. He permitted himself to be carried, with his arms before him, with closed eyes and a firm smile upon his lips, as if falling asleep. Then consciousness returned to him; he knew and caressed all. Following this he went into his cabinet and locked the door behind himself. At once he sat down to a writing table and began his work of founding a new government. Gradually the tumult ceased. It became quiet. The troopers tied their horses at the gates and laid themselves down upon the ground in their coats; the palace yard resembled a bivouac in a captured city.

XV

As a rule it may be said that those who wrote of the first Napoleon fifty years ago, during the reign of Napoleon the Third (Lonfrey, Jung), were influenced by their hate of the later emperor, and sought thereby to discredit the work of the man who had brought ruin to France. While Taine has written about him without bitterness, yet with coldness, and Albert Vandal with discrimination, yet with sympathy, only few who have dealt with the subject up to the close of the last century (such as Henry Houssaye or Frederick Masson) have caught the enthusiasm which Napoleon in his great days inspired. In the meanwhile he has been the object of the ill will of the republicans. Clemenceau has always detested him. In the government schools he has been presented by teacher and text-book alike as a harmful personality, the curse of France. This can scarcely be wondered at since Napoleon seemed to hark back to an earlier period. To him military power was the highest good; to the French republicans this has always been of lesser worth. Many believed that the period of wars was past and that peace among the nations of Europe was a necessary condition to progress. Even the feeling of revenge was forgotten. Only in recent years has the hope of a decisive war been revived.

For Napoleon, as for earlier monarchs, and for the revolutionists, the centralization of all the power in the state was necessary. In the newer France democracy has been the way to political advancement. It was Napoleon, who with a view to getting the church in his power, concluded the concordat with the Pope, which in the end proved more advantageous to the Catholic church than to the French government, and which the state has only recently put to an end. But he was, it should be remembered, the chosen chieftain of his people, and could not have done as he did had he not had the people with him.

The more moderate republicans believed for a long time that they had laid bare the inward truth about him in the following superficial analysis: His advent and his rise was a great piece of good fortune to Europe, to whom he brought the ideas of the revolution, and whom he liberated from the outgrown forms of the feudal age. However, he was a great harm to France, which he exhausted, and which he deprived of all local and provincial independence. A portion of the younger generation, particularly among the ardent nationalists — with Maurice Barres as leader — are convinced that Napoleon was of real value to France, considering the word value in its higher sense. To them he appears as the most astounding example of energy the world has so far known.

To this others of the younger school may reply: "He had his share and blame for the untimely death of one and a half million Frenchmen and for the miseries the wars brought to France and Europe." Yet he did not cripple France, and never humiliated it as in later years we have seen it

humiliated, in the Panama and Dreyfus cases. He radiated an enthusiasm, a heroic outlook which before the revolution had been unknown. He also inspired in France a personal deification, a delusion which brought upon it severe and bloody penalties. Yet his countrymen do not look back upon his reign with shame. There was nothing low or scandalous, or small about it. In spite of all faults it remains a bright era.

A much greater guilt than that of having played with human life in the attaining of great ends is that which dulls and represses a people so that it no longer aims at great ends. At that time the people of France looked up to their leading men; since that time they have too often been obliged to look down upon them and have had to cast about for someone or something of which to be proud.

It is a commentary on prevailing conditions that at the close of the last century it was revival of interest in Napoleon which came as a plank to a sinking national pride. Since that time the republican spirit has gained much in ground and strength until now the military ideal, due to unfortunate political conditions, has again pushed the peaceful one to the rear.

Under the stress of the terrible World War, it became a matter of serious thought what a Napoleon was worth or would yet be worth, and the mind again dwelt with greater interest upon the great luminary of the past. It is not yet burned out.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

1799–1850

By Léon Gozlan [1] (1806–1866)

I

It is rarely that men of distinction, arrived at a serious age, do not concern themselves, even unconsciously, with the picture which the world will paint of them when they exist only in name. The truth of this becomes apparent when one considers the care with which Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire, and a thousand others, groomed their shadows; Montaigne in those marvelous Essays, Rousseau in his scandalous Confessions, Voltaire in his admirable Correspondence. They become obsequious courtiers, frank and imperturbable lovers of posterity. One might accuse these anxious sovereigns of sending their portraits to the Majesties of the Future, in order to learn, or rather to conje cture — for they never will really learn — how they will be received by them.

Balzac, or de Balzac — the 'de', I believe, means nothing — avoided this almost universal practice. He did not give himself for a moment to the thought that anyone would ever care to know, in addition to his books, his opinions, his character, the familiar details of his habits, of his participation, more or less great, in the monotony of everyday existence.

If it occurred to him, under the Oriental influence of coffee, as he sat between his best friend, Laurent Jan, and myself, to speak of the establishment which he hoped to set up when he retired, he construed it in proportions so colossal, so splendid, that Solomon himself would have retreated with all the haste that sandals permit, before the enormous expenditure involved. But later in the evening, when we had left the comforts of Versailles, and were re-entering Paris, these abstractions would suffer somewhat from the jolting of the coach and the difficulties of traffic, with the result that we would not care especially whether his establishment — this Pantheon of the future — was to be of bronze, of granite, of jasper, or of marble. It was not, however, that this vast sea — for Balzac was a sea — had no limits; it was only that he placed them so far off. He extended them so adventurously, at the suggestion of his terrible fancy, that infinity and nothingness impinged upon him. Often,

[1] Translated especially for this collection (first time in English) out of the original French, by Babette and Glenn Hughes.

Balzac en pantoufles (as the original title reads) was published at Paris in 1856.

after these projects — his dreams — he seemed to himself to be growing mad, and those who listened to him, completely so. In short, and to be exact, he was a living encyclopædia — as preposterous and as excellent. He refused to consider anything by itself; for him each thing was related to another, this other, to still a thousand others. The atom, in his hands, became a world; the world, in its turn, became a universe. All that he wrote: articles, books, stories, dramas, comedies, was only the preface to what he intended to write; what he intended to write was only the preparation for further work, similarly generative. One could also say of his life what he said of each of his works: that it was only the preface to his life. He fell asleep on the steps before the entrance.

There was a short time, twelve or fifteen years ago, when the newspapers were much occupied with Balzac; but they treated him as they treat everyone, that is, hastily, and without reflection. They spoke only of his hair, his luggage, and his walking-stick. He was the lion of a fortnight — or let us say a year — and then was left in a magnified and grossly exaggerated condition. It must be admitted that it is the caricature of this extraordinary man which remains in the mind of the present generation. The fault, however, does not rest entirely upon the journalists. After filling the world with the noise of his triumphs — a world eager to see and touch the god whose miracles it had acknowledged — Balzac, who until then had lived in the secret places of meditation, suddenly put on *l'habit d'Humann*, donned a white waistcoat, raised the pillory of his cravat, caught up a gold walking-stick, and ventured into the full light of the Opéra, there to strut amid the splendour of a stage-box, at the side of M. Veron. We see him repeating this gesture again and again throughout the winter: delighting in the show within the show. What sort of impression could these sensational appearances convey, except that of the slightly ridiculous?

Balzac was a lion, as the Dey of Algiers was a lion, or Don Pedro, or many other lesser personages. This was too much for one who up to that time had received so little. In condescending to show himself thus he misjudged not so much his own time as the future. He dazzled, he astonished, but he dazzled too completely — he could not be seen. He produced the effect of sunlight on ice. As a consequence he was seen but little — he was poorly seen; he was disfigured. The public will recover from this dazzlement; indeed it has already recovered; but it will be some time yet before it arrives at the point of calm and sober judgment, where the bubble of vanity is transformed to an aureole about the head of genius. After this violent explosion, Balzac was subdued, not into a calm, for he never knew that condition, but into a state of comparative isolation. He hung up his coat, threw his white cravat into a corner, and hid that ridiculous walking-stick of Alcibiades. The newspapers can say, in their defense, that they knew Balzac badly, that at first glance they placed him

on a grotesque pedestal. The fact of the matter is that Balzac made no effort to disclose himself, to let himself be studied from a favorable angle. He seldom went to plays; he was probably not seen three times in his life in the foyer of the Comédie-Française. I had the greatest difficulty keeping him in his seat at the first production of *Les Burgraves*. Every minute he was asking, like a fretful child, "Is it finished? When will this be over?" Yet he admired Victor Hugo tremendously. What he disliked was giving his attention long to any sort of spectacle.

We come back, then, to this: from the standpoint of his private life, Balzac is not understood. The reason is, as we have already said, that he did not care to groom his shadow.

If he did not appear frequently in the theatre, he did not appear much more frequently in society, which he only consented to penetrate a little after the success of one of his novels, when he was sure of justifying the enthusiastic attention that he so often inspired. In twenty years, therefore, it will be almost impossible to know the intimate peculiarities of Balzac, if one must depend upon the contemporary indiscretions of the newspapers, or on the revelations of men of the world, who, after all, write little. The world has held such varied and contradictory opinions of him, particularly during the two principal epochs of his literary life, that it will be of some value to future historians of this remarkable writer, to explain here the difference between these opinions, and the reasons for their existence.

The great, the immense success of Balzac came to him through women: they worshipped in him a man who knew how, by ingenuity rather than by truth, to prolong for them the age of love — and chiefly the age of being loved. This gallantry, in forty or fifty octavo volumes, has exalted them with the fanaticism of a new religion. Balzac has created for them an imaginary country, a Palestine of the mind, an evangel of love. It is a religion of love, no less, which he has founded. And, without question, it will endure.

To this first and tremendous element of success, he added another, which completed his theory of chivalry. Not only did he render these worthy woman capable of being loved at an age when normally they would scarcely even remember having been loved; he also adopted the heroic expedient of presenting them always as victims — the victims of their characteristic infidelity!

He attempts, at the outset, to avoid a dangerous paradox: for few of the women in his charming and immortal creations are ever reproached. He excuses them; he goes farther, and lauds their faults to a point where one must doubt, if Balzac is to be believed, whether virtue and constancy would not render them less worthy of respect. Such concessions are not necessary to make us admire a generation which has only virtues with which to reproach itself.

This adoration marked Balzac's first step along the road to great renown. But alas! the spirit of adoration grew weak in the souls of many of his converts, for there came a day when he entered a world of more tangible passions; when he saw, and trembled before, the wickedness and audacity in the fawn-like eyes of Vautrin, when he looked upon the dark miseries that dwell in the corners of society, where fans are drawn before faces aflame with rouge. He, an elemental god, betrayed his own religion, and his followers came to hate him. The great ladies of the aristocracy looked askance at him; the *bourgeoises*, less courteous, frankly turned their backs.

This revolution, it must be admitted, did not much affect him. At the time he thought seriously of writing for the theatre, for having got one foot into reality, he was eager to get the other there. But such obstacles confronted him!

II

As we have said, the opinion of society scarcely affected him. After one broadside from the newspapers he returned to *Les Jardies*, bringing with him provisions for gaiety and philosophy, which he threw on the table — that table around which we so often awaited dinner for him until nine o'clock, but where we also frequently dined without waiting for him. The two homes in which he left the most vivid souvenirs of his habits are the little house at Passy, in the Rue Basse, and *Les Jardies*, the tiny, run-down estate which he bought in Ville-d'Avray. Just when he bought it I am not sure, but it cost him dearly, and he was always paying for it. No Indian or Chinese poem contains enough lines to equal the boresomeness of Balzac's life at *Les Jardies*. One can say that although for years he lived there, thought and worked there, he never actually inhabited the place. He was put up there rather than accommodated. Was this a real home — this cottage with green shutters, which never knew even the shadow of a chest of drawers, or the semblance of a curtain? The real habitation at *Les Jardies* was the one located in the same orchard enclosure, twenty or thirty paces from his own — an almost possible house, where, in heaven knows what fit of prudence, he had stored his beautiful furniture from the Rue des Batailles, together with his valuable library. This building, so utterly devoid of architectural value, was at the time occupied by Madame V—— and her family. The famous dwelling at *Les Jardies* was built by Balzac directly facing this insignificant house. Although the grounds of the place are rich in rusticity, they offer so many inconveniences that one is bound to wonder at Balzac's choice of location. The land does not slope, it tumbles along the way from Sèvres to Ville d'Avray.

It would be difficult, I believe, for a tree of any size to take root in such slanting ground. The scene-painters of the theatre might find it

decidedly original, but it is terrifically antipathetical to the pleasure of walking. Landscape-gardeners, under the fantastic direction of Balzac, devoted the whole of several months to maintaining, by force of art and small rocks, these successive plateaus, which were always so ready to slip gaily down, one over the other, at the slightest rain. I have seen them working continually to repair these hanging gardens, as though they had been those of Semiramis. It drove them to despair.

I shall remember for a long time the astonishment which came over Frédérick Lemaître the day he arrived at *Les Jardies* to discuss with Balzac the matter of putting Vautrin into rehearsal. In order to rest his feet, which had given out under him, he anchored them with two stones, exactly as one would support a piece of furniture on an uneven floor. When he resumed his walk, he threw away the rocks, or else carried them in his hands to use in a similar manner farther on. The maneuver was very diverting to watch. Balzac alone retained his customary composure in the midst of this perpetual slipping. He possessed to an extraordinary degree that rare ability to seem to be taking no part in what went on around him. He could disconcert a thunder-clap. One can easily guess that land so difficult to fertilize would not offer shade to the pedestrian. It offered, in fact, not so much as a shadow. Perhaps, since that rather remote time, it has improved in substance and in vegetation; but then, good God! I can only compare it with the rocky peak of Teneriffe.

Yet we may as well admit that a single tree, an acrobatic tree, a fairly well-grown walnut tree, had actually taken root on this perilous slope. On the plateau of some size it had taken up its position of isolated dominance. If we mention this rather tardily it is because it had not always belonged to Balzac. The community of Sèvres, by a strange distribution of land, separated it (to Balzac's profit) from the rest of *Les Jardies*. It is always amusing to relate the history of this walnut tree; or perhaps we should say, the comedy. However, comedy or history, we shall return to it.

Some lines from the *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon decided Balzac, who was searching for a rural location, in favor of *Les Jardies*. When Louis XIV lived at Versailles, his courtiers vied with each other in the building of country houses around Saint-Cloud, Meudon, Luciennes, Sèvres, Ville d'Avray, and a thousand other communities adjacent to Versailles. It was then that *Les Jardies* emerged from the yellow, perpendicular mud; only to vanish when the monarchy came upon bad days. It was Balzac's wish to recover a bit of this past. He may, however, have been the victim of his imagination, at least in the matter of topography, for had this place actually been *Les Jardies?* I have heard doubts expressed on the subject. Sèvres and Ville d'Avray have always denied Balzac's claim to *Les Jardies;* they have never called the place anything but *the vineyard of M. de Balzac*. At any rate, Balzac had scarcely got the outer walls up and the heavy,

green, swinging-gate hung, when he had engraved in gold letters on a plaque of black marble fixed under the bell: *Les Jardies.*

The gate was put in place and swung on its hinges some time before the house, whose entrance it guarded, arose. The construction of the house was for a long time a subject of mirth among satirical Parisians, who are always lying in wait to detect deficiencies in a distinguished man. Balzac had a great weakness for masonry. This weakness does not call for any apology, for the building instinct is a highly respectable one, but still it should be realized that at this period, it was Balzac's only pleasure, his only relief from the strain of too much mental activity. It has been reported that in directing personally, the construction of the lodge at *Les Jardies,* he forgot about the staircase. That he would allow no advice or comment, no suggestions from his architect or his masons, we must admit. But it is quite another matter to believe that he was so negligent as to overlook the need of a staircase in the house, and that one day the masons and the architect should have come to him and said, "M. de Balzac, the house is finished. When do you wish us to build a staircase?"

The matter does require an explanation. Balzac dreamed of spacious rooms and landings for *Les Jardies,* with plenty of light from all four directions; but in the building plans, the monstrous staircase devoured here the third of a room, there the half of another; it ruined the sketch made by the poetic crayon of the author. He attempted to curtail it, to distort it, to adjust it to the angles of the structure — but the building was too far along; there was not enough space left. The accursed staircase always came out wrong. The masons hurled their plaster at the ceiling; the architect broke the arms of his compass. In one of these moments of desperation, Balzac evidently said to himself, "Since the staircase wishes to be master of my house, I will throw the staircase out the door." That is just what he did. His rooms then spread as they pleased, with no limits except the four walls, whereas, the staircase, in punishment for its bothersome pretensions, was relegated to the exterior of the house. Balzac could have pointed out that in Holland and Belgium many houses are built in this naïve manner, carrying their staircases on their backs, like baskets; but he always scorned the idea of explaining himself on the subject.

Balzac survived, but can we say as much for the staircase? Has it stood through all the hot and cold nights of our lovely France? I do not know. It would be inexact, however, to say that the interior of the house at *Les Jardies* was entirely devoid of the inconvenient convenience of staircases. It had several of minor importance, leading directly enough to wherever one wished to go, and for these Balzac planned rosewood facing and upholstery of purple velours.

What he planned for *Les Jardies* was infinite. On the bare walls of each room he wrote in charcoal a description of the rich furnishings which he

intended to give it. Many years later, I read these inscriptions on the patient stucco surface:

Here a facing of Paros marble;
Here a stylobate of cedar wood;
Here a ceiling painting by Eugène Delacroix;
Here an Aubusson tapestry;
Here a fireplace of cipolin marble;
Here some doors in the Trianon style;
Here a mosaic parquet made of rare island woods.

These marvels never came nearer realization than the charcoal inscriptions. Balzac, however, did not mind joking about his ideal furnishings, and he laughed even more than I did when one day I wrote in very large letters on the wall of his own bare room: HERE A PICTURE BY RAPHAEL, PRICELESS, AND SUCH AS NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN.

The only thing not lacking at *Les Jardies* . . . But this is how the conversation went between Balzac and me regarding that harmonious fixture, invisible but real, with which he planned to surprise me:

"You have never noticed or admired the perfection which I have achieved in the furnishing of *Les Jardies*," he said. "It is so unusual and so ingenious that I can almost claim it as my own invention — though I should hesitate to refer to it as my masterpiece."

"No, my dear Balzac, I have not yet noticed this innovation, but if you will be good enough to . . ."

"Look about you; what do you see?"

"Exactly what I have seen for some time: walls entirely free from vulgar objects that might hinder the unobstructed view. To employ a more explicit phrase: I see nothing at all."

"Look more carefully."

"Still nothing."

"But you are unwilling to try."

"No, I assure you!"

"Well, then, that is the best compliment you could pay my invention — your inability to perceive its existence. Otherwise it would have been imperfect, a failure, and would have had to be done over."

"But what is it?"

"Is it not ridiculous and stupid," he continued, "that for centuries wires should have been strung the length of walls, and that at the end of these wires one should see an enormous bell, as silly as it is indiscreet? Notice now the bell I have invented for gentlemen who dislike being jarred by the clang of iron — for scholars, for reflective men. One does not see the bell at all. Look for it! It is hidden in the wall at a point where it will never even be noticed. Hereafter one will not see a man ring any more than one will see him think. M. Scribe has already adopted this sort of

bell, and is enchanted with it. Each room at *Les Jardies* is fitted with one. Come and see if I am joking."

I followed Balzac, and he showed me, with considerable pride, in each room a model of his invention. Both of us, he through admiration for the inventor, I with the subservience of a courtier, thereupon indulged ourselves in the primitive pleasure of bell-ringing.

Without having been there, one could hardly imagine his delight in sounding this carillon, which proclaimed his triumph, and brought echoes from all the empty spaces of the building. So, there were plenty of sounds at *Les Jardies*, but when one had started them, few servants answered.

III

It was in one of the lower rooms, on the ground-floor, that Balzac customarily dined, and it was here that he received us to dinner, which was served at six o'clock — at least for his friends. He himself arrived occasionally in time for dessert; often he did not appear at all. These irregular habits played havoc with his digestion. He drank only water; he ate little food, except fruit, of which he consumed a quantity. The fruit that he kept on the table was astonishingly beautiful and savory. His lips quivered, his eyes shone with pleasure, his hands trembled, at the sight of a heap of pears or luscious peaches. Not one would remain to tell of the annihilation of the others. He devoured them all. He was superb at this vegetarian Pantagruelism: his cravat removed, his shirt open, the fruit-knife in his hand; laughing, drinking water, cutting into the pulp of a dean's-pear, and — I should like to add, talking, but Balzac said little at table. He left off talking, laughed from time to time, softly, in the shy manner of a savage, or, if a remark pleased him, exploded like a bomb. He should have grown weary of this, but he never did. Finally, his chest expanded, and his shoulders danced under his merry chin. The staunch Tourangeau came to the surface. We fancied that we saw Rabelais at the Manse of the Abbey of Thélème. He was especially pleased by an outburst of puns, very silly, very stupid, inspired by the wine, which, incidentally, was delicious.

There was a good deal of drinking at table — too much sometimes. Without casting reflections upon anyone in particular, I may say that more than once I left several members of that exalted company in a position decidedly below the level of the napery.

I shall always remember a celebrated Russian who from midnight until two o'clock wept bitterly over the sad fate of one of his friends, who had been condemned to spend the remainder of his life at Tobolsk, in the depths of Siberia. These lamentations over his no doubt excellent friend affected us so profoundly that we all attempted to outdo each other in crying, though we had a very hazy notion as to what it was all about. He (the friend) worked in the mines, and the more we drank, the deeper

he descended into the bowels of the earth. By two o'clock he was plunged so far into bitumin, sulphur, mercury, and platinum, that we simply lost track of him. Some days afterwards, Balzac informed us that his villainous Russian had no friend at Tobolsk. He had admitted as much. We had been duped by Rhine wine and its various accomplices.

I have seen pass around this table celebrities of all sorts, the most brilliant and the most sombre: Malaga, Séraphita, and Vautrin. Among the intellectual phenomena in the procession at *Les Jardies*, was the unforgettable Madame de Bocarmé, a woman who knew everything, and spoke well on every subject. She delighted Balzac with her uncanny erudition. One evening she described for me the island of Java, where she had spent four years — she was a thousand and twenty-three years old, this marvellous creature, yet she seemed no more than thirty — she described Java, its monuments, its monsters, its splendors, and its frightful maladies, in such a learned way, with such vivacity of expression, in colors so clear and brilliant, that the evening was made unique and memorable for me.

After dinner we usually had coffee on the terrace: Balzac's coffee was proverbially excellent. I doubt, indeed, if Voltaire's was superior. Such color! Such an aroma! He made it himself, or at least supervised its making. It was a masterly concoction, subtle, divine — like his own genius.

It was blended of three kinds of coffee-bean: bourbon, martinique, and mocha. The bourbon he bought on the Rue du Mont-Blanc (Chaussée-d'Antin); the martinique on the Rue des Vielles-Audreiettes, from a grocer who surely ought never to forget his distinguished customer; the mocha in the suburb Saint-Germain, from a grocer on the Rue de l'Université. I do not know which he used the most of, though I accompanied him once or twice on coffee-buying expeditions. It amounted to not less than half a day's traveling about Paris, but good coffee is worth that, and more. For me Balzac's coffee was the finest and most exquisite thing in existence — excepting his tea, for I should always except that.

The tea, fine as the tobacco of Latakieh, yellow as Venetian gold, undoubtedly lived up to the eulogy with which Balzac perfumed it before he permitted you to taste it. Really, though, it was necessary to go through some kind of initiation ceremony before you could enjoy this gustatory privilege. Balzac never desecrated it, and we ourselves did not drink it every day. On great occasions only did he take it from the *kamtschadale* box, where it was kept like a holy relic, and unwrapped it slowly from its envelope of silk paper covered with hieroglyphics.

Then he would commence, always with fresh enjoyment, for him and for us, the history of this famous golden tea. The sun ripened it only for the Emperor of China, he said. Certain mandarins of the first class were allowed, as a privilege belonging to their high birth, to water it and guard it on the stalk. A chosen band of virgins cut it ere the rising of the sun, and carried it, chanting, to the feet of the Emperor. This divine tea was

produced in only one province of China, and that sacred province produced only a few pounds — enough for His Imperial Majesty and the eldest sons of the royal house. As a special dispensation, the Emperor of China, during a time of prosperity, sent a few rare handfuls of it by caravan to the Emperor of Russia, and it was from the latter's minister, *via* the ambassador, that Balzac obtained the supply with which he regaled us. The last parcel containing yellow-golden tea which Balzac received from M. Humboldt had been delayed *en route.* It was sprinkled with human blood. Some *Kirguises,* and some *Tartares Nogaïs* had attacked the Russian caravan on its return trip, and only after a bloody combat did the caravan reach Moscow. One might say, indeed, that this was tea of the Argonauts.

The history of the expedition we have abbreviated considerably. It went on much further. And besides, there was the account of the amazing properties of this tea — too amazing! If one drank three cups of this golden tea, declared Balzac, one lost the sight of an eye; six cups, and one became totally blind. This was worth thinking about. Once, when Laurent Jan wished to drink another cup of this tea worthy of a place in the most fantastic portions of the *Thousand and One Nights,* he said: "I'll risk an eye! Serve it!"

Rarely did Balzac spend the evening with his guests. He never did so when he was pressed by work. Immediately after dessert he said goodnight and went to bed. Even in summer I have known him to leave us at seven o'clock of a beautiful evening, and climb pensively to his room, where he would force himself to sleep, that he might rise at midnight and work until morning.

Such was his life — the life of a convict — atrocious, contrary to nature, murderous! However, without a ruinous routine, I doubt if a writer can dig a very deep furrow in the side of that everlasting mountain, at the foot of which he finds his tomb.

Probably no one ever lived more at night than Balzac. The complete silence of life and nature gave him the composure necessary to the creation of his masterpieces. A great ship seeks the wide sea and the limitless depths. It was while traversing the lonely woods of Ville d'Avray and Versailles that he carried on his meditations. He confessed to me that many times he found himself in dressing-gown and slippers, bare-headed, in the Place du Carrousel, after having spent the night wandering through woods and villages, over roads and across meadows. He would then mount a Versailles coach and return to Ville d'Avray by way of Sèvres, only forgetting to pay the conductor, for the simple reason that he had left *Les Jardies* without a cent in his pocket. This annoying discovery never surprised anyone, for all the conductors knew him, and Balzac himself was used to going about without any money on him. Another habit of his was never to carry a watch.

IV

It was on one winter night that he was seized by the strangest notion of all. He left *Les Jardies* at midnight and proceeded, heaven knows how, to the Rue de Navarin, in Paris, to the house of his friend, Laurent Jan. It was around two o'clock in the morning when he knocked at the door. Laurent Jan, unprepared for such a visit, was sound asleep. Balzac knocked with might and main, awakened all the lodgers, and finally aroused the *concierge*, who was extremely indignant, as any *concierge* would be, at having his sweet dreams disturbed.

"What do you want? Who is there? Whom do you want? Who are you?" It was under this deluge of questions and maledictions that Balzac made his way to the quiet chamber of his friend. Very much alarmed by the apparition, Laurent Jan rubbed his eyes and sat up in bed:

"Is it really you, Prosper?"

"It is I," Balzac replied. "Get up; we are leaving."

"Leaving?"

"Yes, leaving. Get up and I will explain . . ."

"No; before I get up I want to know where you are expecting to take me."

"Well then, rejoice! We leave at once for the land of the Mogul."

"Are you mad?"

"We shall be immensely rich, as rich as an empire — the empire of the Mogul."

"Let's see now; before packing I should like to have explained a little more fully," objected Laurent Jan timidly, "just what we shall do in the land of the Mogul at this hour."

"Hurry!" cried Balzac. "We have lost more than a million while you were arguing about getting up. Time flies, and we have yet to find Gozlan . . ."

"Oh, Gozlan goes with us?"

"He goes with us. I want him to share in the unlimited treasure which awaits us."

Laurent Jan arose, and resigning himself to becoming a hundred or two hundred times a millionaire, dressed, shivering, and then said to Balzac, who was stamping with impatience:

"Just a moment. Since I have agreed to follow you to the land of the Mogul, just what are we going to do when we get there?"

"What are we going to do?"

"Yes; that is surely a sensible question."

Balzac took Laurent Jan by the arm and led him mysteriously to the lamp:

"See that ring?"

"Certainly, I see it; it is worth four cents."

"Hush! Look more closely."

"It is worth six. We'll say no more about it."

"I want you to know," continued Balzac, "that this ring was given me in Vienna by the famous historian, M. de Hammer, the last time I was in Germany."

"Well?"

"Well, then! M. de Hammer smiled as he gave it to me, and said, 'Some day you will learn the value of this little gift.' I carried the ring about with me, never thinking of his remark. I looked on it as nothing more or less than a common green stone . . ."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Now, there are some Arabic characters engraved on this stone, and these characters . . . But I am anticipating the great surprise which came to me yesterday, and which I am so anxious to share with you, that we may both share the treasure . . . Yesterday, mind you, at the reception of the Ambassador to Naples, it occurred to me to have the Turkish Ambassador interpret these engraved characters for me. I showed him the ring. He had hardly glanced at it when he cried out so loudly that everyone was startled. 'You have a ring,' he exclaimed, bowing to the floor, 'which comes from the Prophet. About a hundred years ago it was stolen from the Great Mogul by the English. Later it fell into the hands of a German prince . . .' I interrupted him: 'It was in Vienna that it was given to me, by M. de Hammer!' 'Go at once,' said the Ambassador, 'to the empire of the Great Mogul. He has offered tons of gold and diamonds to the one who returns the ring of the Prophet. You will come back laden with riches.' You can imagine how I leaped with excitement. I came at once to find you, my dear Jan, so that we may get Gozlan and all go to the Great Mogul, who will be transported with ecstasy, and restore to him the ring of the Prophet. Come, the tons of riches await us!"

"And it is for this that you have got me up in the middle of the night!" exclaimed Jan.

"What! Do you think I exaggerate its value?" cried Balzac, bewildered by the indifference of his friend toward the fascinating prospect opened up by the discovery of the ring.

"I stand by the first offer I made you," said Jan as he began undressing. "Will you take four cents for the ring of the Prophet?"

It would be impossible to record all the anathema which Balzac heaped on Jan's scepticism. With a passionate and terrible violence, like that of an enraged lion, Balzac stormed; but at last, worn out by his fury, he lay down on the floor and slept until morning, dreaming of the treasures of the Great Mogul. It was thus that Laurent Jan and I escaped a voyage to the Empire of the Mogul — a voyage which still awaits us. Balzac always spoke very discreetly, thereafter, about the ring of the Prophet; and we seldom saw it on his finger.

These dreams of riches, these dreams embellished with diamonds, did not exist in Balzac's imagination without cause. If he grew excited under the influence of a dazzling nightmare, it was because he had *Les Jardies* on his mind, and *Les Jardies* cost him a great deal, yet gave him nothing in return — save weariness, labor and worries without end. I have sometimes found Balzac at home in the morning looking greener than the leaves on his trees, all from having suffered so much in the rôle of landowner. I know a wall, not more than ten metres long by two high, which deserves fame no less than the walls of Thebes, of Troy, of Rome, or the Great Wall of China. This wall separated the upper part of Balzac's property (note particularly that I do not say all of his property) from the upper part of a neighbor's property — no matter what neighbor; all neighbors are alike. To understand this situation, imagine two beds whose pillows touch, but which are divided down the middle by wooden valances.

The land belonging to Balzac, already higher than the land adjoining, he raised several feet higher yet, with the result that a retaining wall was found necessary, to keep the added soil from falling onto the neighbor's property. So much for the origin of the famous wall at *Les Jardies;* the history of its misfortunes is the history of Balzac's tortures. It had hardly been raised when it gave way and scattered its lime and stones on all sides — on Balzac's land, and on that of his neighbor. Balzac sighed and rebuilt it. He was told by experts that the slope had not been steep enough; that if one were to increase the angle of resistance, the wall would not fall again. A month was required to reconstruct it along these lines. We were all happy over its completion. That morning it rained. In the evening we were playing dominoes in a room off the main corridor of the house, when someone knocked, and then quickly threw open the window:

"Monsieur de Balzac!"

"What is it?"

"Your wall has started toward the neighbor's!"

"Impossible!"

"Absolutely."

We secured lights and hurried to the fatal spot. It was a splendid sight. The entire wall, over-turned on its foundation, was stretched full-length on the neighbor's ground. For several minutes we gazed on the disaster. The next morning the tragedy was completed for Balzac by a multitude of summonses, verbal law-suits, writs, assignations, *etc., etc.* This time, in falling, the wall had flattened some turnips, crushed some carrots, and smashed some parsnips. Heaven knows what the death of those miserable vegetables cost! In France only the death of a man can atone for the death of an apple- or a cherry-tree. People are afraid the respect for property may decrease. Personally I have always feared the contrary. But to continue. For the third time it was necessary to prop up the decrepit wall. More architects were called into consultation.

"The angle of resistance is sufficient," said they, "but the foundations should be made of brick and Roman cement. Brick is the only thing to use."

"We will build it of brick," muttered Balzac, hurling a magnificent look of black defiance at the heavens, where his own spirit was reflected.

He agreed, then, that the wall should be built of brick. It was done so thoroughly that the architects' bills were enormous. (Architects themselves are made of brick.) Thrice have I felled, and thrice erected, before the eyes of the reader, this wall of Ilion, but I can swear that actually it was upset and replaced more than five times. Weary of war, Balzac ended by buying the piece of land on which his wall liked to tumble. Then he said, with some pride:

"It is costly, but it is worth it. One is always glad to be able to collapse at home. Now my poor wall can at least die in its own bed."

Soon I shall take my place, with the reader, on the high terrace beside this whimsical wall — the terrace from which Balzac loved to look out over the cool, dark woods of Ville d'Avray, and I shall recount my interview with him the morning of the first, last and only performance of *Vautrin.*

V

Balzac had unexpected dramatic fits which, according to the various temperatures through which his inflammable spirit passed, resembled tempests or tornadoes; but never did he exhibit a serious and steady desire for a theatrical career. These fits usually seized him when he got within close range of a highly successful play. The fumes of wine drunk elsewhere then enveloped him, and mounted swiftly to his brain. For a rapturous month, or perhaps two, he dreamed only of the drama: historical drama, passionate melodrama, the comedy of manners, plays for the Comédie-Française, plays for the Porte-Saint-Martin, plays for the Gaieté. The very points of his pen quivered. He was going to work! . . . Oh, how he was going to work! For M. Samson, for Mme. Dorval, for Frédérick Lemaître. Especially for the latter, whom at that time he admired with absolute fanaticism, and whose fine feeling and magnetism he fully appreciated.

I have rarely seen Mlle. Rachel myself, but Balzac placed her a little below the level of great artists — just why he never explained. Nothing was further from the natural tendency of his complex imagination than bare tragedy. Nor could any force, great or small, lead him toward poetry. Do not misunderstand me. I mean here by poetry only rhymed verse. It would be a mistake to say that Balzac did not love idealistic thought, well-chosen images, a refined style, and certain delightful and long-established conventions. He liked poetry, but he did not like verse, and that's all there was to it! He respected verse tremendously, but he could not bring himself to read it. He appreciated its difficulties, but scattered

his praise at random, on the wing, and, as a sportsman would say, shot 'at a guess.' When he had recited some fragments from the *Méditations* or the *Orientales*, eulogizing Racine because he had heard that that writer, like himself, excelled in the portrayal of women, his tithe of enthusiasm for poetry was paid. With the receipt in his pocket he then could return contentedly to his prose, and for a long time afterwards there would be no talk about verse at *Les Jardies*.

In order to illustrate further Balzac's tolerant attitude toward poetry, I shall take the liberty of recalling an evening — a famous evening! — when he and I attended the Théâtre-Français. It was the première of *Les Burgraves*, and Victor Hugo had sent us two tickets for the balcony. The fate of the play was not long in doubt. Exclamations of disapproval, laughter, mutterings, mockery, hisses, clashed in mid-air beneath us, above us, in front and behind. — A veritable war! — The baptism of dramatic small-shot to which we all were exposed, from the highest to the lowest, rained down like big and little hail-stones, mercilessly, without pity on either Otto or Guanumara. The spirit of the occasion was a general gaiety, a diabolical jubilee; it was the putrid laughter of a first night failure . . . The envious laughed blackly, the friendly laughed lemon-yellow; the public, that great baby, laughed stupidly because it felt like laughing.

Suddenly I felt myself being tapped on the shoulder. It was Balzac, who was sitting behind me. I turned and saw that he, too, was laughing, but on the sly, in the manner of a conspirator, and in such a way as to make me an accomplice to the poisonous hilarity with which he was affected.

"How do you like this?" he asked.

I replied seriously: "I think it is wonderful. Take my word for it, not since Dante has anything so beautiful been written in any language. It is great; it is sublime."

"Just what I think," agreed Balzac, who had paid no attention to what I said, or perhaps had waited until I spoke before taking sides in the question which was being threshed out before us.

In brief, *Burgraves* went sky-high in his estimation that evening. And this is only one example of his inability to perceive thought beneath the fantastic cloak of verse.

When the dramatic fever seized him, it not only impelled him to discard all the ideas expressed or to be expressed in his novels, so that he might be free to write comedies and dramas for the Paris theatres; it also made him — Balzac, the independent, the close-minded! — willing to seek ideas of others, to entertain suggestions of collaboration, to consider the financial aspect of things! The moment an idea cropped up, it was considered from the business angle. That is how the theatrical element worked in him. Listen to his words:

"The idea I have is a grand one; it is brilliant and solid; it is rose-granite. From this granite we are going to carve, in great Egyptian blocks, a play for the Porte-Saint-Martin. I have Frédérick's promise. And with Frédérick — there is not a bit of doubt — it will mean at least a hundred and fifty performances at an average of five thousand francs. Think of it: SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND FRANCS! Now figure it out. Twelve percent for author's royalties will bring us more than twenty thousand francs. And that does not take into account the tickets, on which Porcher, whom I have already seen, will advance as usual five or six thousand francs in gold. Further, there is our share from the sale of ten thousand copies of the play. Three francs a copy — a clear profit of thirty thousand francs. In addition to all this there is . . .

It can be seen that, just as I have said, everything turned to business for Balzac, even before the idea was a perceptible germ. Before he had the thing clearly in mind even, he hurried to the Bourse to have it copyrighted. It was in the Place de la Bourse that he one day met Henry Monnier, whom he liked and admired very much. Monnier listened to one of Balzac's magnificent schemes, which was to net them each fourteen million and then said:

"Advance me a hundred sous on the idea."

We have already stated that when he was bitten by the theatre bug, Balzac would welcome collaborators with open arms. It was at such a time that he lured, along with several others, to *Les Jardies*, a good but weak young man named Lassailly — a wavering and dreamy spirit whom God has since called to him. Balzac had cast his eye on this uncertain intellect with the intention of making him his dramatic collaborator — a task of which the boy was as incapable as he was of writing *Eugénie Grandet* or *Le Lis dans la Vallée*. It was utterly impossible for me, and for others as well, to divine what strange reason Balzac had in making such a choice. Raphael engaging a stonecutter from Transtevere or a slater from Ostie to help him paint his pictures would not have been more bizarre.

Although one needs testimony to believe it, Balzac was sufficiently serious in the matter to honor Lassailly with a promise of his collaboration over a period of years. Was this agreement ever recorded? Was it drawn up in legal form? Was it written at all? I do not know, and I doubt if it was. But it is well known now that the terms of the agreement were discussed and decided upon. I can even affirm, from my recollections and from the recollections of others, that at the time of which we speak, the terms were fairly well understood. The principal condition was that Lassailly, chosen by a strange fate to be Balzac's official collaborator, should be comfortably lodged, furnished with heat, light, food, *etc.*, at Balzac's expense, and that he in turn should keep himself constantly at the disposal of Balzac, furnishing him with dramatic ideas, plots, and whatever might be needed, whenever such need arose.

To Balzac's credit it may be said that Lassailly was immediately so well put up at *Les Jardies*, so quickly and thoroughly accommodated with heat, light, and nourishment, that in a very few days he acquired a plumpness which one could scarcely have expected from a person of so delicate a constitution. Balzac, we maintain, was thereupon fully acquitted of any further responsibility in the matter of the contract.

And how did Lassailly fulfill his obligations? He slumbered lazily in complete idleness. He did not neglect any of his meals, but he neglected utterly the dramatic ideas which he was to have contributed. His attitude was certainly not that of an employe, or, if you prefer, an associate. Balzac pleaded with him, justly enough, to fulfill his obligations, and Lassailly admitted that Balzac's demands were entirely legitimate. It was a problematical state of affairs, painful and full of disagreement. Another consideration was that Balzac worked almost exclusively at night. It would therefore be at two or three in the morning that he would call imperiously to Lassailly and demand that he get up and work with him.

What a terrible moment it would be! The timid collaborator, stretching sleepily, would hurriedly dress, or half-dress, and with one foot bare, the other shod, his cotton cap pulled over one ear, his face filled with consternation (and Lassailly was capable of awful consternation!) would run as softly as possible, a candle-stick in his hand, through the deserted rooms which lay between him and Balzac's lonely study. Pathetic journey! Arrived at the feet of the master, a master pale with sleeplessness, yellowed by the splotches of light which fell upon his brow and cheeks, (for the Balzac possessed at night by the demon of labor had nothing in common with the Balzac of the street and salon,) the master would say to him:

"Well now, Lassailly, what have you thought up?"

And Lassailly, adjusting his cotton cap, and opening wide his eyes still covered with a film of dreams, would stammer:

"Yes . . . we will have to think up . . . It will be a good thing to . . . to hit on something . . ."

"Oh, you have hit on something! Well, let's hear about it. The Porte-Saint-Martin is waiting. Let's hurry! Harel wrote me again yesterday. So let's hear about it! I saw Frédérick Lemaître the day before yesterday . . ."

"Oh, you saw Frédérick Lemaître?"

"Yes, and he is all for us. He longs for a play that will set Paris talking. Now where is this play? Eh?"

"Eh?" Lassailly would repeat, his forehead wrinkled from the difficulty of paying attention.

"Have you this play, Lassailly?"

"Not finished, but . . ."

"But you have it partially done?"

"Yes, and no."

"What do you mean?"

"I had rather you told me first," Lassailly would murmur, "what ideas you have. Then we can put them with mine, and I am sure . . ."

"Lassailly, you are asleep!"

"Oh, no!"

"But you are! . . . You're asleep standing up, I tell you. See there! Your eyes are shut!"

"I swear . . ."

"You are yawning!"

"I am a trifle chilly . . . that is . . ."

"Go back to bed, Lassailly. Perhaps in an hour or so the muse will visit you."

Then, picking up his pale candle, and dragging his slippered feet as he went, Lassailly, like a desolate ghost, would return to his own room, to the soft bed where he was supposed to discover, as he lay stretched out, the theme of this famous play which was to be the talk of Paris. — His rest would be brief. In an hour Balzac would have bells ringing all over the place, to rouse Lassailly from his slumbers. The poor boy would start up and run barefooted, clothed only in his knitted drawers, to his master's study. There he would dissemble as best he could, and the dialogue previously indulged in would be repeated — Balzac as alert as a lion, Lassailly as passive as a dormouse. One can imagine that the results were always the same. Balzac wanted a play at any price. Lassailly could uncover one at no price. As many as six times a night the excellent but sterile collaborator would be called upon by his literary chief. The problem was much more a physical than a mental one.

The upshot of it all was that Lassailly, in spite of better and better nourishment and care, grew pale, declined, and fell seriously ill. These sudden awakenings at night, together with his utter incapability of fulfilling the terms of the contract, troubled his poor mind. Encountering him one day on the Boulevard de Gand, at the corner of the Rue Laffitte, I asked:

"Well, how are things at *Les Jardies?*"

"Oh, I have left *Les Jardies*," he replied, raising his arms and his eyes to heaven — those eyes which were always filled with a mist of tears — "I have left it forever."

"But you were well off there, weren't you?"

"Very well off! What a wonderful place to live! Such surroundings! Such a pleasant existence! Roasts every day; vegetables twice a day; plenty of desserts; and such coffee!"

"Well then, what happened that made you leave?"

"You ask what happened! Who could possibly stay there? Getting up six times, perhaps eight times a night! Eight times! And that is not all.

A pistol at your throat forcing you to invent a play that would take Paris by storm. Human endurance," continued Lassailly in tears, "is not equal to it. I, who had already suffered so many passions and vicissitudes, could tolerate it no longer. Never as long as I live will I set foot again in *Les Jardies.*"

He kept his word. Not only did he never return to *Les Jardies;* he never uttered the name of Balzac except in a kind of half-terror.

VI

Giving in finally to these irresistible impulses toward the theatre, Balzac determined to brave the dramatic sea, and round the Cape of Storms. In my opinion the time was badly chosen, the occasion the worst possible. It was too late — much too late. Not that Balzac was too old to master an admittedly difficult art, for a strong intellectual constitution can bear up to the very end — but it was too late for the one and sufficient reason that Balzac was at that period of his life entirely too celebrated a figure to be forgiven a fresh conquest, an attempt to win glory in a new field, the most envied of all fields, the theatre.

What! Was it not enough to be read and admired in every salon of France, Italy, England, Germany, and Russia? To be translated into every language? Having received the delicate applause of hearts and eyes, must he seek also the loud applause of hands? Really this man must think himself a Charlemagne, a Charles the Fifth. He dreams of a world-wide literary monarchy!

In these astonished questions there was a clear declaration of war against the daring author. How could Balzac fail to perceive it — he, the subtle inquisitor of all ideas; he, as clever and sharp-eyed as an old police magistrate; he who had so often stripped off, skin and all, the mask from the face of humanity? Could he not know that the envy, the hatred, the jealousy of those who were unable to attack his irritatingly successful books, could lie safely hidden in the dark corners of a theatre-box, and from that vantage-point kill at leisure the play and the author — their pleasure in killing increasing with the beauty of the play and the greatness of the author? This danger is much less great, though it is always present, when the writer takes care to keep a foot in each camp: one in literature, the other in the theatre, and raises himself a bit at a time, first in one place, then in the other. It was this method which lifted Voltaire to the plane of genius, and Frédéric Soulié to the plane of talent. Balzac overlooked these tactics, and he was beaten, constantly beaten. There is not the slightest doubt of it. The so-called success of two or three of his comedies performed since his death does not constitute an argument to the contrary. So long as he was not present at their performance, why should anyone hiss? Besides, there is no danger of his writing more! — What an advantage! — And besides that, he is dead! — What a virtue!

Prudence was, then, completely lacking in Balzac's resolution to write so tardily for the theatre. Having committed this folly, he proceeded to increase the feeling which had been aroused against him. Was it not deliberately to increase it that he invaded the theatre, armed with the most ticklish, the most dangerous subject in the whole collection of French public prejudices.

The French public — is it not made up of six times as many hypocrites as one would ordinarily find in a first-night audience? Of six times as many fraudulent bankrupts, and debauched women as hang over the railings of stage-boxes and balcony; six times as many members of the goitrous *bourgeoisie*, cretins, idiots, cripples, and villains as fill the second and third galleries at a première (and do not think this an exaggeration, either); it is an assemblage hide-bound by the purest literary principles, the purest religious principles, the purest social principles, by all the purest principles imaginable. Beware! No subject must be even slightly dangerous; no person very eccentric; no style too new. The daring spirits who are ingenious, and who dream of outwitting these ambushes and traps, do not employ the tricks of the writer, but rather the tricks of the acrobat. They dance for three hours on a tightrope over a red-hot fire. The emotion they arouse may be expressed as follows: Aren't they going to fall? Won't they fall in the fire? It is a hundred to one they will fall and be killed. — What chance, then, have the others, like Balzac, who are not even equipped with these virtually futile tactics? Balzac, with lifted visor and magnificent disdain, attempted the impossible when he challenged the theatre. He encountered the absolutely impossible.

But let us return to *Vautrin*, his first blow directed at the monster.

It was in the Porte-Saint-Martin that the blow was struck. A very intelligent, but also very ill-fated, director was Balzac's ally. This extraordinary man — the director — had tried everything: classical tragedy, romantic tragedy, comedy and fantasy, educated apes and trick elephants; he had carried his directorial nerve to the point of asking a loan of thirty thousand francs in silver from Louis-Philippe. The latter, little given to lending, had replied wittily: "Monsieur Harel, I was about to make the same request of you!" This director accepted Balzac's play as a drowning man grasps at a life-line. It was a veritable ark of salvation, coming to him after not one, but a thousand floods. Harel believed himself saved! He was so eager — these details are as clear in my memory as though they had happened yesterday — he was so eager to get hold of Balzac's first play, his virgin effort, that he accepted it before it was completed. Strictly speaking, one can say that he got nothing at all. Never mind! This nothing in five acts of prose by M. Balzac was accepted with great joy.

It should be stated here, in order to explain the preceding passage, that Balzac, by long-established habit, negotiated for the rights to his work

before it was done — no matter whether it was a novel, a short story, or an article. In this way he made full use of the stimulus of necessity. And it is only fair to add that he was a fanatic in regard to keeping his word. As soon, therefore, as the contract with Harel was agreed to, he ran and imprisoned himself in the fifth floor home of Buisson, the tailor, in the old Hôtel Frascati, at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu. There, with the assistance of a patient copyist, whose business was, I believe, the editing of a small opposition newspaper, he began the composition of the famous play, *Vautrin*. His daily affairs — we might as well say his hourly affairs — hardly allowed him to stay at *Les Jardies*, where he had lived rather irregularly heretofore, and where he lived henceforth at very uneven intervals.

The road which opened before him at this juncture was the roughest, the most depressing that he had ever traveled, in spite of his experiences with the booksellers of Saint-Jacques, the editors of the Pantheon, and the discounters perched on the hill of Passy. He was obliged to create, destroy, and re-create daily, every scene, every phrase, of his play. He had to do so in order to satisfy the thousand and one demands of the actors, who were especially insistent upon having their rôles fixed to suit themselves once they realized that the play was still in process of execution. He was dragged from one side of the stage to the other by the distressed complaints of an impatient director, who was desperately eager to make money. More than once Balzac was at the point of refusing to go on under the strain. The experience altered him terribly. Two and a half months of rehearsals rendered him almost unrecognizable. His sufferings became so well known that people would wait on the street to watch him going home after rehearsal. His great blue, square-cut coat, his large, nut-colored Cossack breeches, his white banker's waistcoat, his enormous shoes, with their tongues hanging outside the trousers instead of being tucked beneath them — all his clothes were twice too big for him, and were splattered with mud (the streets had not yet been paved) — his whole appearance proclaimed the disorder, the trouble, the inconceivable confusion into which he had been thrown by his dramatic ventures.

And what a tiring amount of conversation he had to exchange with everyone whom he met, and who wanted news of *Vautrin!* Where were the rehearsals being held? What did Frédérick Lemaître think of his part? Was Raucourt satisfied with his? Was it true that the honest Moessard, who claimed to have lived a spotless life for sixty-five years, had refused disdainfully to enact the rôle of Joseph Bonnet, the former accomplice of Vautrin and Charles Blondet in their tricks and misdeeds, the present *valet de chambre* of the Duchess of Montsorel? Was it true that the upholsterers, the mechanics, and the painters, had quit work because their pay had not been forthcoming? — It happened that Balzac, excellent and inexhaustible paraphraser, succeeded in satisfying all these

peripatetic inquisitors. He did it chiefly by repeating on every occasion the heated remarks he had heard from the lips of M. Harel, that extraordinary man who had stood face to face with misfortune and cried defiantly: "We shall see who is the stronger!" It is also true that while Balzac retailed on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle the Voltairean eccentricities of Harel, the latter, as he leaned against a tree on the Boulevard Saint-Martin, his fingers thrust in his gold snuffbox, recited the vivid eccentricities of Balzac; whereas Jemma, an actor connected with the same theatre, as he stood outside the café of the Porte-Sainte-Martin, repeated the words of Balzac, the words of Harel, and the words of Frédérick — in fact, all the wit heard in that charming and unfortunate theatre, which was never gayer, more amusing or more spirited than then. It was becoming the Gil Blas of theatres.

VII

It was once during these arduous days, physically and mentally, that Balzac stopped me on the Boulevard des Capucines, and said dejectedly:

"My dear friend, I am dying of hunger. It is three o'clock; I have just come from rehearsal, and I have had nothing. Let us go eat."

"But I am not hungry, and I have not just come from a rehearsal, thank God!"

"So much the better for you. But you will come with me, won't you?"

"Well then, let's turn back to the Café de Paris."

"Not the Café de Paris; it is too late for breakfast and too early for dinner. Some other place."

"But where do you want to go?"

"Follow me. I have discovered a very good place — a wonderful pastry-shop. You will see for youself. Are you familiar with rice-cakes?"

"This sounds rather silly."

"Wait till I tell you. Are you familiar with small macaroni pies?"

"Really . . ."

"You are not! Come on!"

"Is it very far?"

"The Rue Royale."

And clutching me with his free hand — he had three or four books under one arm — he led me at a pace quickened by hunger, to the Rue Royale, to the remarkable pastry-shop which he had discovered, and which, I presume, is still there.

We entered.

"Some of the little macaroni pies!" cried Balzac. "We will take them all."

"There you are, gentlemen," said a young English girl, as she drew an iron plate from the polished copper stove.

Balzac deposited his books on a table and prepared, as near as I could guess, to hurl himself upon the little pies with the ferocity of an ogre.

"Do you know what this book is?" he asked me.

"No, my dear Balzac."

"This," he explained, "is Cooper's latest work: *Lake Ontario.* It is beautiful! It is great! It is tremendously interesting! He owed us this masterpiece after the two or three rhapsodies he has given us recently. I want you to read this. No one but Walter Scott ever achieved such grand effects, such perfect coloring. If Cooper could only have painted humanity as skillfully as he has painted natural phenomena, he would have said the last word in art. Unfortunately . . ."

"Unfortunately, you are not eating," I interposed.

"Quite right."

Walking about the shop, laughing, and praising Cooper, he swallowed in three or four Gargantuan gulps, two macaroni pies, then two more — to the great stupefaction of the English girl, who evidently was astonished at the greed of a man who she supposed lived upon flowers, air, and perfume. Her astonishment did not seem particularly affected, either.

"Since this sort of novel pleases you so much," said I, offering Balzac a glass of water — I knew he did not want wine — "why shouldn't you write something in which the action takes place on the shore of a lake, as it does in Cooper's latest work?"

"And where the devil do you expect me to find the lake? We have nothing but cisterns and ponds. The Lake of Enghien, I suppose!"

"But you know lots of travelers; get them to talking when they visit you at *Les Jardies.* Many of them, I know, are only stalks of sugar-cane, long, tufted, and stringy; but if one presses them long enough one can extract sugar and rum from them."

"Oh, my dear friend," replied Balzac, as he lifted the glass of water to his lips, "*if you only realized how many of them know nothing!* Do you need proof of this terrible fact? Then here it is . . ."

And devouring two more macaroni pies, he went on as follows:

"When I was planning to write *Le Lis dans la Vallée,* I fully intended to include, after the manner of Cooper, some magnificent descriptions of nature. Following this idea, I plunged into nature pantheism, like a pagan. In turn I became tree, spring, horizon, star, fountain, light. And as science is a great help in any emergency, I sought out the names and the importance of a multitude of plants with which I expected to strew my descriptions. The first thing I did was to try to discover the names of the little weeds which we trample in the fields, which grow along the edges of roads, in meadows, in fact everywhere. I inquired of my gardener.

'Ah, Monsieur,' he said, 'nothing could be easier.'

'Well then, since it is so easy, tell me.'

'That is lucerne-grass; this is clover; that is sainfoin; this is . . .'

"I interrupted him: 'No, no, no! I asked you the names of these thousands of little weeds that we trample on, that we pull up. Now!'

'Indeed, Monsieur, they are weeds.'

'But the names of these myriads of weeds: long, short, upright, curved, sweet, piquant, rough, soft, wet, dry, dark green, light green.'

'All I can say is that they are weeds.'

"I could get nothing more out of him. Only 'They are weeds.'

"The next day a friend was coming to see me: one of those very travelers whom you were just praising. I examined him on the subject in much the same manner. I said:

'You are a botanist, and you have traveled widely. Do you know anything about these little weeds that are everywhere underfoot?'

'Of course!' was his reply.

'Well then, tell me their names.' And I plucked a bunch of weeds and put them in his hand.

'The point is . . . You see,' he said after several minutes' examination, 'my knowledge is practically limited to the flora of Malabar. Now if we were in India I could tell you without hesitating the names of thousands upon thousands of little plants. Here, however . . . '

'Here you are more ignorant than I am.'

'I admit it,' confessed the traveler.

"Angry at the failure of my second attempt, I hurried next day to the Botanical Gardens. Here I spoke to one of the most learned scholars attached to the institution.

'Oh, Monsieur Balzac,' said this celebrated naturalist, 'you do not realize what you are asking me. We concern ourselves a good deal with the larch family, and with the not less interesting tamarisks; but life is too short for us to worry about all the insignificant little weeds. That is the business of a salad-merchant. But seriously speaking, where is the action of your story laid?'

'In Touraine.'

'Well then, the first rustic you meet in Touraine will be able to tell you more of what you want to know than any professor here.'

"So I left for Touraine, and there I found the peasants as ignorant as my friend the traveler, as ignorant as my gardener, but not a bit more ignorant than the professors at the Botanical Gardens. As a consequence, when I wrote *Le Lis dans la Vallée*, I was unable to describe accurately the greenswards which I should so like to have depicted blade by blade, in the clear and painstaking Flemish manner. And now you advise me to rely upon travelers for the local color necessary to describe a lake. We must face the facts, and not be too critical of the witty Abbé Vertot, because of his remarking, '*Mon siége est fait.*' He had imagined his bishopric much better than others could have described it to him. Still, there are things one cannot imagine."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac then of the girl who had served the little pies.

"Nothing, Monsieur Balzac," she replied in tones so determined that there was no possibility of argument.

Balzac looked at me. He seemed to be asking, "What shall we do about it?" But instantly he found the proper response to this gallant gesture, for, handing the English girl Cooper's novel, he murmured:

"Madamoiselle, I shall never regret anything so much as not having been the author of this."

And he left the book in the hands of his naïve and astonished admirer.

VIII

Meanwhile the great day of production approached. Journalists whetted their knives; the tigers of first-night performances sharpened their claws. It was whispered that in spite of the many pleasant anticipations of the evening, the censors did not altogether approve of the production. There was uneasiness regarding the introduction of *Vautrin* on the Paris stage, into the midst of a respectable atmosphere, when its mission was to reveal weaknesses of the heart and errors of conjugal love. It was even reported that certain influences from very high quarters were, for these and other reasons, being exerted against the production.

There was evidently some exaggeration in these rumors, for only a few days later the play was performed. Balzac turned the last few days to good account. Always an innovator, he put into effect a scheme which was highly characteristic of his genius, and which had never been tried before by an author — at least we may assume it had not. Foreseeing the extraordinary demand for seats which was bound to come from the multitude of readers whom he had delighted for so many years, he grasped the opportunity to speculate in the sale of tickets, and with the permission of the director of the Porte-Saint-Martin, who was pleased at Balzac's initiative, he took personal charge of the whole business. As a result, a large sale of tickets was assured, and further, it seemed as though all the spectators were to be favorably inclined toward Balzac and the play. We shall soon see, however, that the latter supposition was false. What is true is that all the tickets were sold profitably, and re-sold even more profitably, with bonuses, by the first buyers. Not since the premières of Victor Hugo's plays had such public curiosity been aroused. It was an event. Although at this time political conditions were exciting, and the agitations were brewing which resulted in the terrible revolution of 1848, one heard of nothing but the forthcoming presentation of *Vautrin* — not even of banquets and foreign affairs, not even of England and Egypt. It was a magnificent and just tribute paid spontaneously to a European genius, deserved because of his ability to create such a superb diversion, unique, perhaps, in the history of art.

At last the hour struck; the irrevocable hand-bill announced the first performance of *Vautrin*, a prose play in five acts. After this magic title

one read the names of the persons in the play, and opposite these, the names of the actors representing them. I transcribe this list here, from the very copy of *Vautrin* which Balzac gave to his intimate friend, M. Laurent Jan, to whom he also dedicated the work.

Characters	*Actors*
Jacques Collin, known as *Vautrin*	MM. Frédérick Lemaître
The Duke of Montsorel	Jemma
The Marquis Albert, his son	Lajarriette
Raoul de Frescas	Rey
Charles Blondet, known as the *Chevalier de Saint-Charles*	Raucourt
François Cadet, coachman, known as the *Philosopher*	Potonnier
Fil-de-Soire, a cook	Frédéric
Buteux, a porter	E. Dupuis
Philippe Bolard, known as *Lafouraille*	Tournan
Joseph Bonnet, valet to the Duchess of Montsorel	Moessard
A Commissary	
The Duchess of Montsorel (Louise De Vaudrey)	Mmes. Frédérick Lemaître
Mlle. de Vaudrey, her aunt	Georges, the younger
The Duchess of Christoval	Cénau
Inès de Christoval, Princess of Arjos	Figeac
Félicité, maid to the Duchess of Montsorel	Kersent

After the cataclysm, when nothing was left of *Vautrin* but this strange assortment of names — some overflowing with nobility, others smelling of the gallows, it was easy to form an idea of the appalling task which Balzac had set himself when he determined to compose a comedy of elements as inimical, as far removed from each other, as the sun and earth. How was he to make these thieves, these swindlers, these marquises and marchionesses, these dukes and duchesses, breathe the same air, tread the same stage, rub elbows in the same room? Above all, how was he to link them by common interest to a single action? That was the problem he faced. Did he solve it satisfactorily? That is just the point.

We have come now, in a perfectly natural way, to the story of the first performance — so eagerly awaited — of *Vautrin*.

Making up the first-night audiences is the absorbing problem of the director; it fills his dreams; everything depends upon it. Such an audience, according to whether it is well- or ill-intentioned, can assure him of a

long sequence of brilliantly successful evenings, or it can sink him outright. The intrinsic value of the play has something to do with the matter, but it is not usually the chief determining factor. The truth of this has long been recognized by theatrical directors, and is proved by the fact that even the strongest theatres, the subsidized ones such as the Opéra or the Opéra-Comique, dare not neglect the organization of their first-night audiences. Anyone who imagines that even the most celebrated opera or the most celebrated actress is put before the public on the basis of merit alone, is in grievous error. Adjoining the box occupied by certain dukes and princesses is another box containing, you may be sure, several friends of the management, prepared to support, in terms of warm disinterestedness, the play or the artist. Yes, the box was given free; yes, the fashionable lady leaning on the rail is instructed to stir up enthusiasm; yes, the electric spark which will set things off is at the tips of her gloved fingers. On a chair, in the darkness at the rear of the box lie the wreaths supplied by the management; and those bouquets which seem merely a necessary part of the toilet, a natural ornament to those who wear them, were paid for by the theatre. In the course of the evening, at just the right moment, they will be tossed on the stage, to the exact spot chosen by the director.

Balzac imagined that he had assembled for the brilliant occasion an audience more than devoted to his success. But he did not reckon on the time that had elapsed between the selling of the tickets and the first performance. This interval was rather long, and during it the handling of the tickets got completely out of his control, developing into a frightful traffic. Manias and briberies of all sorts came into play, with the result that two-thirds of the seats changed hands, and passed into the possession of persons who were either strangers or enemies to Balzac. The gas-light, therefore, instead of revealing a well-regulated audience of friends, revealed a blustering mob, undisciplined, bigoted, scornful, having neither the good manners of a selected group, which had been counted on, nor the sincere frankness of a normal audience which purchases its authority at the door. The effect of this motley crowd was apparent from the start. The first three acts went through without any crisis; in fact they were received rather coldly, rather languidly. One scanned the audience, one waited, one did not know what to expect or from what direction to expect it. The ill-feeling seemed hesitant; the enthusiasm did not find expression. The ill-feeling, however, was gathering force and intrenching itself.

It burst like a shell during the fourth act when the actor Frédérick reappeared on the scene in the strange costume of the Mexican general, Crustamente, with a golden sash, a hat decorated with a bird of paradise, and a transatlantic accent. Murmurs drowned the voices of the actors; the actors faltered. The situation was critical. Disaster threatened; it descended outright when certain persons took it upon themselves to

point out the ludicrous resemblance between the head-dress of Frédérick and that of King Louis-Philippe, whose eldest son was sitting in a proscenium box. Such an unfortunate complication! The political serpent and the literary serpent intertwined — their double hisses accompanying the play, condemned to failure from that moment, in spite of the sometimes successful and always admirable efforts of the principal actor to save it.

The audience was no longer dignified or calm, respectful or considerate. Each box was the mouth of a great volcano, of which the pit was the crater: a volcano of mockeries, of sneers, of blasphemy, of slander, but also of defensive threats, for there were, here and there, a few warm friends, who remained loyal in the midst of all this unprecedented fury, this unbridled animosity.

The battle was definitely lost. To form an adequate notion of how disastrous the defeat was, one must read the newspapers which came around on Monday to collect the dead: to wit, a name great among the greatest, a daring play filled with magnificent faults, a ruined theatre, a director robbed of his last hope, an entire company of artists reduced to nothing. Of these newspapers let us quote one whose standing, practically official, gave its judgments then, as now, particular authority, and which was distinguished from all the others because of the literary fame attached to its editor:

"Yesterday evening we attended, from seven o'clock until midnight, a lamentable spectacle, and even this morning we have scarcely recovered from the profound suffering which one finds inevitable in the presence of such indescribable works, so utterly lacking in wit, style, grammar, polish, originality, and commonsense. Could we believe our senses? Could we trust our eyes and ears? Was M. de Balzac really the author of this miserable piece of barbarism and ineptitude? Alas! you cannot imagine how painful it is to be an eye-witness to the swift degradation of a man who for eight years has been our most brilliant writer.

"Where can one commence? I am incompetent to say anything on the subject. The best judge of such a work is undoubtedly the chief of police, M. Allard. He alone can tell you what is true and what is false in this drama. Aside from this, one can only give a synopsis, in which everything is softened, the rags concealed, the purulent wounds hidden, the leprous spots rigidly suppressed, and the heaped-up crimes kept in the background. Even then the synopsis must recount so many pollutions of the mind and senses that one would be bound to consider it overdone, malicious, and false.

"As for criticism, what can it accomplish — lost, bewildered, frightened, amid this pandemonium of all the wicked passions? What can it cling to, except vices, crimes, meaningless words, tortured emotions? In brief, what can one do? How can we lift to our lips this tavern-glass filled to the brim with drugged and heavy wine?"

After this preliminary appreciation of the play, the editor went on with his synopsis, pausing now and then to appraise the author's talent.

"Act Two. We find ourselves immediately in a most wonderful world, a world which M. de Balzac has discovered. He is himself its creator, its architect, its weaver, its purveyor of styles, its language instructor, its chamber-maid, its perfumer, its hairdresser, its piano-teacher, and its money-lender. He has made this world all that it is. It is he who sleeps on the sofas placed expressly for sleep and for adultery; it is he who burdens all his women with the same unhappiness. It is he who buys on credit, horses, jewelry, and clothes for his weak-chested, penniless, and heartless fops. He is the first to discover this livid veneer, this pallor of good breeding which distinguishes all his heroes. He has figured out in his fertile head all these attractive crimes, all this masked perfidy, all these ingenious violations of mind and body which are the ordinary incidents of his plot. The jargon which this unique world employs, and which only it can understand, is nevertheless a mother-tongue discovered by M. de Balzac. Which partially accounts for the ephemeral success of this novelist, who still reigns supreme in London and in St. Petersburg, as the most faithful chronicelr of the manners and events of the present century . . .

"Loud voices demanded the name of the author. We listened carefully, hoping till the last that rumor had lied, and that we were dealing merely with some minor Corneille of the boulevards, inspired by Frédérick Lemaître. Alas! Alas! what we had been told was only too true. The good M. Moessard, an absolutely honest man, assured us it was M. de Balzac. It is a regrettable chapter to add to the story of human blunders."[2]

The day after the memorable production, that, on Sunday, the 15th of March, 1840, at about noon I went out to *Les Jardies* to see Balzac. He had gone there to escape the inevitable hubbub. It is easy to understand too, that he was anxious to get back to his lawns, his flowers, and his trees; to breathe deeply once more the pure air of which he had so long been deprived. I found him very calm, but noticed that his face was flushed, that his hands were hot, and that his speech, though composed, fell sadly from lips that appeared swollen, as after a feverish night.

"My dear friend," he greeted me before I had time to refer to the events of the previous evening, "I want you to notice that strip of land at the lower end of *Les Jardies,* it adjoins my property. Do you see it?"

"Certainly."

"I am planning to establish down there, in a few days, a mammoth dairy, to furnish the highest grade of milk to the nearby countrysides. I know they need it, for they lie between Paris and Versailles, two great sponges which suck up everything. I shall keep Rambouillet cows, which are, as you know, the most famous milch-cows in the world. After all

[2] *Journal des Débats.* March 16, 1840.

expenses are paid I shall be sure of a clear profit amounting to three thousand francs a year. Well! what do you think of it?"

My mind still busy with the events of the day before, I paid little attention to what he was saying, and consequently did not know how to reply. He continued:

"On this side of the strip of land you will notice another beautiful square plot . . .?"

"Which has nothing on it at all."

"At present, yes But wait. Under the direction of Louis XIV, the celebrated gardener Quintinie planted, in a field set aside for that special purpose, apart from the main gardens of Versailles, a rare and excellent species of vegetable, which was supplied only to the King's table. Louis XIV wished this cultivation to continue after him, for the benefit of his successors. The wish was granted. Louis XV and Louis XVI both ate of the favored vegetable. The Revolution greatly upset the royal kitchen-gardens, but under the Restoration they came back somewhat into favor. Lately Louis-Philippe has fully re-instated the tradition; the court once more enjoys the vegetables of Quintinie. But I am in a position to extend this pleasure to the upper classes, to the gentlemen of neighboring estates, for I have the necessary seeds, and I am going to plant them! It will mean another three thousand francs in profits! Do you understand?"

"That makes six thousand francs," I replied. "Three thousand from milk, and three thousand from vegetables."

"Nor is that all!"

"Pray go on."

"Look once more . . . there . . . to our left. On that piece of ground which has as marvellous an exposure as though it were in Malaga, I am going to have a vineyard — just like those of the South."

"Where the wine is detestable."

"Because they do not know how to cultivate their vines. I can tell you all about Malaga. This bit of land I am showing you is a veritable piece of sunlight; it is warm, dry, ferruginous; it is wine, and wine at three thousand francs a cask. Without exaggerating in the least, I am sure of making twelve thousand francs a year profit. Twelve thousand francs!"

"Besides three thousand from milk, and three thousand from vegetables. That makes, if I am not mistaken, eighteen thousand in all."

"That is correct. But let me finish. Look now in another direction. Observe the height of that magnificent walnut-tree."

"And that magnificent walnut-tree belongs to the township of Sèvres, or of Ville d'Avray," I replied. "You have told me so a hundred times."

"I have bought it! It is mine!"

"What! But great God! What will you do with it?"

"I will make it bring me an income of two thousand francs,"

"Two thousand francs from walnuts!"

"Not from walnuts."

"From what, then . . .?"

"I will tell you in a few days. But this is what they have driven me to, by prohibiting further performances of *Vautrin*. To an income of twenty thousand francs!"

"*Vautrin* has been prohibited?"

"Read this."

Balzac then showed me the official letter he had just received. M. de Rémusat, through M. Cavé, of the department of fine arts, and without an explanation of any kind, forbade further performances of Balzac's play. And Balzac, as fecund in consolations for himself as in works of art for others, had already assured himself of an income of twenty thousand francs from cows, vegetables, grapes, and a single walnut-tree.

IX

One day in June, 1840, I received a note from Balzac, who was at *Les Jardies*, begging me to meet him the next day at three o'clock on the Champs-Élysées, between the Chevaux de Marly and the Café des Ambassadeurs. He was particularly anxious that I should not fail him, he added, for he wanted to ask a very important favor of me. As he always came on a similar mission, I racked my brain trying to figure out what he wanted, so I might be prepared for the difficulties which would inevitably stand in the way of my desire to oblige him.

But I could not imagine what was in his mind, and therefore remained until the next day in the grip of curiosity. The weather, for that time of year, was atrocious; although the best season in Paris is always atrocious. At three o'clock, as I came into the Champs-Élysées, a grey autumn wind, flecked with rain, was driving the leaves to earth; the sun was weak; it was cold enough for February or March; no one was on the streets; few carriages were abroad. But there was I, walking from the Chevaux de Marly to the Café des Ambassadeurs, looking carefully for Balzac.

My patience was not put to a severe test, for only a few minutes after three o'clock had been sounded in the Tuileries, I saw Balzac coming through the gate of the Place de l'Étoile, walking with that heavy yet rapid step, so characteristic of his elephantine carriage. Before he reached me he began explaining, most fluently, that he had come from Madame de Girardin's, where he had almost frozen to death. As a matter of fact he was as green as a drowned person, and he shook in every limb.

"How is it possible," he asked me, "how is it possible that a superior woman, a woman of brilliance and good sense, such as Madame de Girardin, can bring herself to live in the most impossible of lodgings, in a climate like ours; to live in a temple which has no god — that is, no

protection from rheumatism and inflammations; a temple with a portico, Ionian columns, mosaic pavement, marble facings, walls of polished stucco, cornices of alabaster, and other Greek embellishments, at forty-eight degrees and fifty minutes latitude north! And then, with the excuse that we are in the month of June, to have no fire on the hearth! Still, the whole forest of Dodone, cut down in three strokes, would not prove sufficient to warm such a monument. I give you my word of honor, she might as well have entertained her friends on a frozen lake in Switzerland. Well, when Madame de Girardin saw me rising to go, and said, 'You are leaving us so soon, Balzac?' I felt like replying instantly, 'Yes, Madame, I am going out into the street to get warm.' But enough of that. I have come to have a talk with you. Let us walk fast and improve our circulation, while you listen to me. I have just written for the first number of the *Revue Parisienne* a little story which pleases me, and which I will read to you one of these days, when I have found . . . something that I have not found yet, but which we are going to find together. I should, however, begin by telling you who the principal character is, or, to be more exact, who the unique character is, in this little study of morals — the woeful morals of our time which have resulted from the political conditions of the last ten years.

Balzac sketched, then, in great sculptural lines, the figure of this character — a figure too powerful, in my estimation, for the machine-made frame of the short story, but one destined, surely, in Balzac's own mind, to be transferred later to the less-restricted medium of the novel. He went on to depict, in the most intimate details, the life of this character he had created. It was the restless life of a man of genius — exploited by those who know nothing but ambition and intrigue — a man who, each time he had succeeded in establishing one of these others in a palace, returned to languish in misery and hunger on the floor of his own garret, where, after much suffering, he died, more a victim of deception than of privation.

"Now this is where I need your help," continued Balzac. "Such an extraordinary man must have a name appropriate to his destiny; a name which explains him, sorts him out, announces him as clearly as a cannon announces itself from afar: 'My name is cannon!' It must be a name which is molded on him and which can be fitted to the mask of no one else. Well, this name will not come to me. I have tried every possible combination of vocal sounds, but without success. There are so many stupid names! — Not that I am afraid of christening him with a stupid name; what I fear — or, rather, dread — is giving him a name which does not fit him as perfectly as the gum fits the tooth; or the nail, the flesh. Do you understand me?"

"I understand, but I do not agree . . ."

"What! you do not agree . . . !"

"No."

"You do not agree that there are names which bring to mind a diadem, a sword, a helmet, a flower . . . ?"

"No."

"Which reveal a great poet, a satirical wit, a profound philosopher, a celebrated painter?"

"No, no! I should sooner believe the exact opposite. Racine, for example!" . . .

"Yes, Racine! I was going to mention him. That name; does it not portray a poet, tender, passionate, harmonious?"

"I assure you that all it conveys to me is the thought of a botanist or a pharmacist — certainly not of a tender, pathetic poet."

"But Corneille? Corneille?"

"Corneille gives rise within me to the idea of a rather insignificant bird."

"But Boileau? That name — Boileau?"

"Suggests a pun — if you allow a slight change in spelling."

"The great Pascal?"

"A name borne by three thousand porters in Marais. All these names, I tell you, seem brilliant, great, sublime, to you simply because they have belonged to men of intellectual worth."

"I do not believe it," declared Balzac, terribly annoyed, and exhibiting his usual stubbornness. "We are named on high, before we ever appear on earth. It is a mystery which cannot be explained by applying the logic of our little minds. What is more, I am not the only one who believes that this remarkable correspondence between name and character serves as a talisman — infernal or divine — either to light a man's way through life or to destroy him. Serious thinkers have accepted this belief, and, strangely enough, in this one matter the crowd agrees with the thinkers. Which means, really, that everyone believes in it."

"Except me. But we will not spend any more time on my personal scruples. What you want is for us to find a significant name, a name which will classify and explain this character whom you have created, a name which corresponds . . ."

"Which corresponds to everything about him: his face, his stature, his voice, his past, his future, his genius, his tastes, his passions, his misfortunes, and his glory. Do you know one?"

"No."

"Well, I am exhausted from six months' effort to find it. I have already put in circulation more names than there are in the Royal Directory, and I feel absolutely incapable of discovering this one."

"Let's invent it between us."

"Impossible! I have already tried, haven't I? Besides, I have come to the conclusion, after a thousand futile attempts, that one can no more

manufacture a name than one can manufacture granite, coal, or marble. A name is the work of time, of revolutions, of I do not know what. It makes itself. It is no more invented than a language is. Tell me, if you can, who has ever invented a language?"

"If what you say is true, then all we can do is discover the name."

"That is all."

"Provided it exists."

"It does exist," affirmed Balzac solemnly.

"The question is then, where shall we find it?"

"That is just why I have asked you to help me."

After a few moments of thought I inquired of Balzac: "Do you wish to employ the method I so often rely on when I find myself embarrassed by the same situation — though of course I do not profess as sincerely as you, the religion of names?"

"What is your method?"

"I read sign-boards."

"You read sign-boards?"

"Yes, for on sign-boards one can read the most pompous and ridiculous names, standing for the most bizarre, and from the point of view of your system, the most contrary things. Some are fairly bursting with evil instincts, others breathe the sweet perfume of honesty and virtue; some captivate the hearts of vaudeville writers, who give them to their comic characters; others are transported from the wooden panel of the sign-board to the stage of the Gaieté and the Ambigu, where they become the names of villains. In reality they are the names of merchants, candle-makers, and confectioners."

"But," said Balzac, "it would be possible to read two or three thousand sign-boards before finding the name one wanted . . ."

"Yes, and then not find it. — But shall we try?"

"Let's try!"

The idea fascinated Balzac. I had not realized what I might be let in for.

"Let's try," repeated Balzac. "Where shall we begin?"

"We'll begin right where we are — here," I replied.

At that moment we were leaving the Court of the Louvre, and entering the Rue du Coq-Saint-Honoré, which was not then the large, imposing street it is today, but was twice as long, and was enveloped from head to foot in sign-boards, as completely as an Egyptian mummy is swathed in bandages.

"This is the place to begin," said Balzac.

We should have realized the uselessness of this first move. There were plenty of names, but names without interest, without any of the qualities which Balzac needed for his character. He surveyed one side, I the other: our noses in the air, our feet going in any direction, and frequently colliding with passers-by, who thought we were blind men.

After leaving the Rue du Coq, what other streets did we not traverse! And always with as little success. Along the Rue. St. Honoré to the Palais-Royal, then along all those in the neighborhood of the Jardin: the Rue Vivienne, the Place de la Bourse, the Rue Neuve-Vivienne, the Boulevard Montmartre.

At the corner of the Rue Montmartre, worn-out, sick of so much reading, and discouraged by Balzac's persistent rejection of every name I recommended to him, I refused to go further. I revolted.

"It always happens," said Balzac sadly, his eyes fixed on another series of unexplored sign-boards. "Christopher Columbus is always deserted by his followers. Onward! I alone will reach the shores of America. Onward!"

"But you are surrounded by Americas. You refuse to go ashore on one of them. You have rejected every name. It is not fair of you. Here are some superb names: belonging to German old-clothes dealers, Hungarian bootmakers, Westphalian shoemakers, and a thousand others: all of them highly expressive. You reject everything. You expect the impossible. Your America will never have its Christopher Columbus."

"Laziness is as unjustifiable as anger, in my estimation," was Balzac's reply. "Try leaning on my arm, and bear up as far as Saint-Eustache. This will be the three days granted Columbus by his followers."

"But not a step farther than Saint-Eustache!"

"Very well."

We resumed our search.

As I should have foreseen, Saint-Eustache was no more than Balzac's excuse to get me to survey, to their full length and height, the Rues du Mail, de Cléry, du Cadran, des Fossés-Montmartre, and the Place des Victoires — the latter a hot-bed of magnificent Alsatian names, tasting of the Rhine.

In the midst of this museum of names I swore to Balzac that if he did not immediately choose one, I would leave him.

"Only the Rue du Bouloi!" he pleaded, taking me by the hand. "Do not refuse me the Rue du Bouloi! Something tells me that we will eventually find . . ."

"Very well. I grant you the Rue du Bouloi!"

"Saved!" cried Balzac. "After we have done the Rue du Bouloi we will return to *Les Jardies* and dine."

The Rue du Bouloi, following the example of many other streets, possesses three names: a habit of superfluity which makes Paris topographically so difficult for strangers. At first it is called the Rue du Bouloi, then it becomes the Rue Coq-Heron, and finally the Rue de la Jussienne. It was in the last section of this street that Balzac — I shall never forget it as long as I live — after lifting his gaze above a little door, a scarcely perceptible, narrow, oblong door, which opened onto a dark and humid alley, suddenly changed color, experienced a thrill of excitement which passed through his arm to mine, uttered a cry, and exclaimed:

"There! there! there! Read! read! read!"

His voice shook with emotion.

I read: MARCAS.

"Marcas! Well, what do you think of it? Marcas! What a name! Marcas!"

"I do not see that that name . . ."

"Listen! Marcas!"

"But . . ."

"Be quiet, I say! It is the name of names! We need look for no other. Marcas!"

"I am sure I ask nothing better!"

"Let us proudly accept it: Marcas! My hero shall be named Marcas. In Marcas there is the philosopher, the writer, the great politician, the unrecognized poet. They are all in it: Marcas!"

"Indeed I hope so."

"You needn't doubt it for a moment."

"But if the name Marcas indicates all that you claim it does, then the owner of this door should really possess some superiority. Let us find out who he is, for there is nothing on the sign to indicate his profession."

"His profession will have to do with one of the arts, and a distinguished art, too. You may be sure of that."

I shook my head, but Balzac, ignoring my scepticism, continued:

"Marcas, who calls himself Z. Marcas, thus adding to his name a flame, an aigrette, a star — Z. Marcas, is certainly a great artist: an engraver, a sculptor, or a goldsmith like Benvenuto Cellini."

"Isn't that going a bit far?"

"With such a name one could not go too far."

"We shall soon know about that. I shall find the *concierge* and ask him about the profession of Monsieur Z. Marcas."

"Yes; go ahead."

I could not find the *concierge* in that house, so I left Balzac in a state of adoration, and eventually managed to find the one next door. I asked him about M. Marcas, and learned what I wanted to know.

"Tailor!" I shouted to Balzac.

"Tailor!"

Balzac bowed his head . . . but a moment afterwards lifted it proudly again.

"He deserves something better," he cried. "Never mind, I shall immortalize the name. That is my mission!"

The immortal tailor is still living. He is still tailoring in the neighborhood of the Bank — still under the name of Marcas, too, which anyone may read above his pretty little shop.

That very evening at *Les Jardies*, where we dined with the appetite of gentlemen who have read three or four thousand sign-boards, Balzac

wrote for the *Revue Parisienne*, as a foreword to his story entitled *Z. Marcas*, a monograph on that now historic name.

I quote from this curious monograph:

"There is a certain harmony which exists between a character and his name. This Z which precedes Marcas, which appears in the address on his letters, and which he never omits from his signatures — this final letter of the alphabet suggests to the mind heaven only knows what fatality.

"Marcas! Repeat to yourself this name of only two syllables. Do you not find in it a sinister significance? Does it not seem to you that the man who bears it is destined to martyrdom? In spite of its strangeness and barbarity, however, this name deserves immortality. It is well composed, easily pronounced, and short enough to suit a celebrity. Is it not as harmonious as it is odd? But does it not also seem incomplete? I do not care to go so far as to maintain that names exert any influence upon destiny, but between the events of life and the names of men there is surely a secret and inexplicable harmony, or else a perceptible lack of harmony. Often the correlation is slight, but it is still efficacious. The world we live in is rich; it contains everything. Perhaps some day we shall discover the occult sciences.

"Do you not perceive in Z a thwarted nature? Does not the uncertain and fantastic zig-zag symbolize a tormented life? What has breathed upon this letter which, in each language wherein it is employed, governs scarcely fifty words? Marcas was named Zephirin. Saint Zepherin is held in great reverence in Brittany. Marcas was a Breton.

"Examine this name once more. Z. Marcas! The entire life of a man is compressed in the strange combination of those seven letters. Seven! The most significant of Cabalistic numbers. The man died at the age of thirty-five. His life was thus composed of seven lusters. Marcas! Does it not give you the sense of something precious being dashed to pieces by a catastrophe — either loudly or in silence?" [3]

Balzac, having read to himself this introduction to his story, said to me, with more composure than he had shown in the Rue de la Jussienne:

"I shall always regret that this name was borne by a tailor; not, certainly, because I discredit the profession of tailoring, not because the word tailor brings to my mind certain debts, certain objectionable bills. I foresee that more than once I am going to be distracted in reading my work to you. Later on it will not matter. Z. Marcas will remain — will persist in spite of everything."

X

We have uttered that terrible word: *debts*. The debts of Balzac! We must not disappoint those who like nothing better than to see a delicate subject, a matter of the greatest privacy, passed from hand to hand,

[3] *Revue Parisienne*, July 25, 1840.

until it becomes common property and is dragged in the dust. But we must bear in mind the serious danger which threatens the reputation of a celebrity who was so little favored by fortune at the beginning of his literary career, and who, though visited by her after long years of labor, experienced, in the interval, discouragements, attacks, buffets, storms, and sometimes wrecks. But when have the caprices of fate not been humiliating? Has not the road traveled by great men been always a stony one, filled with ruts? Corneille, Bayle, Erasmus, Diderot — to mention only four out of a thousand — were they not obliged sometimes to measure the rancid oil in their lamps, and to suffer with bitter smiles their ejection into the street? Which is to blame — fate or the man of genius? Which suffers? Which is reproached by contemporaries and hated by posterity? Fate, and fate alone! Let fate argue her case before the jury of public opinion.

These famous debts of Balzac, with which we are so concerned, which accompanied every step of his career, like followers in a procession; at which we smile secretly as we admire the marvelous creations of his brain; by means of which he kept in the public eye, at home and abroad; which he discussed with everyone, from the highest aristocrat to his gardener at *Les Jardies*, and always in the most amusing and irresistible manner — these debts, which threatened for a time to become as celebrated as his writings; these astonishing debts, did they, we may ask, ever really exist? Ludicrous and profound mystery! Let us lean over the edge of this dark pit and see what is hidden there? What will come forth — the truth or a great burst of laughter?

In my opinion, Balzac took care to let it be believed that he had debts, many debts, an enormous number of debts. His pride, legitimate and reasonable, compelled him to encourage as much as possible this harmless misconception — a misconception which was exaggerated and spread as much by his friends as by his enemies. Balzac, it must be regretfully admitted, did not earn with his pen the fantastic sums with which he has been gilded like a pagoda at Benares. He was very prolific, of course, but it is only fair to explain here why it was that the whole mass of his work brought so little monetary return.

To begin with, it should be made clear that the earnings of his final creative years were out of all proportion to those of the years which immediately preceded them, and that these years, in turn, were much more lucrative than the first few had been. Which means that we must strike an average. Furthermore, it is important to realize that he did not profit equally from his writing for magazines and his writing for newspapers. The remunerations were quite different. His work on magazines, however much honor it brought him, brought little else, for the simple reason that the magazines themselves were limited to so few pages. His work for newspapers paid much better. But, according to an agreement,

he was required to pay the cost of proof-corrections on his own work — Babylonian corrections! Cyclopean costs! — The sum due him, no matter how large, found itself, when everything was deducted, singularly thin and insubstantial. These two sources of revenue, therefore, even when united, did not form a very large stream. There remained the sale of articles, stories, and novels, and the reprints of newspaper material in book-form. But these, too, were financially a mirage. When the papers spoke of Balzac's having been paid thirty thousand francs by his editors, the fact was he had received three thousand. All these inflations, these dropsical superimpositions, created a decidedly false impression. The real total contradicted, day by day, year by year, the literary budget ascribed to the famous writer. Taking everything into account, except two or three bits of luck — did he have as many as three? — Balzac never averaged more than ten or twelve thousand francs a year, even during his most prosperous years.

This should clarify the matter and end all discussion.

But Balzac, as a popular writer, wished to keep pace — childish vanity! — with M. Alexandre Dumas and M. de Lamartine, and he could not, without swallowing his pride, allow it to be thought that he did not make an appalling income like the others. And in what other way, besides those we have mentioned, could he have created the impression that he was rich, and that he, like his rivals, had the philosopher's stone at the bottom of his inkwell? It was reported, of course, that one night at a masked ball at the Opéra a rich lady slipped a roll of bank-notes into his hand and then disappeared among the friezes. But who had ever seen this white lady and her magical money?

No! Balzac loved and fondly played with the illusion of this fortune which his books should have brought him, but which really he did not have at all. It was an extravagant falsehood; it made him a pseudo-millionaire. What little wealth he did acquire he acquired late; but his imagination was always richer than his coffer — he drew from it, and it was never exhausted. Unable to make a show with horses, carriages, and luxurious houses, he made it by the ancient method of comedy, which, incidentally, he had perfected admirably: that is, by means of his debts — these huge, proverbial debts, whose existence we have good reason to doubt.

A long time before, Balzac, who was caution and economy personified, had been involved in an unfortunate commercial venture, from which he had extricated himself with his customary honesty, and he was forever speaking of this affair, which was familarly referred to at *Les Jardies* as the 'Kessner loss.'

"If we could only make good that Kessner loss!" I would say the moment he opened his mouth to recount the story of the printing establishment he had founded shortly after his arrival in Paris. It had been his everlasting ruin, he insisted.

Meanwhile, in order that these debts of which he complained should not appear utterly mythical, he found it necessary to allow a few actually to accumulate; but these were so trivial, so ridiculous, that they served no purpose. One day, being even more sceptical than usual regarding these fictitious debts, I said to him:

"Now see here, Balzac! You are a millionaire. All Paris says you are worth a million, a million that you have tucked away."

"I am worth a million, eh!" he cried, sweeping me with his flaming eyes. "Ah! I have tucked away a million! Well, yes, I have . . ." Then he added, "In a butter-jar."

I can see now his crooked finger pointing at the mouth of a butter-jar, in which he declared he had concealed his million.

It is apparent that these debts, when examined closely, and contrary to the ordinary laws of perspective, are more vague than when seen from a distance. When we try putting them in a clear light, they fade completely out of the picture, and thus allow us no end of freedom in discussing them. At this point I should like to remark that the silly habit of wishing that a great man could have been free from debt is one of those notions with which I find it very difficult to agree. That one has a natural prejudice against the vice of debts, and that one skips rather lightly over such spiritual weaknesses when they have been indulged in to excess, I am willing to admit — we must not be too quick to reproach Racine for having been fond of the Champmesle, or Mirabeau for having spent so many nights in gambling — but to whisper so cautiously in the ear of history the debts of an illustrious man, for fear of bringing a blush to the cheek of that solvent muse — nonsense! After all, when this man paid his debts, history could do no more than give him his receipt.

Let us come back now to these debts of Balzac, around which we have traced so many circles. They were so diverse, and at the same time so numerous, that eventually they broke the peace in which Balzac hoped to work at *Les Jardies*. The gate bell seemed always to be ringing. The word 'gate' is here used loosely, for the entrance to *Les Jardies* was a solid door, as solid indeed, as the one that belonged to good old Grandet, at Saumur. This bell, which may possibly have been of silver, and which I can hear now sending its sharp vibrations out over the tree-tops, was kept perfectly toned by the gardener — at Balzac's command. The reason for this was that Balzac thought nothing in the world would discourage a creditor — if he is capable of being discouraged — more than not finding someone with whom to speak: someone on whom to vent his anger, in case he feels violent; or someone at whom to fire his epigrams, in case he feels acrimonious. Balzac's idea was to have *Les Jardies* give the impression of being inhabited by persons who had just gone to Paris, to Versailles, or to an adjoining village.

The plan was ingenious, but it was not easily put into effect in such an

accessible establishment, comprising two large dwellings, and several outbuildings, occupied by the gardener, his wife and children, and visited daily by sight-seers and by friends.

Besides the dog! I had nearly forgotten him. A large dog, who had his kennel at the entrance, and was querulous, snappish, and — well, in fact, a country dog — the sort of dog one stupidly calls Turk. This one was called Turk. You may guess whether or not he barked!

But how, following Balzac's plan, was it possible to deceive the creditor who comes softly, rings the bell slyly, and then presses his sensitive ear to the door to learn whether or not he has made himself heard? How was it possible to smother instantly all sound, all activity — to convince the creditor that he had made a mistake, that he had taken a tomb for a house? Well, Balzac managed it. Long practice had rendered him an expert at this business. His method almost always succeeded.

This is what would happen at *Les Jardies*. First of all, we knew that if the creditor did not put in an appearance within five or six minutes from the time the Paris train passed, he would not arrive at all. We could then wait in safety and peace until time for the next train. As soon as we heard the roar of the approaching monster, the whole establishment quickened its vigilance: in the orchard, the field, the kitchen-garden, the cry was, "On your guard!"

The bell would ring! "Sh! It must be a creditor! . . . It is!" Each person walking in the grounds would halt beside the nearest tree, and would there remain utterly immobile; he would become a tree-trunk himself. We were Daphnes pursued by Apollo. Very pretty! The gardener remained bent over his spade, not even stirring. The dog, on the verge of barking, was pulled up sharply by the cord fastened to his collar, and thereupon renounced the idea of barking. He would grumble, but would be silenced by the hypnotic and imperious glance of the gardener's wife or son. Behind the green window-blinds, Balzac and his guests, quivering with fear and joy, would listen to the imprecations of the creditor outside the walls — magnificent blasphemies which invariably ended with the words: "Is everybody dead in there!"

Great heavens, yes! They must all be dead! And after coming so far, too! A wild-goose chase!

Then the creditor would depart. We would hear the gravel of the road crunch under his sacred feet. We would watch him studying the vegetation of the locality until time for the Versailles-Paris train. Then the fiery train would come and go. What followed was a resurrection. Blinds were flung open to the sun; pedestrians resumed their natural shape and continued their reveries; the gardener once more tended his plants; the dog barked joyously at the hens in the backyard; everyone was happy, carefree, and at peace until another ring at the doorbell. Then the same scene would be re-enacted — the same crisis would be endured.

XI

Before we leave this discussion of debts, we must mention, as one of the oddities which made Balzac's life at *Les Jardies* so memorable, the story of his relationship with one of his neighbors — a very patient neighbor, but no less peculiar than patient when it came to matters of credit. As we have already said, Balzac, with an innocence which completely overshadowed any slight trickery involved in his borrowing, had made so bold as to accumulate certain debts. He had acquired them, and too late regretted his rashness. For he found himself being gradually hemmed in by them until at last he could scarcely move from one spot. These unfortunate and extremely awkward obligations kept him from moving far beyond the confines of his own house. He, to whom exercise and freedom were so necessary, was actually unable to go abroad in daylight without encountering one of his local creditors: a groceryman, a milkman, a butcher, or a baker, from Ville-d'Avray. These debts were, of course, a terrible mistake. It is no doubt a bore to be indebted to God and the devil, but to owe one's neighbors is an intolerable situation: it closes the roads, cuts off the views, chains one's feet, and deprives one of the air itself.

One can easily imagine the lamentable effect of these suffocating debts.

Arriving at *Les Jardies* very early one morning — it was about five o'clock — I found Balzac walking round and round his rustic cottage, keeping closely to the strip of dry asphalt which he had laid along this circuit.

"Well, what are you doing here?" I inquired.

"You can see; I am walking."

"But so early in the morning!"

"So late, you mean."

"Late? But it is barely five o'clock."

"So late, I tell you! What do you want, anyway? I am sleepy. I should have gotten up earlier than this if I expected to have my walk in the wood."

"What keeps you from having it now, instead of walking round and round the house like a horse in a tread-mill?"

"No! no! it is impossible!"

"Why?"

"Because of the warden."

"The warden?"

"Yes, the warden. He will already be at work."

"But how can the warden prevent your taking a walk? You are not going hunting, nor are you likely to indulge in disorderly conduct. What has the warden to do with you?"

"I am certainly not going hunting . . . But see here," said Balzac, wishing to change the subject, "come in and let me read you my article for the *Revue Parisienne*. I think you will like it."

"No; let's hear it later. Why don't we go now and enjoy the morning air in the wood of Ville-d'Avray?"

"Oh, no! . . . Too late! too late! The Warden . . ."

"So we're back to that again!"

"Ah, he is a terrible man! Not, you understand, that he persecutes me, that he hunts me down as the others do. No, no! But his silence, his searching glance, his postures, his words which seem shot from a gun — they worry me; they freeze me; they petrify me. It is like meeting a ghost."

Balzac must have overworked last night, I thought, and is now suffering from an hallucination. It will be best to pretend not to have understood him, and to ignore the subject.

I took him by the arm and tried to hurry him.

"Come now! Do this for my sake if not for your own," I begged him. "Let's go and walk a few hours in the wood. Why not take our canes and walk about halfway to Versailles? Believe me, our appetites will be greatly improved."

Balzac was hesitant. "You really want to?" he asked.

"Please!"

Giving in reluctantly, he sighed and dragged his feet to the gate, where he took from a corner two huge iron-tipped staffs — I shall recount later our experience with these staffs, which I believe he had brought back with him from Switzerland — presented one to me, and together we set out along the edge of the wood of Ville-d'Avray.

Balzac's extraordinary apprehensiveness was apparent in his insistence that I lead the way into the woods, but he had grown quite calm by the time we had left behind us a hundred yards of tall ash-trees and lime-trees, which were still cloaked in the heavy mist of night.

We were talking, I remember, of the hopes — exaggerated, as usual — he had for the success of the *Revue Parisienne*, a rather questionable periodical, on which he was determined to get me in the capacity of director, when Balzac stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and stammered:

"Here he is!"

"What?"

"It is he!"

"But who?"

"The warden!"

"Is this a fixed idea of yours?"

"It is less fixed than he is," Balzac replied, pointing out to me at the end of a lane along which we were walking, the silhouette of a warden — an unmistakable type, with his three-cornered hat askew, his gun hanging over his left arm, his loose shoulder-belt, his rustic gaiters, his grey hair, and his pipe welded to the corner of his mouth. It is true we could

not, from the distance, perceive all these picturesque details, but there was no doubt about the rural, official character of the man; he was a warden — only too obviously so.

Balzac had turned pale.

Meanwhile we were continuing straight along the lane, and the caretaker was coming steadily nearer.

"What did I tell you?" murmured Balzac.

"You mean this man . . . the one you were afraid . . .?"

"I knew we would meet him, no matter how careful we were. You didn't believe me . . ."

"But why should you be so worried?"

"It is easy enough for you to talk! If you were in my place . . ."

"But you haven't given me the slightest notion of . . ."

"You will have to guess it now, for there is not time to explain. Sh! We will face the situation firmly."

While we were carrying on this dialogue the warden was marching straight toward us. Soon he was only a few steps away. Never for a moment did he drop his rigidity, his military composure. One would have taken him for the guardian of the Commander's statue. Balzac had ceased speaking, and his worried look was fixed on the belted apparition before us.

When the warden came alongside Balzac, who still clung to my arm, he said to him in a low, but very impressive voice, "Monsieur de Balzac, this is becoming musical."

And he passed by.

Balzac looked at me, and I looked at Balzac. Both of us were amazed. "Did you hear that," he cried, when the warden had vanished into the grey mist which still enveloped the wood. "Did you hear that? My word! What a superb expression! It should be preserved in alcohol! 'Monsieur de Balzac, this is becoming musical.' Why, that is worth a thousand times the thirty francs I owe him!"

"You owe this warden thirty francs?"

"Yes, I have owed him it for three months. I meant to pay him today — Dutacq brought me some money last evening — but his remark was too gorgeous; we must repeat it over and over; he shall not be paid until tomorrow. 'Monsieur de Balzac, this is becoming musical!'"

From this incident we must return now to the main events of my chronicle: to the fulfillment of my resolution not to omit or to leave obscure any of the matters having to do with the inner life of *Les Jardies*, particularly those matters with which I am very familiar, and those in which I played a part.

Balzac, who first said, with fine understanding, "In every man of genius there is a child," was himself a living proof of this true and beautiful remark. A man of genius, he was extraordinarily childlike. The turbulent

schoolboy of Vendôme often dominated his leisure hours — hours too infrequent, alas! — and the author of *Physiologie du Mariage*, and *Eugénie Grandet*, and so many other marvelous works, allowed his feet to touch the earth. Then the worries of printing-shops vanished in thin air, and sheets of manuscript were hurled joyously in all directions, as in school when the recess bell rings. There was recess at *Les Jardies*. We played ball, or broke off branches from the chestnut trees in the wood, or ran down to Sèvres, to Saint-Cloud, to Bellevue, or to Boulogne, where we could joke with the fishermen's wives, and tell them smutty stories. Two or three times a month Balzac experienced these fits of Hilarity, and insisted that those of us who chanced to be his guests take part in the gayest and silliest of amusements. He himself lent to these innocent debauches a kind of dutiful gravity, which made them all the more ludicrous.

It is time we mentioned the fact that Balzac had, at *Les Jardies*, one neighbor who aroused all his spleen. What had this man done to Balzac, who had him haled into court twenty times? What words had passed between them? What damage had he ever done Balzac? This I have never discovered. But Balzac execrated him — execrated him as only he could — and one can say no more than that. He was utterly indifferent to the effect this profound hatred might have upon himself. It was an infectious hatred, which ended by inoculating the rest of us with a perfectly stupid ferocity.

When night came, Balzac would give each of us one of the iron-tipped staffs I have already mentioned, or else an old malacca cane, reddened with age around the bone handle, and rusted at its iron tip, and we would immediately set out, in silence, on our great expedition. Balzac, our chief, would precede us along the footpath which led to the wood of Ville-d' Avray, for in this same wood was located part of the property of his accursed enemy — an enemy whose name I remember perfectly, but which I do not care to record here, for fear, in case he is still living, of endowing him with a popularity which he does not deserve.

This property, spacious, well-kept, situated at the top of a ridge, and beautifully wooded, was surrounded by a wall three or four metres high — a simple wall of rough rocks, piled methodically one atop the other, and held in place by nothing but their own weight. This wall, or to be more exact, this regular mass of balanced rocks, was the target of Balzac's mysterious vengeance.

Arriving at the foot of this rampart, we would line up at a signal from our captain, each of us with his staff stuck in a gap between the rocks. This first maneuvre accomplished, we would throw our whole weight on our arms. Oh, it was a wonderful sight!

But to continue.

At the supreme moment, when we felt these loosened rocks on the

verge of tumbling, we would all cry three times, in unanimous anathema, echoed vigorously by the woods, the name of Balzac's abhorred neighbor. Then the rocks would topple, fall, and go rolling down for several seconds, shattering the sensitive silence of the melancholy forest, from hill to hill, as far as Versailles and Rambouillet.

The damage done, we would soon lose ourselves in the depths of the dark wood, and treading softly as wolves, would return to the tranquillity of *Les Jardies*, where Balzac, delighted with the escapade, would congratulate us on the complete success of our brave attack upon the property of his neighbor.

Eight days afterwards the wall we had demolished would be rebuilt. All the rocks would have been recovered and put back in place. Our duty now was to repeat the operation. We did repeat it. Heaven knows how many times this schoolboy prank was indulged in, and how many times the warden must have made out an official report of the matter, all to no avail, for lack of information as to who were the culprits. Who ever dreamed of blaming it on the great portrayer of morals, the great philosopher whom all Europe worshipped for his immortal novels — in short, on Balzac?

XII

These recollections would be sadly lacking if, in the list of past events which in spite of me sink deeper and deeper into the mists of obscurity, I should fail to mention Victor Hugo's visit to *Les Jardies*. The only one, I think, he ever made. Despite the consistent indifference which Balzac maintained toward contemporary writers, he was pleased and rather proud to receive in his house this celebrated rival. The interview was all the more significant for the fact that up to this time, and I may say, afterwards, as well, there was no real point of contact between these two superior minds. Balzac, whose affected admiration for poetry I have already referred to, did not care, either, for high-sounding, richly-colored prose — done in the manner of Rubens's paintings. A master of *pointillage*, he liked quick, staccato prose, obtained by means of Flemish economy, worked while cold, ground down to facets; genuine, of course, but with the genuineness of diamond dust rather than of the whole diamond. He did not withhold his admiration for the grand passages in *Notre-Dame de Paris*, but secretly he preferred the prose, fine as ground-glass, of Stendhal — which, after his own, he considered the model of all prose. Before the Venetian school of painters he would applaud so loudly that one would envy his enthusiasm, but for his study he would buy, you may be sure, nothing but Mieris, Teniers, and Van Ostade.

Furthermore, though Balzac had once or twice, in the *Revue Parisienne*, mentioned Victor Hugo, I doubt if Victor Hugo had ever so much as written Balzac's name. I cannot find a page of his work in which that

name appears. A strange, a very strange aversion to find between two such great masters of thought — though one to be found between many other contemporary writers. In this century, as a matter of fact, when one rereads the authors of the period, one wonders if they could have lived at the same time, in the same country. The sixteenth, the seventeenth, and even the eighteenth century gave rise to intimate, decidedly personal, literary fraternities. They were like families. Being like families, they were often involved in feuds, in ferocious jealousies, and in violent hatreds; but eventually their communal interests stopped the battle, and prevented carnage. Nowadays they do not hate each other; they do not defame each other; they simply do not know each other. Is this an improvement, I wonder?

As a result of some accident befalling the Versailles train, Victor Hugo found it necessary to come to *Les Jardies* by way of Saint-Cloud, and consequently was late. Balzac was on pins and needles. So impatient was he that he could not stay a minute in any one place. Over and over again he went to see if there was no one coming down the little road. Time after time he paced from terrace to gate, from gate to terrace, lifting his nose with the palm of his hand, as he always did when he was greatly preoccupied.

Finally the gate-bell jingled. It was Victor Hugo.

Balzac, his composure restored, ran to welcome him, and to thank him effusively for bestowing such an honor on his modest country house. There was much more to this welcome than a mere shaking of hands. There was a familiarity of a noble sort. The imagination will do extremely well, as I am at this moment acutely aware, if it succeeds in reproducing for the future, with any degree of verity, the meeting of these two celebrated men under the bright trees of *Les Jardies*. It cannot paint in too brilliant colors the interview of these masters.

Balzac was picturesque in rags. His trousers, lacking braces, did not meet his large, banker's waistcoat; there was also a gap between his trousers and his run-down slippers; the bow of his tie had its points sticking close to his ears; his whiskers were of a luxuriant four-days' growth. As for Victor Hugo, he wore a hat of dubious grey, a faded blue coat with gold buttons, (a garment which in color and shape resembled a saucepan,) a frayed black cravat, and, to heighten the whole effect, a pair of green-glass spectacles (protection against the sun's glare) which would have delighted the head clerk in a county sheriff's office.

After a hurried breakfast Balzac proposed to his guest that we take a walk about his property. The three of us made the perilous tour — our last descent, most dangerous of all, bringing us onto the road to Ville-d'Avray.

Victor Hugo, contrary to my expectations, was very sparing in his praise of the property. In vain did Balzac remind him of details in the

Memoirs of Saint-Simon; compliments were not forthcoming. He showed a polite interest in the gillyflowers — that was all. I noticed that he had great difficulty in keeping from laughing at Balzac's strange idea of coloring the asphalt of the narrow little walks balanced so precariously along the sides of the garden, in order to lend them a bit of fashionable boulevard style. He did finally, however, discover an opportunity to pay the compliment which politeness demanded. He stopped, struck with admiration, before the superb walnut-tree to which we have so long promised to devote some space.

"At last, here is a tree!" exclaimed Hugo, who up to that time had seen nothing but rather sickly shrubs planted along the edges of the asphalt.

Balzac showed his pleasure at this eulogistic cry.

"Yes, and a famous tree, besides," said he. "I only recently acquired it from the community. Do you know what it bears?"

"As it is a walnut-tree," replied Hugo, "I presume it bears walnuts."

"You are mistaken: it bears fifteen hundred francs a year."

"From walnuts?"

"No, not from walnuts. But it does bear fifteen hundred francs."

"We're off again," thought I.

"Fifteen hundred francs, in silver," repeated Balzac.

"Then they must be enchanted walnuts," said Hugo.

"Very nearly. But I owe you some explanation. Without it you could scarcely understand how a single walnut-tree can bring in fifteen hundred francs."

We waited for the explanation.

"Well," resumed Balzac, "this marvelous tree belonged to the community. I bought it for a very large sum. Why? For this reason. An old tradition obliges every inhabitant to dispose of his manure at the foot of this venerable tree — and in no other place."

Hugo drew back.

"Do not be alarmed," said Balzac reassuringly. "Since I have owned the tree the practice has been temporarily discontinued. No inhabitant can escape this personal obligation, however; it is the survival of a feudal law. And think! just think of the quantity of rich manure collected daily at the foot of this urinal tree — municipal manure, which I shall cover with chaff and other vegetable waste, until eventually I have a mountain of fertilizer to sell to farmers, vintners, market-gardeners — all the neighboring proprietors, big and little. What I have here is bars of gold; or more exactly, guano! — guano such as is deposited on lonely islands of the Pacific by myriad birds."

"Oh, yes," replied Hugo in his phlegmatic, Olympian manner, "you are right, my dear Balzac. It is guano minus the birds."

"Minus the birds!" cried Balzac, laughing to the very tip of his monk-

ish chin at this description of his magnificent pile of feudal fertilizer — the unprecedented source of fifteen hundred francs revenue.

The bell announced luncheon.

We touched on many subjects during lunch, though it is easy to guess that most of them had to do with literature. Like a well-bred host, the master of *Les Jardies* gave the floor to his famous guest, and everyone knows how capable Hugo was of charming his audience with his magnetic style, his perfectly modulated voice, his precise and authoritative manner.

There having been introduced, among many others, the ever-interesting subject of the theatre — especially interesting to Balzac, who had always looked toward the theatre as toward a promised land — Victor Hugo discussed the pitfalls and evils of theatrical life, and then, at a single stroke, unveiled for Balzac all its marvelous advantages. Until that moment, I am convinced, Balzac had no clear notion of what constituted an author's rights. The revelation dazzled him. Had a diamond-mine opened before him with sun-like brilliance, he could not have been more bewildered, more blinded. He for whom written lines accumulated so laboriously under the point of a rebellious pen, and brought in at first only *centimes* — his genius *was* reckoned in *centimes* by the newspapers — later, by dint of much sweat, *decimes;* and finally, after absolute anguish, *francs* — he listened with the rapture of a martyr hearing the voice of an angel, to the account of Hugo's enormous earnings from plays. Earnings in Paris, earnings from the provinces; so much for three acts, so much for five acts; and then the revivals, the bonuses, the tickets, and heaven knows what all! Sometimes four hundred francs in an evening! All this silver, all this gold, gained while one merely walks about, or better still, while one is asleep, dreaming, with warm feet and softly-pillowed head! It took Balzac's breath away. And it was not so much the thought of the profits themselves that turned his head, as the thought of large profits earned without physical or mental fatigue. This idea transported him to the third heaven.

I am sure that the eloquent yet accurate description of the financial advantages connected with dramatic authorship, given by Hugo with the unction of Père Grandet and the exactness of a first commissioner of the exchequer, was chiefly responsible for the mania which Balzac had for the theatre, and which possessed him till the end of his life. For days afterwards he regaled me with a multitude of dramatic ideas, comic and serious, which he was to put on the stage at the earliest possible moment. It was only natural it should take some time for him to recover from his fever. Nor was I the only one who heard in confidence these new theatrical enthusiasms, born of that inflammable mind. In the long run, however, nothing much came of them. Nothing very serious resulted from the dramatic fever which, in my estimation, had its beginning at luncheon that day.

The conversation, following a natural descent, drifted then to the matter of the sinful and all but malicious indifference with which the Court of the Tuilleries had regarded literature and treated writers, even the most famous — those who, since 1830, by the promotion of a new school, had given life to literature and the theatre. Balzac, with bitterness on his lips, demanded to know if, lacking the patronage of Louis-Philippe, who devoted himself entirely to the middle-class, and elevated them above everyone else, one could at least count on the patronage of the Duke of Orléans, the distinguished wit and connoisseur, who seemed sympathetic with every one, and whose interest in the arts was so well supported by the young Duchess, his wife. Victor Hugo, by virtue of his familiarity with the household of the young prince, was in a position to answer this question.

"The Duke of Orléans," we were told by Hugo, "asks nothing better than to assume the leadership of a great new movement, in literature or the other arts, thus acting in accordance with the refined taste and highly cultivated mind of the Duchess. But I fear this will never come to pass. You may judge for yourselves. Let me tell you what happened recently at the Chateau."

Hugo then told us confidentially that the Duke and Duchess, realizing that both their official position and their personal taste demanded that they surround themselves with a circle of eminent writers and artists, had tried giving some evening at-homes in their rooms, as Louis-Philippe himself had done in former days at the Palais-Royal, when he was Duke of Orléans. Theirs were intimate evenings, however, without any political significance, and therefore were quite different from those at the Palais-Royal. At first everything went very nicely, and at the same time very cautiously, for fear of arousing the well-known animosity of *Père* — It was thus that the sons of the king referred among themselves to Louis-Philippe. They knew *Père* from experience. — Very few of the public to begin with — a highly selected group of guests; a rather aloof atmosphere, and above all, nothing noisy.

The place where these admirable and refined meetings were held was christened by the faithful members with a secret name. They called it "The Fireplace of the Duke of Orléans." Later on it became merely "The Fireplace." One would say, "Are you going to the Fireplace tomorrow?" Or, "Were you at the last Fireplace?"

The winter passed satisfactorily. To make use of an obvious figure, the Fireplace did not smoke at all. Either the *Père* knew nothing about it, or else he cared nothing about it, for there were few things he did not know of.

The second winter, our young husband and wife, encouraged by their former success, increased the circle around the Fireplace. More guests mean more noise. One snowy, windy evening, as the guests chatted over

the teacups, discussing a Turkish drawing by Decamps, a Florentine sculpture by Froment Meurice, or the style of a new novel, the Duke was requested to report to His Majesty. It was very late. What did the *Père* want of him? The *Père*, whom one had thought was in bed a long time ago?

Here is very simply what the father said to the son: Louis-Philippe to the Duke of Orléans:

"Ferdinand, I want you to know that at the Tuileries there should be only one king, only one salon, and one Fireplace. Furthermore, mine gives as much heat as yours. It will please me if you and the Duchess come there and stay."

The Duke of Orléans retired. His Fireplace was extinguished; the meetings, from that evening, ceased; and thereafter no one at the Chateau had the right to patronize literature and men of letters — the arts, and artists. The chimney-lid was on tight.

Seven years after this delightful luncheon at *Les Jardies*, seven years after this recital by Victor Hugo, a man of letters entered the Tuileries, swept forward by a terrific popular uprising. In the midst of the general plundering, he carried, on a sheet of paper, the last literature lesson of the Count of Paris. He showed it to us, still fresh, at the corner of the Rue Saint Florentin. The man of letters was Balzac; the day, unhappy one for royalty, was the 24th of February, 1848.

Balzac, who had listened attentively and calmly, however he may have been stirred within, to this bit of history destined, perhaps, to become some day a part of the great chronicle of our time, suddenly, without warning, sank his beautiful teeth in a dean's-pear the size of a melon, and delivered himself of a philippic — be sure the term is used here with absolute appropriateness! — a philippic worthy, in passion and oratorical fervor, to be classed with those of Demosthenes; superior, in fact, to the philippics of the prince of Greek orators in the sense that it did not smell of oil.

Unfortunately there is no adequate way of reproducing this piece of eloquence so interrupted, punctuated, and riddled by bites in the pear, by blows of the knife on the plate and the table, by the splash of words, by explosive looks, by the noise of bottles, by the thunder of curses and the flare of irony.

"Poor, stupid kings! unaware that after they are gone, no one would know, were it not for us, whence they came or whither they went, that they ruled, or even that they existed; what they did, what they thought, what they said. No one would know anything whatever about them! Yet behold! all the monuments of stone, of marble, of bronze, with which they burden the earth, in the hope of perpetuating their memory; all the

paintings which they hang in museums to illustrate their noble and useful deeds; all the medals which they distribute at their coronations and at the celebrations of their victories! Which of these things survive? None! The only thing that survives is writing — the writing we do. Stone crumbles, pictures fade — even the most carefully preserved ones have not lasted five hundred years — the marble turns yellow, it rots, it breaks. Even granite crumbles. Again I say, and I will say it a thousand times! we are the only ones in the world who can save kings and their reigns from oblivion. Their glory, their immortality, is in our hands, and ours alone: in our hands, our ink, our pens. Without Virgil, Horace, Livy, Ovid, who would know Augustus from all the other Augustuses, nephew to Cæsar though he was, emperor though he may have been? Without the unsuccessful little lawyer named Suetonius, no one would know the three Cæsars from the rest of the dozen whose lives he wanted so much to write. Without Tacitus, one could not distinguish the Romans of his time from the German barbarians. Without Shakespeare the Elizabethan period would practically disappear from English history. Without Boileau, without Racine, without Corneille, without Pascal, without la Bruyère, without Molière, Louis XIV, reduced to his mistresses and his perukes, becomes no more than a coxcomb wearing a crown, who puts me in mind of tavern brawls. Without us, Philippe I would be a name less well-known than Philippe the restaurant-keeper, of the Rue Montorgueil, or Philippe the conjurer. For the sake of Louis-Philippe I, I hope it will be said that in the time of Victor Hugo, of Lamartine, of Beranger, there was a king by the name of Louis-Philippe I."

Balzac's anger lost itself in a third or fourth pear, which he opened with his red mouth, very much as a bomb dives into and shatters a mass of clay.

After this final explosion we rose and went onto the terrace for coffee, where we breathed the bright, sweet air of a lovely day.

We talked for another hour over our cups — a delightful and serious hour, during which Hugo and Balzac discussed first of all, the French Academy, in which there was, just then, a vacancy. Hugo would not promise much, and Balzac was pessimistic also. He was not in favor — has he ever been? — under the cupola of the Palais Mazarin. The author of *Orientales*, who had just published *Les Rayons et Les Ombres*, then brought up the subject of his forthcoming political candidacy. It was now Balzac's turn to express politely his doubts as to the success of this venture, so thoroughly justified by the tremendous ability of the poet, but so uncertain considering the extreme commercialism of the period, and the people on whom the election depended. Balzac did not fail, however, to enlist his pen in the service of politics; he did not hesitate to employ his great genius in behalf of the men and the events of his time. He supported them vigorously, as can be seen by examining a contribution of his to the *Revue Parisienne* of July 25, 1840:

"Monsieur Hugo is one of the most brilliant men of our day. In practical matters he shows that good judgment, that accuracy, which is supposed to be lacking in writers, but which is thought to be found in the simpletons listed on ballots. As though men accustomed to handling ideas could not have a knowledge of facts! Those who are capable of the greatest things are capable of the smallest. For sixty years M. d'Aranda found Fielding more difficult than the duties of an Ambassador. 'The affairs of state settle themselves as best they can,' he said, 'but the poet must solve his own problems in a way that will satisfy everyone.' M. Hugo, as well as M. de Lamartine, will someday revenge the insults eternally hurled at literature by the *bourgeoisie. If he were to enter politics, rest assured that he would take with him the most extraordinary ability.* His adaptability is unlimited, his finesse is as great as his genius, and in contrast to our professional statesmen, he is possessed of nobility and dignity. As for his elocution, it is marvelous. He will be the most popular speaker imaginable, and his mind will be the keenest. You forget, perhaps, that his two former booksellers are now eligible; that he himself was not eligible yesterday, but is today. In what an admirable time we are living! The author of *Contrat Social* will not be elected; perhaps he will be haled into police-court."

The sun dropped below the horizon. Victor Hugo spoke of returning to Paris. As I was going there also, I suggested that we make the trip together. We said farewell to *Les Jardies*. Slowly the three of us made our way to Sèvres, where Hugo and I climbed onto a stage-coach that was swifter than lightning, and which eventually set us down on the Rue de Rivoli. Balzac insisted positively on accompanying us as far as Sèvres, in spite of the amount of work lying unfinished on his table — including two or three articles for the *Revue Parisienne*, his literary passion at the time. He put on a colorless old vest of Prussian velvet; tied, by way of a cravat, a piece of old red foulard around his neck, and we set off.

But Balzac did not let Hugo get away until he had acted as ambassador for a young Russian lord, who was wild to meet Hugo, and shake hands with him before going back to the snow and the steppes of his native country. Hugo granted very graciously the request of the young foreigner; whereupon Balzac, on his own behalf and on behalf of the Russian, invited us to dine the following Thursday at the Rocher de Cancale. This request was also favorably received. The dinner, or rather the supper, proved very interesting, and I should be glad to recount its salient details had it not occurred so far from *Les Jardies*. As it is, I shall leave that story for my Memoirs.

JEAN-GASPARD DEBURAU

1796–1846

By JULES JANIN [1] (1804–1874)

I

Preamble. – Often I regret those good days in the theatre when, from every side, young fledgling talents would present themselves before criticism for counsel and encouragement. Those were splendid hours for both the fledgling talents and for criticism. Hand in hand they marched towards a single goal, and if disputes arose along the way, which frequently occurred, even their disputes turned to the profit of art. Thus might Talma and Geoffroy achieve a European reputation on the same day.

Decadence of Art. But today all, all is changed in dramatic art. You might possess the crutch of Asmodeus and attend every theatre in Paris, clear-sighted as an old devil, and not find one reputation to contend for, not one new name to make, not one new talent to reveal. The modern actor escapes both criticism and reproach. The school of Cartigny has produced still less material than the *Conservatoire,* if that be possible. The theatre has been delivered up to the great professionals, for whom an artist's equipment consists wholly of his enthusiasm. Of all their tribe these are the most detestable, for a lifetime of enthusiasm profits a man less than a single week of meditation and honest labour in his art. So true is this that our dramatists have abandoned the search for actors to interpret their plays, they have come to depend for success upon themselves and themselves alone. And they are right in doing so. Criticism, for its part, has been obliged to dispense with the actors likewise, having no longer advice or praise or reproach to give them. Whereby they are both the losers.

The Rope-Dancers. There are, however, occasional exceptions to this journalist's rule of silence towards the actor. Something for our ardour we critics needs must have, who pretend to the title of artist in our own right. At the *Théâtre-Français* there is nothing, so we betake ourselves elsewhere, no matter whither, even, for example, to the Theatres of the Boulevards. And it was in one of these obscure playhouses, the smallest,

[1] Translated, for the first time into English, especially for this collection, by Winifred Katzin.

The title of the original French is *Deburau. Histoire du Théâtre à quatre sous, pour faire suite à l'histoire du Théâtre français,* Paris, 1832.

the most villainous-odoured of them all, by the light of four wretched candles and in the most putrid atmosphere conceivable, next door to a menagerie whose howls continued throughout the singing, that we discovered, and showered our ravished applause upon, the Great Actor, nay, the Great Clown, Deburau.

II

More than once I have spoken of Deburau with unfeigned sincerity, yet several gentlemen of enquiring disposition have solemnly demanded of me formal explanation in the matter, refusing to accept my mere word upon the merit of an actor of whom they have never heard, and whom it is unlikely they will ever see, so greatly do their wives and daughters fear the smell of soot and of coatless, shirt-sleeved audiences, so mightily are these ladies all partial to the Eau-de-Cologne of Maria Farina. There is no denying that the lovers of Eau-de-Cologne are exceedingly numerous today.

In order, therefore, to satisfy these many exigencies, and in some hope of rebuffing the questions which persecute me without mercy apropos of my Great Artist, I have informed myself meticulously upon him. I have enquired into the smallest details of his life. I have, in short, been to a true biographer's pains over our clown so that the full glory of this discovery and all the rights thereto accruing may be counted to me when the time comes.

His Birth. The greatest actor of our time, Jean-Gaspard Deburau, was born at Newkolin in Bohemia on the 31st of July, 1796. Deburau is our last and most precious gift from vagabond Bohemia, that empire which sailed across the Middle Ages with its freight of gay and devil-may-care actors and spirited and sightly girls. That world of Bohemia, laughing on while the rest of Europe was drenched in tears, surviving in amity while cities streamed with the blood of civil war; that world of joy and licence and greasy food and lascivious songs and pleasure unconfined, enduring down all those devout and fervent monkish centuries dominated by the spirit of King Louis XI and personified in him! That world of Bohemia, excommunicated ages before Luther, but going forth with laughter, severed from the Church without fuss or fury, on a mere point of etiquette! That precarious world, overrunning the earth, with purple-smeared faces, drawn along in Thespis' ancient cart and brought to a standstill every now and then as civilization obstructs its way on every side! From this world Deburau has come to us. From very far, is it not? And from very near, too.

His Father Comes Into a Legacy. He was born a poor soldier's son, in the midst of an army encamped. His earliest years were spent under the walls of Warsaw, and that is why, since the Polish insurrection and the death of those brave phalanxes which gave Poland so gloriously the victory, Deburau, the Bohemian, insists boldly that he is a Pole. Such is the artist's

vanity! However, Deburau had hardly reached his seventh year and was growing up without a care for the future, when his father learnt that he had fallen heir to a legacy in France. By what route that legacy, from the very heart of France, came to the soldier Deburau at Newkolin in Bohemia, is one of those inexplicable things which history errs greatly in ignoring. Behold, then, this father of a family, at the news of the unforeseen bequest, setting out forthwith to take possession of his far off inheritance. The family was poor, the road long; but hope was high. The father devised an altogether Bohemian means of beguiling the tedium of the way and turning it to profit. The quicker to reach his estates, he turned his children without more ado into street-performers. He had two pretty daughters. They walked the wire rope and the crowd gathered to watch them with their swarthy faces and bright black eyes as they stepped intrepidly on light, diminutive feet, or grasped the heavy weights gracefully with their thin but shapely hands. As a prelude to the performance of these two young persons, Deburau's two brothers did their turns, for this family of five boasted five artists, not counting the father and mother. Alone our Deburau brought neither natural gifts nor willingness to the enterprise. He had little suppleness in his limbs and, in his own naïve words, still less desire in his heart to make his way through life on his two hands.

His First Appearances. Success came lagging for my Hero. More than once he was hissed on the public square while his brothers and sisters were wildly applauded. More than once the chair he bore upon his clenched teeth betrayed the laws of equilibrium and came crashing down upon his face. More than once the great Migration almost cost him his life, and at those moments you would have thought pity to see him, all bleeding and undone, the poor tumbler, receiving with drooping head, chastisement at his father's hands.

His Early Sufferings. Ah, what a life of hardship and misery! How many the humiliations heaped and piled upon one head! How many the strange disparities between himself and his brethren, despite their common blood! For them the shining spangles, the scarves of silk, the embroidered slippers, the dazzling tights! For him the threadbare rags, the ancient felt, the broken sandals. For them, the admiration of the crowd by day, and at night the rasher of bacon, the steaming cabbage, the foaming beer, the fresh pallet, all of life's glories, all its joys; for him the smirk of contempt, the unmitigated bread and water, and the last place in the barn, next the door, far, far from the hole through which the warm, sweet airs of the cow sheds came comfortingly. Such, for him, contemned and unsuspected genius, was the journey through the nations. His father, seeing him as inept on the tight rope as upon the slack wire, realized that he would never be an acrobat, so he made a clown of him; not the grave and quiet clown we see today, but a laughing, drunk-ruddy, tumbling, capering clown, a vulgar clown, an alley clown. In this capacity, which I will call

indeed humiliating, the task allotted Deburau by his father was that of throwing into relief the skill and graces of his brothers and sisters. He stood between them and the crowd, the conflict without which the Drama ceases to be, the indispensable shadow in the picture. They light as air, he heavy as lead; they tossing the audience neat flatteries and witticisms, he coarse and stupid buffooneries. He it was who received those blows and sempiternal kicks in the rear at which our old Universe has roared with laughter since Adam. Ah, poor great man! How long, how weary he must have found the way from Bohemia to his father's distant patrimony!

Amiens. At last they came to it, that estate so long looked forward to, the whole family crowned with laurels, excepting only Deburau, who came hatless and with bramble-torn feet. Lo, the Promised Land at last! Lo, Amiens, the city of succulent pastry, the epicure's city of cities, Amiens wherein also lie the acres of the Deburaus. Now he can take his rest, the tired last-born of the family. Now, on the threshold of the paternal Manor, he can put off his rags and his borrowed quips and his poor soul's laughter, this sad, laborious clown! Look how he turns his head from side to side for a glimpse of the lands for which he has paid with so many a dolorous guffaw. But alas and alack-a-day, O poor, poor artists! Arrived at their property, they find a hovel instead of the palace they had come for, neither fertile harvest fields nor rich farm-yards, but only a half-acre of ground all overgrown with thorn bushes. This is what they have travelled so far to find, this pitiable, destitute ruin of a place. The cruel disappointment! Most cruel of all for you, O my poor clown, my ragged Benjamin! Now you must laugh again all day if you would have your crust to eat at night.

The Departure from Amiens. That is the story of the legacy. The hovel was sold and the proceeds soon eaten. Then, after a few days' halt, departure. Farewell Amiens, farewell France, so insensitive in those days to Art. The family takes the road again, father, mother, girls, boys and Deburau, already lame and pale at the thought of that road to travel again, brings up the rear. At this point we must record a gentleness evident in Deburau père. Do what he may, there are signs by which a man will inevitably betray his fatherhood, be his discipline never so stern. Thus our father, one very cold morning, perceiving his children's feet all calloused and red, purchased a horse for the sum of eighteen francs for the conveyance of his effects and family. A regular Descamps horse it was, an acrobat's horse, gaunt, tailless, droop-headed, flat-hoofed. The transfer accomplished, the honest steed received his burden, which consisted of two baskets. In these baskets the father placed the whole family, all of them in a heap. There they sat, off the road, happy and in comfort. In such comfort as they had never known before, more particularly Gaspard, Gaspard crouching in the shelter of the stage ladders. In this wise they

made their entrance into the cities of Europe. So far so good. But often it happened — in spite of their equipage, if not on account of it — that they could obtain lodging only for the horse. On those occasions they would put him up for the night while the family remained outside in the open, and slept in his baskets. The father stood vigil over his children. In those hours two men alone were keeping watch in Europe, Napoleon and Papa Deburau!

Eulogy on his Father. The good man! By that horse at eighteen francs and those long winter watches under the cold and glittering stars, you redeem many a kick with which in your zeal you may have assaulted your family! And your family forgives you! Posterity reinstates your memory. May your shade in its tomb rejoice!

Death of the Horse. One day the eighteen-franc horse died of starvation. Luckless, noble charger, he had fought at Austerlitz! Upon the proceeds of his hide the whole troupe breakfasted; then, the skies having become more clement and the air more balmy as they neared the Orient each member of the troupe got upon his feet and the migration continued.

III

Onward, dancing, they went, as far as Constantinople, traversing the entire length of the Bosphorus from Thrace, and all upon a tight rope. How strange and perilous a pilgrimage for a family obliged to make itself so small that it can slip out unscathed from between two wars. Among other rapturous experiences at Constantinople, they had the honour of performing at the Sultan's palace. That is a chapter of great beauty in their chronicle, but I shall not write it because of the difficulty of so doing. I shall merely attempt a sketch of it.

The Harem. That day the spangles on their tights shone with unwonted brilliance; the tunics had been washed the day before; the tight-rope dancers had been rehearsed in the morning and their suppleness left nothing to be desired. The whole family had dined. Even Deburau, even Deburau had dined! Then, obedient to the behest they had received the day before, they turned their steps towards the palace of the Mighty One.

They crossed the inner court. A deaf-mute introduced them into a vast hall of marble and gold. This hall was divided in two by a silken curtain drawn across the centre. Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound to be heard in the hall. Silence and desolation lay upon it as upon the *Théâtre-Français* during a play by M. Bonjour. The deaf-mute gestured to our artists to play before that unresponsive curtain. They could only obey. In silence they made their preparations, unrolling their street mats upon the Persian carpets of the harem, chalking their feet with the chalk of their art as other artists put on their faces the grease-paint of theirs. They began. They bent, they revolved, they bore one another aloft, they twisted and

turned in all directions. The curtain betrayed no movement behind it. The glacial silence did not freeze the troupe of Deburaus.

The Odalisques. They were a long time at their balancing tricks. Deburau threw himself on his back while his elder brother, with a crow-bar heavy enough to crack his skull ten times over, knocked a coin off his nose. Nobody has ever before thought to describe this horrible and fantastic business. His nose set free, Deburau rose while his other brother seized a ladder and raised it in both hands. That quivering stair was Deburau's to mount. He climbed from rung to rung; he reached the top and there stood — at the pinnacle of his Art. And there, O miracle! O recompense, which for the artist arrives ever when least expected! Down over the curtain plunged the gaze of our Hero, poised on the topmost rung of the ladder! What did he there, our great Pagliaccio, when behind that curtain he beheld the silent audience, immobile, semi-nude, reclining one against the other, arrayed in suave cashmeres covered with shining white pearls, exhaling the perfumes of amber and attar of roses, he, the infinitesimal, he the earthworm, his father's buffoon, saw with his eyes the odalisques of the seraglio, the sacred spouses of Majesty, the terrible Houris, one glance of whose eyes strikes dead the beholder!

Yea, from the top of his ladder he saw them all, those women hidden from all men's eyes; from above down he regarded them, those women whom the Sultan himself looks upon from below up. With impunity he beheld them, those women before whose shrouded palanquin the Faithful bow their heads in passing. And he would be looking at them still had not his brother who sustained the ladder grown tired of sustaining it. This was the first stroke of happy chance for Deburau, and it awoke in him for the first time a belief that he might perchance be a man of the same clay as his brothers and sisters. But the hour of immortality and glory had not yet struck for him.

Migrations. From Constantinople they went to Germany, still on the rope and wire, Deburau still having more money on his nose than in his pocket, Deburau still at the top of the ladder. And sometimes Queens and Emperors were at his feet, and Princesses and Grand-Dukes, and Barons in crowds; but odalisques nevermore. Nevermore a group of odalisques reclining behind a secret silken curtain!

Thus, up to the age of fifteen, he was a traveller and a roamer over the earth, this obscure, timid Actor, starving, laughing, belaboured, swallowing back his tears, being witty at the expense of his wits, his constitution and his heart. From stage to stage, from Emperor to Emperor, the family at last reached that Imperial Paris whither all superior beings, crowned or uncrowned, found their way in those days, impelled by the Destiny of Bonaparte, all the vagabond royalties running, as Deburau had run, after a legacy which ever receded. At Paris the father and captain of the family established himself in a yard in the rue Saint-Maur, doubtless lamenting

the Cour des Miracles! The entertainment was more or less orthodox. The Rope-dance was its foundation much as, fifteen years ago, an opera by M. Jouy was the corner-stone of the *Théâtre de l'Opéra.*

The Rope-Dance. In those days (they were the good old days for the theatres and for the spectators), the public was not so hard to amuse as it is now. Time was when a comedy by M. Andrieux was an event. Time was when theatres knew nothing of expensive sets. With the construction of a trap-door, a forest and a palace (exterior), the public was considered to have been very well treated indeed. A thirty-sous fireworks display to bring down the curtain represented a sacrifice for which the pit remained grateful for three months. Neither were theatres of those days so extravagant with that commodity known as " supers." The " super " was costly; he was employed with economy therefore. A brigade of five bandits including the chief, with two gendarmes to apprehend them, and all the newspapers cried out prodigality! And so it was with the artists' salaries; glory as much as they could carry, money as little as they would take. Glory — that is the true currency for artists!

The Grande Marche Militaire. This is the key to the great success of Deburau père and his family. True, they were only acrobats, but they were marvels on the tight rope and at that time the tight rope was the Academy for a dancer. The music was of the noisiest; Deburau's clarinet put any drum to shame. After the tight rope came the slack wire, and on the rope and wire they performed the most difficult tricks. It required no mean genius to organize and vary that repertory. One day the *Grande Marche Militaire* would defile before you, another time the company would rise in the *Pyramide d'Egypte,* a souvenir of their travels in the Orient. The following is a description of the *Grande Marche Militaire:* Three men dressed as warriors, waving the tricolour in their hands, took the rope at the charge. The *Pyramide d'Egypte:* Two parallel ropes along each of which stepped one of the acrobats, supporting on their necks a forked rod which joined them together. Two other artists stood upon this rod, joined likewise. And upon the second fork stood Deburau. A moving structure raised upon a foundation of shivering wire! Artists irrevocably joined together, each balance depending upon three other balances! Luckless Deburau trembling like the yellow leaf of autumn upon the dried-up branch; Restrain your laughter, gentlemen, those were the palmy days of Art! Those audiences knew the quivering eagerness of authentic passion; those artists held their noisy crowds in ravished attention. No modern drama will ever interest its audience as did the *Grande Marche Militaire* and the *Pyramide d'Egypte,* those immense, heroic exploits of Deburau's young days.

Monsieur and Madame Godot. To the history of the *Pyramide d'Egypte* belongs a sad story. One day, Monsieur and Madame Godot, the First Tight-Rope Dancers of Europe, though at that time a little on the wane, became drunk but by accident, oh quite, quite by accident! Now, Monsieur

and Madame Godot were the base of the Pyramid, they supported the first forked rod. It was, therefore, important that Monsieur and Madame Godot remain in full possession of their faculties, at least until seven o'clock in the evening. Now, swaying unsteadily, Monsieur and Madame Godot extended their rod and their necks towards the next dancers, and the second tier placed themselves upon the rod thus offered. So far, so good. It was then Deburau's turn to mount. Up he went, boldly up, the great man, fasting as usual. He had no wine to carry and little dreamed what wine was carrying him. All of a sudden, Monsieur Godot began to tremble, Madame Godot began to tremble; Monsieur leaned towards Madame, Madame towards Monsieur; the Pyramid staggered, tottered, fell, fell to the ground, Deburau first, Deburau all but dashed to pieces. And laugh! The audience burst into roars, into gales of laughter! They were like to bring the house about their ears. Our poor artist, bruised and broken, gazed at the pit with tears in his eyes, and the pit went off into louder roars than before. " Ingrate Public! ", as Baron used to say.

Titles. However, despite his clarinet and his Pyramid, despite the bumps on his forehead, despite every effort, glory was no more for Deburau in the courtyard of the rue Saint-Maur than anywhere else in Europe. All the glory, all the success, all the titbits at meals still fell to the share of his brothers and sisters. And what was more, each one of them had attained to a distinct and separate personality for the crowd, each had his name, or hers, billed at the Theatre, and not the name only but the title as well; the title, that supreme halo of glory, accorded by public enthusiasm. The name of the eldest brother was Nieumensek, and the crowd had given him the well-earned name of King of the Carpet; the second bore the simple name of Etienne, the Accomplished Tumbler. He is now a groom in Belgium, in charge of sixty horses and I know not how many under-grooms. Nothing could equal the audience's enthusiasm for the elder of the sisters whom they called The Beautiful Hungarian; and as for Dorothy, the younger, the pearl of the Deburau family, her successes were not limited to the courtyard of the Rue Saint-Maur; she became a Polish Countess when later on she married Lieutenant-Colonel Dobrowski.

IV

Deburau alone, in the midst of this resplendent family, without a title, without even a name, was still the most obscure, the most disregarded and the most unhappy artist in all the Empire of France.

And yet, even in his profoundest abasement, he one day received an unmistakable revelation of the high fortune awaiting him. The great Napoleon who divined so many things — Austerlitz, Jena, the Five Codes — very nearly divined Deburau too. Thanks to its triumphs, the Deburau family had obtained the concession for open-air performances on public holidays;

thus, in its fashion, serving the government almost as actively as an Imperial censor. One day, one victory day it was (often there were as many as thirty of these in one month), the Emperor was on his way to Saint-Cloud alone, and from within his carriage he chanced to espy a poor clown going the same way, trudging along, covered with sweat, evidently in a great hurry. It amused the Emperor, who might at will have invited into his carriage a gentleman of the Old Régime or a gentleman of the New Régime, to invite instead a common clown, a clown off the high road, to drive with him. No sooner conceived than accomplished. All at once the Imperial carriage pulls up beside the clown and stops; the door opens, Deburau climbs in, he talks with the Emperor face to face, and almost as fearfully as though he were talking with His Majesty his great brother Nieumensek, King of the Carpet. What they talked of, the Emperor and our clown, you no doubt guess; they talked of the Art of the Drama. Napoleon, universal genius! He would talk war to the soldier, science to the scholar, poetry to the poet; to each, of his art, to each, of his glory; this he did, he who was at the level of all glory! With the Clown Deburau he talked theatre, therefore.

And this so mighty Emperor had given everything to France except peace and quietness and one good tragedy.

Dissertation. You remember all those pitiful tragedies the Empire produced? The cheek flushes with shame merely to think of them. The Emperor, powerless against so dire a scourge and knowing no remedy for it, admitted the poverty of his Kingdom in this regard as he admitted all the others, confusedly and without conviction — in a whisper even. He sought, therefore, the opinion of his clown upon the state of the modern theatre and the merit of Oriental, Venetian, English, German and Italian tragedy. He desired to hear his judgment upon the translations of Shakespeare, Schiller, Kotzebue, blatant imitations of the theatre of the Seventeenth Century, enervated plagiarisms devoid of style and colour, which Talma and Mademoiselle Georges animated as best they might by their sheer beauty and genius. The state of tragedy under the Empire worried the Emperor confusedly, as a stain upon his velvet mantle would have worried him on a day when he was to receive kings in audience. So he must have the opinion of this rustic clown upon the great poets living under his reign. At first the rustic clown inclined to hesitate, but the Emperor was insistent. And Deburau made him the following memorable answer, embracing and admirably summing up the entire literature of the Empire:

" Sire, these gentlemen would have been far greater poets if, instead of writing tragedies, they had been satisfied to write pantomimes instead." a whole course in litertaure lies in these words.

The Performing Dogs. At the epoch of which I speak, dramatic art was nevertheless widely professed and widely patronized. Seats at the

Académie Française were in prodigious demand. The Emperor often went to the play. He would remain there for hours together, listening to the great Corneille. It was a time of tremendous rivalries among actresses and actors; there were the factions of the Greens and the Blues, as in the Roman Circus of yore; there were duels as in the time of old Gluck, the protégé of Queen Marie-Antoinette. If not the drama, the show at least was everywhere. There was even a house where trained dogs performed, real live dogs in the costumes of the XVIIIth Century. I wonder why. Black-muzzled Marquises, Duchesses with white paws, tawny Musketeers with hind quarters insolently lifted. Deburau, weary of following in his father's train, beaten so much and eating so little, now joined in self-defence the Theatre of Performing Dogs, himself to perform the tumbling pantomime. This Theatre of Performing Dogs is today the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers which plays Vaudeville as well. So do all things in this world descend; Vaudeville is everywhere, Performing Dogs are nowhere to be found.

Chronology. Most curious would be the history of that Theatre of Performing Dogs, if it ever could be written. The entire course of the progress of art, as set forth by philosophers of all ages, would be found epitomized in the history of that little Theatre, so despised, so inglorious, and withal so rich! The destiny of Deburau and the destiny of the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers are forever one; he and the Theatre grew up together and simultaneously, and together attained to celebrity, glory and success. They are as popular one as the other and one through the other. Take Deburau from his theatre and it instantly crumbles to the level of the *Théâtre-Français*. Take his Theatre from Deburau, its dilapidation, its evil-smelling candles, its pit in shirt-sleeves and labourers' caps, and in the same moment Deburau becomes the equal of a provincial Elleviou. They will die on the same day, actor and theatre. But how great is their pride in each other! How perfect their accord! How complete their mutual love and understanding! And how many, many happy days Deburau has known in his Theatre!

Topography. When the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers was still only the Theatre of Performing Dogs, Deburau was still only his father's clown. You went down ten stairs into the hall; it was like entering a cellar. At the bottom of the stairs you were confronted by two rows of boxes. The stage was extremely narrow. Huge cushions adorned it. After the usual Symphony, the curtain rose and the show began. You saw Monsieur and Madame Denis appear, dressed in the height of style of the Louis XV period, powder and patches, sequins, velvet breeches, silk stockings, embroidered cuffs, lace cravat, ruffles, with all the paraphernalia of a fashionable Marquis, all the airs of a person of consequence. Down to the elegant gait and insolent flourishes, nothing was lacking! Following the noble Lord who must, at the very least, be a familiar of Richelieu, came

Carlin, his valet, Carlin, dressed as a jockey, carrying Monsieur's umbrella and Madame's muff — or her canary, as the case might be. The next to appear was the watchman, armed and wearing his hair in a pigtail; the watchman arrested a deserter. Court-martial followed hard on the heels of the arrest; the deserter stood trial and was condemned to death. In the last act, he was slowly led to the Préau, to the accompaniment of doleful music. Arrived at the Préau, he was released — then, fire! A terrific volley of cartridges, and the victim fell as bravely as any hero of the old army condemned by the Upper Chamber.

Elegy. Those were the Drama's good old days! There was a quick, animated, impassioned Drama that went straight to the point with no idle words, no soliloquies, no hesitation, above all, with no couplets and neither the music of Vaudeville nor of Comic Opera! Sentimental Drama, Bourgeois Drama, Society Drama; Romance, History, Philosophy, Politics, Love, all came within the power of the Performing Dogs. Poor actors, great actors, they played Marivaux and Corneille without knowing they were doing it! They exploited every nuance of passion in the great candour of their genius! They were the predecessors of the melodrama of the Boulevards. Yes, the Performing Dogs were the true fathers of melodrama! Melodrama belongs to them as Greek roots belong to Port-Royal. They awoke the genius of M. de Pixérécourt even as the apple falling from the tree awoke the genius of Newton! All honour to the Performing Dogs! All honour to Newton's apple!

Analysis. You should have seen them in their heyday, those intrepid artists! The military genius of the Empire fired them with all its flames. They rushed to the attack like the warriors of the Pyramids. You saw the city beleaguered, the ramparts defended. Dogs, heroes rather, stood upon those ramparts; other heroes brought battering-rams, set up ladders; from victor and vanquished, from besieger and besieged came shouts of glory, came plaintive cries of pain; there lay the dying, there the dead! It fairly rained down blood. The city was taken by storm and capitulated at last; trumpets resounded, the conquering Monarch reviewed his troops amid the acclamations of the audience.

Regrets. Alas! Alas for this spectacle, so frequented, so celebrated, alas for those brave poodles, those haughty bulldogs, those clever pugs, those elegant greyhounds, those great Newfoundlands, that whole dramatic world that so delighted city and provinces alike, little by little it has vanished quite away and we know it no more. Behold in this the inconstancy of the Theatre! Each new century witnesses the rise of a new monstrosity. The Brethren of the Passion give place to the profane actors of Corneille; after Corneille and politics, Racine and Love; then Voltaire and Liberty, Crébillon and blood, De Belloi and *Les Français;* then the Theatre of the Fair; then Beaumarchais and the Revolution of '89, the great, the true, the one sincere Revolution of all! Then M. Ducis, M. Jouy, M.

Etienne and the Performing Dogs whose glory overwhelms all other glories; then upon the wreck of the Performing Dogs, themselves enthroned upon the wreck of so many predecessors, there arrives another claimant for a place beside Picard and M. Scribe, dethroned sovereigns too. Heedless of the past and future, cool-headed as are all conquerors conscious of their strength, it is he, the Clown, the Mute, the Profound, the Flour-faced Deburau!

So much for your theatrical glory! Go on, then, pursue the doctor's ephemeral renown, which, like the glory of the violinist, leaves no trace behind it, not a breath, not a gesture, not a tone of the voice, nothing to recall what once you were! What though your name be Molé, d'Azincourt, Contat, Talma! Great dead actors, you are all gone, and the indifferent, brief-memoried crowd prefers a thousand times the living Deburau!

V

When the Theatre of Performing Dogs had disappeared to make way for the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers as it exists today, the rope-dancing itself soon gave way to an innovation hitherto unheard of, and which the greatest rhetoricians, from Aristotle to Despréaux, were no doubt far from foreseeing. I refer to the Acrobatic Pantomime which was, so to speak, the germ of that other still more significant innovation called the Dialogue-pantomime, stupendous and glorious achievements both to stand to the credit of a single century. Yet this century has produced besides, stroke upon stroke in a veritable torrent, the Epistles, the Satires, the Discourses, the Tragedies and the Burlesque Poems of Monsieur Viennet! Here follow a few details concerning the Acrobatic Pantomime, the invention of which is partly the work of our Great Artist.

Definition. The Earliest Acrobatic Pantomime: The Acrobatic Pantomime may be thus described: A slight plot combined with acrobatic feats. It marks the ultimate progress of a company of acrobats who, obedient to the popular whim, consent to become actors, but on condition that they still retain their character as acrobats. This is the history of prose writers who desired to write blank verse. The earliest Acrobatic Pantomime, so far as I have been able to trace it, is this:

Harlequin enters, lamenting over the theatre. When he has done this long enough, he turns three somersaults. Cassandra then appears and replies to Harlequin. Having answered, Cassandra then executes a *saut de sourd,* accompanied by a *saut de carpe.* Next arrives the Idiot Lover, a droll fellow and greatly beloved, and a coward into the bargain. He holds a bouquet of flowers at his side, as you saw him in *The Talking Picture.* The Lover does a *saut de poltron* and a *saut périlleux* backwards. Last comes Deburau, walking on his hands. Deburau does a *saut d'ivrogne.* At the conclusion of the piece, they all leave as they entered, this one on his

hands, the other on his feet, and that is all. This acrobatic pantomime, these astonishing feats intermingled with drama had a huge success.

The Battles. It was about this time that the terrific Battles with sabre and axe came into vogue. Next to the Performing Dogs, the Terrific Battle must stand as the principal cause of Melodrama in France. The earliest piece of this type was called *The Siege of the Castle.* No modern drama ever boasted a comparable success. The curtain rose upon the castle; the castle was guarded above by two soldiers and below by two soldiers. Above and below, one of the soldiers was a traitor and the other loyal; the one desired to surrender the castle, the other meant to defend it. There was fighting above and fighting below; they fought like true Performing Dogs. In the end, the traitor above and the traitor below met their death and the castle was saved. This was the whole of the performance, and no romantic drama or charity performance ever attracted such a concourse of people.

By an odd turn of fortune (it being clearly the desire of Fate that our Hero's biography be complete), we unearthed a play-bill of the kind in use at that time. It is a highly curious piece of eloquence and well worth perpetuating:

PLAY BILL

GRAND THEATRE OF TIGHT-ROPE DANCERS

Authorized by the authorities and by special permission.

TODAY, A Special Performance. A brilliant performance will be presented of the

SIEGE OF THE CASTLE

PANTOMIME, military and with fire-works illuminations, new scenery representing a MOUNTAIN; CHANGES ON THE STAGE, TRAVESTIES AND TRANSFORMATIONS; NEW COSTUMES with a SABRE FIGHT WITH FOUR COMBATANTS; MARCHES, BANDS, MILITARY EVOLUTIONS AND EXPLOSION AT THE FINAL TABLEAU.

One performance will take place at 3 o'clock, one at 5, one at 7, one at 8, and one at 9 o'clock.

Come in, Gentlemen, this is not to be missed!

The Harlequins. After the pyrotechnics and the military pieces, and when they had fought long enough with sabre and ax, there was a truce to these battles in the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers. Even Napoleon allowed himself a truce occasionally! Like the Emperor, it paused, out of breath, and turned for a moment to gentler sentiments. It realized that war, splendid though it might be, should not lead to a neglect of moral issues, even at the Theatre of Tight-Rope Dancers. Therefore they gave

moral plays at this Theatre, while the hall was still full of the smoke from the explosions. *The Barbarous Father,* or *Harlequin at the Grave, The Dog Harlequin,* the *Harlequin Statue,* Harlequin was put into all of them. Not even Monsieur de Florian himself had committed worse abuse of Harlequin than did the Tight-Rope Dancers. Harlequin was for them what the family of the Atrides was to the Greek, Roman and French poets — he was the inexhaustible Hero. Charles Nodier undertook to write a life of him which he did not live to finish, and he bequeathed it to Cruickshank and to our own Charlet, neither of whom will finish it. Charlet is too much occupied with his history of the Grand Army, part of which beautiful gift we have already received. Besides, Charlet though he be, he knows that no man should undertake a task beyond his powers. That I should be the one to talk this way, I the infinitesimal, who dare undertake to write the life of Deburau!

The Harlequin dramas achieved the sound establishment of the Theatre. It soon had an enormous clientele of subscribers at four sous. Thanks to these lessons in simple morality, the Youth of France was enabled to prepare itself for the lessons in higher morality which M. Marty was to give them later on. The Theatre gave six performances daily, holidays excepted. Nine on Sundays. Deburau can remember having played twenty-six times in three days at New Year's. What an example of unconquerable zeal and self-denial for Madame Malibran to study — the ingrate! She has robbed us of hearing her all this winter. But she will pay no attention to it.

The Beards. The pains taken by the Theatre of Tight-Rope Dancers to vary their programs would also serve as an excellent example to the theatres of Paris which take great pride to themselves if they put on a new vaudeville every ten days. Not only does the Theatre of Tight-Rope Dancers vary its plays from one moment to another; it even changes its heroes when the old ones are worn out. Thus after Harlequin, when no more can possibly be done with him, an entirely new character will appear, not a whit less interesting than he — a character of many aspects, variable, long, short, fat, coxcombed, pepper-and-salt, that grows longer and longer, or curls, at will, and can at will be put out like a candle — this character, this quite new hero, is the beard. There were beards of every colour at the Tight-Rope Dancers'. In the beginning was Bluebeard, the classic; then Greybeard, Blackbeard, Whitebeard. The Beards lasted as long as Harlequin. Then a day came when, discarding all these specialties which had begun to pall somewhat, the Theatre conceived the production of the great fairy-piece entitled *Arimane,* which revealed to it at last its true and inevitable future.

At that time (Deburau had not yet emerged from his obscurity) there lived, or rather reigned, at the Tight-Rope Dancers' a man who, diverse fortune to the contrary, is still the only actor who has ever understood the drama of our day, the only one who knows how to act it, the only one made for it and for whom it is made. By these qualities you have all recog-

nized Frederick Lemaître, Frederick, my radiant actor, handsome, eloquent, impassioned, fiery, extravagant, charming; Frederick whom we have seen in rags, in the *bonnet-rouge,* in the turban of Othello, in the garments of Richard d'Arlington; Frederick, which is to say *The Gambler, Mephistopheles, The Marshal D'Ancre,* the whole dramatic work of Victor Hugo, of Vigny, of Dumas, nay of M. Casimir Delavigne himself, for whom Frederick is quite indispensable. Well, it was at the Tight-Rope Dancers' that Frederick Lemaître began. To him we owed the triumph of *Arimane,* and that four-sous audience, that audience of slum-dwellers who can judge things not only keenly but almost always rightly too, that clever and omnipotent audience discovered the genius of Frederick. His first appearance had been at Madame Rose's in some admirable *Parades,* at a time when the *Parade* was still held in honour, and Bobèche occupied the place of the Café Tortoni. At the Tight-Rope Dancers' he played the *rôle* of *Arimane.* We have not forgotten the terror he inspired as he entered with a wooden lance and a shield made out of cardboard. Later he played the *False Hermit!* And with every new *rôle,* he brought nearer and nearer to perfection that shrewdness and animation in the portrayal of character which have stood him so magnificently in his stead in his later career. His connection with the Tight-Rope Dancers lasted four years, four years of anonymous glory and true happiness. But one fine day there came an order from the Minister, the grudging, envious Minister, setting forth that all the actors at the Tight-Rope Dancers' must be proficient on the rope as a qualification of membership. Unable to slight a command from so high a source, Frederick essayed the tight rope. But his first step upon that perilous journey brought him to the ground. He conceived a distaste for that manner of entrance, and said farewell to the cradle of his glory. He departed in tears and entered Franconi's. At Franconi's a new difficulty met him. Not a tight rope this time, but a horse, and the artist, no sooner mounted, must charge into the heat of the fray. And Frederick, poor man, fell off the horse as he had fallen from the rope. So, *faute de mieux,* he entered the *Odéon.* On such circumstances must glory wait! Had he never been made to attempt the tight-rope, Frederick might not be standing today at the forefront of Romantic Drama, alone, supreme.

Felix. But let us return to Deburau. Great as had been the progress of his theatre, Deburau had had no part in it. He had stayed where he was, unknown, one of the crowd. Ever last, ever least, he, Deburau, with his sisters and brothers, with M. and Mme. Godot, with the combatants in battle, with Frederick, even with Felix the Harlequin, Felix who was so good to him, Felix who guessed that a talent lay hidden within that soul all shut away from people's sight. It was Felix who one day lent Deburau his Harlequin's habit and mask, and in that habit, Deburau felt his heart expand. For the first time in his life the crowd observed him, for the first time the applause of the audience was for him. They had mistaken him for Felix!

Deburau Would Like to Die. Still, Deburau was unhappy. His obscurity weighed upon him. He shuddered at the prospect of continuing in a life so full of hardships, and seriously contemplated making an end of it all. But that one moment of despair was the last our artist was ever to know.

The Café in the Rue aux Ours. Through the incredible disasters, privations and varied miseries of his earliest days; by way of his unmolested penetration of the Sultan's seraglio and of his journey tête-à-tête with the Emperor Napoleon (an exploit no less beset with difficulties than the other); after being a clown at Madame Saqui's (in which *rôle* it was his task to create contrast in those skeleton burlesques which were improvised every night); after substituting for the great Felix; only then did Deburau attain the summit of his art. His talent revealed itself very late, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau's, and emerged out of cruel suffering. Deburau, beaten by his father, hissed wherever he went, even at the Performing Dogs'; Deburau, successively Clown, Pierrot, Harlequin, arriving nowhere despite all these titles which in France have always led to wherever their possessor desired, Deburau took fresh heart one night, the very night when despair had led him into a tavern on the Rue aux Ours on his way to the parapets of the Austerlitz Bridge. It was a tavern much frequented in those days by fencing masters, wrestling masters, literary men and the vaudeville artists of the hour for whom it was not then the fashion to wear beards on their chins or canary gloves on their hands or lorgnettes hung round their necks. This closed circle was desperately literary, as are all circles of the elect. This tavern was the scene of much conversation upon the Theatre, and the names of Talma and Potier, who in those days were still in their youth, would escape from time to time out of a cloud of tobacco smoke to the resonant accompaniment of a swallow of beer.

VII

On the night of which I speak, so loud were the exclamations, so unanimous the admiration, so heart-felt the enthusiasm with which they talked of Talma, that Deburau had borne in upon him, all unsought, the meaning of glory. For the first time he realized how extraordinary must be the power of this glory, that an actor possessing it could penetrate right into the heart of a fencing master, a wrestling master and a man of letters. The name of Talma aroused the genius that lay slumbering in that timid soul. Deburau no longer wished to die. He left the inn with a vow that he too would become the first in his art, according to his kind, the Talma of the Boulevard du Temple. And praise God, he kept his word. He is Deburau no less than Talma is Talma.

His Progress. What makes him Deburau I cannot say. He has indeed revolutionized his art. He has created a new type of clown when one thought that all the possible varieties had been long since exploited. Where other clowns are fussy, he is cool; where they are full of inconsequential

raptures, he is calm and sensible; in him you no longer see the clown rushing to and fro without rhyme or reason; he is a stoic of the deepest dye, mechanically yielding to the impression of each moment as it comes, an actor empty of passion, devoid of words, almost without a face, who yet says it all, expresses it all, mocks at it all, who could play all the comedies of Molière without uttering a syllable, who is aware of all the stupidities of the world and times in which he lives, and gives them life, an inimitable genius, that appears intermittently upon the scene, takes a look round, opens its mouth, shuts its eyes, vanishes, returns to make us laugh or melt our hearts to pity, and all with an inexpressible charm.

His Studies. He is a man who has thought much, pondered much, hoped much, endured much. He is the people's actor and the people's friend, a chatterbox, a greedy, loafing rascal, impassive, insurgent, one with them. Deburau discovered a whole new method of comedy when he evolved this character of the dumb, satirical commentator, and how prodigal he is with that gift of satire which is so inexhaustibly his own, and by virtue of which he stands so high above all other clowns! Do you suffer today from one of those moods of ennui in which you long to be able to distract your mind without fatigue? Then go to the Tight-Rope Dancers', go and see Deburau. Go at once. There, and nowhere else, will you find that unvenomous delight, that interest in the matter for its own sake, that humour innocent of obscenity, that satire innocent of spite, which comedy has been promising us so long. And at the Tight-Rope Dancers' it is neither a matter of comedy of manners nor comedy of intrigue, neither of historical comedy nor farce, nor of drama nor of anything else which the critics have classified and defined, but something is in it of them all. There you will find mingled and compounded together all types but the tedious type. Yes, as I have said, nobody but Deburau can show you comedy today.

Proofs. The curtain rises, and in the first moment you congratulate yourself upon a comedy where no one speaks, no one cracks any jokes. There you are, delivered for the nonce from all the convoluted little sentences, the delicate persiflage, the guffaw, the *double-entendres,* the piquant allusions, the interminable ingenuities, the Languedocian, the Gascon, the Norman dialects, all the dialects, indeed, all the speeches which are the warp-and-woof of modern comedy. Blessed audience! By your mere presence at the Tight-Rope Dancers' you sit all safe and sheltered from tirade and song and romance and final couplet, even from *vers croisés* such as M. Ozaneaux affects!

VIII

Nor is this all. Delivered from modern dialogue, you are at the same time delivered from modern plot. You are at the Tight-Rope Dancers' and all our comedy bankers have disappeared; all our good-looking young

men in canary gloves, all our elderly army men, all our philanthropists, all the Faubourg Saint-Germain, all the Chaussée d'Antin, in fine, the whole comic world which M. Scribe and his pallid copyists have been exploiting ever since the Restoration. Within our clown's theatre, that world has died as dead as a door-nail. Deburau will not touch those people, never fear! Any more than he will touch the little marquesses of the Louis XV period. Oh dear no! The perfume of musk, the powder and paint, the Cross of Honour, the Cordons Bleus, the flurries on the stock exchange, the artists' studios, the little drawing-rooms all so prettily gilded, the *soubrettes* in silk aprons, the great ladies in their carriages, all this pretty little world we know with its business of wars and politics and sentiment, so pretty, above all, so graceful; ah, yes indeed! But have no fear. Deburau has never seen a drawing-room; he maintains that *soubrettes* no longer exist, that the comic types have been all effaced, that the man of finance, the politician, the soldier, the poet, all look alike and have the same face and the same clothes. And from this he deduces the theory that the comedy of former days has become impossible in this levelled society, and asks our leave to invent a new type as he sees it. Let him, he is sure to amuse you, but he makes the condition that his comedy shall have no words, no plot and no hero. Confront our great actors with this problem, and see how they will answer you.

Definition. Forward then, my Clown! He is not this man or that with a name in his own right and an assured position in society; he is the people, always in poverty, as they are, and joyous, melancholy, sick, well, beating, beaten, musician, poet, idiot, by turns. It is the people whom Deburau represents in his dramas. Chief of his gifts is his oneness with them. He knows what entertains them, what makes them laugh, what makes them angry; he knows what they admire; he knows their moods; he knows them thoroughly. He has seen them as Mazurier saw his monkeys; he possesses them completely. Step up, men of the working-classes, beat your wife, fondle your children, run into debt, get out of debt, marry off your daughter, poke fun at your doctor and at your father confessor, respect your magistrate, cry without shame, cry your eyes out; then, the next moment, become the wag, the gracioso, the orator, the gay dog, the lady-killer. If you are wholly of the common people you will have your moments of wealth when you will swagger in taverns, dance like a gallant at way-side inns, duel in style at the out-skirts of the town, all in an endless orgy of jokes and gibes. Oh, you gentlemen of comedy, with your one *rôle* of which you are so proud, and a ready-made *rôle* at that, *Le Misanthrope,* your *Tartufe,* what not, how very small you all appear when set beside my hero!

He is the People Themselves. My Hero is gracious and witty in all the weathers of fortune. He laughs when he is beaten, and when he beats others he laughs also. Throughout his *rôle* he will not speak a word, but

attend to him and see my people, my people. Study them in my wonderful clown. Clearly he is making fun of you, but mind, without a word. His special taunt for vice and power is a certain grimace, a grimace so piquant that all the wit of Beaumarchais would bow before it. He will follow this grimace, which is all the vengeance he permits himself for the time being, with wilder capers than before. At once he has become again the drunkard, the picker of quarrels, surly, truculent, kindly. The instinct of the people informs every gesture. He is a thousand actors then, a thousand fascinating actors in one, and fascination and laughter attend him. Now these thousand actors, these thousand faces, these thousand grimaces, these thousand postures, this brusque elation, this short-lived sorrow, this tenderness so quick to come and to go, all, all this, to the shame of our theatres be it said, has but one name, and its name is Deburau!

Décor. In your picture of this actor, bring his setting also to mind. It is the setting of the common people, the broom, the saucepan, the wash-tub, the dustbin; stool, table, glass, comb, pipe, tinder-box, mirror, ladder, jug; how should one count them all? Consider too, the places and people my hero frequents; public houses, pawnshops, barns, attics, *cabarets,* the *Place de Grève,* churches, theatres, woods, road-side taverns where one may dance, rivers with their clear waters, country villages, turbulent alleys, small shops, booths, food-wagons, women sausage-vendors, bill-posters, Punch and Judy shows, street-organs, tight-rope dancers, town criers. The setting is always changing, his world is constantly turning about and about. Rain succeeds the sunshine, it is dark, it is day, it hails. And come what may, wherever, whatever the scene, our clown is equal to the occasion. He will bring a scene of mourning to life for you as vividly as tavern revelry. This singular man has as yet no idea how great he is; he has the naïveté of all great artists; he is as poor as the poorest and least of his kind; he is adored by the people whose counterfeit presentment he offers so naturally, so charmingly. He is all grace and wit, this penniless fellow whose genius has no support but what he is able to earn in his own person; he is not even the holder of a single share in his theatre; he has even been seen to plead before a jury against his barbarous employers who compelled him to dress in a cellar, he, the first actor of his age!

The Famous Trial. The history of this case, not extremely memorable in itself, is not without honour for Justice, however. Having received the appeals for and against our artist, the jury found itself obliged by law to award the case to his employers with costs, but, touched to compassion for his genius, they further decided that although he must continue to dress in the cellar, the management was to remove at its own expense, the fungi which grew in that very novel green-room.

Even apart from the human drama of his life, Deburau possesses a peculiar personal charm. There is something in the very uncertainty of this improvised drama that will attract you in spite of yourself. They have

now transported the very same type of drama to the *Nouveautés,* amidst the luxurious surroundings of a wealthy theatre designed for patrons of wealth and social importance. And strange though it may seem, wealth has not injured it. The English clowns had the whole of Paris running as they passed through; their drama was perfectly able to withstand the brilliance of the boxes and the uproar of one of the finest orchestras in France. Let who can explain why this type of drama should succeed so signally in two such opposite theatres. As for me, and I have given much thought to the matter, I believe that we find the dramas so entrancing and the other kind so tedious, because in the latter we are forced, willy-nilly, to follow the ideas of some author, any author, clumsily reiterating already oft-repeated words, while in the drama of Deburau we are given the joy of making our drama to suit ourselves, introducing our own dialogue, so that in a confounding of ideas and objects, in a sort of waking dream in which your ideas keep pace with the actor's, the scene-shifter's and the musician's, you enjoy yourself almost as much as if you were actually asleep!

Is it not altogether too delightful in these revolutionary times, in this worm-eaten old world of ours and in the midst of the kind of literature that is current today, is it not altogether too delightful, I say, to know of a place where you may sleep wide awake!

IX

At long last, having emerged from every test adversity could devise, happiness came to our Hero. The appreciation of the audiences made his situation tolerable at last; at any rate, it gave him hope of a new life for which he had not dared to hope. Once his public secured, the poor slave now became king in his turn. The brambles through which he had made his dramatic journey now disappeared, and made way for the laurels and roses. The sun which had never smiled upon him before, now rose clear and splendid upon his day. What a thing it is to be chosen by the crowd, its favorite entertainer! Enter, they laugh! Exit, they laugh again! To be constantly pointed out! To have no more incognito than a prince, to hear on all sides as one walked abroad, even in the ordinary clothes of a civilian, " There he goes! That is he! " Such is life in the world of the drama. And this was the paradise into which Deburau was now admitted. His environment changed completely. He became the object of jealousy, envy, and intrigue. He had become Somebody in the theatre where he now made his appearance at three in the afternoon. The door-girl greeted him, the usher greeted him. Ladies dreamt about him. Not a mother of a family of comic artists but breathed the wish, as she went to bed at night, that her daughter might find such a husband. After glory followed love: love and glory, they are twin gods and go

hand-in-hand, straight forward. Women find reputations attractive; they like to examine at close range the vast public hubbub which even the wisest among men seek with such avidity. Love came to Deburau then. But indiscreet for others, the great man is discreet for himself. He knows what he owes to womanhood and to himself. On the subject of his loves, therefore, he has nothing to say. It would appear, however, that the illustrious Bohemian, having arrived at the very peak of his art, did not wholly reject the opportunity of revenging himself upon women for the scant attention and interest they had shown him until that time.

Love. In this connexion we have heard the story of Mademoiselle Levaux and the dog Coquette. Mlle. Levaux had the heart of an artist, which is to say that her poor heart was full of feeling which she yearned to express. She had a pretty little green-painted shop on the Boulevard du Temple where she sold hot *galettes* and light *brioches* upon which the audiences innocently regaled the intervals. Mlle. Levaux followed the birth and development of her neighbour Deburau, but never once did that ingrate perceive her there, brooding over him with her soul in her eyes. There she would be, palpitating, filled with anxiety and unhappiness, often heedless of her customers, who, finding themselves ignored, would pass on, so little did she care whether her business flourished or not as she burned more fiercely than did her pastries on the stove! And Deburau saw nothing. Oh, woe!

Coquette. With his rise in fortune, Deburau permitted himself the luxury of a little dog, one of the clever survivors of the troupe of Performing Dogs who had been his first *confrères.* This dog's name was Coquette. Since the day which bereft her of her theatre, once so well patronized, and with it of her pretty *rôles,* her nice fresh frocks, her admirers in the corridors, her dainties in the dressing-room and the applause of her public, Coquette had taken refuge in the bosom of philosophy, that gentle comforter, who fails us never though often we fail her. The great actress, Coquette, fallen from her high place in the drama and forced for her livelihood to follow, four-footed now, her illustrious master, gave to Deburau the devotion of her whole soul. The intelligent animal, I speak of Coquette, realized (even as did Mlle. Levaux) the drama implicit in Deburau, and foresaw the fame awaiting him. And like that fame, she followed after him. But to the disgrace of fame be it said, the dog Coquette gave it the signal to come where she led.

Coquette Again. Past Mlle. Levaux' shop therefore went Coquette and her master together. Unable to attract the glances of the artist, the young pastry-cook next conceived the idea of earning the esteem of the dog. How profound are the ruses of love! Behold Mlle. Levaux placing her shop at Coquette's disposal! She lavishes delicacies upon the little creature, warm pastries, Rheims biscuits, cream-puffs. Coquette, less inflexible than her master, consented to be touched by these confections. She was

graciously pleased, kind dog, to devastate the pretty merchant's entire stock. With the tips of her teeth, fastidiously as a fine lady, she accepted the delicacies from the poor girl's white and trembling hand. But oh dear, oh dear! Mlle. Levaux might advance daily in the graces of Coquette, thanks to her sacrifices, but the Hero of her plot remained ever as cold, ever as aloof. Never a word of thanks to the young shopkeeper, though she donned every day her prettiest dresses. Not a word of thanks, though she gave her best pastries to the dog Coquette! Now and then, in her distress, she would kiss Coquette; wasted kisses which the ingrate did not even see. One day she detained Coquette longer than usual; Deburau whistled angrily without so much as turning his head. Poor Eugénie Levaux!

Disappointment. So keen was her sorrow, so great her pain at seeing her love ignored, that she married a fat butcher of the *Quartier de la Bastille.* She went to live amongst blood and corpses; she breathed the odour of fresh-killed flesh for the rest of her life; she grew as opulent as a receiver's wife. What a pity! Now her cheeks are heavy, and as red as the red ribbons in her bonnet; her arms are fat, her hands pudgy; her fingers are lost in enormous rings; a gold chain hangs heavily on her neck and rests in pride upon a bosom of india-rubber. But by the rise and fall of that bosom the observer may still discern that the butcher's wife has kept her heart! Fortune has not changed her. For the sake of the ungrateful wretch she loves she would give up her legs of lamb today as gladly as in former days she gave up her ginger bread. By sheer force of wealth she obtained a child of Coquette's to guard her butchery. Never would she have permitted her husband to be followed by a bulldog such as the other butchers, his colleagues, affected. This has earned Mlle. Levaux' husband a reputation for foppishness in the quarter, but the good butcher is consoled in the esteem of his wife. He has ceased to regret the orthodox bulldog and has grown as fond of Coquette's little pug son as if he were the size of a calf. Moreover, this incident of their dog is the only one in all their married life in which Mlle. Levaux opposed her husband and caused him pain. Happy butcher! But what would he say if he could penetrate as easily into his wife's heart as he does into the heart of a sheep?

Drama. We have been told of other loves, but these we shall pass over. One of the stage-boxes could tell you where another Heroine used to sit, one of Deburau's earliest admirers, she. Every night, forsaking the ball for her love, she came to that stage-box to encourage the dawning genius with her smile. What was the end of it? Nobody knows! She has now surrendered herself body and soul to drama! For all ignored or unrequited passion, art holds out consolation!

Retaliation. In spite of the dense screen behind which Deburau conceals his private life, we know that he was not always invulnerable. He fell dis-

tractedly in love with a young *grisette,* a circumstance which she accepted however, as a matter of course. You may estimate the progress upward of our Hero's situation by his aspiration, all at once, to one of such high station as a milliner. Yet so it was, and then the shoe was on the other foot. It was Deburau now who made all the advances, he who bowed the head, he who loved. Mlle. Levaux, though all unbeknown, was well revenged. Be sure you know your milliner for what she is, the aristocrat of *grisettes.* Disdainful, giddy, capricious, always pretty! She has her vapours, her languors, her scorn, her whims, her romances to read, her dreams to fulfil; no fine lady more so. It cost infinite patience, infinite devotion for our artist to remain yoked to such a love. She commanded, he obeyed, instantly, implicitly, and as effectively as in former days he had been wont to obey his father. One evening Deburau was playing an important *rôle* (important *rôles* were now his) when the young person became indisposed, right in the middle of his act. This was how the romance became known. At the critical moment in the drama, her face went white. Her lover, seeing this, turned white too, whereupon the pallor of his already flour-whitened face became ghastly to behold. The scene over, Deburau flew to his divinity's side; the quicker to reach her, he pulled his civilian trousers over his Pierrot's pantaloons, and in that guise you may picture him escorting his mistress home. It was a wet night, the rain came down in torrents, the mud of the boulevard splashed him everywhere. In the sad circumstances, the storm and the illness of his beloved, Deburau neglected the precautions his costume demanded. Heedless he plunged through the mud, heedless offered the flour on his face to the fierceness of the weather. He remembered his love, all else was oblivion! He returned to the theatre, out of breath, to find the stage-manager (yes, the theatre has a stage-manager), looking for him everywhere. Deburau it was who in the final act had to lead back to her father's arms a daughter who had been seduced. The moment had arrived, the audience was growing restive, the daughter was impatient for her father, the father for his daughter. But Deburau turned up at last, half black, half white. He flung off his trousers of heavy cloth, mended the flour on the side of his face from which it had been washed off by the rain, and made his entrance without a tremor, leading Columbine by the hand, imperturbable as you have always seen him. Nobody, not even the beautiful Artist-soul in the stage-box, could have guessed that he had just taken an ailing mistress home.

It is by episodes like this that he has gained, little by little, his unprecedented empire over the audiences of his district.

Poverty. Certain people, whose avidity for knowledge nothing escapes, will enquire why Deburau, in such a storm and with his mistress so ill, did not take a cab? Little do they know, those people, the conditions under which dramatic artists live and how poor those artists can be. At the time of which I speak, Deburau was receiving his old salary, augmented only

by four sous on Sundays, and this extra he spent on little sugar dogs or barley-sugar pipes, or a bunch of violets, or a glass of cocoa for his fair one. What more could any woman of sensibility have desired? A cab would have devoured his gratuity for four months!

The details of the artist's life, never before brought to light, will furnish the matter for my next part.

Let us then leave now the poetry of my Hero's career and enter with him into its prose. Such, alas, is the history of all histories; poetry first, truth afterwards; the youth growing to manhood, the grown man; the actor without a *rôle,* the actor bound fast by contracts. Amen.

Part II

X

In this part, which is devoted to Deburau's remuneration (and highly materialistic though it be, it is not without interest for certain people), we are happy to be able to reassure our readers concerning the present lot of our artist. His situation today is as brilliant as it was once lamentable. Having risen to fame, having made the fortune of his theatre, and this so effectually that it could hold up its head and pay its bills to the day while half the other theatres in Paris were falling after many struggles into shameful bankruptcy, Deburau at last reaped his well-merited reward. And it was high time for the good fairy as in the Mother Goose tradition, to show herself. When eventually she did appear, however, it was not in the form of a goose at all, but as Monsieur Nicolas-Michel Bertrand. Many fruitless steps and much unrewarded rumaging through the archives of that kingdom of comedy procured us finally, by good luck, the possession of the following document whose importance in the history of art let no one seek to diminish. It is ours now by right of conquest. Upon it is to be seen, twice repeated, the exceedingly rare signature of Deburau, in which respect we are more fortunate than England, which possesses but a single signature of the great poet Shakespeare.

THEATRE

OF THE

TIGHT-ROPE DANCERS

CONTRACT

Between the undersigned, M. Nicolas-Michel BERTRAND, Manager of the Theatre of Tight-Rope Dancers, residing at No. 18 Boulevard du Temple, Paris, party of the first part;

And M. Jean-Baptiste DEBURAU, Artist-Tight-Rope Dancer-Mime, residing at No. 28 Faubourg du Temple, party of the second part; it is agreed as follows, to wit:

I, BERTRAND, hereby engage M. DEBURAU to fulfill in my company the *rôle* of Pierrot, as well as any other *rôle* allotted to him by myself or the Director.
This contract is entered into under the conditions set forth in the following clauses, to wit:

I. I, Jean-Baptiste DEBURAU, agree to play *all rôles whatsoever* allotted to me by the Manager or the Director, by which is understood dancing and taking part in the ballets, divertissements, marches, pantomimes, and all other pieces presented; *taking part in the battles;* accompanying the troupe when it is engaged to perform at private or public festivities, costs of transportation only to be defrayed by the Management.

II. I promise to be regular in attendance at preliminary and at dress rehearsals; and agree to all fines imposed by the Management and of which I am already cognizant, these to be paid by me as and when incurred without protest or argument; and agree to arrive at the theatre on Sundays and holidays at three o'clock, and on week-days at four, for the purpose of employing my talents at *as many performances* as the Manager or his Director may order.

III. I agree to conform to all rules, present and future, which the Management may think fit to make, and *to be satisfied with such lighting, heating arrangements* and costumes as the Management shall furnish.

IV. I agree not to absent myself from Paris except by written permission of the Manager, and to appear at the theatre on each day when performances are held, *whether I myself am playing or not,* in order that the Management may substitute me, at its discretion, in case unforeseen circumstances prevent the playing of any number on the program.

V. *In case of sickness, the Management reserves the right to suspend the Artist's salary until the day of his return.*

VI. In case of destruction by fire or of the closing of the Theatre by order of the authorities or of other unforeseen and sufficient reason for terminating the performances, this contract shall be null and

void in the full sense of the law, unless the Management should declare its intention to continue the payment of salaries until further orders.

VII. The Artist shall furnish the linen appropriate to each costume, also shoes, stockings, rouge and gloves. The Management undertakes to supply all costumes and accessories. Tight-Rope Dancers, male and female, *are to furnish everything necessary to their performance* on the tight-rope, and in a suitable manner.

Any article furnished by the Management which shall be lost or injured, by any Artist, whether by accident or design, shall be replaced at the delinquent's expense and out of his or her salary.

VIII. *In case of drunkenness,* the Management shall impose a fine upon the delinquent, which fine shall have been stated in the tariff of fines. In case of repetition, the Manager reserves the right to break the contract and his decision to do so shall be absolute.

IX. I agree not to perform in any capacity whatsoever in any other theatre, private or public, without the written consent of the Manager, on pain of a fine of three hundred francs.

In consideration of faithful adherence to the conditions herein set forth, M. BERTRAND agrees to pay M. DEBURAU the sum of thirty-five francs every week for the duration of the present contract.

The present contract is to be valid for three years, beginning the first Monday after Easter, eighteen-hundred and twenty-eight, and ending on Palm Sunday, eighteen-hundred and thirty-one.

The parties hereunto agree and mutually consent to regard this contract as no less binding than if it were signed and witnessed before a Notary; and in case of breach on either side, the first to infringe its conditions shall pay to the other a sum in forfeit to the amount of one thousand francs.

Entered into by both parties voluntarily and in good faith, at Paris, this tenth day of December, eighteen-hundred and twenty-six.

BERTRAND

The above document approved:

DEBURAU

COMMENTARY

A CERTAIN learned jurist who happens at the same time to be a man of wit and taste, set himself to write a commentary upon "the present

contract " above, in the manner of Domat. After working at it for several days, he abandoned the idea. He had found that the clauses were so simple that they could not be explained. Lacking his commentary, which we are indeed sorry not to have, we shall ourselves make a few not too irrelevant observations upon the contract.

On the whole, for a contract with a great artist, it is couched in harsh and ill-sounding terms. The first clause, that he is to " fulfill all *rôles,*" is in itself a categorical denial of the contract which states: " I, Nicolas-Michel, etc., engage Deburau to fulfill the *rôle* of Pierrot." Or does it mean that the Pierrot could be made to play Harlequin in his many aspects, or in the capacity of artist-tight-rope dance-mime, sing the songs of vaudeville? This the learned jurist does not believe, in spite of the clause " fulfill all *rôles* " — and neither do we. As to " marches " and " battles," we are also of the opinion that the nature of the battles should be specified. Strictly speaking, combat with the lath, by wrestling, by fisticuffs, could perhaps not be refused by a Pierrot; but combat with steel or pistols, and all such affrays as taking by storm, ambushes, pitched battles, and so forth, we consider, the jurist and I, that Deburau, engaged as a Pierrot, would be wholly within his rights to refuse. Apropos of that first clause, one more observation remains to be made, and that is the matter of " costs of transportation only " in case of touring. It is not stated how far the tours are to extend. Now, it is the jurist's opinion that if the Manager or his Director send Deburau off to a country of expensive inns — London for example, where white wine costs so much, the said Manager or his Director should consider Deburau as entitled to some reimbursement. It is, moreover, my own opinion that although the extent of the tours is not specified, Deburau could justifiably resort to law if he were required to travel beyond the frontiers, to Moscow or Vienna, say, or even to Berlin. In this we are almost at one with the learned jurist.

Article II, relating to the payment of fines, presents a question of importance: *Quid juris,* supposing Deburau's fines should happen to total a sum in excess of the thirty-five francs a week? Would the artist have to make up the difference out of his own pocket? The jurist says Yes, adding, however, that this would be a harsh interpretation of the law. We say No, and do not hesitate to say so, having good reason in law, *since the thing would not be possible!*

Another remark on Article II: The Artist agrees to play *as many performances* as the Manager or his Director may order. One would like to know how many this may mean? Humanity could tolerate no more than four, while custom permits up to six. A jury would be extremely hard put to it to decide this question.

And note the words " or his Director ": surely contrary to all custom in a case like this.

At a first glance, Article III looks perfectly innocent. What more right and reasonable than that an Artist be required to content himself with the *lighting and heating* provided? And yet it was that fatal Article III which became the subject of the memorable trial, and thereby elevated itself to the stature of that famous Article XIV of the old Charter which produced the July Revolution. Here is the story of our trial.

You know that in the beginning the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers was a kind of cellar reached by half-a-dozen steps down. Certain alterations were lately made, after which the audience reached the hall by steps up instead of steps down. But some of the old underground portions were kept in use. In one of these our artist's dressing-room had been arranged. He dressed and undressed in the cellar. Still all damp with dramatic emotion, he descended into that dark and desolate place to divest himself of his wig and his soul, his passion and his clown's motley, a transformation beset with difficulties and exposing him to a double rheumatism, equally dangerous in both respects; rheumatism of the mind and of the body, rheumatism of the man and rheumatism of the Artist. It was a dangerous business; the love of art alone sustained him in his cellar. While the summer lasted the place was habitable enough; but when winter came with its icicles and melting snow, with the foul smell of its warming breath in that deep cave, it was not to be endured. Having achieved success at last, illusion, that magician who by his flattering enchantments casts a treacherous, roseate veil over all things — even the ugliest — illusion, little by little vanished from that cellar. And as his successes continued, the Actor came to perceive that indeed his dressing-room was somewhat damp. Now and then he would modestly remark upon it; he would say that the cellar was dark and unwholesome, that he had occupied it now for a long time, that it would cause him no pain to have a room where the light of day might penetrate. No attention was paid to his complaints; they showed him Article III for answer: " I agree to be satisfied with the lighting and heating. . . ." Oh, cruelty!

There was Article III, there it was, holding Deburau fast in his dungeon, banging the door in his face when he tried to tear it open, mockingly offering him the key. What Article XIV did to M. de Polignac, Article III did to Deburau. Ah, woe! Article XIV it was that handed the Minister the pen that signed the fatal orders! And under the evil influence of Article III Deburau vainly struggled and grew paralyzed in body and in soul.

Satisfied with the lighting and heating! Oh, this cellar! Deburau was in despair. Whichever way he turned, there stood Article III before him, obdurate, gaunt, sardonic, loathsome. At meals it sat down with him, in bed it lay beside him, its soft, limp leg against the leg of the unfortunate Deburau, who crouched terrified against the wall. Oh yes, Article III is a story indeed.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS

He resolved at length to deliver himself from the monster, the murderer of his rest, no matter at what cost. He meant to know whether by exorcism, conjuration, threat, bailiffs, lawyers, by any means at the command of desperation, he could prevail against that fatal Article III. He saved three days' salary, and for the first time in his life, the happy-go-lucky Bohemian, this man who acknowledged no law, accepted society as it was, and bowed to Civil Law. He went to a bailiff, lodged his complaint, paid the fee without a sigh. To such dejection had Article III reduced him!

Pleading the Case. Summons, trial, Deburau plaintiff against the Manager; the parties appear before the judge, the lawyers plead for the Plaintiff, plead for the Defendant. Never were advocates more eloquent, more impassioned in any major cause. The counsel for the Defendant rested upon Article III as set forth. " M. Deburau," he said, " must be satisfied with the lighting and heating as they are. Now, gentlemen, the cellar in question, or to be more accurate, the ground-floor of which M. Deburau complains, is heated by an iron stove and lit by two gas-jets. It is as warm, as comfortable, as bright as it is possible to make it; and we are not only well within the limits of Article III, but far beyond them, for you will agree, gentlemen, that instead of two gas-jets we might very well have put in only one, and under the terms of the article, the Artist would have had to be satisfied with that! "

The Toadstool. We shall not dwell upon the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff. All that remains of it in our memory is its peroration, which produced an immense effect and for which its author had gone back to a weighty personage of antiquity. When the aged Cato, the sworn foe of Carthage, cast into the midst of the Roman Senate the figs he had just plucked in Dido's city, he created an impression no more profound than our advocate when, at a certain point in his speech, he cast before the judges an enormous toadstool which he had plucked in Deburau's dressing-room. It was of a dull blue colour with a rim of black, and with its powerful odour, presented every aspect of the deadly poisonous fungus which it was. At the sight of this monstrous and unspeakable object, of this repulsive plant whose breeding-place could be nothing short of the most loathsome of dunghills, the judges recoiled horror-stricken, the spectators gasped, horror and pity stared from every face. That a man should have to study his art in the neighbourhood of this poisonous growth, failing in strength as the toadstool increased, seeing his very grave yawn in the shadow cast by that obnoxious vegetable! Horrible, horrible! Never, no never, not even at the Assizes during a trial for murder in which six persons had been slaughtered and the advocates exhibited before the afflicted jury the blood-stained clothing, the murderous instruments, the

locks of hair which had been gathered in various spots about the seat of the crime; never before had jury or spectators experienced anything so appalling as this witness to human brutality suddenly brought before the bar in the form of that hideous toadstool.

The judges withdrew. We awaited the verdict with the faith men have in Heaven. The deliberations were long. At last the jury returned; the usher called for silence, the verdict was pronounced.

VERDICT

CHARLES, by the grace of God, King of France and of Navarre, to all who shall see this present, greeting, etc., etc., etc.

> *We Command:* That the said dressing-room be disinfected immediately and without delay, and that all toadstools which do therein exist, likewise all other forms of vegetation, be destroyed within twenty-four hours, at the expense of the Management. The case is dismissed, costs being awarded to the defendants, and no further damages whatsoever.

You will find the date of this memorable verdict in the *Gazette des Tribunaux.* In our opinion there is nothing to be compared with it since the famous judgment of Solomon, which leads me to conclude with the jurist, that Article III is very harsh, but it is entirely legal.

THE COMMENTARY CONTINUED

Let us now proceed to Article IV, if you please. This article again presents an inconceivably cruel clause. "I agree," (it is still Deburau speaking, and see what they make him agree to, poor fellow, for thirty-five francs a week!), "I agree to appear at the theatre on each day when performances are held, *whether I myself am playing or not.*" *Quid juris,* if his wife were giving birth to a child, if he were engaged in a duel with fists, if he had a child to baptize, if his aged father summoned him to his deathbed? Would the wretched man actually be compelled to attend the theatre, even though he himself were not playing? The learned jurist, who inclines to severity, says no, but that the absences be as few as possible, and he appends the well-known axiom: *Non sunt entia sine necessitate multiplicanda.* Article V is a model of iniquity. The administration concerning the worst convicts in the jail of Toulon is of fatherly gentleness compared to Article V of this contract. In case of sickness the Manager does not pay his artist. That is to say, that at a time when the artist has most need of his thirty-five francs a week, he is not to be paid the wherewithal to get himself taken to a hospital!

Let us note in passing that this Article V is worse than the corresponding article in contracts made by other theatres which only suspend

payment when the artist becomes ill through misconduct. Thus, if the young leading woman is in childbed and unable to present her marriage license, her salary will be suspended. In our case, supposing the Pierrot suffers a hemorrhage in his cellar due to having played six performances a day, he will be at the mercy of the manager. The learned jurist says the law is with the Manager. There is not a galley-slave alive who would sign such a contract.

There is a hint of the Jesuit about Article VI. The actor shall provide rouge and gloves. What would happen if Deburau, who does not use rouge, should require the management to pay for the flour he puts on his face? Is flour rouge in the eyes of the law? Could the Management contend that the flour is the equivalent of other make-up, therefore of rouge. All these are questions which our learned jurist could have resolved more easily than we, had he not shrunk from so arduous a task.

Such are the questions prompted by a preliminary reading of the contract. We have gone into this curious document at some length in order to impress upon our readers who were unaware of it, what it means to sign a theatrical contract, and how deplorable indeed is the existence of even the greatest actors when we see them at close range.

Advantages. In spite of all these criticisms of the contract in detail, we must however admit that the Manager of the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers displayed considerable generosity in his contract with Deburau. That salary of thirty-five francs was unprecedented at the Theatre of the Tight-Rope Dancers. And in addition to the satisfaction of receiving a sum of such magnitude, there was the added satisfaction of being exempt from performing duties less compatible with the duties of an artist, such as lighting the lamps in the chandelier, taking turns at sweeping the hall, making checks, mending his own shoes, and other menial functions, of which our artist was relieved by special dispensation. It is certainly true that over and above his work as Pierrot, Deburau had charge of the arms and other properties of the theatre, but this was an honourable function enough. To be responsible for the safe-keeping of sabres, pistols and pikes, to keep this department of so vast an organization running on oiled wheels, to control the smallest details of those fairy-plays which employ the resources of the four elements combined, surely that is a noble and splendid *rôle* to fulfil, even beside the *rôle* of Pierrot! Deburau held both these offices, and an additional clause was accordingly added to his contract. Below we give this clause, which does honour to the sense of justice and to the sound judgment possessed by M. Bertrand.

ADDITIONAL CLAUSE

M. Deburau undertakes, in addition, full charge of all arms and other properties appertaining to the plays, by which it is understood that he will take care of them, distribute them every evening and put them away

after the performance. Also that he will furnish everything necessary to the various plays, old or new, the expense being shared equally by M. Deburau and M. Bertrand.

An inventory in duplicate shall be taken of all the properties given into the care of M. Deburau. These properties, and all that may in future be added to them, shall be duly recorded in the said inventory and verified by M. Deburau, who hereby undertakes to return them in good condition upon the termination of the present contract.

In consideration of this supplementary clause, M. Bertrand agrees to pay M. Deburau ten francs per week in addition to his salary, and this he hereby accepts.

Paris
10th December, 1926.

BERTRAND
DEBURAU

You noticed in the contract, no doubt, the sinister phrase, "agree to all fines imposed (and of which I am already cognizant." So did I. That tariff of fines worried me greatly, as it has worried you. I thought Deburau most fortunate to have known it! We searched and searched for that tariff! And in the end, to our infinite joy, we found it. Now we too are cognizant of a theatrical tariff of fines. There it stands, the indispensable complement to the contract; we publish it for you; we deliver it as it is, and leave you to meditate deeply upon the progress which the art of the drama has made in the course of time. Conceive of a manager able to calculate their actors' drunkenness according to mathematical scale, a scale from one franc to six francs. There is genius for you!

TARIFF OF FINES

The Tariff of Fines is as Follows:

		Francs	*Centimes*
1.	For arriving a quarter of an hour late at ordinary rehearsals	1.	00
2.	For arriving half an hour late at ordinary rehearsals	1.	50
3.	For missing a whole act	2.	00
4.	For missing two acts	4.	50
5.	For missing a whole rehearsal. The fine will be *double* in the case of dress rehearsals.	6.	00
6.	For missing an entrance during the performance	1.	00
7.	For missing one act	3.	00

8.	For two acts	6.	00
9.	For the whole play	12.	00
10.	For disturbing a rehearsal or performance From 75 c. to	2.	00
11.	For arriving at the theatre in a drunken condition From 1 to	6.	00
12.	For fighting or quarrelling inside the theatre From 1 to	12.	00
13.	For putting a substitute into a part without permission	6.	00

And if, to this contract, to this tariff, to the innumerable petty inventions of managerial despotism, you add special orders, new rules daily devised, improvised fines for particular occasions, you will have a more or less complete idea of what an actor has to suffer in the difficult conduct of his profession. For the law of the theatre, mind, is a law of iron, inexorable, without consideration and without charity, a veritable hair-shirt of a law, a law to dread. We talk of liberty a great deal, too much perhaps; but liberty is everybody's today except the poor actor's. The very day he enters his theatre he places himself under an unmerciful and tyrannical law; at one and the same moment he thrusts his head into a hateful yoke and his legs into unhealthy trousers. The following document, which we obtained by dint of much effort, as in the case of the tariff, is an irrefutable witness to the incredible despotism which exists unsuspected in the theatre. This too we deliver to our readers to speak for itself:

REGULATION AS TO LAUNDRY

Mme. Guerpon is hereby expressly forbidden, under penalty of twenty francs' fine, to change any lady's costume or to have their dresses laundered without permission.

The Management knows what is due to the good standing of the theatre, and it is no employe's concern to impose laws upon the Management. Mme. Guerpon is also forbidden to give out trousers to actors who have no stockings. In short, she is to dispose of none of the articles in her care unless by formal order of the Management.

Paris.
21st May, 1827

COT D'ORDAN

XI

Reflections on the drama at the Tight-Rope Dancers'. Parallel between Pierrot and *Le Misanthrope*. Regrets. Properties.

This is the whole of that drama, analyzed as completely and accurately as possible. If you will read this dramatic outline with the attention it deserves, you will be able to form your own judgment upon the dramas of the Tight-rope Dancers'. They consist of a network of extraordinary incidents and deplorable mishaps such as we experience in dreams; a veritable nightmare in which earth and heaven, reason and fantasy, prose and verse are equally involved. And Pierrot, a prey to the malice of both Harlequin and Columbine, do you know what Pierrot is? He is Molière's Misanthrope. Molière's Misanthrope spends himself in indignation over the freaks of his world; the Pierrot of the Tight-rope Dancers' spends himself in indignation over the common people whose brutal onslaughts he is always ready to face. Molière's Misanthrope succumbs to the calumnies and ridicules of drawing-rooms; Deburau is the butt of blows and kicks. The imitation is obvious to all, and I might push the parallel still further. But I refrain. Parallels are too easy for anyone to spend much time in drawing them.

I will merely call your attention to the care with which the niceties of social observance are upheld by both these great personages in the world of men, the Misanthrope and the Pierrot. The Misanthrope is given to rages, he is surly and proud, a great gentleman amongst great ladies and great gentlemen. Pierrot, on the other hand, one with the common people, with Columbine, daughter of the common people, Pierrot is patient to excess. Pierrot is a loafer; he jeers under his breath; he has a gullible air; he affects stupidity; his calm is a thing to marvel at; he is Deburau's own creation. You ought to see him, with his tight lips and hesitant manner, his quizzical smile, the vacant air he can so splendidly assume. You ought to see him in the rain defying the elements; fattening himself in kitchens, beating and being beaten, murdering and being murdered, impervious to surprise even when he pulls a red bullet out of Harlequin's wound. Admirable! Never has an actor appeared in a more complicated drama with more energy, patience, presence of mind and wit.

Doubtless *Ma Mère L'Oie* astonished you with its unheard of succession of tableaux and scenery, the like of which you would only expect to see at the Opera itself. What would you say if you were to be initiated into all the details of this vast administration? What would you say if Madame Guerpon, so generous with trousers to those who wore their shoes over stockingless feet, were to lead you by the hand into her wardrobe rooms? What amazement would be yours upon beholding the array of gowns, silken scarves, embroidered coats, costumes for clowns, magistrates, harlequins, bohemians, noble lords, XVIIIth century costumes, gold and spangles, the Middle Ages and Ninety-Three; the whole history of France, and the whole history of Rome, and of Germany and of Italy, the history of all Europe in costume, presided over by Madame Guerpon, and for a Four-sous Theatre!

After this, how should the people of France be other than the most educated in the universe!

I wish Madame Guerpon had been more accessible. I should have obtained from her — oh, not trousers, not after that notice! — but at least the list of costumes in duplicate. But Madame Guerpon is not accessible at all; she is terrified of seeming to lay down the law to the Management!

I will give you instead a list of the properties. Properties is the name given in the theatre to all articles of furniture, implements and so forth used in a production. The furniture of the theatre itself is not part of the properties. In the early days of the theatre, the property was almost unknown; it practically did not exist. But modern drama has rendered it almost indispensable. Today there is not a theatre anywhere but has its property room, its property-man, its property budget. A book might be written upon this subject, but I shall simply give you the beginning of a list of properties in Deburau's theatre:

One steel watch-chain; one small bell; one globe; one desk; coloured box, with drawers; one cardboard telescope; one magician's wand; one saucepan, tin; whisky glasses; one jar with handle; one wooden fork; one sceptre, gilded wood; two clarinets; two cardboard shields; one map on two rollers; eleven ragged books; clockwork snakes; box for a three-cornered hat; one tin box with loose lid; eight branches of laurel blossom; one goblet of gilded wood; trunks of different sizes; one lock of hair; one pastry dish, cardboard; one small bottle; one copper lantern; thirty wooden guns; one scarf of green silk, embroidered in gold; one tricolour scarf; one crutch; one cardboard loaf; three barking dogs; one black cat; one peacock; one cock; four cannon-balls; one live falcon; one diligence; fifteen Crosses of the Legion of Honour; one shower of rain, composed of tinsel paper in a box; four crowns of gold leaves; two golden lyres, painted wood; one royal seal; one golden key; dice; an album; a two-handled sword; a pipe; one game of lotto; two razors; one strop; one bouquet of white roses; letters written and otherwise; two cog-wheels with a handle; paint-brushes; visiting-cards; a cap-and-bells; one bust; one coffin; iron scales; one tambourine; one box of nails; one black mask; one large hammer; two foils; one pair of compasses; one bundle of umbrellas; seven coffee cups with saucers; one pair of spurs; one crucifix; one red parchment and one steel pen; one sponge; two triangles; one violin; one clap of thunder, composed of thirty sheets of tin; one embroidery frame; one bunch of keys; purses of different sizes; counters of copper and tin; one silver medallion decorated with precious stones; one milk-jug; one schoolboy's basket; one cage with bird; one spinning-wheel; one whip; one barometer; one large fan; twelve deaths-heads.

XII

REFLECTIONS . PRICE OF ADMITTANCE . ART FOR THE NOBILITY . INDUSTRIES . APOTHEOSIS

TWELVE death's-heads! You have but to follow this list to trace the progress, or rather, the decay of dramatic art. If the list had been drawn up in chronological order, it would have begun with the goblet of tragedy and ended with the death's-head. For a long time the goblet and the dagger were the sole accessories of dramatic art in France; now we have come to the skeleton and the skull, which no doubt derive their existence from the poison and the dagger so constantly employed.

The perusal of this unusual document will enable the attentive reader to realize the great amount of labour involved in even the smallest stage-piece, the endless details, enormous expenses and then bank-notes into the bargain.

And if, to this ever accumulating mass of petty objects you add the matter of costumes representing every land and twenty centuries; and if to the matter of costumes you add the decorations which daily invade the stage, ever more, ever finer, ad infinitum; and if, on top of all this, costumes, scenery, properties, the play, and the music at the beginning and end of the show, if anyone were to tell you that the whole thing costs you but:

1 franc, in the stalls, if you are rich;
or 4 sous among the gods, if you are mean or poor;

And if anyone were to tell you that in spite of that low-price and that high-price, both well within the reach of all, the crowd still needed to be coaxed in by a poor old man with a hoarse and broken voice walking up and down before the entrance, shouting:

"Come in, Gentlemen; come in, Ladies!"

you would be astonished, would you not? And in your astonishment you would wonder what art was coming to? What future could it expect? And well might you ask it in these days of ours!

For it is coming to nothing, it has ceased to move. It has come to a standstill at the door of the Tightrope Dancers', shouting in a wheezy voice, "Come in, Gentlemen!" Tired and hoarse; wearing glasses and a pigtail. By way of the extreme of luxury and the extreme of poverty, it has come to rest in this lowliness. Here it finds comfort, it lives, it breathes, it comes alive, and remains unwedded, which leads us to hope that it is the last of its race, and the Lord knows there would be small cause for weeping if that were so.

There are in Paris several theatres consecrated to art in lowliness, and their case is far from unhappy. The Odéon, that beautiful house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, " The Empress's Own," built at the expense of the House of Peers by permission of Bonaparte himself, three times the Odéon has been ruined by a " low theatre " in its neighbourhood, the *Théâtre de Bobineau,* a delightful place whither the law student leads his beloved, whither the medical student betakes himself in search of a heart to beat in sympathy with his own. Search your Paris: everywhere you shall find the little theatre beside the large one, draining it of its sap and nourishing itself upon its substance like an insect. The *Théâtre-Français,* livid and horrible to see, sprawls its transparent skeleton beside the portly *Vaudeville.* The *Folies-Dramatiques* is devouring the *Gaité;* the *Ambigu* winds itself about the legs of the *Opéra;* Madame Saqui leaps and dances herself almost to death a score of times daily to keep breath inside her waxworks. It is a massacre, a slaughter of theatres. And the Parisian public, unmoved by all this dramatic rivalry, goes loafing past the door, agape, noses in the air. For your Parisian of the mean streets is above all else a loafer and a wag. Let a troupe of actors annoy him with their importunities, and watch him slyly pretend to be caught in their snare. He approaches, smiles, pulls his money out of his pocket; the man in the box-office trembles with joy and holds out his hand! Bah! He's buying a fried apple or a piece of gingerbread or a boiled sausage or some other dainty which he will stand and devour to the bitter end, right in the disappointed doorway. Be an artist in the face of that if you can!

The low theatre, then, is the only one possible today. Do not talk to me of the others; they are dead. Forsaken are the great porticoes of the drama; grass is pushing up through tragedy's floors; even Brutus's toga vainly entreats an indispensable laundress. No, for sign of life, even the faintest, you must go to the low theatre. And you will find it truly living. And what a crowd of people it maintains besides itself, within and without! Within, a horde of veterans come to relive in memory the days of their glory. A leading lady begins to lose her hair and teeth; she becomes leading lady at one of the low theatres. Everything old and cracked and toothless and grimy and unhealthy is ideal for the low theatre. The low theatre is to dramatic art what the hackney-cab horse is to the thoroughbred. In his prime he draws his phaeton-and-six, and at last comes down to his cab and two. Would you care to see the ancient relics of the late Comedy and Drama? Go to the low theatre; you will find them there. What a book one could make of this folk and their ways, these sensibilities in spangles, these vices in dirty linen, this stripped and naked art which has discarded even its make-up!

So much for the theatre inside. Outside, it supports no fewer and no poorer wretches. Go one of these days at noon and loiter about in the door-

way of one of these narrow caverns of the drama. Watch these ancients, Achilles once, Clowns today; last century's Iphigenias, now Columbines, all basking in the sunshine like oysters. And about these ragged artist-folk, the street-cooks, the alley Charlets, the gutter Beauvilliers, come swarming. And after these follow the walking-stick vendors, practical philosophers who transform cherrywood into ebony; distillers whose beverage is so much to the taste of the masons; and others without end. Inextricably about the theatre door, this world of hangers-on lives, moves and has its being. Then at four o'clock when the noonday meal is over and the table cleared, which is to say when everyone has wiped his thumb, the actors return to their corridors and the rest go about their various businesses, the master of the *claque* gathers his acolytes together at the wine-merchant's, the flower-girls, pretty derelicts of twenty-two, offer the passers-by yesterday's withered posies. Meantime within, the chandelier is lit, the clarinet pretends to accord with the fiddle, the theatre fills, there is applause or hissing for the authors of the low drama. For the next four hours life is concerned wholly with playing, hissing, laughing at, crying at, shouting at the low drama; with assassinations witnessed and committed; with kicks in the rear to point a moral lesson; and thanks to the low theatre the Prefect of Police breathes easily for a moment.

All honour to Deburau! All honour to the king of the low theatre! Obstacles notwithstanding, he has not ceased to be the most chaste, the most original of artists. He began, instead of ending, with his hackney-cab, but he drew it as a noble animal born to a higher destiny. Honour to him! He made a vocation of necessity, an art of trade, turned torment into joy. For while others descend into that low world, he was born to it. He is proud of the low theatre and it of him, because neither has sought to raise or debase the other; because both accept their estate in all simplicity! All honour to him! Deburau has indeed conquered a seemingly immortal prejudice, he brought a chimera to reality: a great actor and a cheap seat! He has proved that illusion in the drama is no particular theatre's prerogative; that it may belong to all places, all times and all aspects. So keen is his intelligence, so mobile and expressive his face, that he could play the whole of Regnard without uttering a word if he would condescend to play Regnard. Great actors of the past, illustrious descendants of Dugazon and Dazincourt, you may keep your sumptuous wardrobes, your ludicrous powdered wigs, your traditional renderings with every inflection indicated as in a musical score; you may keep your brilliant theatre, your ostentatious decorations, your glittering crystal chandelier; cling to your Molière, the greatest genius of ancient as of modern times. Deburau leaves it all to you. Deburau needs nothing but his Clown's dress, a little flour on his face, four candles to light his theatre, two ill-tuned violins, and for author any scene-painter at all, so long as he will provide the semblance of a forest, a temple, an inn, hell, or heaven, helter-skelter without formal design, like a scene in chaos. But let Deburau have his way and

out of the chaos order will emerge, as if by magic. He will make his own play out of it, a comedy a thousand times more interesting, more vivacious, more living, truer to life than the whole imperial repertoire of the *Théâtre-Français*.

It is indeed at the Tight-rope Dancers' only that you will find the unadulterated pleasure, the interest without murder, the comedy plot without tedium, the vaudeville without couplets, which the wise have so vainly sought through all this age of ours. This is the Tight-rope Dancers', a kind of El Dorado to be reached on sheep-back without peril and without fatigue. Only you must not be ashamed to practise the innocent diversion of riding horseback on a sheep!

XIII

Let us now leave our hero to himself. He has reached the pinnacle of his art; his success is complete, and so is his popularity; his name is known to the world, and what is a more difficult achievement, he knows that he has a name in the world. Without this complement human glory is not. My task is done; I shall talk to you no more of Deburau.

Yet there are some, men who demand to know all, women of tender heart who cannot endure uncertainty as to the fate of those they love; there are some who will desire to be told of the real life of this strange man, this unique citizen of Paris, this respectable husband and father, if such he be; whether he is a man of property, whether he has a wife, whether she gives him many children?

The author is too conscious of humanity's debt to man's unyielding curiosity and woman's insatiable sentiment not to add one more chapter to this book, and this despite its already great length — which nobody will deny, least of all himself.

You shall learn, then, ladies and gentlemen, all that we are able to tell you of the private life of this artist, though, we hope, without indiscretion and without making any breach in the wall enclosing his privacy as a citizen.

Deburau has become a taxpayer since the Revolution of July, and he therefore loves the Revolution, since it elevated him to that degree of importance. His home is furnished with decency; six chairs, a chest of drawers, a bed, two cradles, a bureau in which he keeps his shirt-collars, ties and gloves, when he wears any.

His wife, whose portrait is at this moment in progress for the forthcoming Salon, is pretty, bright-eyed, dark and vivid of complexion. She has given her husband four children, whose sex it is somewhat difficult to determine, but they are all joyful, active and mischievous, and play together like little cats. A delightful bevy of Pierrots, Columbines and Harlequins. Their father will not die.

Deburau is not yet a member of the National Guard.

Six months ago this winter he was invited to a lawyer's wedding. He attended in a black coat and silk stockings; he danced with the lawyers' wives, and played *Écarté* with members of the commercial world. It was a white wedding and everything was done in grand style; the candles were perfumed; there was a trout from the Lake of Geneva; the music was from Collinet's; the guests danced and waltzed till daybreak. Our hero was the hero of the occasion; no eyes, no smiles but for him. No trout but for him either, since he picked it up by its tail, finding that the guests had forgotten all about it. " Who is this gentleman? Where has he come from? ", they asked one another as they observed the cavalier. And the knowing ones answered, " Sir, that gentleman is the Pierrot at the Tight-rope Dancers'! " Then the ladies would train their *lorgnettes* upon him, the better to see so rare a personage.

Thus Deburau's life has encompassed everything, every reverse, every favour of fortune, all the disdain and all the adulation of society, the street and the drawing-room. Oh great man indeed!

Among people he is self-possessed and says little; he smokes a great deal of all kinds of tobacco, which he puffs forth through all kinds of orifices; he is polite and well-bred, always waiting to sit down until everyone else has taken the armchairs. By his meditative air one would take him for a commercial traveller.

Besides his talent as an artist, he has many social talents as well. He is a carpenter, a locksmith, a good shot; he can sign his name and hang a picture.

At his theatre he rules as master; he is a tyrant, capricious sometimes, autocratic always. More than once he has put the thunder out of commission, kicked a hole in the drum, mislaid scarves, punched the lover in the eye, stuffed the singer with hot galettes, cut off pigtails, stolen wigs, and caused more than one entrance to be missed. He is as ready to deliver an epigram as a kick. All this is a source of merriment to his light-hearted comrades, who adore him for his goodness of heart.

He likes beer and *échaudés*, hot wine and galettes, tea, coffee, rum, and everything else to eat and drink except eau de mélisse and coxcombs. Such are his tastes.

He loathes toadstools and mushrooms. When he hears a nightingale, he covers his ears with both hands and shouts: " Will you stop, you foul brute, you! " To each his own music and his own joys.

He has just come into a legacy.

At any rate, he is wearing a crape band on his hat.

I have said.

MAURICE DE GUERIN

1810–1839

By MATTHEW ARNOLD[1] (1822–1888)

I WILL not presume to say that I now know the French language well; but at a time when I knew it even less well than at present, — some fifteen years ago, — I remember pestering those about me with this sentence, the rhythm of which had lodged itself in my head, and which, with the strangest pronunciation possible, I kept perpetually declaiming: "*Les dieux jaloux ont enfoui quelque part les témoignages de la descendance des choses; mais au bord de quel Océan ont-ils roulé la pierre qui les couvre, ô Macarée!*"

These words come from a short composition called the *Centaur,* of which the author, Georges-Maurice de Guérin, died in the year 1839, at the age of twenty-eight without having published anything. In 1840, Madame Sand brought out the *Centaur* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* with a short notice of its author, and a few extracts from his letters. A year or two afterwards she reprinted these at the end of a volume of her novels; and there it was that I fell in with them. I was so much struck with the *Centaur* that I waited anxiously to hear something more of its author, and of what he had left; but it was not till the other day — twenty years after the first publication of the *Centaur* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* that my anxiety was satisfied. At the end of 1860 appeared two volumes with the title *Maurice de Guérin, Reliquiæ,* containing the *Centaur,* several poems of Guérin, his journals, and a number of his letters, collected and edited by a devoted friend, M. Trebutien, and preceded by a notice of Guérin by the first of living critics, M. Sainte-Beuve.

The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry, indeed, interprets in another

[1] Reprinted from *Essays in Criticism.* It first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine,* London, 1863. A few footnotes have been omitted.

way besides this; but one of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us. I will not now inquire whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things; all I say is, that poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry. The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it; they appeal to a limited faculty, and not to the whole man. It is not Linnæus or Cavendish or Cuvier who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who makes us participate in their life; it is Shakspere, with his

" daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March of beauty ";

it is Wordsworth, with his

" voice . . . heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides ";

it is Keats, with his

" moving waters at their priestlike task
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores ";

it is Chateaubriand, with his, *" cîme indéterminée des forêts " ;* it is Senancour, with his mountain birch-tree: *" Cette écorce blanche, lisse et crevassée; cette tige agreste; ces branches qui s'inclinent vers la terre; la mobilité des feuilles, et tout cet abandon, simplicité de la nature, attitude des déserts."*

Eminent manifestations of this magical power of poetry are very rare and very precious: the compositions of Guérin manifest it, I think, in singular eminence. Not his poems, strictly so called, — his verse, — so much as his prose; his poems in general take for their vehicle that favourite metre of French poetry, the Alexandrine; and, in my judgment, I confess they have thus, as compared with his prose, a great disadvantage to start with. In prose, the character of the vehicle for the composer's thoughts is not determined beforehand; every composer has to make his own vehicle; and who has ever done this more admirably than the great prose-writers of France, — Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Voltaire? But in verse the composer has (with comparatively narrow liberty of modification) to accept his vehicle ready-made; it is therefore of vital importance to him that he should find at his disposal a vehicle adequate to convey the highest matters of poetry. We may even get a decisive test of the

poetical power of a language and nation by ascertaining how far the principal poetical vehicle which they have employed, how far (in plainer words) the established national metre for high poetry, is adequate or inadequate. It seems to me that the established metre of this kind in France, — the Alexandrine, — is inadequate; that as a vehicle for high poetry it is greatly inferior to the hexameter or to the iambics of Greece (for example), or to the blank verse of England. Therefore the man of genius who uses it is at a disadvantage as compared with the man of genius who has for conveying his thoughts a more adequate vehicle, metrical or not. Racine is at a disadvantage as compared with Sophocles or Shakspere, and he is likewise at a disadvantage as compared with Bossuet. The same may be said of our own poets of the eighteenth century, a century which gave them as the main vehicle for their high poetry a metre inadequate (as much as the French Alexandrine, and nearly in the same way) for this poetry, — the ten-syllable couplet. It is worth remarking, that the English poet of the eighteenth century whose compositions wear best and give one the most entire satisfaction, — Gray, — hardly uses that couplet at all: this abstinence, however, limits Gray's productions to a few short compositions, and (exquisite as these are) he is a poetical nature repressed and without free issue. For English poetical production on a great scale, for an English poet deploying all the forces of his genius, the ten-syllable couplet was, in the eighteenth century, the established, one may almost say the inevitable, channel. Now this couplet, admirable (as Chaucer uses it) for story-telling not of the epic pitch, and often admirable for a few lines even in poetry of a very high pitch, is for continuous use in poetry of this latter kind inadequate. Pope, in his *Essay on Man,* is thus at a disadvantage compared with Lucretius in his poem on Nature: Lucretius has an adequate vehicle, Pope has not. Nay, though Pope's genius for didactic poetry was not less than that of Horace, while his satirical power was certainly greater, still one's taste receives, I cannot but think, a certain satisfaction when one reads the Epistle and Satires of Horace, which it fails to receive when one reads the Satires and Epistles of Pope. Of such avail is the superior adequacy of the vehicle used to compensate even an inferiority of genius in the user! In the same way Pope is at a disadvantage as compared with Addison: the best of Addison's composition (the " Coverley Papers " in the *Spectator,* for instance) wears better than the best of Pope's, because Addison has in his prose an intrinsically better vehicle for his genius than Pope in his couplet. But Bacon has no such advantage over Shakspere; nor has Milton, writing prose (for no contemporary English prose-writer must be matched with Milton except Milton himself), any such advantage over Milton writing verse: indeed, the advantage here is all the other way.

It is in the prose remains of Guérin, — his journals, his letters, and the striking composition which I have already mentioned, the *Centaur,* —

that his extraordinary gift manifests itself. He has a truly interpretative faculty; the most profound and delicate sense of the life of Nature, and the most exquisite felicity in finding expressions to render that sense. Brief notices of him the reader may have seen here and there in English or in foreign periodicals; but it is not likely that the two volumes of his remains will have met the eye of more than a very few of those who read this or that they will ever be widely circulated in this country. To all who love poetry, Guérin deserves to be something more than a name; and I shall try, in spite of the impossibility of doing justice to such a master of expression by translations, to make my English readers see for themselves how gifted an organization his was, and how few artists have received from Nature a more magical faculty of interpreting her.

In the winter of the year 1832 there was collected in Brittany, around the well known Abbé Lamennais, a singular gathering. At a lonely place, La Chênaie, he had founded a religious retreat, to which disciples, attracted by his powers or by his reputation, repaired. Some came with the intention of preparing themselves for the ecclesiastical profession; others merely to profit by the society and discourse of so distinguished a master. Among the inmates were men whose names have since become known to all Europe, — Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert; there were others, who have acquired a reputation, not European, indeed, but considerable, — the Abbé Gerbet, the Abbé Rohrbacher; others, who have never quitted the shade of private life. The winter of 1832 was a period of crisis in the religious world of France: Lamennais's rupture with Rome, the condemnation of his opinions by the Pope, and his revolt against that condemnation, were imminent. Some of his followers, like Lacordaire, had already resolved not to cross the Rubicon with their leader, not to go into rebellion against Rome; they were preparing to separate from him. The Society of La Chênaie was soon to dissolve; but, such as it is shown to us for a moment, with its voluntary character, its simple and severe life in common, its mixture of lay and clerical members, the genius of its chiefs, the sincerity of its disciples, — above all, its paramount fervent interest in matters of spiritual and religious concernment, — it offers a most instructive spectacle. It is not the spectacle we most of us think to find in France, the France we have imagined from common English notions, from the streets of Paris, from novels; it shows us how, wherever there is greatness like that of France, there are, as its foundation, treasures of fervour, puremindedness, and spirituality somewhere, whether we know of them or not; — a store of that which Goethe calls *Halt;* — since greatness can never be founded upon frivolity and corruption.

On the evening of the 18th of December in this year 1832, M. de Lamennais was talking to those assembled in the sitting-room of La Chênaie of his recent journey to Italy. He talked with all his usual animation;

" but," writes one of his hearers, a Breton gentleman, M. de Marzan, " I soon became inattentive and absent, being struck with the reserved attitude of a young stranger some twenty-two years old, pale in face, his black hair already thin over his temples, with a southern eye, in which brightness and melancholy were mingled. He kept himself somewhat aloof, seeming to avoid notice rather than to court it. All the old faces of friends which I found about me at this, my re-entry into the circle of La Chênaie, failed to occupy me so much as the sight of this stranger, looking on, listening, observing, and saying nothing."

The unknown was Maurice de Guérin. Of a noble but poor family, having lost his mother at six years old, he had been brought up by his father, a man saddened by his wife's death, and austerely religious, at the château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc. His childhood was not gay; he had not the society of other boys; and solitude, the sight of his father's gloom, and the habit of accompanying the *curé* of the parish on his rounds among the sick and dying, made him prematurely grave and familiar with sorrow. He went to school first in Toulouse, then at the College of Stanislas at Paris, with a temperament almost as unfit as Shelley's for common school life. His youth was ardent, sensitive, agitated, and unhappy. In 1832 he procured admission to La Chênaie to brace his spirit by the teaching of Lamennais, and to decide whether his religious feelings would determine themselves into a distinct religious vocation. Strong and deep religious feelings, he had, implanted in him by nature, developed in him by the circumstances of his childhood; but he had also (and here is the key to his character) that temperament which opposes itself to the fixedness of a religious vocation, or to any vocation of which fixedness is an essential attribute — a temperament mobile, inconstant, eager, thirsting for new impressions, abhorring rules, aspiring to a " renovation without end "; a temperament common enough among artists, but with which few artists, who have it to the same degree as Guérin, unite a seriousness and a sad intensity like his. After leaving school, and before going to La Chênaie, he had been at home at Le Cayla with his sister Eugénie (a wonderfully gifted person, whose genius so competent a judge as M. Sainte-Beuve is inclined to pronounce even superior to her brother's) and his sister Eugénie's friends. With one of these friends he had fallen in love, — a slight and transient fancy, but which had already called his poetical powers into exercise; and his poems and fragments, in a certain green note-book (*le Cahier Vert*) which he long continued to make the depository of his thoughts, and which became famous among his friends, he brought with him to La Chênaie. There he found among the younger members of the Society several who, like himself, had a secret passion for poetry and literature; with these he became intimate, and in his letters and journal we find him occupied, now with a literary commerce established with these friends, now with the fortunes, fast coming to

a crisis, of the Society, and now with that for the sake of which he came to La Chênaie, — his religious progress and the state of his soul.

On Christmas-day, 1832, having been then three weeks at La Chênaie, he writes thus of it to a friend of his family, M. de Bayne:

"La Chênaie is a sort of oasis in the midst of the steppes of Brittany. In front of the château stretches a very large garden cut in two by a terrace with a lime avenue, at the end of which is a tiny chapel. I am extremely fond of this little oratory, where one breathes a twofold peace, — the peace of solitude and the peace of the Lord. When spring comes we shall walk to prayers between two borders of flowers. On the east side, and only a few yards from the château, sleeps a small mere between two woods, where the birds in warm weather sing all day long; and then, — right, left, on all sides, — woods, woods, everywhere woods. It looks desolate just now that all is bare and the woods are rust-colour, and under this Brittany sky, which is always clouded and so low that it seems as if it were going to fall on your head; but as soon as spring comes the sky raises itself up, the woods come to life again, and everything will be full of charm."

Of what La Chênaie will be when spring comes he has a foretaste on the 3rd of March.

"Today" (he writes in his journal) "has enchanted me. For the first time for a long while the sun has shown himself in all his beauty. He has made the buds of the leaves and flowers swell, and he has waked up in me a thousand happy thoughts. The clouds assume more and more their light and graceful shapes, and are sketching, over the blue sky, the most charming fancies. The woods have not yet got their leaves, but they are taking an indescribable air of life and gaiety, which gives them quite a new physiognomy. Everything is getting ready for the great festival of Nature."

Storm and snow adjourn this festival a little longer. On the 11th of March he writes:

"It has snowed all night. I have been to look at our primroses; each of them has its small load of snow, and was bowing its head under its burden. These pretty flowers, with their rich yellow colour, had a charming effect under their white hoods. I saw whole tufts of them roofed over by a single block of snow; all these laughing flowers thus shrouded and leaning one upon another, made one think of a group of young girls surprised by a wave, and sheltering under a white cloth."

The burst of spring comes at last, though late. On the 5th of April we find Guérin "sitting in the sun to penetrate himself to the very marrow with the divine spring." On the 3rd of May, "one can actually *see* the progress of the green; it has made a start from the garden to the shrubberies, it is getting the upper hand all along the mere; it leaps, one may say, from tree to tree, from thicket to thicket, in the fields and on the hillsides; and I can see it already arrived at the forest edge and beginning to

spread itself over the broad back of the forest. Soon it will have over-run everything as far as the eye can reach, and all those wide spaces between here and the horizon will be moving and sounding like one vast sea, a sea of emerald."

Finally, on the 16th of May, he writes to M. de Bayne that " the gloomy and bad days, — bad because they bring temptation by their gloom, — are, thanks to God and the spring, over; and I see approaching a long file of shining and happy days, to do me all the good in the world. This Brittany of ours," he continues, " gives one the idea of the grayest and most wrinkled old woman possible suddenly changed back by the touch of a fairy's wand into a girl of twenty, and one of the loveliest in the world; the fine weather has so decked and beautified the dear old country." He felt, however, the cloudiness and cold of the " dear old country " with all the sensitiveness of a child of the south. " What a difference," he cries, " between the sky of Brittany, even on the finest day, and the sky of our South! Here the summer has, even on its high days and holidays, something mournful, overcast, and stinted about it. It is like a miser who is making a show; there is a niggardliness in his magnificence. Give me our Languedoc sky, so bountiful of light, so blue, so largely vaulted! " And somewhat later, complaining of the short and dim sunlight of a February day in Paris, " What a sunshine," he exclaims, " to gladden eyes accustomed to all the wealth of light of the South! — *aux larges et libérales effusions de lumière du ciel du Midi.*"

In the long winter of La Chênaie his great resource was literature. One has often heard that an educated Frenchman's reading seldom goes much beyond French and Latin, and that he makes the authors in these two languages his sole literary standard. This may or may not be true of Frenchmen in general, but there can be no question as to the width of the reading of Guérin and his friends, and as to the range of their literary sympathies. One of the circle, Hippolyte la Morvonnais, — a poet who published a volume of verse, and died in the prime of life, — had a passionate admiration for Wordsworth, and had even, it is said, made a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount to visit him; and in Guérin's own reading I find, besides the French names of Bernardin, de St Pierre, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, the names of Homer, Dante, Shakspere, Milton, and Goethe; and he quotes both from Greek and from English authors in the original. His literary tact is beautifully fine and true. " Every poet," he writes to his sister, " has his own art of poetry written on the ground of his own soul; there is no other. Be constantly observing Nature in her smallest details, and then write as the current of your thoughts guides you; — that is all." But with all this freedom from the bondage of forms and rules, Guérin marks with perfect precision the faults of the *free* French literature of his time, — the *littérature facile*, — and judges the romantic school and its prospects like a master: " that youthful literature which has put forth all

its blossom prematurely, and has left itself a helpless prey to the returning frost, stimulated as it has been by the burning sun of our century, by this atmosphere charged with a perilous heat, which has over-hastened every sort of development, and will most likely reduce to a handful of grains the harvest of our age." And the popular authors, — those " whose name appears once and disappears for ever, whose books, unwelcome to all serious people, welcome to the rest of the world, to novelty-hunters and novel-readers, fill with vanity these vain souls, and then, falling from hands heavy with the langour of satiety, drop for ever into the gulf of oblivion " ; and those, more noteworthy, " the writers of books celebrated, and, as works of art, deserving celebrity, but which have in them not one grain of that hidden manna, not one of those sweet and wholesome thoughts which nourish the human soul and refresh it when it is weary," — these he treats with such severity that he may in some sense be described, as he describes himself, as " invoking with his whole heart a classical restoration." He is best described, however, not as a partisan of any school, but as an ardent seeker for that mode of expression which is the most natural, happy, and true. He writes to his sister Eugénie: —

" I want you to reform your system of composition; it is too loose, too vague, too Lamartinian. Your verse is too sing-song; it does not *talk* enough. Form for yourself a style of your own, which shall be your real expression. Study the French language by attentive reading, making it your care to remark constructions, turns of expression, delicacies of style, but without ever adopting the manner of any master. In the works of these masters we must learn our language, but we must use it each in our own fashion."

It was not, however, to perfect his literary judgment that Guérin came to La Chênaie. The religious feeling, which was as much a part of his essence as the passion for Nature and the literary instinct, shows itself at moments jealous of these its rivals, and alarmed at their predominance. Like all powerful feelings, it wants to exclude every other feeling and to be absolute. One Friday in April, after he has been delighting himself with the shapes of the clouds and the progress of the spring, he suddenly bethinks himself that the day is Good Friday, and exclaims in his diary: —

" My God, what is my soul about that it can thus go running after such fugitive delights on Good Friday, on this day all filled with Thy death and our redemption. There is in me I know not what damnable spirit, that awakens in me strong discontents, and is for ever prompting me to rebel against the holy exercises and the devout collectedness of soul which are the meet preparation for these great solemnities of our faith. Oh how well can I trace here the old leaven, from which I have not yet perfectly cleared my soul! "

And again, in a letter to M. de Marzan: " Of what, my God, are we made," he cries, " that a little verdure and a few trees should be enough

to rob us of our tranquillity and to distract us from Thy love? " And writing, three days after Easter Sunday, in his journal, he records the reception at La Chênaie of a fervent neophyte, in words which seem to convey a covert blame of his own want of fervency: —

" Three days have passed over our heads since the great festival. One anniversary the less for us yet to spend of the death and resurrection of our Saviour! Every year thus bears away with it its solemn festivals; when will the everlasting festival be here? I have been witness of a most touching sight; François has brought us one of his friends whom he has gained to the faith. This neophyte joined us in our exercises during the Holy week, and on Easter day he received the communion with us. François was in raptures. It is a truly good work which he has thus done. François is quite young, hardly twenty years old; M. de la M. is thirty, and is married. There is something most touching and beautifully simple in M. de la M. letting himself thus be brought to God by quite a young man; and to see friendship, on François's side, thus doing the work of an Apostle, is not less beautiful and touching."

Admiration for Lamennais worked in the same direction with this feeling. Lamennais never appreciated Guérin; his combative, rigid, despotic nature, of which the characteristic was energy, had no affinity with Guérin's elusive, undulating, impalpable nature, of which the characteristic was delicacy. He set little store by his new disciple, and could hardly bring himself to understand what others found so remarkable in him, his own genuine feeling towards him being one of indulgent compassion. But the intuition of Guérin, more discerning than the logic of his master, instinctively felt what there was commanding and tragic in Lamennais's character, different as this was from his own; and some of his notes are among the most interesting records of Lamennais which remain.

" ' Do you know what it is,' M. Féli said to us on the evening of the day before yesterday, ' which makes man the most suffering of all creatures? It is that he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that he is torn asunder, not by four horses, as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds.' Again he said to us as we heard the clock strike: ' if that clock knew that it was to be destroyed the next instant, it would still keep striking its hour until that instant arrived. My children, be as the clock; whatever may be going to happen to you, strike always your hour.' "

Another time Guérin writes:

" Today M. Féli startled us. He was sitting behind the chapel, under the two Scotch firs; he took his stick and marked out a grave on the turf, and said to Elie, ' It is there I wish to be buried, but no tombstone! only a simple hillock of grass. Oh, how well I shall be there! ' Elie thought he had a presentiment that his end was near. This is not the first time he has been visited by such a presentiment; when he was setting out for Rome,

he said to those here: ' I do not expect ever to come back to you; you must do the good which I have failed to do.' He is impatient for death."

Overpowered by the ascendency of Lamennais, Guérin, in spite of his hesitations, in spite of his confession to himself that, " after three weeks' close scrutiny of his soul, in the hope of finding the pearl of a religious vocation hidden in some corner of it," he had failed to find what he sought, took, at the end of August 1833, a decisive step. He joined the religious order which Lamennais had founded. But at this very moment the deepening displeasure of Rome with Lamennais determined the Bishop of Rennes to break up, in so far as it was a religious congregation, the Society of La Chênaie, to transfer the novices to Ploërmel, and to place them under other superintendence. In September, Lamennais, " who had not yet ceased," writes M. de Marzan, a fervent Catholic, " to be a Christian and a priest, took leave of his beloved colony of La Chênaie, with the anguish of a general who disbands his army down to the last recruit, and withdraws annihilated from the field of battle." Guérin went to Ploërmel. But here, in the seclusion of a real religious house, he instantly perceived how alien to a spirit like his, — a spirit which, as he himself says somewhere, " had need of the open air, wanted to see the sun and the flowers," — was the constraint and monotony of a monastic life, when Lamennais's genius was no longer present to enliven this life for him. On the 7th of October he renounced the novitiate, believing himself a partisan of Lamennais in his quarrel with Rome, reproaching the life he had left with demanding passive obedience instead of trying " to put in practice the admirable alliance of order with liberty, and of variety with unity," and declaring that, for his part, he preferred taking the chances of a life of adventure to submitting himself to be " *garotté par un réglement,* — tied hand and foot by a set of rules." In real truth, a life of adventure, or rather a life free to wander at its own will, was that to which his nature irresistibly impelled him.

For a career of adventure, the inevitable field was Paris. But before this career began, there came a stage, the smoothest, perhaps, and the most happy in the short life of Guérin. M. la Morvonnais, one of his La Chênaie friends, — some years older than Guérin, and married to a wife of singular sweetness and charm, — had a house by the seaside at the mouth of one of the beautiful rivers of Brittany, the Arguenon. He asked Guérin, when he left Ploërmel, to come and stay with him at this place, called Le Val de l'Arguenon, and Guérin spent the winter of 1833–4 there. I grudge every word about Le Val and its inmates which is not Guérin's own, so charming is the picture he draws of them, so truly does his talent find itself in its best vein as he draws it.

" How full of goodness " (he writes in his journal of the 7th of December) " is Providence to me! For fear the sudden passage from the mild and temperate air of a religious life to the torrid clime of the world

should be too trying for my soul, it has conducted me, after I have left my sacred shelter, to a house planted on the frontier between the two regions, where, without being in solitude, one is not yet in the world; a house whose windows look on the one side towards the plain where the tumult of men is rocking, on the other towards the wilderness where the servants of God are chanting. I intend to write down the record of my sojourn here, for the days here spent are full of happiness, and I know that in the time to come I shall often turn back to the story of these past felicities. A man, pious, and a poet; a woman, whose spirit is in such perfect sympathy with his that you would say they had but one being between them; a child, called Marie like her mother, and who sends, like a star, the first rays of her love and thought through the white cloud of infancy; a simple life in an old-fashioned house; the ocean, which comes morning and evening to bring us its harmonies; and lastly, a wanderer who descends from Carmel and is going on to Babylon, and who has laid down at this threshold his staff and his sandals, to take his seat at the hospitable table; — here is matter to make a biblical poem of, if I could only describe things as I can feel them! "

Every line written by Guérin during this stay at Le Val is worth quoting, but I have only room for one extract more: —

" Never " (he writes, a fortnight later, on the 20th of December), " never have I tasted so inwardly and deeply the happiness of home-life. All the little details of this life, which in their succession make up the day, are to me so many stages of a continuous charm carried from one end of the day to the other. The morning greeting, which in some sort renews the pleasure of the first arrival, for the words with which one meets are almost the same, and the separation at night, through the hours of darkness and uncertainty, does not ill represent longer separations; then breakfast, during which you have the fresh enjoyment of having met together again; the stroll afterwards, when we go out and bid Nature good-morning; the return and setting to work in an old panelled chamber looking out on the sea, inaccessible to all the stir of the house, a perfect sanctuary of labour; dinner, to which we are called, not by a bell, which reminds one too much of school or a great house, but by a pleasant voice; the gaiety, the merriment, the talk flitting from one subject to another and never dropping so long as the meal lasts; the crackling fire of dry branches to which we draw our chairs directly afterwards, the kind words that are spoken round the warm flame which sings while we talk; and then, if it is fine, the walk by the seaside, when the sea has for its visitors a mother with her child in her arms, this child's father and a stranger, each of these two last with a stick in his hand; the rosy lips of the little girl, which keep talking at the same time with the waves, — now and then tears shed by her and cries of childish fright at the edge of the sea; our thoughts, the father's and mine, as we stand and look at the mother and child smiling at one another,

or at the child in tears and the mother trying to comfort it by her caresses and exhortations; the Ocean, going on all the while rolling up his waves and noises; the dead boughs which we go and cut, here and there, out of the copse-wood, to make a quick and bright fire when we get home, — this little taste of the woodman's calling which brings us closer to Nature and makes us think of M. Féli's eager fondness for the same work; the hours of study and poetical flow which carry us to supper-time; this meal, which summons us by the same gentle voice as its predecessor, and which is passed amid the same joys, only less loud, because evening sobers everything, tones everything down; then our evening, ushered in by the blaze of a cheerful fire, and which with its alternations of reading and talking brings us at last to bed-time: — to all the charms of a day so spent add the dreams which follow it, and your imagination will still fall far short of these home-joys in their delightful reality."

I said the foregoing should be my last extract, but who could resist this picture of a January evening on the coast of Brittany? —

" All the sky is covered over with grey clouds just silvered at the edges. The sun, who departed a few minutes ago, has left behind him enough light to temper for awhile the black shadows, and to soften down, as it were, the approach of night. The winds are hushed, and the tranquil Ocean sends up to me, when I go out on the doorstep to listen, only a melodious murmur, which dies away in the soul like a beautiful wave on the beach. The birds, the first to obey the nocturnal influence, make their way towards the woods, and you hear the rustle of their wings in the clouds. The copses which cover the whole hill-side of Le Val, which all the day-time are alive with the chirp of the wren, the laughing whistle of the woodpecker, and the different notes of a multitude of birds, have no longer any sound in their paths and thickets, unless it be the prolonged high call of the blackbirds at play with one another and chasing one another, after all the other birds have their heads safe under their wings. The noise of man, always the last to be silent, dies gradually out over the face of the fields. The general murmur fades away, and one hears hardly a sound except what comes from the villages and hamlets, in which, up till far into the night, there are cries of children and barking of dogs. Silence wraps me round; everything seeks repose except this pen of mine, which perhaps disturbs the rest of some living atom asleep in a crease of my note-book, for it makes its light scratching as it puts down these idle thoughts. Let it stop, then! for all I write, have written, or shall write, will never be worth setting against the sleep of an atom."

On the 1st of February we find him in a lodging at Paris. " I enter the world " (such are the last words written in his journal at Le Val) " with a secret horror." His outward history for the next five years is soon told. He found himself in Paris, poor, fastidious, and with health which already, no doubt, felt the obscure presence of the malady of which

he died — consumption. One of his Brittany acquaintances introduced him to editors, tried to engage him in the periodical literature of Paris; and so unmistakable was Guérin's talent that even his first essays were immediately accepted. But Guérin's genius was of a kind which unfitted him to get his bread in this manner. At first he was pleased with the notion of living by his pen; "*je n'ai qu'à écrire,*" he says to his sister, — "I have only got to write." But to a nature like his, endued with the passion for perfection, the necessity to produce, to produce constantly, to produce whether in the vein or out of the vein, to produce something good or bad or middling, as it may happen, but at all events *something,* — is the most intolerable of tortures. To escape from it he betook himself to that common but most perfidious refuge of men of letters, that refuge to which Goldsmith and poor Hartley Coleridge had betaken themselves before him, — the profession of teaching. In September 1834 he procured an engagement at the Collège Stanislas, where he had himself been educated. It was vacation-time, and all he had to do was to teach a small class composed of boys who did not go home for the holidays, — in his own words, "scholars left like sick sheep in the fold, while the rest of the flock are frisking in the fields." After the vacation he was kept on at the college as a supernumerary. "The master of the fifth class has asked for a month's leave of absence; I am taking his place, and by this work I get one hundred francs (£4). I have been looking about for pupils to give private lessons to, and I have found three or four. Schoolwork and private lessons together fill my day from half-past seven in the morning till half-past nine at night. The college dinner serves me for breakfast, and I go and dine in the evening at twenty-four *sous,* as a young man beginning life should." To better his position in the hierarchy of public teachers it was necessary that he should take the degree of *agrégé èslettres,* corresponding to our degree of Master of Arts; and to his heavy work in teaching, there was thus added that of preparing for a severe examination. The drudgery of this life was very irksome to him, although less insupportable than the drudgery of the profession of letters; inasmuch as to a sensitive man like Guérin, to silence his genius is more tolerable than to hackney it. Still the yoke wore him deeply, and he had moments of bitter revolt; he continued, however, to bear it with resolution, and on the whole with patience, for four years. On the 15th of November 1838 he married a young Creole lady of some fortune, Mademoiselle Caroline de Gervain, "whom," to use his own words, "Destiny, who loves these surprises, has wafted from the farthest Indies into my arms." The marriage was happy, and it ensured to Guérin liberty and leisure; but now "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears" was hard at hand. Consumption declared itself in him: "I pass my life," he writes, with his old playfulness and calm, to his sister on the 8th of April 1839, "within my bed-curtains, and wait patiently enough, thanks to Caro's goodness, books, and dreams, for the recovery which the sunshine is to

bring with it." In search of this sunshine he was taken to his native country, Languedoc, but in vain. He died at Le Cayla on the 19th of July 1839.

The vicissitudes of his inward life during these five years were more considerable. His opinions and tastes underwent great, or what seem to be great, changes. He came to Paris the ardent partisan of Lamennais: even in April 1834, after Rome had finally condemned Lamennais, — "Tonight there will go forth from Paris," he writes, "with his face set to the East, a man whose every step I would fain follow, and who returns to the desert for which I sigh. M. Féli departs this evening for La Chénaie." But in October 1835, — "I assure you," he writes to his sister, "I am at last weaned from M. de Lamennais; one does not remain a babe and suckling for ever; I am perfectly freed from his influence." There was a greater change than this. In 1834 the main cause of Guérin's aversion to the literature of the French romantic school, was that this literature, having had a religious origin, had ceased to be religious: "it has forgotten," he says, "the house and the admonitions of its Father." But his friend M. de Marzan tells us of a "deplorable revolution" which, by 1836, had taken place in him. Guérin had become intimate with the chiefs of this very literature; he no longer went to church; "the bond of a common faith, in which our friendship had its birth, existed between us no longer." Then, again, "this interregnum was not destined to last." Reconverted to his old faith by suffering and by the pious efforts of his sister Engénie, Guérin died a Catholic. His feelings about society underwent a like change. After "entering the world with a secret horror," after congratulating himself when he had been some months at Paris on being "disengaged from the social tumult, out of the reach of those blows which, when I live in the thick of the world, bruise me, irritate me, or utterly crush me," M. Sainte-Beuve tells us of him, two years afterwards, appearing in Society "man of the world, elegant, even fashionable; a talker who could hold his own against the most brilliant talkers of Paris."

In few natures, however, is there really such essential consistency as in Guérin's. He says of himself, in the very beginning of his journal: "I owe everything to poetry, for there is no other name to give to the sum total of my thoughts; I owe to it whatever I now have pure, lofty, and solid in my soul; I owe to it all my consolations in the past; I shall probably owe to it my future." Poetry, the poetical instinct, was indeed the basis of his nature; but to say so thus absolutely is not quite enough. One aspect of poetry fascinated Guérin's imagination and held it prisoner. Poetry is the interpretess of the natural world, and she is the interpretess of the moral world; it was as the interpretess of the natural world that she had Guérin for her mouthpiece. To make magically near and real the life of Nature, and man's life only so far as it is a part of that Nature, was his faculty;

a faculty of naturalistic, not of moral interpretation. This faculty always has for its basis a peculiar temperament, an extraordinary delicacy of organization and susceptibility to impressions; in exercising it the poet is in a great degree passive (Wordsworth thus speaks of a *wise passiveness*); he aspires to be a sort of human Æolian harp, catching and rendering every rustle of Nature. To assist at the evolution of the whole life of the world is his craving, and intimately to feel it all:

> . . . "*the glow, the thrill of life,*
> *Where, where do these abound?*"

is what he asks: he resists being riveted and held stationary by any single impression, but would be borne on for ever down an enchanted stream. He goes into religion and out of religion, into society and out of society, not from the motives which impel men in general, but to feel what it is all like; he is thus hardly a moral agent, and, like the passive and ineffectual Uranus of Keats's poem, he may say:

> "*I am but a voice;*
> *My life is but the life of winds and tides;*
> *No more than winds and tides can I avail.*"

He hovers over the tumult of life, but does not really put his hand to it.

No one has expressed the aspirations of this temperament better than Guérin himself. In the last year of his life he writes: —

"I return, as you see, to my old brooding over the world of Nature, that line which my thoughts irresistibly take; a sort of passion which gives me enthusiasm, tears, bursts of joy, and an eternal food for musing; and yet I am neither philosopher nor naturalist, nor anything learned whatsoever. There is one word which is the God of my imagination, the tyrant, I ought rather to say, that fascinates it, lures it onward, gives it work to do without ceasing, and will finally carry it I know not where; the word *life.*"

And in one place in his journal he says: —

"My imagination welcomes every dream, every impression, without attaching itself to any, and goes on for ever seeking something new."

And again in another: —

"The longer I live, and the clearer I discern between true and false in society, the more does the inclination to live, not as a savage or a misanthrope, but as a solitary man on the frontiers of society, on the outskirts of the world, gain strength and grow in me. The birds come and go and make nests around our habitations, they are fellow-citizens of our farms and hamlets with us; but they take their flight in a heaven which is boundless, but the hand of God alone gives and measures to them their daily food, but they build their nests in the heart of the thick bushes,

or hang them in the height of the trees. So would I, too, live, hovering round society, and having always at my back a field of liberty vast as the sky."

In the same spirit he longed for travel. "When one is a wanderer," he writes to his sister, "one feels that one fulfils the true condition of humanity." And the last entry in his journal is, — "The stream of travel is full of delight. Oh, who will set me adrift on this Nile!"

Assuredly it is not in this temperament that the active virtues have their rise. On the contrary, this temperament, considered in itself alone, indisposes for the discharge of them. Something morbid and excessive, as manifested in Guérin, it undoubtedly has. In him, as in Keats, and as in another youth of genius, whose name, but the other day unheard of, is henceforth written in the history of English poetry — David Gray — the temperament, the talent itself, is deeply influenced by their mysterious malady; the temperament is *devouring;* it uses vital power too hard and too fast, paying the penalty in long hours of unutterable exhaustion and in premature death. The intensity of Guérin's depression is described to us by Guérin himself with the same incomparable touch with which he describes happier feelings; far oftener than any pleasurable sense of his gift he has "the sense profound, near, immense, of my misery, of my inward poverty." And again: "My inward misery gains upon me; I no longer dare look within." And on another day of gloom he does look within, and here is the terrible analysis: —

"Craving, unquiet, seeing only by glimpses, my spirit is stricken by all those ills which are the sure fruit of a youth doomed never to ripen into manhood. I grow old and wear myself out in the most futile mental strainings, and make no progress. My head seems dying, and when the wind blows I fancy I feel it, as if I were a tree, blowing through a number of withered branches in my top. Study is intolerable to me, or rather it is quite out of my power. Mental work brings on, not drowsiness, but an irritable and nervous disgust which drives me out, I know not where, into the streets and public places. The Spring, whose delights used to come every year stealthily and mysteriously to charm me in my retreat, crushes me this year under a weight of sudden hotness. I should be glad of any event which delivered me from the situation in which I am. If I were free I would embark for some distant country where I could begin life anew."

Such is this temperament in the frequent hours when the sense of its own weakness and isolation crushes it to the ground. Certainly it was not for Guérin's happiness, or for Keats's, as men count happiness, to be as they were. Still the very excess and predominance of their temperament has given to the fruits of their genius a unique brilliancy and flavour. I have said that poetry interprets in two ways; it interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural* magic in it, and by

having *moral profundity*. In both ways it illuminates man; it gives him a satisfying sense of reality; it reconciles him with himself and the universe. Thus Æschylus's "δράσαντι παθεῖν" and his "ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα" are alike interpretative. Shakspere interprets both when he says,

> *"Full many a glorious morning have I seen,*
> *Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye";*

and when he says,

> *"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them as we will."*

These great poets unite in themselves the faculty of both kinds of interpretation, the naturalistic and the moral. But it is observable that in the poets who unite both kinds, the latter (the moral) usually ends by making itself the master. In Shakspere the two kinds seem wonderfully to balance one another; but even in him the balance leans; his expression tends to become too little sensuous and simple, too much intellectualized. The same thing may be yet more strongly affirmed of Lucretius and of Wordsworth. In Shelley there is not a balance of the two gifts, nor even a co-existence of them, but there is a passionate straining after them both, and this is what makes Shelley, as a man, so interesting: I will not now inquire how much Shelley achieves as a poet, but whatever he achieves, he in general fails to achieve natural magic in his expression; in Mr. Palgrave's charming Treasury may be seen a gallery of his failures. But in Keats and Guérin, in whom the faculty of naturalistic interpretation is overpoweringly predominant, the natural magic is perfect; when they speak of the world they speak like Adam naming by divine inspiration the creatures; their expression corresponds with the thing's essential reality. Even between Keats and Guérin, however, there is a distinction to be drawn. Keats has, above all, a sense of what is pleasurable and open in the life of nature; for him she is the *Alma Parens:* his expression has, therefore, more than Guérin's, something genial, outward, and sensuous. Guérin has, above all, a sense of what there is adorable and secret in the life of Nature; for him she is the *Magna Parens;* his expression has, therefore, more than Keats's, something mystic, inward, and profound.

So he lived like a man possessed; with his eye not on his own career, not on the public, not on fame, but on the Isis whose evil he had uplifted. He published nothing: "There is more power and beauty," he writes, "in the well-kept secret of one's-self and one's thoughts, than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." "My spirit," he answers the friends who urge him to write, "is of the home-keeping order, and has no fancy for adventure; literary adventure is above all distasteful to it; for this, indeed (let me say so without the least self-sufficiency), it has a contempt. The literary career seems to me unreal, both in its own

essence and in the rewards which one seeks from it, and therefore fatally marred by a secret absurdity." His acquaintances, and among them distinguished men of letters, full of admiration for the originality and delicacy of his talent, laughed at his self-depreciation, warmly assured him of his powers. He received their assurances with a mournful incredulity, which contrasts curiously with the self-assertion of poor David Gray, whom I just now mentioned. " It seems to me intolerable," he writes, " to appear to men other than one appears to God. My worst torture at this moment is the over-estimate which generous friends form of me. We are told that at the last judgment the secret of all consciences will be laid bare to the universe; would that mine were so this day, and that every passer-by could see me as I am! " " High above my head," he says at another time, " far, far away, I seem to hear the murmur of that world of thought and feeling to which I aspire so often, but where I can never attain. I think of those of my own age who have wings strong enough to reach it, but I think of them without jealousy, and as men on earth contemplate the elect and their felicity." And, criticizing his own composition, " When I begin a subject, my self-conceit " (says this exquisite artist) " imagines I am doing wonders; and when I have finished, I see nothing but a wretched made-up imitation, composed of odds and ends of colour stolen from other people's palettes, and tastelessly mixed together on mine." Such was his *passion for perfection,* his disdain for all poetical work not perfectly adequate and felicitous. The magic of expression, to which by the force of this passion he won his way, will make the name of Maurice de Guérin remembered in literature.

I have already mentioned the *Centaur,* a sort of prose poem by Guérin, which Madame Sand published after his death. The idea of this composition came to him, M. Sainte-Beuve says, in the course of some visits which he made with his friend, M. Trebutien, a learned antiquarian, to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre. The free and wild life which the Greeks expressed by such creations as the Centaur had, as we might well expect, a strong charm for him; under the same inspiration he composed a *Bacchante,* which is lost, and which was meant by him to form part of a prose poem on the adventures of Bacchus in India. Real as was the affinity which Guérin's nature had for these subjects, I doubt whether, in treating them, he would have found the full and final employment of his talent. But the beauty of his *Centaur* is extraordinary; in its whole conception and expression this piece has in a wonderful degree that natural magic of which I have said so much, and the rhythm has a charm which bewitches even a foreigner. An old Centaur on his mountain is supposed to relate to Melampus, a human questioner, the life of his youth. Untranslatable as the piece is, I shall conclude with some extracts from it:

" I had my birth in the caves of these mountains. Like the stream of

this valley, whose first drops trickle from some weeping rock in a deep cavern, the first moment of my life fell in the darkness of a remote abode, and without breaking the silence. When our mothers draw near to the time of their delivery, they withdraw to the caverns, and in the depth of the loneliest of them, in the thickest of its gloom, bring forth, without uttering a plaint, a fruit silent as themselves. Their puissant milk makes us surmount, without weakness or dubious struggle, the first difficulties of life; and yet we leave our caverns later than you your cradles. The reason is that we have a doctrine that the early days of existence should be kept apart and enshrouded, as days filled with the presence of the gods. Nearly the whole term of my growth was passed in the darkness where I was born. The recesses of my dwelling ran so far under the mountain that I should not have known on which side was the exit, had not the winds, when they sometimes made their way through the opening, sent fresh airs in, and a sudden trouble. Sometimes, too, my mother came back to me, having about her the odours of the valleys, or streaming from the waters which were her haunt. Her returning thus, without a word said of the valleys or the rivers, but with the emanations from them hanging about her, troubled my spirit, and I moved up and down restlessly in my darkness. 'What is it,' I cried, 'this outside world whither my mother is borne, and what reigns there in it so potent as to attract her so often?' At these moments my own force began to make me unquiet. I felt in it a power which could not remain idle; and betaking myself either to toss my arms or to gallop backwards and forwards in the spacious darkness of the cavern, I tried to make out from the blows which I dealt in the empty space, or from the transport of my course through it, in what direction my arms were meant to reach or my feet to bear me. Since that day, I have wound my arms round the bust of Centaurs, and round the body of heroes, and round the trunks of oaks; my hands have assayed the rocks, the waters, plants without number, and the subtlest impressions of the air, — for I uplift them in the dark and still nights to catch the breaths of wind, and to draw signs whereby I may augur my road; my feet, — look, O Melampus, how worn they are! And yet, all benumbed as I am in this extremity of age, there are days when, in broad sunlight, on the mountain-tops, I renew these gallopings of my youth in the cavern, and with the same object, brandishing my arms and employing all the fleetness which yet is left to me.

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"O Melampus, thou who wouldst know the life of the Centaurs, wherefore have the gods willed that thy steps should lead thee to me, the oldest and most forlorn of them all. It is long since I have ceased to practise any part of their life. I quit no more this mountain summit, to which age has confined me. The point of my arrows now serves me only

to uproot some tough-fibred plant; the tranquil lakes know me still, but the rivers have forgotten me. I will tell thee a little of my youth; but these recollections, issuing from a worn memory, come like the drops of a niggardly libation poured from a damaged urn.

"The course of my youth was rapid and full of agitation. Movement was my life, and my steps knew no bound. One day when I was following the course of a valley seldom entered by the Centaurs, I discovered a man making his way up the stream-side on the opposite bank. He was the first whom my eyes had lighted on: I despised him. 'Behold,' I cried, 'at the utmost but the half of what I am! Doubtless he is a Centaur overthrown by the gods, and reduced by them to drag himself along thus.'

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"Wandering along at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys, or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquillized me as she tranquillizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave, and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea-gods, it is said, quit, during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and travelled to the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lose their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain-summits naked and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain nymph charm-struck by the night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky, and were lost to view among the far-off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

"Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the destinies. In the times when I kept my night-watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.

"'O Macareus,' one day said the great Chiron to me, whose old age I tended; 'we are, both of us, Centaurs of the mountain; but how different

are our lives! Of my days all the study is (thou seest it) the search for plants; thou, thou art like those mortals who have picked up on the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips, some pieces of the reed-pipe thrown away by the god Pan. From that hour these mortals, having caught from their relics of the god a passion for wild life, or perhaps smitten with some secret madness, enter into the wilderness, plunge among the forests, follow the course of the streams, bury themselves in the heart of the mountains, restless, and haunted by an unknown purpose. The mares beloved of the winds in the farthest Scythia are not wilder than thou, nor more cast down at nightfall, when the North Wind has departed. Seekest thou to know the gods, O Macareus, and from what source men, animals, and the elements of the universal fire have their origin? But the aged Ocean, the father of all things, keeps locked within his own breast these secrets; and the nymphs, who stand around, sing as they weave their eternal dance before him, to cover any sound which might escape from his lips half-opened by slumber. The mortals, dear to the gods for their virtue, have received from their hands lyres to give delight to man, or the seeds of new plants to make him rich; but from their inexorable lips, nothing! '

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" Such were the lessons which the old Chiron gave me. Waned to the very extremity of life, the Centaur yet nourished in his spirit the most lofty discourse.

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" For me, O Melampus, I decline into my last days, calm as the setting of the constellations. I still retain enterprise enough to climb to the top of the rocks, and there I linger late, either gazing on the wild and restless clouds, or to see come up from the horizon the rainy Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion; but I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away, like a snow-wreath floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

By Thomas De Quincey [1] (1785–1859)

In 1807 it was, at the beginning of winter, that I first saw William Wordsworth. I have already mentioned that I had introduced myself to his notice by letter as early as the spring of 1803. To this hour it has continued, I believe, a mystery to Wordsworth, why it was that I suffered an interval of four and a half years to slip away before availing myself of the standing invitation with which I had been honoured to the poet's house. Very probably he accounted for this delay by supposing that the new-born liberty of an Oxford life, with its multiplied enjoyments, acting upon a boy just emancipated from the restraints of a school, and, in one hour, elevated into what we Oxonians so proudly and so exclusively denominate "a man," might have tempted me into pursuits alien from the pure intellectual passions which had so powerfully mastered my youthful heart some years before. Extinguished such a passion could not be; nor could he think, if remembering the fervour with which I had expressed it, the sort of "nympholepsy" which had seized upon me, and which, in some imperfect way, I had avowed with reference to the very lakes and mountains, amongst which the scenery of this most original poetry had chiefly grown up and moved. The very names of the ancient hills — Fairfield, Seat Sandal, Helvellyn, Blencathara, Glaramara; the names of the sequestered glens — such as Borrowdale, Martindale, Mardale, Wasdale, and Ennerdale; but, above all, the shy pastoral recesses, not garishly in the world's eye, like Windermere or Derwentwater, but lurking half unknown to the traveller of that day — Grasmere, for instance, the lovely abode of the poet himself, solitary, and yet sowed, as it were, with a thin diffusion of humble dwellings — here a scattering, and there a clustering, as in the starry heavens — sufficient to afford, at every turn and angle, human remembrances and memorials of time-honoured affections, or of passions (as the "Churchyard amongst the Mountains" will amply demonstrate) not wanting even in scenic and tragical interest — these were so many local spells upon me, equally poetic and elevating with the Miltonic names of Valdarno and Vallombrosa.

[1] Reprinted from *Reminiscences of the English Lakes and the Lake Poets* these first appeared in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*, beginning in 1834.

The footnotes have been omitted.

Deep are the voices which seem to call, deep is the lesson which would be taught even to the most thoughtless of men —

> *"Could field, or grove, or any spot on earth,*
> *Show to his eye an image of the pangs*
> *Which it hath witness'd; render back an echo*
> *Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod."*

Meantime, my delay was due to anything rather than to waning interest. On the contrary, the real cause of my delay was the too great profundity, and the increasing profundity, of my interest in this regeneration of our national poetry; and the increasing awe, in due proportion to the decaying thoughtlessness of boyhood, which possessed me for the character of its author. So far from neglecting Wordsworth, it is a fact that twice I had undertaken a long journey expressly for the purpose of paying my respects to Wordsworth; twice I came so far as the little rustic inn (then the sole inn of the neighbourhood) at Church Coniston; and on neither occasion could I summon confidence enough to present myself before him. It was not that I had any want of proper boldness for facing the most numerous company of a mixed or ordinary character: reserved, indeed, I was, perhaps even shy — from the character of my mind, so profoundly meditative, and the character of my life, so profoundly sequestered — but still, from counteracting causes, I was not deficient in a reasonable self-confidence towards the world generally. But the very image of Wordsworth, as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul. Twice, as I have said, did I advance as far as the lake of Coniston; which is about eight miles from the church of Grasmere, and once I absolutely went forwards from Coniston to the very gorge of Hammerscar, from which the whole Vale of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view in a style of almost theatrical surprise, with its lovely valley stretching before the eye in the distance, the lake lying immediately below, with its solemn ark-like island of four and a half acres in size seemingly floating on its surface, and its exquisite outline on the opposite shore, revealing all its little bays and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the edge with wild flowers and ferns. In one quarter, a little wood, stretching for about half a mile towards the outlet of the lake; more directly in opposition to the spectator, a few green fields; and beyond them, just two bowshots from the water, a little white cottage gleaming from the midst of trees, with a vast and seemingly never-ending series of ascents rising above it to the height of more than three thousand feet. That little cottage was Wordsworth's from the time of his marriage, and earlier; in fact, from the beginning of the century to the year 1808. Afterwards, for many a year, it was mine. Catching one hasty glimpse of this loveliest of landscapes, I retreated like a guilty thing, for fear I might

be surprised by Wordsworth, and then returned faintheartedly to Coniston, and so to Oxford, *re infectâ*.

This was in 1806. And thus far, from mere excess of nervous distrust in my own powers for sustaining a conversation with Wordsworth, I had for nearly five years shrunk from a meeting for which, beyond all things under heaven, I longed. In early youth I laboured under a peculiar embarrassment and penury of words, when I sought to convey my thoughts adequately upon interesting subjects: neither was it words only that I wanted; but I could not unravel, I could not even make perfectly conscious to myself, the subsidiary thoughts into which one leading thought often radiates; or, at least, I could not do this with anything like the rapidity requisite for conversation. I laboured like a sibyl instinct with the burden of prophetic woe, as often as I found myself dealing with any topic in which the understanding combined with deep feelings to suggest mixed and tangled thoughts: and thus partly — partly also from my invincible habit of reverie — at that era of my life, I had a most distinguished talent "*pour le silence.*" Wordsworth, from something of the same causes, suffered (by his own report to myself) at the same age from pretty much the same infirmity. And yet, in more advanced years — probably about twenty-eight or thirty — both of us acquired a remarkable fluency in the art of unfolding our thoughts colloquially. However, at that period my deficiencies were what I have described. And, after all, though I had no absolute cause for anticipating contempt, I was so far right in my fears, that since that time I have had occasion to perceive a worldly tone of sentiment in Wordsworth, not less than in Mrs. Hannah More and other literary people, by which they were led to set a higher value upon a limited respect from a person high in the world's esteem than upon the most lavish spirit of devotion from an obscure quarter. Now, in that point, *my* feelings are far otherwise.

Meantime, the world went on; events kept moving; and, amongst them, in the course of 1807, occurred the event of Coleridge's return to England from his official station in the Governor's family at Malta. At Bridgewater, as I have already recorded, in the summer of 1807, I was introduced to him. Several weeks after he came with his family to the Bristol Hot-wells, at which, by accident, I was then visiting. On calling upon him, I found that he had been engaged by the Royal Institution to lecture at their theatre in Albemarle Street during the coming winter of 1807–8, and, consequently, was embarrassed about the mode of conveying his family to Keswick. Upon this, I offered my services to escort them in a post-chaise. This offer was cheerfully accepted; and at the latter end of October we set forwards — Mrs. Coleridge, viz., with her two sons — Hartley, aged nine, Derwent, about seven — her beautiful little daughter, about five, and, finally, myself. Going by the direct route through Gloucester, Bridgenorth, etc., on the third day we reached Liverpool, where I took

up my quarters at a hotel, whilst Mrs. Coleridge paid a visit of a few days to a very interesting family, who had become friends of Southey during his visit to Portugal. These were the Misses Koster, daughters of an English gold-merchant of celebrity, who had recently quitted Lisbon on the approach of the French army under Junot. Mr. Koster did me the honour to call at my quarters, and invite me to his house; an invitation which I very readily accepted, and had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a family the most accomplished I had ever known. At dinner there appeared only the family party — several daughters, and one son, a fine young man of twenty, but who was *consciously* dying of asthma. Mr. Koster, the head of the family, was distinguished for his good sense and practical information; but, in Liverpool, even more so by his eccentric and obstinate denial of certain notorious events; in particular, some two years later, he denied that any such battle as Talavera had ever been fought, and had a large wager depending upon the decision. His house was the resort of distinguished foreigners; and, on the first evening of my dining there, as well as afterwards, I there met that marvel of women, Madame Catalani. I had heard her repeatedly; but never before been near enough to see her smile and converse — even to be honoured with a smile myself. She and Lady Hamilton were the most effectively brilliant women I ever saw. However, on this occasion, the Misses Koster outshone even La Catalani; to her they talked in the most fluent Italian; to some foreign men, in Portuguese; to one in French; and to most of the party in English; and each, by turns, seemed to be their native tongue. Nor did they shrink, even in the presence of the mighty enchantress, from exhibiting their musical skill.

Leaving Liverpool, after about a week's delay, we pursued our journey northwards. We had slept on the first day at Lancaster. Consequently, at the rate of motion which then prevailed throughout England — which, however, was rarely equalled on that western road, where all things were in arrear by comparison with the eastern and southern roads of the kingdom — we found ourselves, about three o'clock in the afternoon, at Ambleside, fourteen miles to the north-west of Kendal, and thirty-six from Lancaster. There, for the last time, we stopped to change horses; and about four o'clock we found ourselves on the summit of the White Moss, a hill which rises between the second and third milestones on the stage from Ambleside to Keswick, and which then retarded the traveller's advance by a full fifteen minutes, but is now evaded by a lower line of road. In ascending this hill, from weariness of moving so slowly, I, with the two Coleridges, had alighted; and, as we all chose to refresh ourselves by running down the hill into Grasmere, we had left the chaise behind us, and had even lost the sound of the wheels at times, when all at once we came, at an abrupt turn of the road, in sight of a white cottage, with two yew-trees breaking the glare of its white walls. A sudden shock seized me on rec-

ognizing this cottage, of which, in the previous year, I had gained a momentary glimpse from Hammerscar, on the opposite side of the lake. I paused, and felt my old panic returning upon me; but just then, as if to take away all doubt upon the subject, I saw Hartley Coleridge, who had gained upon me considerably, suddenly turn in at a garden gate; this motion to the right at once confirmed me in my belief that here at last we had reached our port; that this little cottage was tenanted by that man whom, of all the men from the beginning of time, I most fervently desired to see; that in less than a minute I should meet Wordsworth face to face. Coleridge was of opinion that, if a man were really and *consciously* to see an apparition, in such circumstances death would be the inevitable result; and, if so, the wish which we hear so commonly expressed for such experience is as thoughtless as that of Semele in the Grecian Mythology, so natural in a female, that her lover should visit her *en grand costume* — presumptuous ambition, that unexpectedly wrought its own ruinous chastisement! Judged by Coleridge's test, my situation could not have been so terrific as *his* who anticipates a ghost; for, certainly, I survived this meeting; but at that instant it seemed pretty much the same to my own feelings.

Never before or since can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature that is born of woman, excepting only, for once or twice in my life, woman herself. Now, however, I *did* tremble; and I forgot, what in no other circumstances I could have forgotten, to stop for the coming up of the chaise, that I might be ready to hand Mrs. Coleridge out. Had Charlemagne and all his peerage been behind me, or Cæsar and his equipage, or Death on his pale horse, I should have forgotten them at that moment of intense expectation, and of eyes fascinated to what lay before me, or what might in a moment appear. Through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my own feelings, I passed on rapidly; I heard a step, a voice, and, like a flash of lightning, I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand, and saluted me with most cordial expressions of welcome. The chaise, however, drawing up to the gate at that moment, he (and there needed no Roman nomenclator to tell me that this *he* was Wordsworth) felt himself summoned to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge. I, therefore, stunned almost with the actual accomplishment of a catastrophe so long anticipated and so long postponed, mechanically went forward into the house. A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was — a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses,

and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room, through a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. This was Mrs. Wordsworth, cousin of the poet, and, for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely according to the rigour of criticism — nay, generally pronounced very plain — to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. *Words,* I was going to have added; but her words were few. In reality, she talked so little that Mr. Slave-Trade Clarkson used to allege against her that she could only say "*God bless you!*" Certainly, her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts; and it would have been strange, indeed, if she, who enjoyed such eminent advantages of training, from the daily society of her husband and his sister, failed to acquire some power of judging for herself, and putting forth some functions of activity. But undoubtedly that was not her element: to feel and to enjoy in a luxurious repose of mind — there was her *forte* and her peculiar privilege; and how much better this was adapted to her husband's taste, how much more adapted to uphold the comfort of his daily life, than a blue-stocking loquacity, or even a legitimate talent for discussion, may be inferred from his verses, beginning —

> "*She was a phantom of delight,*
> *When first she gleam'd upon my sight.*"

Once for all, these exquisite lines were dedicated to Mrs. Wordsworth; were understood to describe her — to have been prompted by the feminine graces of her character; hers they are, and will remain for ever. To these, therefore, I may refer the reader for an idea of what was most important in the partner and second self of the poet. And I will add to this abstract of her *moral* portrait these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. Her figure was tolerably good. In complexion she was fair, and there was something peculiarly pleasing even in this accident of the skin, for it was accompanied by an animated expression of health, a

blessing which, in fact, she possessed uninterruptedly. Her eyes, the reader may already know, were

> *" Like stars of twilight fair;*
> *Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair;*
> *But all things else about her drawn*
> *From May-time and the cheerful dawn."*

Yet strange it is to tell that, in these eyes of vesper gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision; and much beyond that slight obliquity which is often supposed to be an attractive foible in the countenance: this *ought* to have been displeasing or repulsive; yet, in fact, it was not. Indeed all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features to the unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts, of her countenance, concurred, viz., a sunny benignity — a radiant graciousness — such as in this world I never saw surpassed.

Immediately behind her moved a lady, shorter, slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. " Her face was of Egyptian brown " ; rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered, in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer, and so determinately to stammer that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in that state of feeling would have certainly set her down for one plagued with that infirmity of speech as distressingly as Charles Lamb himself. This was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet — his " Dorothy " ; who naturally owed so much to the lifelong intercourse with her great brother in his most solitary and sequestered years; but, on the other hand, to whom he has acknowledged obligations of the profoundest nature; and, in particular, this mighty one, through which we also, the admirers and the worshippers of this great poet, are become equally her debtors — that, whereas the intellect of Wordsworth was, by its original tendency, too stern, too austere too much enamoured of an ascetic harsh

sublimity, she it was — the lady who paced by his side continually through sylvan and mountain tracks, in Highland glens, and in the dim recesses of German charcoal-burners — that first *couched* his eye to the sense of beauty, humanized him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of his nature which have since clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiness of its trunks. The greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth's attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her in right of her character, of her history, and of the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, were the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment (such as her stooping attitude when walking), which gave an ungraceful, and even an unsexual character to her appearance when out-of-doors. She did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and, in addition to the other great services which she rendered to her brother, this I may mention, as greater than all the rest, and it was one which equally operated to the benefit of every casual companion in a walk — viz., the exceeding sympathy, always ready and always profound, by which she made all that one could tell her, all that one could describe, all that one could quote from a foreign author, reverberate, as it were, *à plusieurs reprises,* to one's own feelings, by the manifest impression it made upon *hers.* The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation, than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed — in the temple of her own most fervid heart.

Such were the two ladies who, with himself and two children, and at that time one servant, composed the poet's household. They were both, I believe, about twenty-eight years old; and, if the reader inquires about the single point which I have left untouched in their portraiture — viz., the style of their manners — I may say that it was, in *some* points, naturally of a plain household simplicity, but every way pleasing, unaffected, and (as respects Mrs. Wordsworth) even dignified. Few persons had seen so little as this lady of the world. She had seen nothing of high life, for she had seen little of any. Consequently, she was unacquainted with the conventional modes of behaviour, prescribed in particular situations by high breeding. But, as these modes are little more than the product of dispassionate good sense, applied to the circumstances of the case, it is surprising how few deficiencies are perceptible, even to the most vigilant eye — or, at least, essential deficiencies — in the general demeanour of any unaffected young woman, acting habitually under a sense of sexual dignity and natural

courtesy. Miss Wordsworth had seen more of life, and even of good company; for she had lived, when quite a girl, under the protection of Dr. Cookson, a near relative, canon of Windsor, and a personal favourite of the Royal Family, especially of George III. Consequently, she ought to have been the more polished of the two; and yet, from greater natural aptitudes for refinement of manner in her sister-in-law, and partly, perhaps, from her more quiet and subdued manner, Mrs. Wordsworth would have been pronounced very much the more lady-like person.

From the interest which attaches to anybody so nearly connected as these two ladies with a great poet, I have allowed myself a larger latitude than else might have been justifiable in describing them. I now go on with my narrative:

I was ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a little drawing-room, or whatever the reader chooses to call it. Wordsworth himself has described the fireplace of this room as his

"Half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and, in other respects, pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which seemed to consecrate the room as the poet's study and composing room; and such occasionally it was. But far oftener he both studied, as I found, and composed, on the high road. I had not been two minutes at the fireside, when in came Wordsworth, returning from his friendly attentions to the travellers below, who, it seemed, had been over-persuaded by hospitable solicitations to stay for this night in Grasmere, and to make out the remaining thirteen miles to their road to Keswick on the following day. Wordsworth entered. And *"what-like"* to use a Westmoreland as well as a Scottish expression — *"what-like"* was Wordsworth? A reviewer in "Tait's Magazine," noticing some recent collection of literary portraits, gives it as his opinion that Charles Lamb's head was the finest among them. This remark may have been justified by the engraved portraits; but, certainly, the critic would have cancelled it, had he seen the original heads — at least, had he seen them in youth or in maturity; for Charles Lamb bore age with less disadvantage to the intellectual expression of his appearance than Wordsworth, in whom a sanguine complexion had, of late years, usurped upon the original bronze-tint; and this change of hue, and change in the quality of skin, had been made fourfold more conspicuous, and more unfavourable in its general effect, by the harsh contrast of grizzled hair which had displaced the original brown. No change in personal appearance ever can have been so unfortunate; for, generally speaking, whatever other disadvantages old age may bring along with it, one effect, at least in male subjects, has a compensating tendency — that it removes any tone of vigour too harsh, and mitigates the expression of power too unsubdued.

But, in Wordsworth, the effect of the change has been to substitute an air of animal vigour, or, at least, hardiness, as if derived from constant exposure to the wind and weather for the fine sombre complexion which he once wore, resembling that of a Venetian senator or a Spanish monk.

Here, however, in describing the personal appearance of Wordsworth, I go back, of course, to the point of time at which I am speaking. He was, upon the whole, not a well-made man. His legs were pointedly condemned by all female connoisseurs in legs; not that they were bad in any way which *would* force itself upon your notice — there was no absolute deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs beyond the average standard of human requisition; for I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have traversed a distance of 175,000 to 180,000 English miles — a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which, indeed, he was indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings. But, useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were certainly not ornamental; and it was really a pity, as I agreed with a lady in thinking, that he had not another pair for evening dress parties — when no boots lend their friendly aid to mask our imperfections from the eyes of female rigorists — those *elegantes formarum spectatrices*. A sculptor would certainly have disapproved of their contour. But the worst part of Wordsworth's person was the bust; there was a narrowness and a droop about the shoulders which became striking, and had an effect of meanness, when brought into close juxtaposition with a figure of a more statuesque build. Once on a summer evening, walking in the Vale of Langdale with Wordsworth, his sister, and Mr. J——, a native Westmoreland clergyman, I remember that Miss Wordsworth was positively mortified by the peculiar illustration which settled upon this defective conformation. Mr. J——, a fine towering figure, six feet high, massy and columnar in his proportions, happened to be walking, a little in advance, with Wordsworth; Miss Wordsworth and myself being in the rear; and from the nature of the conversation which then prevailed in our front rank, something or other about money, devises, buying and selling, we of the rear-guard thought it requisite to preserve this arrangement for a space of three miles or more; during which time, at intervals, Miss Wordsworth would exclaim, in a tone of vexation, "Is it possible, — can that be William? How very mean he looks!" And she did not conceal a mortification that seemed really painful, until I, for my part, could not forbear laughing outright at the serious interest which she carried into this trifle. She was, however, right, as regarded the mere visual judgment. Wordsworth's figure, with all its defects, was brought into powerful relief by one which had been cast in a more square and massy mould; and in such a case it impressed

a spectator with a sense of absolute meanness, more especially when viewed from behind and not counteracted by his countenance; and yet Wordsworth was of a good height (five feet ten), and not a slender man; on the contrary, by the side of Southey, his limbs looked thick, almost in a disproportionate degree. But the total effect of Wordsworth's person was always worst in a state of motion. Meantime, his face — that was one which would have made amends for greater defects of figure. Many such, and finer, I have seen amongst the portraits of Titian, and, in a later period, amongst those of Vandyke, from the great era of Charles I., as also from the court of Elizabeth and of Charles II., but none which has more impressed me in my own time.

Haydon, in his great picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," has introduced Wordsworth in the character of a disciple attending his Divine Master, and Voltaire in the character of a sneering Jewish elder. This fact is well known; and, as the picture itself is tolerably well known to the public eye, there are multitudes now living who will have seen a very impressive likeness of Wordsworth — some consciously, some not suspecting it. There will, however, always be many who have *not* seen any portrait at all of Wordsworth; and therefore I will describe its general outline and effect. It was a face of the long order, often falsely classed as oval; but a greater mistake is made by many people in supposing the long face which prevailed so remarkably in the Elizabethan and Carolinian periods to have become extinct in our own. Miss Ferrier, in one of her novels ("Marriage," I think), makes a Highland girl protest that "no Englishman *with his round face*' shall ever wean her heart from her own country; but England is not the land of round faces; and those have observed little, indeed, who think so: France it is that grows the round face, and in so large a majority of her provinces that it has become one of the national characteristics. And the remarkable impression which an Englishman receives from the eternal recurrence of the orbicular countenance proves of itself, without any *conscious* testimony, how the fact stands; in the blind sense of a monotony, not felt elsewhere, lies involved an argument that cannot be gainsaid. Besides, even upon an *a priori* argument, how is it possible that the long face so prevalent in England, by all confession, in certain splendid eras of our history, should have had time, in some five or six generations, to grow extinct? Again, the character of face varies essentially in different provinces. Wales has no connection in this respect with Devonshire, nor Kent with Yorkshire, nor either with Westmoreland. England, it is true, tends beyond all known examples, to a general amalgamation of differences, by means of its unrivalled freedom of intercourse. Yet, even in England, law and necessity have opposed as yet such and so many obstacles to the free diffusion of labour that every generation occupies, by at least five-sixth of its numbers, the ground of its ancestors.

The movable part of a population is chiefly the higher part; and it is

the lower classes that, in every nation, compose the *fundus*, in which lies latent the national face, as well as the national character. Each exists here in racy purity and integrity, not disturbed in the one by alien intermarriages, nor in the other by novelties of opinion, or other casual effects, derived from education and reading. Now, look into this *fundus*, and you will find, in many districts, no such prevalence of the round orbicular face as some people erroneously suppose; and in Westmoreland, especially, the ancient long face of the Elizabethan period, powerfully resembling in all its lineaments the ancient Roman face, and often (though not so uniformly) the face of northern Italy in modern times. The face of Sir Walter Scott, as Irving, the pulpit orator, once remarked to me, was the indigenous face of the Border: the mouth, which was bad, and the entire lower part of the face, are seen repeated in thousands of working-men; or, as Irving chose to illustrate his position, "in thousands of Border horse-jockeys." In like manner, Wordsworth's face was, if not absolutely the indigenous face of the Lake district, at any rate a variety of that face, a modification of that original type. The head was well filled out; and there, to begin with, was a great advantage over the head of Charles Lamb, which was absolutely truncated at the posterior region — sawn off, as it were, by no timid sawyer. The forehead was not remarkably lofty — and, by the way, some artists, in their ardour for realizing their phrenological preconceptions, not suffering nature to surrender quietly and by slow degrees her real alphabet of signs and hieroglyphic characters, but forcing her language prematurely into conformity with their own crude speculations, have given to Sir Walter Scott a pile of forehead which is unpleasing and cataphysical, in fact, a caricature of anything that is ever seen in nature, and would (if real) be esteemed a deformity; in one instance — that which was introduced in some annual or other — the forehead makes about two-thirds of the entire face. Wordsworth's forehead is also liable to caricature misrepresentations in these days of phenology: but, whatever it may appear to be in any man's fanciful portrait, the real living forehead, as I have been in the habit of seeing it for more than five-and-twenty years, is not remarkable for its height; but it *is*, perhaps, remarkable for its breadth and expansive development. Neither are the eyes of Wordsworth "large," as is erroneously stated somewhere in "Peter's Letters"; on the contrary, they are (I think) rather small; but *that* does not interfere with their effect, which at times is fine, and suitable to his intellectual character. At times, I say, for the depth and subtlety of eyes, even their colouring (as to condensation or dilation), varies exceedingly with the state of the stomach; and, if young ladies were aware of the magical transformations which can be wrought in the depth and sweetness of the eye by a few weeks' walking exercise, I fancy we should see their habits in this point altered greatly for the better. I have seen Wordsworth's eyes oftentimes affected powerfully in this respect; his

eyes are not, under any circumstances, bright, lustrous, or piercing; but, after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light; but, under favourable accidents, it is a light which seems to come from unfathomed depths; in fact, it is more truly entitled to be held "the light that never was on land or sea," a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any the most idealizing that ever yet a painter's hand created. The nose, a little arched, is large; which, by the way (according to a natural phrenology, existing centuries ago amongst some of the lowest among the human species), has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites organically strong. And that expressed the simple truth: Wordsworth's intellectual passions were fervent and strong: but they rested upon a basis of preternatural animal sensibility diffused through *all* the animal passions (or appetites); and something of that will be found to hold of all poets who have been great by original force and power, not (as Virgil) by means of fine management and exquisite artifice of composition applied to their conceptions. The mouth, and the whole circumjacencies of the mouth, composed the strongest feature in Wordsworth's face; there was nothing specially to be noticed that I know of in the mere outline of the lips; but the swell and protusion of the parts above and around the mouth are both noticeable in themselves, and also because they remind me of a very interesting fact which I have discovered about three years after this my first visit to Wordsworth.

Being a great collector of everything relating to Milton, I had naturally possessed myself, whilst yet very young, of Richardson the painter's thick octavo volume of notes on the "Paradise Lost." It happened, however, that my copy, in consequence of that mania for portrait collecting which has stripped so many English classics of their engraved portraits, wanted the portrait of Milton. Subsequently I ascertained that it ought to have had a very good likeness of the great poet; and I never rested until I procured a copy of the book which had not suffered in this respect by the fatal admiration of the amateur. The particular copy offered to me was one which had been priced unusually high, on account of the unusually fine specimen which it contained of the engraved portrait. This, for a particular reason, I was exceedingly anxious to see; and the reason was — that, according to an anecdote reported by Richardson himself, this portrait, of all that were shown to her, was the only one acknowledged by Milton's last surviving daughter to be a strong likeness of her father. And her involuntary gestures concurred with her deliberate words: — for, on seeing all the rest, she was silent and inanimate; but the very instant she beheld that crayon drawing from which is derived the engraved head in Richardson's book, she burst out into a rapture of passionate recognition;

exclaiming — " That is my father! that is my dear father! " Naturally, therefore, after such a testimony, so much stronger than any other person in the world could offer to the authentic value of this portrait, I was eager to see it.

Judge of my astonishment when, in this portrait of Milton, I saw a likeness nearly perfect of Wordsworth, better by much than any which I have since seen of those expressly painted for himself. The likeness is tolerably preserved in that by Carruthers, in which one of the little Rydal waterfalls, etc., composes a background; yet this is much inferior, as a mere portrait of Wordsworth, to the Richardson head of Milton; and this, I believe, is the last which represents Wordsworth in the vigour of his power. The rest, which I have not seen, may be better as works of art (for anything I know to the contrary), but they must labour under the great disadvantage of presenting the features when " defeatured," in the degree and the way I have described, by the peculiar ravages of old age, as it affects this family; for it is noticed of the Wordsworth, by those who are familiar with their peculiarities, that in their very blood and constitutional differences lie hidden causes that are able, in some mysterious way,

" Those shocks of passion to prepare
That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair."

Some people, it is notorious, live faster by much than others, the oil is burned out sooner in one constitution than another: and the cause of this may be various; but in the Wordsworths one part of the cause is, no doubt, the secret fire of a temperament too fervid; the self-consuming energies of the brain, that gnaw at the heart and life-strings for ever. In that account which " The Excursion " presents to us of an imaginary Scotsman who, to still the tumult of his heart, when visiting the cataracts of a mountainous region, obliges himself to study the laws of light and colour as they affect the rainbow of the stormy waters, vainly attempting to mitigate the fever which consumed him by entangling his mind in profound speculations; raising a cross-fire of artillery from the subtilizing intellect, under the vain conceit that in this way he could silence the mighty battery of his impassioned heart: there we read a picture of Wordsworth and his own youth. In Miss Wordsworth every thoughtful observer might read the same self-consuming style of thought. And the effect upon each was so powerful for the promotion of a premature old age, and of a premature expression of old age, that strangers invariably supposed them fifteen to twenty years older than they were. And I remember Wordsworth once laughingly reported to me, on returning from a short journey in 1809, a little personal anecdote, which sufficiently showed what was

the spontaneous impression upon that subject of casual strangers, whose feelings were not confused by previous knowledge of the truth. He was travelling by stage-coach, and seated outside, amongst a good half-dozen of fellow-passengers. One of these, an elderly man, who confessed to having passed the grand climacterical year (9 multiplied into 7) of 63, though he did not say precisely by how many years, said to Wordsworth, upon some anticipations which they had been mutually discussing of changes likely to result from enclosures, etc., then going on or projecting — " Ay, ay, another dozen of years will show us strange sights; but you and I can hardly expect to see them." — " How so? " said Wordsworth. " How so, my friend? How old do you take me to be? " — " Oh, I beg your pardon," said the other; " I meant no offence — but what? " looking at Wordsworth more attentively — " you'll never see threescore, I'm of opinion "; meaning to say that Wordsworth *had* seen it already. And, to show that he was not singular in so thinking, he appealed to all the other passengers; and the motion passed (*nem. con.*) that Wordsworth was rather over than under sixty. Upon this he told them the literal truth — that he had not yet accomplished his thirty-ninth year. " God bless me! " said the climacterical man; " so then, after all, you'll have a chance to see your childer get up like, and get settled! Only to think of that! " And so closed the conversation, leaving to Wordsworth an undeniable record of his own prematurely expressed old age in this unaffected astonishment, amongst a whole party of plain men, that he could really belong to a generation of the forward-looking, who live by hope; and might reasonably expect to see a child of seven years old matured into a man. And yet, as Wordsworth lived into his 82nd year, it is plain that the premature expression of decay does not argue any real decay.

Returning to the question of portraits, I would observe that this Richardson engraving of Milton has the advantage of presenting, not only by far the best likeness of Wordsworth, but of Wordsworth in the prime of his powers — a point essential in the case of one so liable to premature decay. It may be supposed that I took an early opportunity of carrying the book down to Grasmere, and calling for the opinions of Wordsworth's family upon this most remarkable coincidence. Not one member of that family but was as much impressed as myself with the accuracy of the likeness. All the peculiarities even were retained — a drooping appearance of the eyelids, that remarkable swell which I have noticed about the mouth, the way in which the hair lay upon the forehead. In two points only there was a deviation from the rigorous truth of Wordsworth's features — the face was a little too short and too broad, and the eyes were too large. There was also a wreath of laurel about the head, which (as Wordsworth remarked) disturbed the natural expression of the whole picture; else, and with these few allowances, he also admitted that the resemblance was, *for that period of his life,* perfect, or as nearly so as art could accomplish.

I have gone into so large and circumstantial a review of my recollections on this point as would have been trifling and tedious in excess, had these recollections related to a less important man; but I have a certain knowledge that the least of them will possess a lasting and a growing interest in connection with William Wordsworth. How peculiar, how different from the interest which we grant to the ideas of a great philosopher, a great mathematician, or a great reformer, is that burning interest which settles on the great poets who have made themselves necessary to the human heart; who have first brought into consciousness, and have clothed in words, those grand catholic feelings that belong to the great catholic situations of life through all its stages; who have clothed them in such words that human wit despairs of bettering them! Mighty were the powers, solemn and serene is the memory, of Archimedes; and Apollonius shines like "the starry Galileo" in the firmament of human genius; yet how frosty is the feeling associated with these names by comparison with that which, upon every sunny lawn, by the side of every ancient forest, even in the farthest depths of Canada, many a young innocent girl, perhaps at this very moment — looking now with fear to the dark recesses of the infinite forest, and now with love to the pages of the infinite poet, until the fear is absorbed and forgotten in the love — cherishes in her heart for the name and person of Shakspere!

The English language is travelling fast towards the fulfilment of its destiny. Through the influence of the dreadful Republic that within the thirty last years has run through all the stages of infancy into the first stage of maturity, and through the English colonies — African, Canadian, Indian, Australian — the English language (and, therefore, the English literature) is running forward towards its ultimate mission of eating up, like Aaron's rod, all other languages. Even the German and the Spanish will inevitably sink before it; perhaps within 100 or 150 years. In the recesses of California, in the vast solitudes of Australia, *The Churchyard Amongst the Mountains*, from Wordsworth's "Excursion," and many a scene of his shorter poems, will be read, even as now Shakspere is read amongst the forests of Canada. All which relates to the writer of these poems will then bear a value of the same kind as that which attaches to our personal memorials (unhappily so slender) of Shakspere.

Let me now attempt to trace, in a brief outline, the chief incidents in the life of William Wordsworth, which are interesting, not only in virtue of their illustrious subject, but also as exhibiting a most remarkable (almost a providential) arrangement of circumstances, all tending to one result — that of insulating from worldly cares, and carrying onward from childhood to the grave, in a state of serene happiness, one who was unfitted for daily toil, and, at all events, who could not, under such demands upon his time and anxieties, have prosecuted those genial labours in which all mankind have an interest.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a small town of Cumberland, lying about a dozen miles to the north-west of Keswick, on the high road from that town to Whitehaven. His father was a solicitor, and acted as an agent for that Lord Lonsdale, the immediate predecessor of the present, [1835] who is not unfrequently described by those who still remember him, as " the bad Lord Lonsdale." In what was he bad? Chiefly, I believe, in this — that, being a man of great local power, founded on his rank, on his official station of Lord-Lieutenant over two counties, and on a very large estate, he used his power at times in a most oppressive way. I have heard it said that he was mad; and, at any rate, he was inordinately capricious — capricious even to eccentricity. But, perhaps his madness was nothing more than the intemperance of a haughty and a headstrong will, encouraged by the consciousness of power, and tempted to abuses of it by the abject servility which poverty and dependence presented in one direction, embittering the contrast of that defiance which inevitably faced him in another, throughout a land of freedom and amongst spirits as haughty as his own. He was a true feudal chieftain; and, in the very approaches to his mansion, in the style of his equipage, or whatever else was likely to meet the public eye, he delighted to express his disdain of modern refinements, and the haughty carelessness of his magnificence. The coach in which he used to visit Penrith, the nearest town to his principal house of Lowther, was old and neglected; his horses fine, but untrimmed; and such was the impression diffused about him by his gloomy temper and his habits of oppression, that the streets were silent as he traversed them, and an awe sat upon many faces (so, at least, I have heard a Penrith contemporary of the old despot declare), pretty much like that which may be supposed to attend the entry into a guilty town of some royal commission for trying state criminals. In his park you saw some of the most magnificent timber in the kingdom — trees that were coeval with the feuds of York and Lancaster, yews that possibly had furnished bows to Cœur de Lion, and oaks that might have built a navy. All was savage grandeur about these native forests: their sweeping lawns and glades had been unapproached, for centuries it might be, by the hand of art; and amongst them roamed — not the timid fallow deer — but thundering droves of wild horses.

Lord Lonsdale went to London less frequently than else he might have done, because at home he was allowed to forget that in this world there was any greater man than himself. Even in London, however, his haughty injustice found occasions for making itself known. On a court day (I revive an anecdote once familiarly known) St. James's Street was lined by cavalry, and the orders were peremptory that no carriages should be allowed to pass, except those which were carrying parties to court. Whether it were by accident or by way of wilfully provoking such a collision, Lord Lonsdale's carriage advanced; and the coachman, in obedience

to orders shouted out from the window, was turning down the forbidden route, when a trooper rode up to the horses' heads, and stopped them; the thundering menaces of Lord Lonsdale perplexed the soldier, who did not know but he might be bringing himself into a scrape by persisting in his opposition; but the officer on duty, observing the scene, rode up, and, in a determined tone, enforced the order, causing two of his men to turn the horses' heads round into Piccadilly. Lord Lonsdale threw his card to the officer, and a duel followed; in which, however, the outrageous injustice of his lordship met with a pointed rebuke; for the first person whom he summoned to his aid, in the quality of second, though a friend, and, I believe, a relative of his own, declined to sanction by any interference so scandalous a quarrel with an officer for simply executing an official duty. In this dilemma (for probably he was aware that few military men would fail to take the same disapproving view of the affair) he applied to the present Earl of Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther. Either there must have been some needless discourtesy in the officer's mode of fulfilling his duty, or else Sir William thought the necessity of the case, however wantonly provoked, a sufficient justification for a relative giving his assistance, even under circumstances of such egregious injustice. At any rate, it is due to Sir William, in mere candour, to suppose that he did nothing in this instance but what his conscience approved; seeing that in all others his conduct has been such as to win him the universal respect of the two counties in which he is best known. He it was that acted as second; and, by a will which is said to have been dated the same day, he became eventually possessed of a large property, which did not necessarily accompany the title.

Another anecdote is told of the same Lord Lonsdale, which expresses, in a more eccentric way, and a way that to many people will be affecting — to some shocking — the moody energy of his passions. He loved, with passionate fervour, a fine young woman, of humble parentage, in a Cumberland farmhouse. Her he had persuaded to leave her father, and put herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful, she died: Lord Lonsdale's sorrow was profound; he could not bear the thought of a final parting from that face which had become so familiar to his heart: he caused her to be embalmed; a glass placed over her features; and at intervals, when his thoughts reverted to her memory, he found a consolation (or perhaps a luxurious irritation) of his sorrow in visiting this sad memorial of his former happiness. This story, which I have often heard repeated by the country-people of Cumberland, strengthened the general feeling of this eccentric nobleman's self-willed character, though in this instance complicated with a trait of character that argued nobler capacities. By what rules he guided himself in dealing with the various lawyers, agents, or stewards whom his extensive estates brought into a dependency upon his justice or his moderation — whether, in fact, he had no

rule, but left all to accident or caprice — I have never learned. Generally, I have heard it said that in some years of his life he resisted the payment of all bills indiscriminately which he had any colourful plea for supposing to contain overcharges; some fared ill, because they were neighbours, and his lordship could say that "he knew them to be knaves"; others fared worse, because they were so remote that "how could his lordship know what they were?" Of this number, and possibly for this reason left unpaid, was Wordsworth's father. He died whilst his four sons and one daughter were yet helpless children, leaving to them respectable fortunes, but which, as yet, were unrealized and tolerably hypothetic, as they happened to depend upon so shadowy a basis as the justice of Lord Lonsdale. The executors of the will, and trustees of the children's interests, in one point acted wisely: foreseeing the result of a legal contest with so potent a defendant as this leviathan of two counties, and that, under any nominal ward, the whole estate of the orphans might be swallowed up in the costs of any suit that should be carried into Chancery, they prudently withdrew from all active measures of opposition, confiding the event to Lord Lonsdale's returning sense of justice. Unfortunately for that nobleman's reputation, and also, as was thought, for the children's prosperity, before this somewhat rusty quality of justice could have time to operate, his lordship died.

However, for once the world was wrong in its malicious anticipations: the successor to Lord Lonsdale's titles and Cumberland estates was made aware of the entire case, in all its circumstances; and he very honourably gave directions for full restitution being made. This was done; and in one respect the result was more fortunate for the children than if they had been trained from youth to rely upon their expectations: for, by the time this repayment was made, three out of the five children were already settled in life, with the very amplest prospects opening before them — *so* ample as to make their private patrimonial fortunes of inconsiderable importance in their eyes; and very probably the withholding of their inheritance it was, however unjust, and however little contemplated as an occasion of any such effect, that urged these three persons to the exertions requisite for their present success. Two only of the children remained to whom the restoration of their patrimony was a matter of grave importance; but it was precisely those two whom no circumstances could have made independent of their hereditary means by personal exertions — viz. William Wordsworth, the poet, and Dorothy, the sole daughter of the house. The three others were: — Richard, the eldest: he had become a thriving solicitor, at one of the inns of court in London; and, if he died only moderately rich, and much below the expectations of his acquaintance, in the final result of his laborious life, it was because he was moderate in his desires, and, in his later years, reverted to the pastoral region of his infancy and boyhood, chose rather to sit down by a hearth of his own amongst the Cumberland

mountains, and wisely to woo the deities of domestic pleasures and health, than to follow the chase after wealth in the feverish crowds of the capital. The third son (I believe) was Christopher (Dr. Wordsworth), who, at an early age, became a man of importance in the English Church, being made one of the chaplains and librarians of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Manners Sutton, father of the late Speaker, Lord Canterbury). He has since risen to the important and dignified station — once held by Barrow, and afterwards by Bentley — of Master of Trinity in Cambridge. Trinity in Oxford is not a first-rate college; but Trinity, Cambridge, answers in rank and authority to Christ Church in Oxford; and to be the head of that college is rightly considered a very splendid distinction.

Dr. Wordsworth has distinguished himself as an author by a very useful republication, entitled, "Ecclesiastical Biography," which he has enriched with valuable notes. And in his own person, besides other works more professional, he is the author of one very interesting work of historical research upon the difficult question of "Who wrote the 'Eicon Basilike'?" a question still unsettled, but much nearer to a settlement, in consequence of the strong presumptions which Dr. Wordsworth has adduced on behalf of the King's claim.

The fourth and youngest son, John, was in the service of the East India Company, and perished most unhappily, at the very outset of the voyage which he had meant to be his last, off the coast of Dorsetshire, in the Company's ship *Abergavenny*. A calumny was current in some quarters, that Captain Wordsworth was in a state of intoxication at the time of the calamity. But the printed report of the affair, revised by survivors, entirely disproves this calumny; which, besides, was in itself incredible to all who were acquainted with Captain Wordsworth's most temperate and even philosophic habits of life. So peculiarly, indeed, was Captain Wordsworth's temperament, and the whole system of his life, coloured by a grave and meditative turn of thought, that amongst his brother officers in the Company's service he bore the surname of "The Philosopher." And William Wordsworth, the poet, not only always spoke of him with a sort of respect that argued him to have been no ordinary man, but he has frequently assured me of one fact which, as implying some want of sincerity in himself, gave me pain to hear — viz. that in the fine lines entitled "The Happy Warrior," reciting the main elements which enter into the composition of a hero, he had in view chiefly his brother John's character. That was true, I daresay, but it was inconsistent in some measure with the note attached to the lines, by which the reader learns that it was out of reverence for Lord Nelson, as one who transcended the estimate here made, that the poem had not been openly connected with his name, as the real suggester of the thoughts. Now, privately, though still professing a lively admiration for the mighty Admiral, as one of the few men who carried into his professional labours a real and vivid genius

(and thus far Wordsworth often testified a deep admiration for Lord Nelson), yet, in reference to these particular lines, he uniformly declared that Lord Nelson was much below the ideal there contemplated, and that, in fact, it had been suggested by the recollection of his brother. But, if so, why should it have been dissembled? And surely, in some of the finest passages, this cannot be so; for example, when he makes it one trait of the heaven-born hero that he, if called upon to face some mighty day of trial —

" To which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind —
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired "—

then, at least, he must have had Lord Nelson's idea predominating in his thoughts; for Captain Wordsworth was scarcely tried in such a situation. There can be no doubt, however, that he merited the praises of his brother; and it was indeed an idle tale that he should first of all deviate from this philosophic temperance upon an occasion where his utmost energies and the fullest self-possession were all likely to prove little enough. In reality it was the pilot, the incompetent pilot, who caused the fatal catastrophe: — " O pilot, you have ruined me! " were amongst the last words that Captain Wordsworth was heard to utter — pathetic words, and fit for him, " a meek man and a brave," to use in addressing a last reproach to one who, not through misfortune or overruling will of Providence, but through miserable conceit and unprincipled levity, had brought total ruin upon so many gallant countrymen. Captain Wordsworth might have saved his own life; but the perfect loyalty of his nature to the claims upon him, that sublime fidelity to duty which is so often found amongst men of his profession, kept him to the last upon the wreck; and, after *that,* it is probable that the almost total wreck of his own fortunes (which, but for this overthrow, would have amounted to twenty thousand pounds, upon the successful termination of this one voyage), but still more the total ruin of the new and splendid Indiaman confided to his care, had so much dejected his spirits that he was not in a condition for making such efforts as, under a more hopeful prospect, he might have been able to make. Six weeks his body lay unrecovered; at the end of that time, it was found, and carried to the Isle of Wight, and buried in close neighbourhood to the quiet fields which he had so recently described in letters to his sister at Grasmere as a Paradise of English peace, to which his mind would be likely oftentimes to revert amidst the agitations of the sea.

Such were the modes of life pursued by three of the orphan children: such the termination of life to the youngest. Meantime, the one daughter of the house was read liberally, in the family of a relative at Windsor; and she might have pursued a quiet and decorous career, of a character, per-

haps, somewhat tame, under the same dignified auspices; but, at an early age, the good angel threw open to her a vista of nobler prospects, in the opportunity which then arose, and which she did not hesitate to seize, of becoming the companion, through a life of delightful wanderings — of what, to her more elevated friends, seemed little short of vagrancy — the companion and confidential friend, and, with a view to the enlargement of her own intellect, the pupil, of a brother, the most original and most meditative man of his own age.

William had passed his infancy on the very margin of the Lake District, just six miles, in fact, beyond the rocky screen of Whinlatter, and within one hour's ride of Bassenthwaite Water. To those who live in the tame scenery of Cockermouth, the blue mountains in the distance, the sublime peaks of Borrowdale and of Buttermere, raised aloft a signal, as it were, of a new country, a country of romance and mystery, to which the thoughts are habitually turning. Children are fascinated and haunted with vague temptations, when standing on the frontiers of such a foreign land; and so was Wordsworth fascinated, so haunted. Fortunate for Wordsworth that, at an early age, he was transferred to a quiet nook of this lovely district. At the little town of Hawkshead, seated on the north-west angle of Esthwaite Water, a grammar-school (which, in English usage, means a school for classical literature) was founded, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, by Archibishop Sandys, who belonged to the very ancient family of that name still seated in the neighbourhood. Hither were sent all the four brothers; and here it was that Wordsworth passed his life, from the age of nine until the time arrived for his removal to college. Taking into consideration the peculiar tastes of the person, and the peculiar advantages of the place, I conceive that no pupil of a public school can ever have passed a more luxurious boyhood than Wordsworth. The school discipline was not by many evidences very strict; the mode of living out of school very much resembled that of Eton for Oppidans; less elegant, no doubt, and less costly in its provisions for accommodation, but not less comfortable, and, in that part of the arrangements which was chiefly Etonian, even more so; for in both places the boys, instead of being gathered into one fold, and at night into one or two huge dormitories, were distributed amongst motherly old " dames," technically so called at Eton, but not at Hawkshead. In the latter place, agreeably to the inferior scale of the whole establishment, the houses were smaller, and more cottage-like, consequently more like private households: and the old lady of the *ménage* was more constantly amongst them, providing, with maternal tenderness and with a professional pride, for the comfort of her young flock, and protecting the weak from oppression. The humble cares to which poor matrons dedicated themselves may be collected from several allusions scattered through the poems of Wordsworth; that entitled " Nutting," for instance, in which his own early Spinosistic feeling is in-

troduced, of a mysterious presence diffused through the solitudes of woods, a presence that was disturbed by the intrusion of careless and noisy outrage, and which is brought into a strong relief by the previous homely picture of the old housewife equipping her young charge with beggar's weeds, in order to prepare him for a struggle with thorns and brambles. Indeed, not only the moderate rank of the boys, and the peculiar kind of relation assumed by these matrons, equally suggested this humble class of motherly attentions, but the whole spirit of the place and neighbourhood was favourable to an old English homeliness of domestic and personal economy. Hawkshead, most fortunately for its own manners and the primitive style of its habits even to this day, stands about six miles out of the fashionable line for the "Lakers."

Esthwaite, though a lovely scene in its summer garniture of woods, has no features of permanent grandeur to rely upon. A wet or gloomy day, even in summer, reduces it to little more than a wildish pond, surrounded by miniature hills: and the sole circumstances which restore the sense of a romantic region and an Alpine character are the towering groups of Langdale and Grasmere fells, which look over the little pastoral barriers of Esthwaite, from distances of eight, ten, and fourteen miles. Esthwaite, therefore, being no object for itself, and the sublime head of Coniston being accessible by road which evades Hawkshead, few tourists ever trouble the repose of this little village town. And in the days of which I am speaking (1778–1787) tourists were as yet few and infrequent to *any* parts of the country. Mrs. Radcliffe had not begun to cultivate the sense of the picturesque in her popular romances; guide-books, with the sole exception of "Gray's Posthumous Letters," had not arisen to direct public attention to this domestic Calabria; roads were rude, and, in many instances, not wide enough to admit post-chaises; but, above all, the whole system of travelling accommodations was barbarous and antediluvian for the requisitions of the pampered south. As yet the land had rest; the annual fever did not shake the very hills; and (which was the happiest immunity of the whole) false taste, the pseudo-romantic rage, had not violated the most awful solitudes amongst the ancient hills by opera-house decorations. Wordsworth, therefore, enjoyed this labyrinth of valleys in a perfection that no one can have experience since the opening of the present century. The whole was one paradise of virgin beauty; the rare works of man, all over the land, were hoar with the grey tints of an antique picturesque; nothing was new, nothing was raw and uncicatrized. Hawkshead, in particular, though tamely seated in itself and its immediate purlieus, has a most fortunate and central locality, as regards the best (at least the most interesting) scenes for a pedestrian rambler. The gorgeous scenery of Borrowdale, the austere sublimities of Wastdalehead, of Langdalehead, or Mardale — these are too oppressive, in their colossal proportions and their utter solitudes, for encouraging a perfectly human interest. Now, taking

Hawkshead as a centre, with a radius of about eight miles, one might describe a little circular tract which embosoms a perfect network of little valleys — separate wards or cells, at it were, of one larger valley, walled in by the great leading mountains of the region. Grasmere, Easedale, Great and Little Langdale, Tilberthwaite, Yewdale, Elter Water, Loughrigg Tarn, Skelwith, and many other little quiet nooks, lie within a single division of this labyrinthine district. All these are within one summer afternoon's ramble. And amongst these, for the years of his boyhood, lay the daily excursions of Wordsworth.

I do not conceive that Wordsworth *could* have been an amiable boy; he was austere and unsocial, I have reason to think, in his habits; not generous; and not self-denying. I am pretty certain that no consideration would ever have induced Wordsworth to burden himself with a lady's reticule, parasol, shawl, or anything exacting trouble and attention. Mighty must be the danger which would induce him to lead her horse by the bridle. Nor would he, without some demur, stop to offer her his hand over a stile. Freedom — unlimited, careless, insolent freedom — unoccupied possession of his own arms — absolute control of his own legs and motions — these have always been so essential to his comfort, that, in any case where they were likely to become questionable, he would have declined to make one of the party. Meantime, we are not to suppose that Wordsworth the boy expressly sought for solitary scenes of nature amongst woods and mountains with a direct conscious anticipation of imaginative pleasure, and loving them with a pure, disinterested love, on their own separate account. These are feelings beyond boyish nature, or, at all events, beyond boyish nature trained amidst the selfishness of social intercourse. Wordsworth, like his companions, haunted the hills and the vales for the sake of angling, snaring birds, swimming, and sometimes of hunting, according to the Westmoreland fashion (or the Irish fashion in Galway), on foot; for riding to the chase is quite impossible, from the precipitous nature of the ground. It was in the course of these pursuits, by an indirect effect growing gradually upon him, that Wordsworth became a passionate lover of nature, at the time when the growth of his intellectual faculties made it possible that he should combine those thoughtful passions with the experience of the eye and the ear.

One of the most interesting among the winter amusements of the Hawkshead boys was that of skating on the adjacent lake. Esthwaite Water is not one of the deep lakes, as its neighbours of Windermere, Coniston, and Grasmere are; consequently, a very slight duration of frost is sufficient to freeze it into a bearing strength. In this respect Wordsworth found the same advantages in his boyhood as afterwards at the University; for the county of Cambridge is generally liable to shallow waters; and that University breeds more good skaters than all the rest of England. About the year 1810, by way of expressing an interest in " The Friend," which

was just at that time appearing in weekly numbers, Wordsworth allowed Coleridge to print an extract from the poem on his own life, descriptive of the games celebrated upon the ice of Esthwaite by all who were able to skate: the mimic chases of hare and hounds, pursued long after the last orange gleam of light had died away from the western horizon — oftentimes far into the night; a circumstance which does not speak much for the discipline of the schools, or rather, perhaps, *does* speak much for the advantages of a situation so pure, and free from the usual perils of a town, as could allow of a discipline so lax. Wordsworth, in this fine descriptive passage — which I wish that I had at this moment the means of citing, in order to amplify my account of his earliest tyrocinium — speaks of himself as frequently wheeling aside from his joyous companions to cut across the image of a star; and thus, already in the midst of sportiveness, and by a movement of sportiveness, half unconsciously to himself expressing the growing necessity of retirement to his habits of thought. At another period of the year, when the golden summer allowed the students a long season of early play before the studies of the day began, he describes himself as roaming, hand-in-hand, with one companion, along the banks of Esthwaite Water, chanting, with one voice, the verses of Goldsmith and of Gray — verses which, at the time of recording the fact, he had come to look upon as either in parts false in the principles of their composition, or, at any rate, as far below the tone of high poetic passion; but which, at that time of life, when the profounder feelings were as yet only germinating, filled them with an enthusiasm

"More bright than madness and the dreams of wine."

Meanwhile, how prospered the classical studies which formed the main business of Wordsworth at Hawkshead? Not, in all probability, very well; for, though Wordsworth finally became a very sufficient master of the Latin language, and read certain favourite authors, especially Horace, with a critical nicety, and with a feeling for the felicities of his composition, I have reason to think that little of this skill had been obtained at Hawkshead. As to Greek, that is a language which Wordsworth never had energy enough to cultivate with effect.

From Hawkshead, and, I believe, after he had entered his eighteenth year (a time which is tolerably early on the English plan), probably at the latter end of the year 1787, Wordsworth entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. St. John's ranks as the second college in Cambridge — the second as to numbers, and influence, and general consideration; in the estimation of the Johnians as the first, or at least as co-equal in all things with Trinity; from which, at any rate, the general reader will collect that no such absolute supremacy is accorded to any society in Cambridge as in Oxford is accorded necessarily to Christ Church. The advantages of a large college are considerable, both to the idle man, who wishes to lurk unnoticed in

the crowd, and to the brilliant man, whose vanity could not be gratified by pre-eminence amongst the few. Wordsworth, though not idle as regarded his own pursuits, was so as regarded the pursuits of the place. With respect to them he felt — to use his own words — that his hour was not come; and that his doom for the present was a happy obscurity, which left him, unvexed by the torrents of competition, to the genial enjoyment of life in its most genial hours.

It will excite some astonishment when I mention that, on coming to Cambridge, Wordsworth actually assumed the beau, or, in modern slang, the "dandy." He dressed in silk stockings, had his hair powdered, and in all things plumed himself on his gentlemanly habits. To those who remember the slovenly dress of his middle and philosophic life, this will furnish matter for a smile.

Stranger still it is to tell that, for the first time in his life, Wordsworth became inebriated at Cambridge. It is but fair to add that the first time was also the last time. But perhaps the strangest part of the story is the occasion of this drunkenness; which was in celebration of his first visit to the very rooms at Christ College once occupied by Milton — intoxication by way of homage to the most temperate of men; and this homage offered by one who has turned out himself to the full as temperate! Every man, meantime, who is not a churl, must grant a privilege and charter of large enthusiasm to such an occasion. And an older man than Wordsworth (at that era not fully nineteen), and a man even without a poet's blood in his veins, might have leave to forget his sobriety in such circumstances. Besides which, after all, I have heard from Wordsworth's own lips that he was not too far gone to attend chapel decorously during the very acmé of his elevation.

The rooms which Wordsworth occupied at St. John's were singularly circumstanced; mementoes of what is highest and what is lowest in human things solicited the eye and the ear all day long. If the occupant approached the outdoors prospect, in one direction, there was visible, through the great windows in the adjacent chapel of Trinity, the statue of Newton "with his silent face and prism," memorials of the abstracting intellect, serene and absolute, emancipated from fleshly bonds. On the other, immediately below, stood the college kitchen; and, in that region, "from noon to dewy eve," resounded the shrill voice of scolding from the female ministers of the head cook, never suffering the mind to forget one of the meanest amongst human necessities. Wordsworth, however, as one who passed much of his time in social gaiety, was less in the way of this annoyance than a profounder student would have been. Probably he studied little beyond French and Italian during his Cambridge life; not, however, at any time forgetting (as I had so much reason to complain, when speaking of my Oxonian contemporaries) the literature of his own country. It is true that he took the regular degree of A.B., and in the

regular course; but this was won in those days by a mere nominal examination, unless where the mathematical attainments of the student prompted his ambition to contest the splendid distinction of Senior Wrangler. This, in common with all other honours of the University, is won in our days with far severer effort than in that age of relaxed discipline; but at no period could it have been won, let the malicious say what they will, without an amount of mathematical skill very much beyond what has ever been exacted of its *alumni* by any other European University. Wordsworth was a profound admirer of the sublimer mathematics; at least of the higher geometry. The secret of this admiration for geometry lay in the antagonism between this world of bodiless abstraction and the world of passion. And here I may mention appropriately, and I hope without any breach of confidence, that, in a great philosophic poem of Wordsworth's, which is still in MS., and will remain in MS. until after his death, there is, at the opening of one of the books, a dream, which reaches the very *ne plus ultra* of sublimity, in my opinion, expressly framed to illustrate the eternity, and the independence of all social modes or fashions of existence, conceded to these two hemispheres, as it were, that compose the total world of human power — mathematics on the one hand, poetry on the other.

I scarcely know whether I am entitled to quote — as my memory (though not refreshed by a sight of the poem for more than twenty years) would well enable me to do — any long extract; but thus much I may allowably say, as it cannot in any way affect Mr. Wordsworth's interests, that the form of the dream is as follows; and, by the way, even this form is not arbitrary; but, with exquisite skill in the art of composition, is made to arise out of the situation in which the poet had previously found himself, and is faintly prefigured in the elements of that situation. He had been reading " Don Quixote " by the seaside; and, oppressed by the heat of the sun, he had fallen asleep, whilst gazing on the barren sands before him. Even in these circumstances of the case — as, first, the adventurous and half-lunatic knight riding about the world, on missions of universal philanthropy, and, secondly, the barren sands of the sea-shore — one may read the germinal principles of the dream. He dreams that, walking in some sandy wilderness of Africa, some endless Zahara, he sees at a distance

> *" An Arab of the desert, lance in rest,*
> *Mounted upon a dromedary."*

The Arab rides forward to meet him; and the dreamer perceives, in the countenance of the rider, the agitation of fear, and that he often looks behind him in a troubled way, whilst in his hand he holds two books — one of which is " Euclid's Elements " ; the other (which is a book and yet not a book) seeming, in fact, a shell as well as a book — seeming

neither, and yet both at once. The Arab directs him to apply the shell to his ear; upon which,

" In an unknown tongue, which yet I understood,"

the dreamer says that he heard

" A wild prophetic blast of harmony,
An ode, as if in passion utter'd, that foretold
Destruction to the people of this earth
By deluge near at hand."

The Arab, with grave countenance, assures him that it is even so; that all was true which had been said; and that he himself was riding upon a divine mission, having it in charge

" To bury those two books;
The one that held acquaintance with the stars,
. . . undisturb'd by Space or Time;
The other, that was a god, yea, many gods,
Had voices more than all the winds, and was
A joy, a consolation, and a hope! "

That is, in effect, his mission is to secure the two great interests of poetry and mathematics from sharing in the watery ruin. As he talks, suddenly the dreamer perceives that the Arab's " countenance grew more disturbed," and that his eye was often reverted; upon which the dreaming poet also looks along the desert in the same direction; and in the far horizon he descries " a glittering light." What is it? he asks of the Arab rider. " It is," said the Arab, " the waters of the earth," that even then were travelling on their awful errand. Upon which, the poet sees this apostle of the desert riding

" Hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him: whereat I [meaning the poet] waked in terror,
And saw the sea before me, and the book
In which I had been reading at my side."

The sketch I have here given of this sublime dream sufficiently attests the interest which Wordsworth took in the mathematic studies of the place, and the exalted privilege which he ascribed to them of co-eternity with " the vision and the faculty divine " of the poet — the destiny common to both, of an endless triumph over the ruins of nature and of time. Meantime, he himself travelled no farther in these studies than through the six elementary books usually selected from the fifteen of Euclid. Whatever might be the interests of his speculative understanding, whatever

his admiration, practically he devoted himself to the more agitating interests of man, social and political, just then commencing that vast career of revolution which has never since been still or stationary; interests which in his mind alternated, nevertheless, with another and different interest, in the grander forms of external nature, as found amongst mountains and forests. In obedience to this latter passion it was — for a passion it had become — that during one of his long Cambridge vacations, stretching from June to November, he went over to Switzerland and Savoy, for a pedestrian excursion amongst the Alps; taking with him for his travelling companion a certain Mr. J——, of whom (excepting that he is once apostrophized in a sonnet, written at Calais in the year 1802) I never happened to hear him speak: whence I presume to infer that Mr. J—— owed this flattering distinction, not so much to any intellectual graces of his society, as, perhaps, to his powers of administering "punishment" (in the language of the "fancy") to restive and mutinous landlords; for such were abroad in those days, — people who presented huge reckonings with one hand, and with the other a huge cudgel, by way of opening the traveller's eyes to the propriety of settling them without demur, and without discount. I do not positively know this to have been the case; but I have heard Wordsworth speak of the ruffian landlords who played upon his youth in the Grisons; and, however well qualified to fight his own battles, he might find, amongst such savage mountaineers, two combatants better than one.

Wordsworth's route, on this occasion, lay at first through Austrian Flanders, then (1788, I think) on the fret for an insurrectionary war against the capricious innovations of the imperial coxcomb, Joseph II. He passed through the camps then forming, and thence ascended the Rhine to Switzerland; crossed the Great St. Bernard, visited the Lake of Como, and other interesting scenes in the north of Italy, where, by the way, the tourists were benighted in a forest — having, in some way or other, been misled by the Italian clocks and their peculiar fashion of striking round to twenty-four o'clock. On his return, Wordsworth published a quarto pamphlet of verses, describing, with very considerable effect and brilliancy, the grand scenery amongst which he had been moving. This poem, as well as another in the same quarto form, describing the English lake scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland, addressed by way of letter "to a young lady" (viz., Miss Wordsworth), are remarkable, in the first place, as the earliest effort of Wordsworth in verse, at least as his earliest publication; but, in the second place, and still more so, from their style of composition. "Pure description," even where it cannot be said, sneeringly, "to hold the place of sense," is so little attractive as the direct exclusive object of a poem, and in reality it exacts so powerful an effort on the part of the reader to realize visually, or make into an apprehensible unity, the scattered elements and circumstances of external landscapes painted only

by words, that, inevitably, and reasonably, it can never hope to be a popular form of composition; else it is highly probable that these "Descriptive Sketches" of Wordsworth, though afterwards condemned as vicious in their principles of composition by his own maturer taste, would really have gained him a high momentary notoriety with the public, had they been fairly brought under its notice; whilst, on the other hand, his revolutionary principles of composition, and his purer taste, ended in obtaining for him nothing but scorn and ruffian insolence. This seems marvellous; but, in fact, it is not so: it seems, I mean, *primâ facie*, marvellous that the inferior models should be fitted to gain a far higher reputation; but the secret lies here — that these were in a style of composition which, if sometimes false, had been long reconciled to the public feelings, and which, besides, have a specific charm for certain minds, even apart from all fashions of the day; whereas, his later poems had to struggle against sympathies long trained in an opposite direction, to which the recovery of a healthier tone (even where nature had made it possible) presupposed a difficult process of weaning, and an effort of discipline for re-organizing the whole internal economy of the sensibilities that is both painful and mortifying: for — and that is worthy of deep attention — the misgivings of any vicious or unhealthy state, the impulses and suspicious gleams of the truth struggling with cherished error, the instincts of light conflicting with darkness — these are the real causes of that hatred and intolerant scorn which is ever awakened by the first dawnings of new and important systems of truth. Therefore it is, that Christianity was so much more hated than any mere variety of error. Therefore are the first feeble struggles of nature towards a sounder state of health always harsh and painful; for the false system which this change for the better disturbs had, at least, this soothing advantage — that it was self-consistent. Therefore, also, was the Wordsworthian restoration of elementary power, and of a higher or transcendent truth of nature (or, as some people vaguely expressed the case, of *simplicity*), received at first with such malignant disgust. For there was a galvanic awakening in the shock of power, as it jarred against the ancient system of prejudices, which inevitably revealed so much of truth as made the mind jealous; enlightened it enough to descry its own wanderings, but not enough to recover the right road. The more energetic, the more spasmodically potent, are the throes of nature towards her own re-establishment in the cases of suspended animation — by drowning, strangling, etc. — the more keen is the anguish of revival. And, universally, a transition state is a state of suffering and disquiet. Meantime, the early poems of Wordsworth, that *might* have suited the public taste so much better than his more serious efforts, if the fashion of the hour, or the sanction of a leading review, or the *prestige* of a name, had happened to bring them under the public eye, did, in fact, drop unnoticed into the market. Nowhere have I seen them quoted — no, not even since the

author's victorious establishment in the public admiration. The reason may be, however, that not many copies were printed at first; no subsequent edition was ever called for; and yet, from growing interest in the author, every copy of the small impression had been studiously bought up. Indeed, I myself went to the publisher's (Johnson's) as early as 1805 or 1806, and bought up all the remaining copies (which were but six or seven of the Foreign Sketches, and two or three of the English), as presents, and as *future* curiosities in literature to literary friends whose interest in Wordsworth might assure one of a due value being put upon the poems. Were it not for this extreme scarcity, I am disposed to think that many lines or passages would long ere this have been made familiar to the public ear. Some are delicately, some forcibly picturesque; and the selection of circumstances is occasionally very original and felicitous. In particular, I remember this one, which presents an accident in rural life that must by thousands of repetitions have become intimately known to every dweller in the country, and yet had never before been consciously taken up for a poet's use. After having described the domestic cock as " sweetly ferocious " — a prettiness of phraseology which he borrows from an Italian author — he notices those competitions or defiances which are so often carried on interchangeably between barn-door cocks from great distances —

" Echoed by faintly answering farms remote."

This is a beautiful line in which he has caught and preserved so ordinary an occurrence — one, in fact, of the commonplaces which lend animation and a moral interest to rural life.

After his return from this Swiss excursion, Wordsworth took up his parting residence at Cambridge, and prepared for a final adieu to academic pursuits and academic society.

It was about this period that the French Revolution broke out; and the reader who would understand its appalling effects — its convulsing, revolutionary effects upon Wordsworth's heart and soul — should consult the history of the Solitary, as given by himself in " The Excursion "; for that picture is undoubtedly a leaf from the personal experience of Wordsworth —

" From that dejection I was roused — but how? "

Mighty was the transformation which it wrought in the whole economy of his thoughts; miraculous almost was the expansion which it gave to his human sympathies; chiefly in this it showed its effects — in throwing the thoughts inwards into grand meditations upon man, his final destiny, his ultimate capacities of elevation; and, secondly, in giving to the whole system of the thoughts and feelings a firmer tone, and a sense of the awful *realities* which surround the mind; by comparison with which the previous literary tastes seemed (even where they were fine and elegant, as in Collins

or Gray, unless where they had the self-sufficing reality of religion, as in Cowper) fanciful and trivial. In all lands this result was accomplished, and at the same time: Germany, above all, found her new literature the mere creation and rebound of this great moral tempest; and, in Germany or England alike, the poetry was entirely regenerated, thrown into moulds of thought and of feeling so new, that the poets everywhere felt themselves to be putting away childish things, and now first, among those of their own century, entering upon the dignity and the sincere thinking of mature manhood.

Wordsworth, it is well known to all who know anything of his history, felt himself so fascinated by the gorgeous festival era of the Revolution — that era when the sleeping snakes which afterwards stung the national felicity were yet covered with flowers — that he went over to Paris, and spent about one entire year between that city, Orléans, and Blois. There, in fact, he continued to reside almost too long. He had been sufficiently connected with public men to have drawn upon himself some notice from those who afterwards composed the Committee of Public Safety. And, as an Englishman, when that partiality began to droop which at an earlier period had protected the English name, he became an object of gloomy suspicion with those even who would have grieved that he should fall a victim to undistinguishing popular violence. Already *for* England, and in her behalf, he was thought to be that spy which (as Coleridge tells us in his " Biographia Literaria ") afterwards he was accounted by Mr. Pitt's emissaries, in the worst of services *against* her. I doubt, however (let me say it without impeachment of Coleridge's veracity — for he was easily duped), this whole story about Mr. Pitt's Somersetshire spies; and it has often struck me with astonishment that Coleridge should have suffered his personal pride to take so false a direction as to court the humble distinction of having been suspected as a conspirator, in those very years when poor empty tympanies of men, such as Thelwall, Holcroft, etc., were actually recognized as enemies of the state, and worthy of a state surveillance, by ministers so blind and grossly misinformed as, on this point, were Pitt and Dundas. Had I been Coleridge, instead of saving Mr. Pitt's reputation with posterity, by ascribing to him a jealousy which he or his agents had not the discernment to cherish, I would have boldly planted myself upon the fact, the killing fact, that he had utterly ignored both myself (Coleridge, to wit) and Wordsworth. Even with Dogberry, *I* would have insisted upon that — " Set down, also, that I am an ass! " Clamorous should have been my exultation in this fact.

In France, however, Wordsworth had a chance, in good earnest, of passing for the traitor that, in England, no rational person ever thought him. He had chosen his friends carelessly; nor could any man, the most sagacious, have chosen them safely, in a time when the internal schisms of the very same general party brought with them worse hostilities and more

personal perils than even, upon the broader divisions of party, could have attended the most *ultra* professions of anti-national politics, and when the rapid changes of position shifted the peril from month to month. One individual is especially recorded by Wordsworth, in the poem on his own life, as a man of the highest merit, and personal qualities the most brilliant, who ranked first upon the list of Wordsworth's friends; and this man was so far a safe friend, at one moment, as he was a republican general — finally, indeed, a commander-in-chief. This was Beaupuis; and the description of his character and position is singularly interesting. There is, in fact, a special value and a use about the case; it opens one's eyes feelingly to the fact that, even in this thoughtless people, so full of vanity and levity, nevertheless, the awful temper of the times, and the dread burden of human interests with which it was charged, had called to a consciousness of new duties, had summoned to an audit, as if at some great final tribunal, even the gay, radiant creatures that, under less solemn auspices, under the reign of a Francis I or a Louis XIV, would have been the merest painted butterflies of the court sunshine. This Beaupuis was a man of superb person — beautiful in a degree which made him a painter's model, both as to face and figure; and, accordingly, in a land where conquests of that nature were so easy, and the subjects of so trifling an effort, he had been distinguished, to his own as well as the public eyes, by a rapid succession of *bonnes fortunes* amongst women. Such, and so glorified by triumphs the most unquestionable and flattering, had the earthquake of the Revolution found him. From that moment he had no leisure, not a thought, to bestow upon his former selfish and frivolous pursuits. He was hurried, as one inspired by some high apostolic passion, into the service of the unhappy and desolate serfs amongst his own countrymen — such as are described at an earlier date, by Madame de Sévigné, as the victims of feudal institutions; and one day, as he was walking with Wordsworth in the neighbourhood of Orléans, and they had turned into a little quiet lane, leading off from a heath, suddenly they came upon the following spectacle: — A girl, seventeen or eighteen years old, hunger-bitten, and wasted to a meagre shadow, was knitting, in a dejected, drooping way; whilst to her arm was attached, by a rope, the horse, equally famished, that earned the miserable support of her family. Beaupuis comprehended the scene in a moment; and, seizing Wordsworth by the arm, he said, — "Dear English friend! — brother from a nation of freemen! — *that* it is which is the curse of our people, in their widest section; and to cure this it is, as well as to maintain our work against the kings of the earth, that blood must be shed and tears must flow for many years to come!" At that time the Revolution had not fulfilled its tendencies; as yet, the king was on the throne; the fatal 10th of August 1792 had not dawned; and thus far there was safety for a subject of kings. The irresistible stream was hurrying forwards. The king fell; and (to pause for a moment) how

divinely is the fact recorded by Wordsworth, in the MS. poem on his own life, placing the awful scenes past and passing in Paris under a pathetic relief from the description of the golden, autumnal day, sleeping in sunshine —

> *"When I*
> *Towards the fierce metropolis bent my steps,*
> *The homeward road to England. From his throne*
> *The king had fallen," etc.*

What a picture does he give of the fury which there possessed the public mind; of the frenzy which shone in every eye, and through every gesture; of the stormy groups assembled at the Palais Royal, of the Tuileries, with "hissing factionists" for ever in their centre, "hissing" from the self-baffling of their own madness, and incapable from wrath of speaking clearly; of fear already creeping over the manners of multitudes; of stealthy movements through back streets; plotting and counter-plotting in every family; feuds to extermination, dividing children of the same house for ever; scenes such as those of the Chapel Royal (now silenced on that *public* stage), repeating themselves daily amongst private friends; and, to show the universality of this maniacal possession — that it was no narrow storm discharging its fury by local concentration upon a single city, but that it overspread the whole realm of France — a picture is given, wearing the same features, of what passed daily at Orléans, Blois, and other towns. The citizens are described in the attitudes they assumed at the daily coming in of the post from Paris; the fierce sympathy is portrayed with which they echoed back the feelings of their compatriots in the capital: men of all parties had been there up to this time — aristocrats as well as democrats; and one, in particular, of the former class is put forward as a representative of his class. This man, duly as the hour arrived which brought the Parisian newspapers, read restlessly of the tumults and insults amongst which the Royal Family now passed their days; of the decrees by which his own order were threatened or assailed; of the self-expatriation, now continually swelling in amount, as a measure of despair on the part of myriads, as well priests as gentry — all this and worse he read in public; and still, as he read,

> *"His hand*
> *Haunted his sword, like an uneasy spot*
> *In his own body."*

In short, as there never has been so strong a national convulsion diffused so widely, with equal truth it may be asserted, that no describer, so powerful, or idealizing so magnificently what he deals with, has ever been a real living spectator of parallel scenes. The French, indeed, it may be said, are far enough from being a people profound in feeling. True; but,

of all people, they most exhibit their feeling on the surface; are the most *demonstrative* (to use a modern term) and most of all (except Italians) mark their feelings by outward expression of gesticulation: not to insist upon the obvious truth — that even a people of shallow feeling may be deeply moved by tempests which uproot the forest of a thousand years' growth; by changes in the very organization of society, such as throw all things, for a time, into one vast anarchy; and by murderous passions, alternately the effect and the cause of that same chaotic anarchy. Now, it was in this autumn of 1792, as I have already said, that Wordsworth parted finally from his illustrious friend — for, all things considered, he may be justly so entitled — the gallant Beaupuis. This great season of public trial had searched men's natures; revealed their real hearts; brought into light and action qualities oftentimes not suspected by their possessors; and had thrown men, as in elementary states of society, each upon his own native resources, unaided by the old conventional forces of rank and birth. Beaupuis had shone to unusual advantage under this general trial; he had discovered, even to the philosophic eye of Wordsworth, a depth of benignity very unusual in a Frenchman; and not of local, contracted benignity, but of large, illimitable, apostolic devotion to the service of the poor and the oppressed — a fact the more remarkable as he had all the pretensions in his own person of high birth and high rank, and, so far as he had any personal interest embarked in the struggle, should have allied himself with the aristocracy. But of selfishness in any shape he had no vestiges; or, if he had, it showed itself in a slight tinge of vanity; yet, no — it was not vanity, but a radiant quickness of sympathy with the eye which expressed admiring love — sole relic of the chivalrous devotion once dedicated to the service of ladies. Now, again, he put on the garb of chivalry; it was a chivalry the noblest in the world, which opened his ear to the Pariah and the oppressed all over his misorganized country. A more apostolic fervour of holy zealotry in this great cause had not been seen since the days of Bartholomew las Casas, who showed the same excess of feeling in another direction. This sublime dedication of his being to a cause which, in his conception of it, extinguished all petty considerations for himself, and made him thenceforwards a creature of the national will — " a son of France," in a more eminent and loftier sense than according to the heraldry of Europe — had extinguished even his sensibility to the voice of worldly honour. " Injuries," says Wordsworth —

" Injuries
Made him more gracious."

And so utterly had he submitted his own will or separate interests to the transcendent voice of his country, which, in the main, he believed to be now speaking authentically for the first time since the foundations of Christendom, that, even against the motions of his own heart, he adopted

the hatreds of the young republic, growing cruel in his purposes towards the ancient oppressor, out of very excess of love for the oppressed; and, against the voice of his own order, as well as in stern oblivion of many early friendships, he became the champion of democracy in the struggle everywhere commencing with prejudice or feudal privilege. Nay, he went so far upon the line of this new crusade against the evils of the world that he even accepted, with a conscientious defiance of his own quiet homage to the erring spirit of loyalty embarked upon that cause, a commission in the Republican armies preparing to move against La Vendée; and, finally, in that cause, as commander-in-chief, he laid down his life. "He perished," says Wordsworth —

> *"He perished fighting, in supreme command,*
> *Upon the banks of the unhappy Loire."*

Homewards fled all the English from a land which now was fast making ready the shambles for its noblest citizens. Thither also came Wordsworth; and there he spent his time for a year and more chiefly in London, overwhelmed with shame and despondency for the disgrace and scandal brought upon Liberty by the atrocities committed in that holy name. Upon this subjects he dwells with deep emotion in the poem on his own life; and he records the awful triumph for retribution accomplished which possessed him when crossing the sands of the great Bay of Morecambe from Lancaster to Ulverstone, and hearing from a horseman who passed him, in reply to the question — *Was there any news?* — "Yes, that Robespierre had perished." Immediately a passion seized him, a transport of almost epileptic fervour, prompting him, as he stood alone upon this perilous waste of sands, to shout aloud anthems of thanksgiving for this great vindication of eternal justice. Still, though justice was done upon one great traitor to the cause, the cause itself was overcast with clouds too heavily to find support and employment for the hopes of a poet who had believed in a golden era ready to open upon the prospects of human nature. It gratified and solaced his heart that the indignation of mankind should have wreaked itself upon the chief monsters that had outraged their nature and their hopes; but for the present he found it necessary to comfort his disappointment by turning away from politics to studies less capable of deceiving his expectations.

From this period, therefore — that is, from the year 1794–95 — we may date the commencement of Wordsworth's entire self-dedication to poetry as the study and main business of his life. Somewhere about this period also (though, according to my remembrance of what Miss Wordsworth once told me, I think one year or so later) his sister joined him; and they began to keep house together: once at Race Down, in Dorsetshire; once at Clevedon, on the coast of Somersetshire; then amongst the Quantock Hills, in the same county, or in that neighbourhood; particularly

at Alfoxton, a beautiful country house, with a grove and shrubbery attached, belonging to Mr. St. Aubyn, a minor, and let (I believe) on the terms of keeping the house in repair. Whilst resident at this last place it was, as I have generally understood, and in the year 1797 or 1798, that Wordsworth first became acquainted with Coleridge; though possibly in the year I am wrong; for it occurs to me that, in a poem of Coleridge's dated in 1796, there is an allusion to a young writer of the name of Wordsworth as one who had something austere in his style, but otherwise was more original than any other poet of the age; and it is probable that this knowledge of the poetry would be subsequent to a personal knowledge of the author, considering the little circulation which any poetry of a Wordsworthian stamp would be likely to attain at that time.

It was at Alfoxton that Miss Mary Hutchinson visited her cousins the Wordsworths, and there, or previously in the north of England, at Stockton-upon-Tees and Darlington, that the attachment began between Miss Mary Hutchinson and Wordsworth which terminated in their marriage about the beginning of the present century. The marriage took place in the north; somewhere, I believe, in Yorkshire; and, immediately after the ceremony, Wordsworth brought his bride to Grasmere; in which most lovely of English valleys he had previously obtained, upon a lease of seven or eight years, the cottage in which I found him living at my first visit to him in November 1807. I have heard that there was a paragraph inserted on this occasion in the "Morning Post" or "Courier" — and I have an indistinct remembrance of having once seen it myself — which described this event of the poet's marriage in the most ludicrous terms of silly pastoral sentimentality; the cottage being described as "the abode of content and all the virtues," the vale itself in the same puerile slang, and the whole event in the style of allegorical trifling about the Muses, etc. The masculine and severe taste of Wordsworth made him peculiarly open to annoyance from such absurd trifling; and, unless his sense of the ludicrous overpowered his graver feelings, he must have been much displeased with the paragraph. But, after all, I have understood that the whole affair was an unseasonable jest of Coleridge's or Lamb's.

To us, who, in after years, were Wordsworth's friends, or, at least, intimate acquaintances — viz., to Professor Wilson and myself — the most interesting circumstance in this marriage, the one which perplexed us exceedingly, was the very possibility that it should ever have been brought to bear. For we could not conceive of Wordsworth as submitting his faculties to the humilities and devotion of courtship. That self-surrender — that prostration of mind by which a man is too happy and proud to express the profundity of his service to the woman of his heart — it seemed a mere impossibility that ever Wordsworth should be brought to feel for a single instant; and what he did not sincerely feel, assuredly he was not the person to profess. Wordsworth, I take it upon myself to say, had not

the feelings within him which make this total devotion to a woman possible. There never lived a woman whom he would not have lectured and admonished under circumstances that should have seemed to require it; nor would he have conversed with her in any mood whatever without wearing an air of mild condescension to her understanding. To lie at her feet, to make her his idol, to worship her very caprices, and to adore the most unreasonable of her frowns — these things were impossible to Wordsworth; and being so, never could he, in any emphatic sense, have been a lover.

A lover, I repeat, in any passionate sense of the word, Wordsworth could not have been. And, moreover, it is remarkable that a woman who could dispense with that sort of homage in her suitor is not of a nature to inspire such a passion. That same meekness which reconciles her to the tone of superiority and freedom in the manner of her suitor, and which may afterwards in a wife become a sweet domestic grace, strips her of that too charming irritation, captivating at once and tormenting, which lurks in feminine pride. If there be an enchantress's spell yet surviving in this age of ours, it is the haughty grace of maidenly pride — the womanly sense of dignity, even when most in excess, and expressed in the language of scorn — which tortures a man and lacerates his heart, at the same time that it pierces him with admiration: —

> *"Oh, what a world of scorn looks beautiful*
> *In the contempt and anger of her lip!"*

And she who spares a man the agitations of this thraldom robs him no less of its divinest transports. Wordsworth, however, who never could have laid aside his own nature sufficiently to have played *his* part in such an impassioned courtship, by suiting himself to this high sexual pride with the humility of a lover, quite as little could have enjoyed the spectacle of such a pride, or have viewed it in any degree as an attraction: it would to him have been a pure vexation. Looking down even upon the lady of his heart, as upon the rest of the world, from the eminence of his own intellectual superiority — viewing her, in fact, as a child — he would be much more disposed to regard any airs of feminine disdain she might assume as the impertinence of girlish levity than as the caprice of womanly pride; and much I fear that, in any case of dispute, he would have called even his mistress, "Child! child!" and perhaps even (but this I do not say with the same certainty) might have bid her hold her tongue.

If, however, no lover, in a proper sense, — though, from many exquisite passages, one might conceive that at some time of his life he was, as especially from the inimitable stanzas beginning —

> *"When she I loved was strong and gay,*
> *And like a rose in June,"*

or perhaps (but less powerfully so, because here the passion, though profound, is less the *peculiar* passion of love) from the impassioned lamentation for "the pretty Barbara," beginning —

> *"'Tis said that some have died for love:*
> *And here and there, amidst unhallow'd ground*
> *In the cold north," etc. —*

yet, if no lover, or (which some of us have sometimes thought) a lover disappointed at some earlier period, by the death of her he loved, or by some other fatal event (for he always preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of that "Lucy," repeatedly alluded to or apostrophized in his poems); at all events he made what for him turned out a happy marriage. Few people have lived on such terms of entire harmony and affection as he lived with the woman of his final choice. Indeed, the sweetness, almost unexampled, of temper, which shed so sunny a radiance over Mrs. Wordsworth's manners, sustained by the happy life she led, the purity of her conscience, and the uniformity of her good health, made it impossible for anybody to have quarrelled with *her;* and whatever fits of ill-temper Wordsworth might have — for, with all his philosophy, he had such fits — met with no fuel to support them, except in the more irritable temperament of his sister. She was all fire, and an ardour which, like that of the first Lord Shaftesbury,

> *"O'er-informed its tenement of clay";*

and, as this ardour looked out in every gleam of her wild eyes (those "wild eyes" so finely noticed in the "Tintern Abbey"), as it spoke in every word of her self-baffled utterance, as it gave a trembling movement to her very person and demeanour — easily enough it might happen that any apprehension of an unkind word should with her kindle a dispute. It might have happened: and yet, to the great honour of both, having such impassioned temperaments, rarely it did happen; and this was the more remarkable, as I have been assured that both were, in childhood, irritable or even ill-tempered, and they were constantly together; for Miss Wordsworth was always ready to walk out — wet or dry, storm or sunshine, night or day; whilst Mrs. Wordsworth was completely dedicated to her maternal duties, and rarely left the house, unless when the weather was tolerable, or, at least, only for short rambles. I should not have noticed this trait in Wordsworth's occasional manners, had it been gathered from domestic or confidential opportunities. But, on the contrary, the first two occasions on which, after months' domestic intercourse with Wordsworth, I became aware of his possible ill-humour and peevishness, were so public, that others, and those strangers, must have been equally made parties to the scene. This scene occurred in Kendal.

Having brought down the history of Wordsworth to the time of his marriage, I am reminded by that event to mention the singular good fortune, in all points of worldly prosperity, which has accompanied him through life. His marriage — the capital event of life — was fortunate, and inaugurated a long succession of other prosperities. He has himself described, in his " Leech-Gatherer," the fears that at one time, or at least in some occasional moments of his life, haunted him, lest at some period or other he might be reserved for poverty. " Cold, pain, and hunger, and all fleshly ills," occurred to his boding apprehension, and " mighty poets in their misery dead."

> *" He thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,*
> *The sleepless soul that perished in its pride;*
> *Of him who walked in glory and in joy*
> *Following his plough along the mountain-side."*

And, at starting on his career of life, certainly no man had plainer reasons for anticipating the worst evils that have ever persecuted poets, excepting only two reasons which might warrant him in hoping better; and these two were — his great prudence, and the temperance of his daily life. He could not be betrayed into foolish engagements; he could not be betrayed into expensive habits. Profusion and extravagance had no hold over him, by any one passion or taste. He was not luxurious in anything; was not vain or even careful of external appearances (not, at least, since he had left Cambridge, and visited a mighty nation in civil convulsions); was not even in the article of books expensive. Very few books sufficed him; he was careless habitually of all the current literature, or indeed of any literature that could not be considered as enshrining the very ideal, capital, and elementary grandeur of the human intellect. In this extreme limitation of his literary sensibilities he was as much assisted by that accident of his own intellectual condition — viz., extreme, intense, unparalleled *onesidedness* (*einseitigkeit*) — as by any peculiar sanity of feeling. Thousands of books that have given rapturous delight to millions of ingenuous minds for Wordsworth were absolutely a dead letter — closed and sealed up from his sensibilities and his powers of appreciation, not less than colours from a blind man's eye. Even the few books which his peculiar mind had made indispensable to him were not in such a sense indispensable as they would have been to a man of more sedentary habits. He lived in the open air, and the enormity of pleasure which both he and his sister drew from the common appearances of nature and their everlasting variety — variety so infinite that, if no one leaf of a tree or shrub ever exactly resembled another in all its filaments and their arrangement, still less did any one day ever repeat another in all its pleasurable elements. This pleasure was to him in the stead of many libraries: —

" One impulse, from a vernal wood,
Could teach him more of Man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

And he, we may be sure, who could draw,

" Even from the meanest flower that blows,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," —

to whom the mere daisy, the pansy, the primrose, could furnish pleasures — not the puerile ones which his most puerile and worldly insulters imagined, but pleasures drawn from depths of reverie and meditative tenderness far beyond all power of *their* hearts to conceive: that man would hardly need any large variety of books. In fact, there were only two provinces of literature in which Wordsworth could be looked upon as decently well read — Poetry and Ancient History. Nor do I believe that he would much have lamented, on his own account, if all books had perished, excepting the entire body of English Poetry, and, perhaps, " Plutarch's Lives."

With these simple or rather austere tastes, Wordsworth (it might seem) had little reason to fear poverty, supposing him in possession of any moderate income; but meantime he had none. About the time when he left college, I have good grounds for believing that his whole regular income was precisely = 0. Some fragments must have survived from the funds devoted to his education; and with these, no doubt, he supported the expenses of his Continental tours, and his year's residence in France. But, at length, " cold, pain, and hunger, and all fleshly ills," must have stared him in the face pretty earnestly. And hope of longer evading an unpleasant destiny of daily toil, in some form or other, there seemed absolutely none. " For," as he himself expostulates with himself —

" For how can he *expect that others should*
Sow for him, build for him, *and, at his call,*
Love him, who for himself will take no thought at all?"

In this dilemma, he had all but resolved, as Miss Wordsworth once told me, to take pupils; and perhaps *that,* though odious enough, was the sole resource he had; for Wordsworth never acquired any popular talent of writing for the current press; and, at that period of his life, he was gloomily unfitted for bending to such a yoke. In this crisis of his fate it was that Wordsworth, for once, and once only, became a martyr to some nervous affection. *That* raised pity; but I could not forbear smiling at the remedy, or palliation, which his few friends adopted. Every night they played at cards with him, as the best mode of beguiling his sense of distress, whatever that might be: *cards,* which, in any part of the thirty-

and-one years since *I* have known Wordsworth, could have had as little power to interest him, or to cheat him of sorrow, as marbles or a top. However, so it was; for my information could not be questioned: it came from Miss Wordsworth.

The crisis, as I have said, had arrived for determining the future colour of his life. Memorable it is, that exactly in those critical moments when some decisive step had first become necessary, there happened the first instance of Wordsworth's good luck; and equally memorable that, at measured intervals throughout the long sequel of his life since then, a regular succession of similar but superior windfalls have fallen in, to sustain his expenditure, in exact concurrence with the growing claims upon his purse. A more fortunate man, I believe, does not exist than Wordsworth. The aid which now dropped from heaven, as it were, to enable him to range at will in paths of his own choosing, and

"Finally array
His temples with the Muses' diadem,"

came in the shape of a bequest from Raisley Calvert, a young man of good family in Cumberland, who died about this time of pulmonary consumption. A very remarkable young man he must have been, this Raisley Calvert, to have discerned, at this early period, that future superiority in Wordsworth which so few people suspected. He was the brother of a Cumberland gentleman, whom slightly I know; a generous man, doubtless; for he made no sort of objections (though legally, I have heard, he might) to his brother's farewell memorial of regard; a good man to all his dependents, as I have generally understood, in the neighborhood of Windy Brow, his mansion, near Keswick; and, as Southey always said (who must know better than I could do), a man of strong natural endowments; else, as his talk was of oxen, I might have made the mistake of supposing him to be, in heart and soul, what he was in profession — a mere farming country gentleman, whose ambition was chiefly directed to the turning up of mighty turnips. The sum left by Raisley Calvert was £900; and it was laid out in an annuity. This was the basis of Wordsworth's prosperity in life; and upon this he has built up, by a series of accessions, in which each step, taken separately for itself, seems perfectly natural, whilst the total result has undoubtedly something wonderful about it, the present goodly edifice of his fortunes. Next in the series came the present Lord Lonsdale's repayment of his predecessor's debt. Upon that, probably, it was that Wordsworth felt himself entitled to marry. Then, I believe, came some fortune with Miss Hutchinson; then — that is, fourthly — some worthy uncle of the same lady was pleased to betake himself to a better world, leaving to various nieces, and especially to Mrs. Wordsworth, something or other — I forget what, but it was expressed by thousands of pounds. At this moment, Wordsworth's family had begun to increase;

and the worthy old uncle, like everybody else in Wordsworth's case, finding his property very clearly "wanted," and, as people would tell him, "bespoke," felt how very indelicate it would look for him to stay any longer in this world; and so off he moved. But Wordsworth's family, and the wants of that family, still continued to increase; and the next person — viz., the fifth — who stood in the way, and must, therefore, have considered himself rapidly growing into a nuisance, was the stamp-distributor for the county of Westmoreland. About March 1814, I think it was, that his very comfortable situation was wanted. Probably it took a month for the news to reach him; because in April, and not before, feeling that he had received a proper notice to quit, he, good man (this stamp distributor), like all the rest, distributed himself and his office into two different places — the latter falling, of course, into the hands of Wordsworth.

This office, which it was Wordsworth's pleasure to speak of as "a little one," yielded, I believe, somewhere about £500 a year. Gradually, even *that,* with all former sources of income, became insufficient; which ought not to surprise anybody; for a son at Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, would spend, at the least, £300 per annum; and there were other children. Still, it is wrong to say that it *had* become insufficient; as usual, it had not come to that; but, on the first symptoms arising that it soon *would* come to that, somebody, of course, had notice to consider himself a sort of nuisance-elect; — in this case, it was the distributor of stamps for the county of Cumberland. His district was absurdly large; and what so reasonable as that he should submit to a Polish partition of his profits — no, not Polish; for, on reflection, such a partition neither was nor could be attempted with regard to an actual incumbent. But then, since people had such consideration for him as not to remodel the office so long as he lived, on the other hand, the least he could do for "people" in return — so as to show his sense of this consideration — was not to trespass on so much goodness longer than necessary. Accordingly, here, as in all cases before, the *Deus ex machinâ* who invariably interfered when any *nodus* arose in Wordsworth's affairs, such as could be considered *vindice dignus,* caused the distributor to begone into a region where no stamps are wanted, about the very month, or so, when an additional £400 per annum became desirable. This, or perhaps more, was understood to have been added, by the new arrangement, to the Westmoreland distributorship; the small towns of Keswick and Cockermouth, together with the important one of Whitehaven, being severed, under this remodelling, from their old dependency on Cumberland (to which geographically they belonged), and transferred to the small territory of rocky Westmoreland, the sum total of whose inhabitants was at that time not much above 50,000; of which number, one third, or nearly so, was collected into the only important town of Kendal; but, of the other two thirds, a larger proportion was a simple agricultural or pastoral population

than anywhere else in England. In Westmoreland, therefore, it may be supposed that the stamp demand could not have been so great, not perhaps by three quarters, as in Cumberland; which, besides having a population at least three times as large, had more and larger towns. The result of this new distribution was something that approached to an equalization of the districts — giving to each, as was said, in round terms, a thousand a year.

Thus I have traced Wordsworth's ascent through its several steps and stages, to what, for his moderate desires and habits so philosophic, may be fairly considered opulence. And it must rejoice every man who joins in the public homage *now* rendered to his powers (and what man is to be found that, more or less, does not?) to hear, with respect to one so lavishly endowed by nature, that he has not been neglected by fortune; that he has never had the finer edge of his sensibilities dulled by the sad anxieties, the degrading fears, the miserable dependencies of debt; that he has been blessed with competency even when poorest; has had hope and cheerful prospects in reversion through every stage of his life; that at all times he has been liberated from *reasonable* anxieties about the final interests of his children; that at all times he has been blessed with leisure, the very amplest that ever man enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits the most delightful; yes, that, even as regards those delicate and coy pursuits, he has possessed, in combination, all the conditions for their most perfect culture — the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery — Paradise for his eye, in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows, Paradise for his heart, in the perpetual happiness of his own fireside; and, finally, when increasing years might be supposed to demand something more of modern luxuries, and expanding intercourse with society something more of refined elegancies, that his means, still keeping pace in almost arithmetical ratio with his wants, had shed the graces of art upon the failing powers of nature, had stripped infirmity of discomfort, and (so far as the necessities of things will allow) had placed the final stages of life, by means of many compensations, by universal praise, by plaudits reverberated from senates, benedictions wherever his poems have penetrated, honour, troops of friends — in short, by all that miraculous prosperity can do to evade the primal decrees of nature, had placed the final stages upon a level with the first.

But now, reverting to the subject of Wordsworth's prosperity, I have numbered up six separate stages of good luck — six instances of pecuniary showers emptying themselves into his very bosom, at the very moments when they *began* to be needed, on the first symptoms that they might be wanted — accesses of fortune stationed upon his road like repeating frigates, connecting, to all appearance, some preconcerted line of operations, and, amidst the tumults of chance, wearing as much the air of purpose and design as if they supported a human plan. I have come down to the sixth

case. Whether there were any seventh, I do not know: but confident I feel that, had a seventh been required by circumstances, a seventh would have happened. So true it is that still, as Wordsworth needed a place or a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a summons to surrender it: so certainly was this impressed upon my belief, as one of the blind necessities making up the prosperity and fixed destiny of Wordsworth, that, for myself, had I happened to know of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine to an existing need of Wordsworth's, forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for his life. I would have laid it down at his feet. " Take it," I should have said; " take it, or in three weeks I shall be a dead man."

Well, let me pause: I think the reader is likely by this time to have a slight notion of *my* notion of Wordsworth's inevitable prosperity, and the sort of *lien* that he had upon the incomes of other men who happened to stand in his way. The same prosperity attended the other branches of the family, with the single exception of John, the brother who perished in the *Abergavenny:* and even he was prosperous up to the moment of his fatal accident. As to Miss Wordsworth, who will, by some people, be classed amongst the non-prosperous, I rank her amongst the most fortunate of women; or, at least, if regard be had to that period of life which is most capable of happiness. Her fortune, after its repayment by Lord Lonsdale, was, much of it, confided, with a sisterly affection, to the use of her brother John; and part of it, I have heard, perished in his ship. How much, I never felt myself entitled to ask; but certainly a part was on that occasion understood to have been lost irretrievably. Either it was that only a partial insurance had been effected; or else the nature of the accident, being in home waters (off the coast of Dorsetshire), might, by the nature of the contract, have taken the case out of the benefit of the policy. This loss, however, had it even been total, for a single sister amongst a family of flourishing brothers, could not be of any lasting importance. A much larger number of voices would proclaim her to have been unfortunate in life because she made no marriage connexion; and certainly, the insipid as well as unfeeling ridicule which descends so plentifully upon those women who, perhaps from strength of character, have refused to make such a connexion where it promised little of elevated happiness, *does* make the state of singleness somewhat of a trial to the patience of many; and to many the vexation of this trial has proved a snare for beguiling them of their honourable resolutions. Meantime, as the opportunities are rare in which all the conditions concur for happy marriage connections, how important it is that the dignity of high-minded women should be upheld by society in the honourable election they make of a self-dependent virgin seclusion, by preference to a heartless marriage! Such women, as Mrs. Trollope justly remarks, fill a place in society which in their default would *not* be filled, and are available for duties requiring a tenderness and

a punctuality that could not be looked for from women preoccupied with household or maternal claims. If there were no regular fund (so to speak) of women free from conjugal and maternal duties, upon what body could we draw for our " sisters of mercy," etc.? In another point Mrs. Trollope is probably right: few women live unmarried from necessity. Miss Wordsworth had several offers; amongst them, to my knowledge, one from Hazlitt; all of them she rejected decisively. And she did right. A happier life, by far, was hers in youth, coming as near as difference of scenery and difference of religions would permit to that which was promised to Ruth — the Ruth of her brother's creation — by the youth who came from Georgia's shore; for, though not upon American savannah, or Canadian lakes —

" With all their fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds,"

yet, amongst the loveliest scenes of sylvan England, and (at intervals) of sylvan Germany — amongst lakes, too, far better fitted to give the *sense* of their own character than the vast inland *seas* of America, and amongst mountains more romantic than many of the chief ranges in that country — her time fleeted away like some golden age, or like the life of primeval man; and she, like Ruth, was for years allowed

" To run, though not *a bride,*
A sylvan huntress, by the side"

of him to whom she, like Ruth, had dedicated her days, and to whose children, afterwards, she dedicated a love like that of mothers. Dear Miss Wordsworth! How noble a creature did she seem when I first knew her! — and when, on the very first night which I passed in her brother's company, he read to me, in illustration of something he was saying, a passage from Fairfax's " Tassa," ending pretty nearly with these words —

" Amidst the broad fields and the endless wood,
The lofty lady kept her maidenhood,"

I thought that, possibly, he had his sister in his thoughts. Yet " lofty " was hardly the right word. Miss Wordsworth was too ardent and fiery a creature to maintain the reserve essential to dignity; and dignity was the last thing one thought of in the presence of one so natural, so fervent in her feelings, and so embarrassed in their utterance — sometimes, also, in the attempt to check them. It must not, however, be supposed that there was any silliness or weakness of enthusiasm about her. She was under the continual restraint of severe good sense, though liberated from that false shame which, in so many persons, accompanies all expressions of natural

emotion; and she had too long enjoyed the ennobling conversation of her brother, and his admirable comments on the poets, which they read in common, to fail in any essential point of logic or propriety of thought. Accordingly, her letters, though the most careless and unelaborate — nay, the most hurried that can be imagined — are models of good sense and just feeling. In short, beyond any person I have known in this world, Miss Wordsworth was the creature of impulse; but, as a woman most thoroughly virtuous and well-principled, as one who could not fail to be kept by her own excellent heart, and as an intellectual creature from her cradle, with much of her illustrious brother's peculiarity of mind — finally, as one who had been, in effect, educated and trained by that very brother — she won the sympathy and the respectful regard of every man worthy to approach her. Properly, and in a spirit of prophecy, was she named *Dorothy;* in its Greek meaning, *gift of God,* well did this name prefigure the relation in which she stood to Wordsworth, the mission with which she was charged — to wait upon him as the tenderest and most faithful of domestics; to love him as a sister; to sympathize with him as a confidante; to counsel him; to cheer him and sustain him by the natural expression of her feelings — so quick, so ardent, so unaffected — upon the probable effect of whatever thoughts or images he might conceive; finally, and above all other ministrations, to ingraft, by her sexual sense of beauty, upon his masculine austerity that delicacy and those graces which else (according to the grateful acknowledgments of his own maturest retrospect) it never could have had —

"The blessing of my later years
Was with me when I was a boy:
She gave me hopes, she gave me fears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,

. . . .

And love, and thought, and joy."

And elsewhere he described her, in a philosophic poem, still in MS., as one who planted flowers and blossoms with her feminine hand upon what might else have been an arid rock — massy, indeed, and grand, but repulsive from the severity of its features. I may sum up in one brief abstract the amount of Miss Wordsworth's character, as a companion, by saying, that she was the very wildest (in the sense of the most natural) person I have ever known; and also the truest, most inevitable, and at the same time the quickest and readiest in her sympathy with either joy or sorrow, with laughter or with tears, with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poets!

Meantime, amidst all this fascinating furniture of her mind, won from nature, from solitude, from enlightened companionship, Miss Wordsworth

was as thoroughly deficient (some would say painfully deficient — I say charmingly deficient) in ordinary female accomplishments as " Cousin Mary " in dear Miss Mitford's delightful sketch. Of French, she might have barely enough to read a plain modern page of narrative; Italian, I question whether any; German, just enough to insult the German literati, by showing how little she had found them or their writings necessary to her heart. The " Luise " of Voss, the " Hermann und Dorothea " of Goethe she had begun to translate, as young ladies do " Télémaque " ; but, like them, had chiefly cultivated the first two pages; with the third she had a slender acquaintance, and with the fourth she meditated an intimacy at some future day. Music, in her solitary and out-of-doors life, she could have little reason for cultivating; or is it possible that any woman can draw the enormous energy requisite for this attainment, upon a *modern* scale of perfection, out of any other principle than that of vanity (at least of great value for social applause) or else of deep musical sensibility; neither of which belonged to Miss Wordsworth's constitution of mind. But, as everybody agrees in our days to think this accomplishment of no value whatever, and, in fact, *unproduceable,* unless existing in an exquisite state of culture, no complaint could be made on that score, nor any surprise felt. But the case in which the irregularity of Miss Wordsworth's education *did* astonish one was in that part which respected her literary knowledge. In whatever she read, or neglected to read, she had obeyed the single impulse of her own heart; where that led her, *there* she followed: where that was mute or indifferent, not a thought had she to bestow upon a writer's high reputation, or the call for some acquaintance with his works to meet the demands of society. And thus the strange anomaly arose, of a woman deeply acquainted with some great authors, whose works lie pretty much out of the fashionable beat; able, moreover, in her own person, to produce brilliant effects; able on some subjects to write delightfully, and with the impress of originality upon all she uttered; and yet ignorant of great classical works in her own mother tongue, and careless of literary history in a degree which at once exiled her from the rank and privileges of *bluestockingism.*

The reader may, perhaps, have objected silently to the illustration drawn from Miss Mitford, that " Cousin Mary " does not effect her fascinations out of pure negations. Such negations, from the mere startling effect of their oddity in this present age, might fall in with the general current of her attractions; but Cousin Mary's undoubtedly lay in the *positive* witcheries of a manner and a character transcending, by force of irresistible nature (as in a similar case recorded by Wordsworth in " The Excursion ") all the pomp of nature and art united as seen in ordinary creatures. Now, in Miss Wordsworth, there were certainly no " Cousin Mary " fascinations of manner and deportment, that snatch a grace beyond the reach of art: *there* she was, indeed, painfully deficient;

for hurry mars and defeats even the most ordinary expression of the feminine character — viz., its gentleness: abruptness and trepidation leave often a joint impression of what seems for an instant both rudeness and ungracefulness: and the least painful impression was that of unsexual awkwardness. But the point in which Miss Wordsworth made the most ample amends for all that she wanted of more customary accomplishments, was this very originality and native freshness of intellect, which settled with so bewitching an effect upon some of her writings, and upon many a sudden remark or ejaculation, extorted by something or other that struck her eye, in the clouds, or in colouring, or in accidents of light and shade, of form or combination of form. To talk of her " writings " is too pompous an expression, or at least far beyond any pretensions that she ever made for herself. Of poetry she has written little indeed; and that little not, in my opinion, of much merit. The verses published by her brother, and beginning, " Which way does the wind come? ", meant only as nursery lines, are certainly wild and pretty; but the other specimen is likely to strike most readers as feeble and trivial in the sentiment. Meantime, the book which is in very deed a monument to her power of catching and expressing all the hidden beauties of natural scenery, with a felicity of diction, a truth and strength, that far transcend Gilpin, or professional writers on those subjects, is her record of a *first* tour in Scotland, made about the year 1802. This MS. book (unless my recollection of it, from a period now gone by for thirty years, has deceived me greatly) is absolutely unique in its class; and, though it never could be very popular, from the minuteness of its details, intelligible only to the eye, and the luxuriation of its descriptions, yet I believe no person has ever been favoured with a sight of it that has not yearned for its publication. Its own extraordinary merit, apart from the interest which *now* invests the name of Wordsworth, could not fail to procure purchasers for one edition on its first appearance.

Coleridge was of the party at first; but afterwards, under some attack of rheumatism, found or thought it necessary to leave them. Melancholy it would be at this time, thirty-six years and more from the era of that tour, to read it under the afflicting remembrances of all which has been suffered in the interval by two at least out of the three who composed the travelling party; for I fear that Miss Wordsworth has suffered not much less than Coleridge, and, in any general expression of it, from the same cause, viz. an excess of pleasurable excitement and luxurious sensibility, sustained in youth by a constitutional glow from animal causes, but drooping as soon as that was withdrawn. It is painful to point a moral from any story connected with those whom one loves or has loved; painful to look for one moment towards any " improvement " of such a case, especially where there is no reason to tax the parties with any criminal contribution to their own sufferings, except through that relaxation of the will and

its potential energies through which most of us, at some time or other — I myself too deeply and sorrowfully — stand accountable to our own consciences. Not, therefore, with any intention of speaking in a monitorial or censorial character, do I here notice a defect in Miss Wordsworth's self-education of something that might have mitigated the sort of suffering which, more or less, ever since the period of her too genial, too radiant youth, I suppose her to have struggled with. I have mentioned the narrow basis on which her literary interests had been made to rest — the exclusive character of her reading, and the utter want of pretension, and of all that looks like *bluestockingism,* in the style of her habitual conversation and mode of dealing with literature. Now, to me it appears, upon reflexion, that it would have been far better had Miss Wordsworth condescended a little to the ordinary mode of pursuing literature; better for her own happiness if she *had* been a bluestocking; or, at least, if she had been, in good earnest, a writer for the press, with the pleasant cares and solicitudes of one who has some little ventures, as it were, on that vast ocean.

We all know with how womanly and serene a temper literature has been pursued by Joanna Baillie, by Miss Mitford, and other women of admirable genius — with how absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity they have cultivated the profession of authorship; and, if we could hear their report, I have no doubt that the little cares of correcting proofs, and the forward-looking solicitudes connected with the mere business arrangements of new publications, would be numbered amongst the minor pleasures of life; whilst the more elevated cares connected with the intellectual business of such projects must inevitably have done much to solace the troubles which, as human beings, they cannot but have experienced, and even to scatter flowers upon their path. Mrs. Johnstone of Edinburgh has pursued the profession of literature — the noblest of professions, and the only one open to both sexes alike — with even more assiduity, and as a *daily* occupation; and, I have every reason to believe, with as much benefit to her own happiness as to the instruction and amusement of her readers; for the petty cares of authorship are agreeable, and its serious cares are ennobling. More especially is such an occupation useful to a woman without children, and without any *prospective* resources — resources in objects that involve hopes growing and unfulfilled. It is too much to expect of any woman (or man either) that her mind should support itself in a pleasurable activity, under the drooping energies of life, by resting on the past or on the present; some interest in reversion, some subject of hope from day to day, must be called in to reinforce the animal fountains of good spirits. Had that been opened for Miss Wordsworth, I am satisfied that she would have passed a more cheerful middle-age, and would not, at any period, have yielded to that nervous depression (or is it, perhaps, nervous irritation?) which, I grieve to hear, has clouded her latter days. Nephews and nieces, whilst young and innocent, are as

good almost as sons and daughters to a fervid and loving heart that has carried them in her arms from the hour they were born. But, after a nephew has grown into a huge hulk of a man, six feet high, and as stout as a bullock; after he has come to have children of his own, lives at a distance, and finds occasion to talk much of oxen and turnips — no offence to him! — he ceases to be an object of any profound sentiment. There is nothing in such a subject to rouse the flagging pulses of the heart, and to sustain a fervid spirit, to whom, at the very best, human life offers little of an adequate or sufficing interest, unless when idealized by the magic of the mighty poets. Farewell, Miss Wordsworth! farewell, impassioned Dorothy! I have not seen you for many a day — shall, too probably, never see you again; but shall attend your steps with tender interest so long as I hear of you living: so will Professor Wilson; and, from two hearts at least, that knew and admired you in your fervid prime, it may sometimes cheer the gloom of your depression to be assured of never-failing remembrance, full of love and respectful pity.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792–1822

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK[1] (1785–1866)

"Rousseau, ne recevant aucun auteur, remercie Madame — de ses bontés, et la prie de ne plus venir chez lui."

ROUSSEAU had a great aversion to visitors of all classes, but especially to literary visitors, feeling sure that they would print something about him. A lady who had long persisted in calling on him, one day published a *brochure,* and sent him a copy. He rejoiced in the opportunity which brought her under his rule of exclusion, and terminated their intercourse by the above *billet-doux.*

Rousseau's rule bids fair to become general with all who wish to keep in the *secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ,* and not to become materials for general gossip. For not only is a departed author of any note considered a fair subject to be dissected at the tea-table of the reading public, but all his friends and connexions, however quiet and retiring and unobtrusive may have been the general tenor of their lives, must be served up with him. It is the old village scandal on a larger scale; and as in these days of universal locomotion people know nothing of their neighbours, they prefer tittle-tattle about notorieties to the retailing of whispers about the Jenkinses and Tomkinses of the vicinity.

This appetite for gossip about notorieties being once created in the "reading public," there will be always found persons to minister to it; and among the volunteers of this service, those who are best informed and who most valued the departed will probably not be the foremost. Then come biographies abounding with errors; and then, as matter of defence perhaps, comes on the part of friends a tardy and more authentic narrative. This is at best, as Mr. Hogg describes it, a "difficult and delicate task." But it is always a matter of choice and discretion. No man is bound to write the life of another. No man who does so is bound to tell the public all he knows. On the contrary, he is bound to keep to himself whatever may injure the interests or hurt the feelings of the living, especially when

[1] *The Memoirs of Percy Bysshe Shelley* first published in *Fraser's Magazine,* London, 1858 and 1860.

A Supplementary Notice which was later added is not here reprinted. Footnotes have been omitted.

the latter have in no way injured or calumniated the dead, and are not necessarily brought before the tribunal of public opinion in the character of either plaintiffs or defendants. Neither if there be in the life of the subject of the biography any event which he himself would willingly have blotted from the tablet of his own memory, can it possibly be the duty of a survivor to drag it into daylight. If such an event be the cardinal point of a life; if to conceal it or to misrepresent it would be to render the whole narrative incomplete, incoherent, unsatisfactory alike to the honour of the dead and the feelings of the living; then, as there is no moral compulsion to speak of the matter at all, it is better to let the whole story slumber in silence.

Having lived some years in very familiar intimacy with the subject of these memoirs; having had as good opportunities as any, and better than most persons now living, to observe and appreciate his great genius, extensive acquirements, cordial friendships, disinterested devotion to the well-being of the few with whom he lived in domestic intercourse, and ardent endeavours by private charity and public advocacy to ameliorate the condition of the many who pass their days in unremunerating toil; having been named his executor conjointly with Lord Byron, whose death, occurring before that of Shelley's father, when the son's will came into effect, left me alone in that capacity; having lived after his death in the same cordial intimacy with his widow, her family, and one or two at least of his surviving friends, I have been considered to have some peculiar advantages for writing his life, and have often been requested to do so; but for the reasons above given I have always refused.

Wordsworth says to the Cuckoo: —

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

Shelley was fond of repeating these verses, and perhaps they were not forgotten in his poem " To a Skylark " : —

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Now, I could have wished that, like Wordsworth's Cuckoo, he had been allowed to remain a voice and a mystery: that, like his own Skylark, he had been left unseen in his congenial region,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth,

and that he had been only heard in the splendour of his song. But since it is not to be so, since so much has been, and so much more will probably be, written about him, the motives which deterred me from originating a substantive work on the subject, do not restrict me from commenting on what has been published by others, and from correcting errors, if such should appear to me to occur, in the narratives which I may pass under review.

I have placed the works at the head of this article in the order in which they were published. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Middleton. Mr. Trelawny and Mr. Hogg I may call my friends.

Mr. Middleton's work is chiefly a compilation from previous publications, with some very little original matter, curiously obtained.

Mr. Trelawny's work relates only to the later days of Mr. Shelley's life in Italy.

Mr. Hogg's work is the result of his own personal knowledge, and of some inedited letters and other documents, either addressed to himself or placed at his disposal by Sir Percy Shelley and his lady. It is to consist of four volumes, of which the two just published bring down the narrative to the period immediately preceding Shelley's separation from his first wife. At that point I shall terminate this first part of my proposed review.

I shall not anticipate opinions, but shall go over all that is important in the story as briefly as I can, interspersing such observations as may suggest themselves in its progress.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at his father's seat, Field Place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley, Esquire, was then or subsequently a Member of Parliament. The family was of great antiquity; but Percy conferred more honour on it than he derived from it.

He had four sisters and a brother, the youngest of the family, and the days of his childhood appear to have passed affectionately in this domestic society.

To the first ten years of his life we have no direct testimony but that

of his sister Hellen, in a series of letters to Lady Shelley, published in the beginning of Mr. Hogg's work. In the first of these she says: —

" A child who at six years old was sent daily to learn Latin at a clergyman's house, and as soon as it was expedient removed to Dr. Greenland's, from thence to Eton, and subsequently to college, could scarcely have been the *uneducated* son that some writers would endeavour to persuade those who read their books to believe he ought to have been, if his parents despised education."

Miss Hellen gives an illustration of Shelley's boyish traits of imagination: —

" On one occasion he gave the most minute details of a visit he had paid to some ladies with whom he was acquainted at our village. He described their reception of him, their occupations, and the wandering in their pretty garden, where there was a well-remembered filbert-walk and an undulating turf-bank, the delight of our morning visit. There must have been something peculiar in this little event; for I have often heard it mentioned as a singular fact, and it was ascertained almost immediately, that the boy had never been to the house. It was not considered as a falsehood to be punished; but I imagine his conduct altogether must have been so little understood and unlike that of the generality of children, that these tales were left unnoticed."

Mr. Hogg says at a later date: —

" He was altogether incapable of rendering an account of any transaction whatsoever, according to the strict and precise truth, and the bare naked realities of actual life; not through an addiction to falsehood, which he cordially detested, but because he was the creature, the unsuspecting and unresisting victim, of his irresistible imagination.

" Had he written to ten different individuals the history of some proceeding in which he was himself a party and an eyewitness, each of his ten reports would have varied from the rest in essential and important circumstances. The relation given on the morrow would be unlike that of the day, as the latter would contradict the tale of yesterday."

Several instances will be given of the habit, thus early developed in Shelley, of narrating, as real, events which had never occurred; and his friends and relations have thought it necessary to give prominence to this habit as a characteristic of his strong imaginativeness predominating over reality. Coleridge has written much and learnedly on this subject of ideas with the force of sensations, of which he found many examples in himself.

At the age of ten, Shelley was sent to Sion House Academy, near Brentford. " Our master," says his schoolfellow, Captain Medwin, " a Scotch

Doctor of Law, and a divine, was a choleric man, of a sanguinary complexion, in a green old age, not wanting in good qualities, but very capricious in his temper, which, good or bad, was influenced by the daily occurrences of a domestic life not the most harmonious, and of which his face was the barometer and his hand the index." This worthy was in the habit of cracking unbecoming jokes, at which most of the boys laughed; but Shelley, who could not endure this sort of pleasantry, received them with signs of aversion. A day or two after one of these exhibitions, when Shelley's manifestation of dislike to the matter had attracted the preceptor's notice, Shelley had a theme set him for two Latin lines on the subject of *Tempestas.*

" He came to me," says Medwin, " to assist him in the task. I had a cribbing book, of which I made great use, Ovid's *Tristibus.* I knew that the only work of Ovid with which the Doctor was acquainted was the *Metamorphoses,* and by what I thought good luck, I happened to stumble on two lines exactly applicable to the purpose. The hexameter I forget, but the pentameter ran thus: —

Jam, jam tacturos sidera celsa putes."

So far the story is not very classically told. The title of the book should have been given as *Tristia,* or *De Tristibus;* and the reading is *tacturas,* not *tacturos; summa,* not *celsa:* the latter term is inapplicable to the stars. The distich is this:

Me miserum! quanti montes volvuntur aquarum!
Jam, jam tacturas sidera summa putes.

Something was probably substituted for *Me miserum!* But be this as it may, Shelley was grievously beaten for what the schoolmaster thought bad Latin. The Doctor's judgment was of a piece with that of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when taking a line of Pindar, which Payne Knight had borrowed in a Greek translation of a passage in Gray's Bard, to have been Payne Knight's own, they pronounced it to be nonsense.

The name of the Brentford Doctor according to Miss Hellen Shelley was Greenland, and according to Mr. Hogg it was Greenlaw. Captain Medwin does not mention the name, but says, " So much did we mutually hate Sion House, that we never alluded to it in after-life." Mr. Hogg says, " In walking with Shelley to Bishopsgate from London, he pointed out to me more than once a gloomy brick house as being this school. He spoke of the master, Doctor Greenlaw, not without respect, saying, 'he was a hard-headed Scotchman, and a man of rather liberal opinions.' " Of this period of his life he never gave me an account, nor have I heard or read any details which appeared to bear the impress of truth. Between these two accounts the Doctor and his character seem reduced to a myth. I myself know nothing of the matter. I do not remember Shelley ever men-

tioning the Doctor to me. But we shall find as we proceed, that whenever there are two evidences to one transaction, many of the recorded events of Shelley's life will resolve themselves into the same mythical character.

At the best, Sion House Academy must have been a bad beginning of scholastic education for a sensitive and imaginative boy.

After leaving this academy, he was sent, in his fifteenth year, to Eton. The head-master was Doctor Keate, a less mythical personage than the Brentford Orbilius, but a variety of the same genus. Mr. Hogg says: —

"Dr. Keate was a short, short-necked, short-legged, man — thick-set, powerful, and very active. His countenance resembled that of a bulldog; the expression was not less sweet and bewitching: his eyes, his nose, and especially his mouth, were exactly like that comely and engaging animal, and so were his short crooked legs. It was said in the school that old Keate could pin and hold a bull with his teeth. His iron sway was the more unpleasant and shocking after the long mild Saturnian reign of Dr. Goodall, whose temper, character, and conduct corresponded precisely with his name, and under whom Keate had been master of the lower school. Discipline, wholesome and necessary in moderation, was carried by him to an excess. It is reported that on one morning he flogged eighty boys. Although he was rigid, coarse, and despotical, some affirm that on the whole he was not unjust, nor altogether devoid of kindness. His behaviour was accounted vulgar and ungentlemanlike, and therefore he was particularly odious to the gentlemen of the school, especially to the refined and aristocratical Shelley."

But Shelley suffered even more from his schoolfellows than he did from his master. It had been so at Brentford, and it was still more so at Eton, from the more organized system of fagging, to which no ill-usage would induce him to submit. But among his equals in age he had several attached friends, and one of these, in a letter dated February 27th, 1857, gives the following reminiscences of their Eton days: — (Hogg i. 43.)

"My dear Madam, — Your letter has taken me back to the sunny time of boyhood, 'when thought is speech and speech is truth,' when I was the friend and companion of Shelley at Eton. What brought us together in that small world was, I suppose, kindred feelings, and the predominance of fancy and imagination. Many a long and happy walk have I had with him in the beautiful neighbourhood of dear old Eton. We used to wander for hours about Clewer, Frogmore, the park at Windsor, the Terrace; and I was a delighted and willing listener to his marvellous stories of fairyland, and apparitions, and spirits, and haunted ground; and his speculations were then (for his mind was far more developed than mine) of the world beyond the grave. Another of his favourite rambles was

Stoke Park, and the picturesque churchyard where Gray is said to have written his 'Elegy,' of which he was very fond. I was myself far too young to form any estimate of character, but I loved Shelley for his kindliness and affectionate ways. He was not made to endure the rough and boisterous pastime at Eton, and his shy and gentle nature was glad to escape far away, to muse over strange fancies, for his mind was reflective and teeming with deep thought. His lessons were child's play to him, and his power of Latin versification marvellous. I think I remember some long work he had even then commenced, but I never saw it. His love of nature was intense, and the sparkling poetry of his mind shone out of his speaking eye when he was dwelling on anything good or great. He certainly was not happy at Eton, for his was a disposition that needed especial personal superintendence to watch and cherish and direct all his noble aspirations and the remarkable tenderness of his heart. He had great moral courage, and feared nothing but what was base, and false, and low. He never joined in the usual sports of the boys, and what is remarkable, never went out in a boat on the river. What I have here set down will be of little use to you, but will please you as a sincere and truthful and humble tribute to one whose good name was sadly whispered away. Shelley said to me when leaving Oxford under a cloud, 'Halliday, I am come to say good-bye to you, if you are not afraid to be seen with me!' I saw him once again in the autumn of 1814, when he was glad to introduce me to his wife. I think he said he was just come from Ireland. You have done quite right in applying to me direct, and I am only sorry that I have no anecdotes or letters of that period to furnish.

I am, yours truly,

WALTER S. HALLIDAY."

This is the only direct testimony to Shelley's Eton life from one who knew him there. It contains two instances of how little value can be attached to any other than such direct testimony. That at that time he never went out in a boat on the river I believe to be strictly true: nevertheless Captain Medwin says: — "He told me the greatest delight he experienced at Eton was from boating. . . . He never lost the fondness with which he regarded the Thames, no new acquaintance when he went to Eton, for at Brentford we had more than once played the truant, and rowed to Kew, and once to Richmond." But these truant excursions were exceptional. His affection for boating began at a much later period, as I shall have occasion to notice. The second instance is: — "I think he said he was just come from Ireland." In the autumn of 1814 it was not from Ireland, but from the Continent that he had just returned.

Captain Medwin's *Life of Shelley* abounds with inaccuracies; not intentional misrepresentations, but misapprehensions and errors of memory. Several of these occur in reference to Shelley's boyish passion for his

cousin Harriet Grove. This, like Lord Byron's early love for Miss Chaworth, came to nothing. But most boys of any feeling and imagination have some such passion, and, as in these instances, it usually comes to nothing. Much more has been made of both these affairs than they are worth. It is probable that few of Johnson's poets passed through their boyhood without a similar attachment, but if it came at all under the notice of our literary Hercules, he did not think it worth recording. I shall notice this love-affair in its proper place, but chiefly for the sake of separating from it one or two matters which have been erroneously assigned to it.

Shelley often spoke to me of Eton, and of the persecutions he had endured from the elder boys, with feelings of abhorrence which I never heard him express in an equal degree in relation to any other subject, except when he spoke of Lord Chancellor Eldon. He told me that he had been provoked into striking a penknife through the hand of one of his young tyrants, and pinning it to the desk, and that this was the cause of his leaving Eton prematurely: but his imagination often presented past events to him as they might have been, not as they were. Such a circumstance must have been remembered by others if it had actually occurred. But if the occurrence was imaginary, it was in a memory of cordial detestation that the imagination arose.

Mr. Hogg vindicates the system of fagging, and thinks he was himself the better for the discipline in after life. But Mr. Hogg is a man of imperturbable temper and adamantine patience: and with all this he may have fallen into good hands, for all big boys are not ruffians. But Shelley was a subject totally unfit for the practice in its best form, and he seems to have experienced it in its worst.

At Eton he became intimate with Doctor Lind, "a name well known among the professors of medical science," says Mrs. Shelley, who proceeds: —

"'This man,' Shelley has often said, 'is exactly what an old man ought to be. Free, calm-spirited, full of benevolence, and even of youthful ardour; his eye seemed to burn with supernatural spirit beneath his brow, shaded by his venerable white locks; he was tall, vigorous, and healthy in his body, tempered, as it had ever been, by his amiable mind. I owe to that man far, ah! far more than I owe to my father; he loved me, and I shall never forget our long talks, when he breathed the spirit of the kindest tolerance and the purest wisdom. Once, when I was very ill during the holidays, as I was recovering from a fever which had attacked my brain, a servant overheard my father consult about sending me to a private madhouse. I was a favourite among all our servants, so this fellow came and told me, as I lay sick in bed. My horror was beyond words, and I might soon have been mad indeed if they had proceeded in their iniquitous plan. I had one hope. I was master of three pounds in money, and with the servant's help

I contrived to send an express to Dr. Lind. He came, and I shall never forget his manner on that occasion. His profession gave him authority; his love for me ardour. He dared my father to execute his purpose, and his menaces had the desired effect.' "

Mr. Hogg subjoins: —

" I have heard Shelley speak of his fever, and this scene at Field Place, more than once, in nearly the same terms as Mrs. Shelley adopts. It appeared to myself, and to others also, that his recollections were those of a person not quite recovered from a fever, and still disturbed by the horrors of the disease."

However this may have been, the idea that his father was continually on the watch for a pretext to lock him up, haunted him through life, and a mysterious intimation of his father's intention to effect such a purpose was frequently received by him, and communicated to his friends as a demonstration of the necessity under which he was placed of changing his residence and going abroad.

I pass over his boyish schemes for raising the devil, of which much is said in Mr. Hogg's book. He often spoke of them to me; but the principal fact of which I have any recollection was one which he treated only as a subject of laughter — the upsetting into the fire in his chamber at Eton of a frying-pan full of diabolical ingredients, and the rousing up all the inmates in his dame's house in the dead of the night by the abominable effluvia. If he had ever had any faith in the possible success of his incantations, he had lost it before I knew him.

We now come to the first really important event of his life — his expulsion from Oxford.

At University College, Oxford, in October, 1810, Mr. Hogg first became acquainted with him. In their first conversation Shelley was exalting the physical sciences, especially chemistry. Mr. Hogg says: —

" As I felt but little interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the purest white and red; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun. . . . His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were in fact unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remark-

able bulk, for his hair was long and bushy . . . he often rubbed it up fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. . . . His features were not symmetrical (the mouth perhaps excepted); yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual. . . . I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence."

This blemish was his voice.

There is a good deal in these volumes about Shelley's discordant voice. This defect he certainly had; but it was chiefly observable when he spoke under excitement. Then his voice was not only dissonant, like a jarring string, but he spoke in sharp fourths, the most unpleasing sequence of sound that can fall on the human ear: but it was scarcely so when he spoke calmly, and not at all so when he read; on the contrary, he seemed then to have his voice under perfect command: it was good both in tune and in tone; it was low and soft, but clear, distinct, and expressive. I have heard him read almost all Shakspere's tragedies, and some of his more poetical comedies, and it was a pleasure to hear him read them.

Mr. Hogg's description of Shelley's personal appearance gives a better idea of him than the portrait prefixed to his work, which is similar to that prefixed to the work of Mr. Trelawny, except that Mr. Trelawny's is lithographed and Mr. Hogg's is engraved. These portraits do not impress themselves on me as likenesses. They seem to me to want the true outline of Shelley's features, and above all, to want their true expression. There is a portrait in the Florentine Gallery which represents him to me much more truthfully. It is that of Antonio Leisman, No. 155 of the *Ritratti de' Pittori,* in the Paris republication.

The two friends had made together a careful analysis of the doctrines of Hume. The papers were in Shelley's custody, and from a small part of them he made a little book, which he had printed, and which he sent by post to such persons as he thought would be willing to enter into a metaphysical discussion. He sent it under an assumed name, with a note, requesting that if the recipient were willing to answer the tract, the answer should be sent to a specified address in London. He received many answers; but in due time the little work and its supposed authors were denounced to the college authorities.

"It was a fine spring morning, on Lady-day, in the year 1811," says Mr. Hogg, "when I went to Shelley's rooms. He was absent; but before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened.

" ' I am expelled,' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little. ' I am expelled! I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose he put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, " Are you the author of this book? " " If I can judge from your manner," I said, " you are resolved to punish me if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country." " Do you choose to deny that this is your composition? " the master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice.'

" Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, ' I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar violence is, but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly but firmly that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table.

" ' He immediately repeated his demand; I persisted in my refusal. And he said furiously, " Then you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest."

" ' One of the fellows took up two papers, and handed one of them to me; here it is.' He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college. Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after-life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and so cruelly agitated as on this occasion.

" A nice sense of honour shrinks from the most distant touch of disgrace — even from the insults of those men whose contumely can bring no shame. He sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words, ' Expelled, expelled! ' his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering."

A similar scene followed with Mr. Hogg himself, which he very graphically describes. The same questions, the same refusal to answer them, the same sentence of expulsion, and a peremptory order to quit the college early on the morrow. And accordingly, early on the next morning, Shelley and his friend took their departure from Oxford.

I accept Mr. Hogg's account of this transaction as substantially correct. In Shelley's account of it to me there were material differences; and making all allowance for the degree in which, as already noticed, his imagination coloured the past, there is one matter of fact which remains inexpli-

cable. According to him, his expulsion was a matter of great form and solemnity; there was a sort of public assembly, before which he pleaded his own cause, in a long oration, in the course of which he called on the illustrious spirits who had shed glory on those walls to look down on their degenerate successors. Now, the inexplicable matter to which I have alluded is this: he showed me an Oxford newspaper, containing a full report of the proceedings, with his own oration at great length. I suppose the pages of that diurnal were not deathless, and that it would now be vain to search for it; but that he had it, and showed it to me, is absolutely certain. His oration may have been, as some of Cicero's published orations were, a speech in the potential mood; one which might, could, should, or would have been spoken: but how in that case it got into the Oxford newspaper passes conjecture.

His expulsion from Oxford brought to a summary conclusion his boyish passion for Miss Harriet Grove. She would have no more to say to him; but I cannot see from his own letters, and those of Miss Hellen Shelley, that there had ever been much love on her side; neither can I find any reason to believe that it continued long on his. Mr. Middleton follows Captain Medwin, who was determined that on Shelley's part it should be an enduring passion, and pressed into its service as testimonies some matters which had nothing to do with it. He says " Queen Mab " was dedicated to Harriet Grove, whereas it was certainly dedicated to Harriet Shelley; he even prints the dedication with the title, " To Harriet G.," whereas in the original the name of Harriet is only followed by asterisks; and of another little poem, he says, " That Shelley's disappointment in love affected him acutely, may be seen by some lines inscribed erroneously, ' On F. G.,' instead of ' H. G.,' and doubtless of a much earlier date than assigned by Mrs. Shelley to the fragment." Now, I know the circumstances to which the fragment refers. The initials of the lady's name were F. G., and the date assigned to the fragment, 1817, was strictly correct. The intrinsic evidence of both poems will show their utter inapplicability to Miss Harriet Grove.

First let us see what Shelley himself says of her, in letters to Mr. Hogg: —

" *Dec.* 23, 1810. — Her disposition was in all probability divested of the enthusiasm by which mine is characterized. . . . My sister attempted sometimes to plead my cause, but unsuccessfully. She said: ' Even supposing I take your representation of your brother's qualities and sentiments, which, as you coincide in and admire, I may fairly imagine to be exaggerated, although you may not be aware of the exaggeration, what right have I, admitting that he is so superior, to enter into an intimacy which must end in delusive disappointment when he finds how really inferior I am to the being his heated imagination has pictured? '

" *Dec.* 26, 1810. — Circumstances have operated in such a manner that the attainment of the object of my heart was impossible, whether on account of extraneous influences, or from a feeling which possessed her mind, which told her not to deceive another, not to give him the possibility of disappointment.

" *Jan.* 3, 1811. — She is no longer mine. She abhors me as a sceptic, as what she was before.

" *Jan.* 11, 1811. — She is gone. She is lost to me for ever. She is married — married to a clod of earth. She will become as insensible herself: all those fine capabilities will moulder."

Next let us see what Miss Hellen Shelley says of the matter: —

" His disappointment in losing the lady of his love had a great effect upon him. . . . It was not put an end to by *mutual* consent; but both parties were very young, and her father did not think the marriage would be for his daughter's happiness. He, however, with truly honourable feeling, would not have persisted in his objection if his daughter had considered herself bound by a promise to my brother; but this was not the case, and time healed the wound by means of another Harriet, whose name and similar complexion perhaps attracted the attention of my brother."

And lastly, let us see what the young lady's brother (C. H. G.) says of it: —

" After our visit at Field Place (in the year 1810), we went to my brother's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Bysshe, his mother, and Elizabeth joined us, and a very happy month we spent. Bysshe was full of life and spirits, and very well pleased with his successful devotion to my sister. In the course of that summer, to the best of my recollection, after we had retired into Wiltshire, a continual correspondence was going on, as I believe, between Bysshe and my sister Harriet. But she became uneasy at the tone of his letters on speculative subjects, at first consulting my mother, and subsequently my father also, on the subject. This led at last, though I cannot exactly tell how, to the dissolution of an engagement between Bysshe and my sister which had previously been permitted both by his father and mine."

We have here, I think, as unimpassioned a damsel as may be met in a summer's day. And now let us see the poems.

First, the dedication of " Queen Mab ": bearing in mind that the poem was begun in 1812, and finished in 1813, and that, to say nothing of the unsuitability of the offering to her who two years before had abhorred him as a sceptic and married a clod, she had never done or said any one thing that would justify her love being described as that which had

warded off from him the scorn of the world: quite the contrary: as far as in her lay, she had embittered it to the utmost.

To Harriet

Whose is the love that, gleaming thro' the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine: — thou wert my purer mind,
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and years
may roll
Each flowret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

Next the verses on F. G.: —

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed,
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery — oh, Misery!
This world is all too wide for thee!

Can anything be more preposterously inappropriate to his parting with Harriet Grove? These verses relate to a far more interesting person and a deeply tragic event; but they belong, as I have said, to the year 1817, a later period than this article embraces.

From Oxford the two friends proceeded to London, where they took a joint lodging, in which, after a time, Shelley was left alone, living uncomfortably on precarious resources. It was here that the second Harriet consoled him for the loss of the first, who, I feel thoroughly convinced, never more troubled his repose.

To the circumstances of Shelley's first marriage I find no evidence but in my own recollection of what he told me respecting it. He often spoke to me of it; and with all allowance for the degree in which his imagination coloured events, I see no improbability in the narration.

Harriet Westbrook, he said, was a schoolfellow of one of his sisters; and when, after his expulsion from Oxford, he was in London, without money, his father having refused him all assistance, this sister had requested her fair schoolfellow to be the medium of conveying to him such small sums as she and her sisters could afford to send, and other little presents which they thought would be acceptable. Under these circumstances the ministry of the young and beautiful girl presented itself like that of a guardian angel, and there was a charm about their intercourse which he readily persuaded himself could not be exhausted in the duration of life. The result was that in August, 1811, they eloped to Scotland, and were married in Edinburgh. Their journey had absorbed their stock of money. They took a lodging, and Shelley immediately told the landlord who they were, what they had come for, and the exhaustion of their resources, and asked him if he would take them in, and advance them money to get married and to carry them on till they could get a remittance. This the man agreed to do, on condition that Shelley would treat him and his friends to a supper in honour of the occasion. It was arranged accordingly; but the man was more obtrusive and officious than Shelley was disposed to tolerate. The marriage was concluded, and in the evening Shelley and his bride were alone together, when the man tapped at their door. Shelley opened it, and the landlord said to him — " It is customary here at weddings for the guests to come in, in the middle of the night, and wash the bride with whisky." " I immediately," said Shelley, " caught up my brace of pistols, and pointing them both at him, said to him, — ' I have had enough of your impertinence; if you give me any more of it I will blow your brains out; ' on which he ran or rather tumbled down stairs, and I bolted the doors."

The custom of washing the bride with whisky is more likely to have been so made known to him than to have been imagined by him.

Leaving Edinburgh, the young couple led for some time a wandering life. At the lakes they were kindly received by the Duke of Norfolk, and by others through his influence. They then went to Ireland, landed at Cork, visited the lakes of Killarney, and stayed some time in Dublin, where Shelley became a warm repealer and emancipator. They then went to the Isle of Man, then to Nant Gwillt in Radnorshire, then to Lymouth near Barnstaple, then came for a short time to London; then went to reside in a furnished house belonging to Mr. Maddocks at Tanyrallt, near Tremadoc, in Caernarvonshire. Their residence at this place was made chiefly remarkable by an imaginary attack on his life, which was followed by their immediately leaving Wales.

Mr. Hogg inserts several letters relative to this romance of a night: the following extract from one of Harriet Shelley's, dated from Dublin, March 12th, 1813, will give a sufficient idea of it: —

" Mr. Shelley promised you a recital of the horrible events that caused us to leave Wales. I have undertaken the task, as I wish to spare him, in the present nervous state of his health, everything that can recall to his mind the horrors of that night, which I will relate.

On the night of the 26th February we retired to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. We had been in bed about half an hour, when Mr. S—— heard a noise proceeding from one of the parlours. He immediately went down stairs with two pistols which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them. He went into the billiard-room, when he heard footsteps retreating; he followed into another little room, which was called an office. He there saw a man in the act of quitting the room through a glass window which opened into the shrubbery; the man fired at Mr. S——, which he avoided. Bysshe then fired, but it flashed in the pan. The man then knocked Bysshe down, and they struggled on the ground. Bysshe then fired his second pistol, which he thought wounded him in the shoulder, as he uttered a shriek and got up, when he said these words — " By God, I will be revenged. I will murder your wife, and will ravish your sister! By God, I will be revenged! " He then fled, as we hoped for the night. Our servants were not gone to bed, but were just going when this horrible affair happened. This was about eleven o'clock. We all assembled in the parlour, where we remained for two hours. Mr. S—— then advised us to retire, thinking it was impossible he would make a second attack. We left Bysshe and our manservant — who had only arrived that day, and who knew nothing of the house — to sit up. I had been in bed three hours when I heard a pistol go off. I immediately ran down stairs, when I perceived that Bysshe's flannel gown had been shot through, and the window curtain. Bysshe had sent Daniel to see what hour it was, when he heard a noise at the window; he went there, and a man thrust his arm through the glass and fired at him. Thank heaven! the ball went through his gown and he remained unhurt. Mr. S—— happened to stand sideways; had he stood fronting, the ball must have killed him. Bysshe fired his pistol, but it would not go off; he then aimed a blow at him with an old sword which we found in the house. The assassin attempted to get the sword from him, and just as he was pulling it away Dan rushed into the room, when he made his escape. This was at four in the morning. It had been a most dreadful night; the wind was as loud as thunder, and the rain descended in torrents. Nothing has been heard of him, and we have every reason to believe it was no stranger, as there is a man. . . . who, the next morning, went and told the shopkeepers that it was a tale of Mr. Shelley's to impose upon them, that he

might leave the country without paying his bills. This they believed, and none of them attempted to do anything towards his discovery. We left Tanyrallt on Sunday."

Mr. Hogg subjoins: —

" Persons acquainted with the localities and with the circumstances, and who had carefully investigated the matter, were unanimous in the opinion that no such attack was ever made.

" I may state more particularly the result of the investigation to which Mr. Hogg alludes. I was in North Wales in the summer of 1813, and heard the matter much talked of. Persons who had examined the premises on the following morning had found that the grass of the lawn appeared to have been much trampled and rolled on, but there were no footmarks on the wet ground, except between the beaten spot and the window; and the impression of the ball on the wainscot showed that the pistol had been fired towards the window, and not from it. This appeared conclusive as to the whole series of operations having taken place from within. The mental phenomena in which this sort of semi-delusion originated will be better illustrated by one which occurred at a later period, and which, though less tragical in its appearances, was more circumstantial in its development, and more perseveringly adhered to. It will not come within the scope of this article.

I saw Shelley for the first time in 1812, just before he went to Tanyrallt. I saw him again once or twice before I went to North Wales in 1813. On my return he was residing at Bracknell, and invited me to visit him there. This I did, and found him with his wife Harriet, her sister Eliza, and his newly-born daughter Ianthe.

Mr. Hogg says: —

" This accession to his family did not appear to afford him any gratification, or to create an interest. He never spoke of this child to me, and to this hour I never set eyes on her."

Mr. Hogg is mistaken about Shelley's feelings as to his first child. He was extremely fond of it, and would walk up and down a room with it in his arms for a long time together, singing to it a monotonous melody of his own making, which ran on the repetition of a word of his own making. His song was " Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani." It did not please me, but, what was more important, it pleased the child, and lulled it when it was fretful. Shelley was extremely fond of his children. He was pre-eminently an affectionate father. But to this first-born there were accompaniments which did not please him. The child had a wet-nurse whom he did not like, and was much looked after by his wife's sister, whom he intensely disliked. I have often thought that if Harriet had nursed her own

child, and if this sister had not lived with them, the link of their married love would not have been so readily broken. But of this hereafter, when we come to speak of the separation.

At Bracknell, Shelley was surrounded by a numerous society, all in a great measure of his own opinions in relation to religion and politics, and the larger portion of them in relation to vegetable diet. But they wore their rue with a difference. Every one of them adopting some of the articles of the faith of their general church, had each nevertheless some predominant crotchet of his or her own, which left a number of open questions for earnest and not always temperate discussion. I was sometimes irreverent enough to laugh at the fervour with which opinions utterly unconducive to any practical result were battled for as matters of the highest importance to the well-being of mankind; Harriet Shelley was always ready to laugh with me, and we thereby both lost caste with some of the more hot-headed of the party. Mr. Hogg was not there during my visit, but he knew the whole of the persons there assembled, and has given some account of them under their initials, which for all public purposes are as well as their names.

The person among them best worth remembering was the gentleman whom Mr. Hogg calls J. F. N., of whom he relates some anecdotes.

I will add one or two from my own experience. He was an estimable man and an agreeable companion, and he was not the less amusing that he was the absolute impersonation of a single theory, or rather of two single theories rolled into one. He held that all diseases and all aberrations, moral and physical, had their origin in the use of animal food and of fermented and spirituous liquors; that the universal adoption of a diet of roots, fruits, and distilled water, would restore the golden age of universal health, purity, and peace; that this most ancient and sublime morality was mystically inculcated in the most ancient Zodiac, which was that of Dendera; that this Zodiac was divided into two hemispheres, the upper hemisphere being the realm of Oromazes or the principle of good, the lower that of Ahrimanes or the principle of evil; that each of these hemispheres was again divided into two compartments, and that the four lines of division radiating from the centre were the prototype of the Christian cross. The two compartments of Oromazes were those of Uranus or Brahma the Creator, and of Saturn or Veishnu the Preserver. The two compartments of Ahrimanes were those of Jupiter or Seva the Destroyer, and of Apollo or Krishna the Restorer. The great moral doctrine was thus symbolized in the Zodiacal signs: — In the first compartment, Taurus the Bull, having in the ancient Zodiac a torch in his mouth, was the type of eternal light. Cancer the Crab was the type of celestial matter, sleeping under the all-covering water, on which Brahma floated in a lotus-flower for millions of ages. From the union, typified by Gemini, of light and celestial matter, issued in the second compartment Leo, Primogenial Love,

mounted on the back of a Lion, who produced the pure and perfect nature of things in Virgo, and Libra the Balance denoted the coincidence of the ecliptic with the equator, and the equality of man's happy existence. In the third compartment, the first entrance of evil into the system was typified by the change of celestial into terrestrial matter — Cancer into Scorpio. Under this evil influence man became a hunter, Sagittarius the Archer, and pursued the wild animals, typified by Capricorn. Then, with animal food and cookery, came death into the world, and all our woe. But in the fourth compartment, Dhanwantari or Æsculapius, Aquarius the Waterman, arose from the sea, typified by Pisces the Fish, with a jug of pure water and a bunch of fruit, and brought back the period of universal happiness under Aries the Ram, whose benignant ascendancy was the golden fleece of the Argonauts, and the true talisman of Oromazes.

He saw the Zodiac in everything. I was walking with him one day on a common near Bracknell, when we came on a public house which had the sign of the Horse-shoes. They were four on the sign, and he immediately determined that this number had been handed down from remote antiquity as representative of the compartments of the Zodiac. He stepped into the public house, and said to the landlord, "Your sign is the Horse-shoes?" — "Yes, sir." "This sign has always four Horse-shoes?" — "Why mostly, sir." "Not always?" — "I think I have seen three." "I cannot divide the Zodiac into three. But it is mostly four. Do you know why it is mostly four?" — "Why, sir, I suppose because a horse has four legs." He bounced out in great indignation, and as soon as I joined him, he said to me, "Did you ever see such a fool?"

I have also very agreeable reminiscences of Mrs. B. and her daughter Cornelia. Of these ladies Shelley says (Hogg, ii. 515): —

"I have begun to learn Italian again. Cornelia assists me in this language. Did I not once tell you that I thought her cold and reserved? She is the reverse of this, as she is the reverse of everything bad. She inherits all the divinity of her mother."

Mr. Hogg could never learn why Shelley called Mrs. B. Meimouné. In fact he called her, not Meimouné, but Maimuna, from Southey's *Thalaba:* —

Her face was as a damsel's face,
And yet her hair was grey.

She was a young-looking woman for her age, and her hair was as white as snow.

About the end of 1813, Shelley was troubled by one of his most extraordinary delusions. He fancied that a fat old woman who sat opposite to him in a mail coach was afflicted with elephantiasis, that the disease

was infectious and incurable, and that he had caught it from her. He was continually on the watch for symptoms; his legs were to swell to the size of an elephant's, and his skin was to be crumpled over like gooseskin. He would draw the skin of his own hands, arms, and neck very tight, and if he discovered any deviation from smoothness, he would seize the person next to him, and endeavour by a corresponding pressure to see if any corresponding deviation existed. He often startled young ladies in an evening party by this singular process, which was as instantaneous as a flash of lightning. His friends took various methods of dispelling the delusion. I quoted to him the words of Lucretius: —

> *Est elephas morbus, qui propter flumina Nili*
> *Gignitur Aegypto in media,* neque praeterea usquam.

He said these verses were the greatest comfort he had. When he found that, as the days rolled on, his legs retained their proportion, and his skin its smoothness, the delusion died away.

I have something more to say belonging to this year 1813, but it will come better in connexion with the events of the succeeding year. In the meantime I will mention one or two traits of character in which chronology is unimportant.

It is to be remarked that, with the exception of the clergyman from whom he received his first instructions, the Reverend Mr. Edwards, of Horsham, Shelley never came, directly or indirectly, under any authority, public or private, for which he entertained, or had much cause to entertain, any degree of respect. His own father, the Brentford schoolmaster, the head master of Eton, the Master and Fellows of his college at Oxford, the Lord Chancellor Eldon, all successively presented themselves to him in the light of tyrants and oppressors. It was perhaps from the recollection of his early preceptor that he felt a sort of poetical regard for country clergymen, and was always pleased when he fell in with one who had a sympathy with him in classical literature, and was willing to pass *sub silentio* the debatable ground between them. But such an one was of rare occurrence. This recollection may also have influenced his feeling under the following transitory impulse.

He had many schemes of life. Amongst them all, the most singular that ever crossed his mind was that of entering the church. Whether he had ever thought of it before, or whether it only arose on the moment, I cannot say: the latter is most probable; but I well remember the occasion. We were walking in the early summer through a village where there was a good vicarage house, with a nice garden, and the front wall of the vicarage was covered with corchorus in full flower, a plant less common then than it has since become. He stood some time admiring the vicarage wall. The extreme quietness of the scene, the pleasant pathway through the village churchyard, and the brightness of the summer morn-

ing, apparently concurred to produce the impression under which he suddenly said to me, — " I feel strongly inclined to enter the church." " What," I said, " to become a clergyman, with your ideas of the faith? " " Assent to the supernatural part of it," he said, " is merely technical. Of the moral doctrines of Christianity I am a more decided disciple than many of its more ostentatious professors. And consider for a moment how much good a good clergyman may do. In his teaching as a scholar and a moralist; in his example as a gentleman and a man of regular life; in the consolation of his personal intercourse and of his charity among the poor, to whom he may often prove a most beneficent friend when they have no other to comfort them. It is an admirable institution that admits the possibilty of diffusing such men over the surface of the land. And am I to deprive myself of the advantages of this admirable institution because there are certain technicalities to which I cannot give my adhesion, but which I need not bring prominently forward? " I told him I thought he would find more restraint in the office than would suit his aspirations. He walked on for some time thoughtfully, then started another subject, and never returned to that of entering the church.

He was especially fond of the novels of Brown — Charles Brockden Brown, the American, who died at the age of thirty-nine.

The first of these novels was *Wieland*. Wieland's father passed much of his time alone in a summer-house, where he died of spontaneous combustion. This summer-house made a great impression on Shelley, and in looking for a country house he always examined if he could find such a summer-house, or a place to erect one.

The second was *Ormond*. The heroine of this novel, Constantia Dudley, held one of the highest places, if not the very highest place, in Shelley's idealities of female character.

The third was *Edgar Huntley; or, the Sleepwalker*. In this his imagination was strangely captivated by the picture of Clitheroe in his sleep digging a grave under a tree.

The fourth was *Arthur Mervyn:* chiefly remarkable for the powerful description of the yellow fever in Philadelphia and the adjacent country, a subject previously treated in *Ormond*. No descriptions of pestilence surpass these of Brown. The transfer of the hero's affections from a simple peasant girl to a rich Jewess, displeased Shelley extremely, and he could only account for it on the ground that it was the only way in which Brown could bring his story to an uncomfortable conclusion. The three preceding tales had ended tragically.

These four tales were unquestionably works of great genius, and were remarkable for the way in which natural causes were made to produce the semblance of supernatural effects. The superstitious terror of romance could scarcely be more strongly excited than by the perusal of Wieland.

Brown wrote two other novels, *Jane Talbot* and *Philip Stanley,* in which

he abandoned this system, and confined himself to the common business of life. They had little comparative success.

Brown's four novels, Schiller's *Robbers,* and Goethe's *Faust,* were, of all the works with which he was familiar, those which took the deepest root in his mind, and had the strongest influence in the formation of his character. He was an assiduous student of the great classical poets, and among these his favourite heroines were Nausicaa and Antigone. I do not remember that he greatly admired any of our old English poets, excepting Shakspere and Milton. He devotedly admired Wordsworth and Coleridge, and in a minor degree Southey: these had great influence on his style, and Coleridge especially on his imagination; but admiration is one thing and assimilation is another; and nothing so blended itself with the structure of his interior mind as the creations of Brown. Nothing stood so clearly before his thoughts as a perfect combination of the purely ideal and possibly real, as Constantia Dudley.

He was particularly pleased with Wordsworth's Stanzas written in a pocket copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.* He said the fifth of these stanzas always reminded him of me. I told him the four first stanzas were in many respects applicable to him. He said: "It was a remarkable instance of Wordsworth's insight into nature, that he should have made intimate friends of two imaginary characters so essentially dissimilar, and yet severally so true to the actual characters of two friends, in a poem written long before they were known to each other, and while they were both boys, and totally unknown to him."

The delight of Wordsworth's first personage in the gardens of the happy castle, the restless spirit that drove him to wander, the exhaustion with which he returned and abandoned himself to repose, might all in these stanzas have been sketched to the life from Shelley. The end of the fourth stanza is especially apposite: —

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong:
But verse was what he had been wedded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drive the weary wight along.

He often repeated to me, as applicable to himself; a somewhat similar passage from *Childe Harold:* —

—— On the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invited:

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity,
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er
shall be.

His vegetable diet entered for something into his restlessness. When he was fixed in a place he adhered to this diet consistently and conscientiously, but it certainly did not agree with him; it made him weak and nervous, and exaggerated the sensitiveness of his imagination. Then arose those thick-coming fancies which almost invariably preceded his change of place. While he was living from inn to inn he was obliged to live, as he said, " on what he could get " ; that is to say, like other people. When he got well under this process he gave all the credit to locomotion, and held himself to have thus benefitted, not in consequence of his change of regimen, but in spite of it. Once, when I was living in the country, I received a note from him wishing me to call on him in London. I did so, and found him ill in bed. He said, " You are looking well. I suppose you go on in your old way, living on animal food and fermented liquor? " I answered in the affirmative. " And here," he said, " you see a vegetable feeder overcome by disease." I said, " Perhaps the diet is the cause." This he would by no means allow; but it was not long before he was again posting through some yet unvisited wilds, and recovering his health as usual, by living " on what he could get."

He had a prejudice against theatres which I took some pains to overcome. I induced him one evening to accompany me to a representation of the *School for Scandal.* When, after the scenes which exhibited Charles Surface in his jollity, the scene returned, in the fourth act, to Joseph's library, Shelley said to me — " I see the purpose of this comedy. It is to associate virtue with bottles and glasses, and villainy with books." I had great difficulty to make him stay to the end. He often talked of " the withering and perverting spirit of comedy." I do not think he ever went to another. But I remember his absorbed attention to Miss O'Neill's performance of Bianca in *Fazio,* and it is evident to me that she was always in his thoughts when he drew the character of Beatrice in the *Cenci.*

In the season of 1817, I persuaded him to accompany me to the opera. The performance was *Don Giovanni.* Before it commenced he asked me if the opera was comic or tragic. I said it was composite, — more comedy than tragedy. After the killing of the Commendatore, he said, " Do you call this comedy? " By degrees he became absorbed in the music and action. I asked him what he thought of Ambrogetti? He said, " He seems to be the very wretch he personates." The opera was followed by a ballet, in which Mdlle. Milanie was the principal *danseuse.* He was enchanted with this lady; said he had never imagined such grace of motion; and the impression was permanent, for in a letter he afterwards wrote to me from Milan he said, " They have no Mdlle. Milanie here."

From this time till he finally left England he was an assiduous frequenter of the Italian Opera. He delighted in the music of Mozart, and especially in the *Nozze di Figaro,* which was performed several times in the early part of 1818.

With the exception of *Fazio,* I do not remember his having been pleased with any performance at an English theatre. Indeed I do not remember his having been present at any but the two above mentioned. I tried in vain to reconcile him to comedy. I repeated to him one day, as an admirable specimen of diction and imagery, Michael Perez's soliloquy in his miserable lodgings, from *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.* When I came to the passage:

> *There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,*
> *Dried in this brick-kiln: and she sits i' the chimney*
> *(Which is but three tiles, raised like a house of cards),*
> *The true proportion of an old smoked Sibyl.*
> *There is a young thing, too, that Nature meant*
> *For a maidservant, but 'tis now a monster:*
> *She has a husk about her like a chestnut,*
> *With laziness, and living under the line here:*
> *And these two make a hollow sound together,*
> *Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur —*

he said, " There is comedy in its perfection. Society grinds down poor wretches into the dust of abject poverty, till they are scarcely recognizable as human beings; and then, instead of being treated as what they really are, subjects of the deepest pity, they are brought forward as grotesque monstrosities to be laughed at." I said, " You must admit the fineness of the expression." " It is true," he answered; " but the finer it is the worse it is, with such a perversion of sentiment."

I postpone, as I have intimated, till after the appearance of Mr. Hogg's third and fourth volumes, the details of the circumstances which preceded Shelley's separation from his first wife, and those of the separation itself.

There never was a case which more strongly illustrated the truth of Payne Knight's observation, that " the same kind of marriage, which usually ends a comedy, as usually begins a tragedy."

> *Y Gwîr yn erbyn y Byd.*
> *The Truth against the World.*
> *Bardic Maxim*

Mr. Hogg's third and fourth volumes not having appeared, and the materials with which Sir Percy and Lady Shelley had supplied him having been resumed by them, and so much of them as it was thought desirable to publish having been edited by Lady Shelley, with a connecting thread of narrative, I shall assume that I am now in possession of all the external

information likely to be available towards the completion of my memoir; and I shall proceed to complete it accordingly, subject to the contingent addition of a postscript, if any subsequent publication should render it necessary.

Lady Shelley says in her preface:

"We saw the book (Mr. Hogg's) for the first time when it was given to the world. It was impossible to imagine beforehand that from such materials a book could have been produced which has astonished and shocked those who have the greatest right to form an opinion on the character of Shelley; and it was with the most painful feelings of dismay that we perused what we could only look upon as a fantastic caricature, going forth to the public with my apparent sanction, — for it was dedicated to myself.

Our feelings of duty to the memory of Shelley left us no other alternative than to withdraw the materials which we had originally entrusted to his early friend, and which we could not but consider had been strangely misused; and to take upon ourselves the task of laying them before the public, connected only by as slight a thread of narrative as would suffice to make them intelligible to the reader."

I am very sorry, in the outset of this notice, to be under the necessity of dissenting from Lady Shelley respecting the facts of the separation of Shelley and Harriet.

Captain Medwin represented this separation to have taken place by mutual consent. Mr. Leigh Hunt and Mr. Middleton adopted this statement; and in every notice I have seen of it in print it has been received as an established truth.

Lady Shelley says —

"Towards the close of 1813 estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child — a son who died in 1826.

The occurrences of this painful epoch in Shelley's life, and of the causes which led to them, I am spared from relating. In Mary Shelley's own words — "This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any colouring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that, were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary."

Of those remaining who were intimate with Shelley at this time, each has given us a different version of this sad event, coloured by his own views or personal feelings. Evidently Shelley confided to none of these friends. We, who bear his name, and are of his family, have in our possession papers written by his own hand, which in after years may make the story of his life complete; and which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused.

One mistake, which has gone forth to the world, we feel ourselves called upon positively to contradict.

Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connexion whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him; for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth."

This passage ends the sixth chapter. The seventh begins thus —

" To the family of Godwin, Shelley had, from the period of his self-introduction at Keswick, been an object of interest; and the acquaintanceship which had sprung up between them during the poet's occasional visits to London had grown into a cordial friendship. It was in the society and sympathy of the Godwins that Shelley sought and found some relief in his present sorrow. He was still extremely young. His anguish, his isolation, his difference from other men, his gifts of genius and eloquent enthusiasm, made a deep impression on Godwin's daughter Mary, now a girl of sixteen, who had been accustomed to hear Shelley spoken of as something rare and strange. To her, as they met one eventful day in St. Pancras' churchyard, by her mother's grave, Bysshe, in burning words, poured forth the tale of his wild past — how he had suffered, how he had been misled; and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in future years to enrol his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity.

Unhesitatingly she placed her hands in his, and linked her fortune with his own; and most truthfully, as the remaining portion of these *Memorials* will prove, was the pledge of both redeemed."

I ascribe it to inexperience of authorship, that the sequence of words does not, in these passages, coincide with the sequence of facts: for in the order of words, the present sorrow would appear to be the death of Harriet. This however occurred two years and a half after the separation, and the union of his fate with Mary Godwin was simultaneous with it. Respecting

this separation, whatever degree of confidence Shelley may have placed in his several friends, there are some facts which speak for themselves and admit of no misunderstanding.

The Scotch marriage had taken place in August, 1811. In a letter which he wrote to a female friend sixteen months later (Dec. 10, 1812), he had said —

"How is Harriet a fine lady? You indirectly accuse her in your letter of this offence — to me the most unpardonable of all. The ease and simplicity of her habits, the unassuming plainness of her address, the uncalculated connexion of her thought and speech, have ever formed in my eyes her greatest charms: and none of these are compatible with fashionable life, or the attempted assumption of its vulgar and noisy *éclat*. You have a prejudice to contend with in making me convert to this last opinion of yours, which, so long as I have a living and daily witness of its futility before me, I fear will be insurmountable." — *Memorials*, p. 44.

Thus there had been no estrangement to the end of 1812. My own memory sufficiently attests that there was none in 1813.

From Bracknell, in the autumn of 1813, Shelley went to the Cumberland lakes; then to Edinburgh. In Edinburgh he became acquainted with a young Brazilian named Baptista, who had gone there to study medicine by his father's desire, and not from any vocation to the science, which he cordially abominated, as being all hypothesis, without the fraction of a basis of certainty to rest on. They corresponded after Shelley left Edinburgh, and subsequently renewed their intimacy in London. He was a frank, warm-hearted, very gentlemanly young man. He was a great enthusiast, and sympathized earnestly in all Shelley's views, even to the adoption of vegetable diet. He made some progress in a translation of *Queen Mab* into Portuguese. He showed me a sonnet, which he intended to prefix to his translation. It began —

Sublime Shelley, cantor di verdade!

and ended —

Surja Queen Mab a restaurar o mendo.

I have forgotten the intermediate lines. But he died early, of a disease of the lungs. The climate did not suit him, and he exposed himself to it incautiously.

Shelley returned to London shortly before Christmas, then took a furnished house for two or three months at Windsor, visiting London occasionally. In March, 1814, he married Harriet a second time, according to the following certificate: —

MARRIAGES IN MARCH 1814.

164. Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley (formerly Harriet Westbrook, Spinster, a Minor), both of this Parish, were remarried in this Church by Licence (the parties having been already married to each other according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of Scotland), in order to obviate all doubts that have arisen, or shall or may arise, touching or concerning the validity of the aforesaid Marriage (by and with the consent of John Westbrook, the natural and lawful father of the said Minor), this Twenty-fourth day of March, in the Year 1814.

By me,

EDWARD WILLIAMS, *Curate.*

This Marriage was solemnized between us — PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, HARRIET SHELLEY, formerly Harriet Westbrook.

In the presence of — JOHN WESTBROOK, JOHN STANLEY.

The above is a true extract from the Register Book of Marriages belonging to the Parish of Saint George, Hanover-square; extracted thence this eleventh day of April, 1859. — By me,

H. WEIGHTMAN, *Curate.*

It is, therefore, not correct to say that "estrangements which had been slowly growing came to a crisis towards the close of 1813." The date of the above certificate is conclusive on the point. The second marriage could not have taken place under such circumstances. Divorce would have been better for both parties, and the dissolution of the first marriage could have been easily obtained in Scotland.

There was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage, with the lady who was subsequently his second wife.

The separation did not take place by mutual consent. I cannot think that Shelley ever so represented it. He never did so to me: and the account which Harriet herself gave me of the entire proceeding was decidedly contradictory of any such supposition.

He might well have said, after first seeing Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, "*Ut vidi! ut perii!*" Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion, than that under which I found him labouring when, at his request, I went up from the country to call on him in London. Between his old feelings towards Harriet, *from whom he was not then separated,* and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his ges-

tures, in his speech, the state of a mind " suffering, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection." His eyes were bloodshot, his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said: " I never part from this." He added: " I am always repeating to myself your lines from Sophocles:

Man's happiest lot is not to be:
And when we tread life's thorny steep,
Most blest are they, who earliest free
Descend to death's eternal sleep."

Again, he said more calmly: " Every one who knows me must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." I said, " It always appeared to me that you were very fond of Harriet." Without affirming or denying this, he answered: " But you did not know how I hated her sister."

The term " noble animal " he applied to his wife, in conversation with another friend now living, intimating that the nobleness which he thus ascribed to her would induce her to acquiesce in the inevitable transfer of his affections to their new shrine. She did not so acquiesce, and he cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by leaving England with Miss Godwin on the 28th of July, 1814.

Shortly after this I received a letter from Harriet, wishing to see me. I called on her at her father's house in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. She then gave me her own account of the transaction, which, as I have said, decidedly contradicted the supposition of anything like separation by mutual consent.

She at the same time gave me a description, by no means flattering, of Shelley's new love, whom I had not then seen. I said, " If you have described her correctly, what could he see in her? " " Nothing," she said, " but that her name was Mary, and not only Mary, but Mary Wollstonecraft."

The lady had nevertheless great personal and intellectual attractions, though it is not to be wondered at that Harriet could not see them.

I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who for such conduct are held most in honour.

Mr. Hogg says: " Shelley told me his friend Robert Southey once said to him, ' A man ought to be able to live with any woman. You see that I can, and so ought you. It comes to pretty much the same thing, I apprehend. There is no great choice or difference.' " — *Hogg:* vol. i, p. 423. *Any woman,* I suspect, must have been said with some qualification. But such an one as either of them had first chosen, Southey saw no reason to change.

Shelley gave me some account of an interview he had had with Southey. It was after his return from his first visit to Switzerland, in the autumn of 1814. I forget whether it was in town or country; but it was in Southey's study, in which was suspended a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft. Whether Southey had been in love with this lady, is more than I know. That he had devotedly admired her is clear from his *Epistle to Amos Cottle,* prefixed to the latter's *Icelandic Poetry* (1797); in which, after describing the scenery of Norway, he says: —

Scenes like these
Have almost lived before me, when I gazed
Upon their fair resemblance traced by him,
Who sung the banished man of Ardebeil;
Or to the eye of Fancy held by her,
Who among women left no equal mind
When from this world she passed; and I could weep
To think that she is to the grave gone down!

Where a note names Mary Wollstonecraft, the allusion being to her *Letters from Norway.*

Shelley had previously known Southey, and wished to renew or continue friendly relations; but Southey was repulsive. He pointed to the picture, and expressed his bitter regret that the daughter of that angelic woman should have been so misled. It was most probably on this occasion that he made the remark cited by Mr. Hogg: his admiration of Mary Wollstonecraft may have given force to the observation: and as he had known Harriet, he might have thought that, in his view of the matter, she was all that a husband could wish for.

Few are now living who remember Harriet Shelley. I remember her well, and will describe her to the best of my recollection. She had a good figure, light, active, and graceful. Her features were regular and well proportioned. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with taste and simplicity. In her dress she was truly *simplex munditiis.* Her complexion was beautifully transparent; the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality; her spirits always cheerful; her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanour such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it; if they lived in retirement, she was satisfied; if they travelled, she enjoyed the change of scene.

That Shelley's second wife was intellectually better suited to him than

his first, no one who knew them both will deny; and that a man, who lived so totally out of the ordinary world and in a world of ideas, needed such an ever-present sympathy more than the general run of men, must also be admitted; but Southey, who did not want an intellectual wife, and was contented with his own, may well have thought that Shelley had equal reason to seek no change.

After leaving England, in 1814, the newly-affianced lovers took a tour on the Continent. He wrote to me several letters from Switzerland, which were subsequently published, together with a *Six Weeks' Tour,* written in the form of a journal by the lady with whom his fate was thenceforward indissolubly bound. I was introduced to her on their return.

The rest of 1814 they passed chiefly in London. Perhaps this winter in London was the most solitary period of Shelley's life. I often passed an evening with him at his lodgings, and I do not recollect ever meeting anyone there, excepting Mr. Hogg. Some of his few friends of the preceding year had certainly at that time fallen off from him. At the same time he was short of money, and was trying to raise some on his expectations, from " Jews and their fellow-Christians," as Lord Byron says. One day, as we were walking together on the banks of the Surrey Canal, and discoursing of Wordsworth, and quoting some of his verses, Shelley suddenly said to me: " Do you think Wordsworth could have written such poetry, if he had ever had dealings with money-lenders? " His own example, however, proved that the association had not injured his poetical faculties.

The canal in question was a favourite walk with us. The Croyden Canal branched off from it, and passed very soon into wooded scenery. The Croyden Canal is extinct, and has given place to the, I hope, more useful, but certainly less picturesque, railway. Whether the Surrey exists, I do not know. He had a passion for sailing paper-boats, which he indulged on this canal, and on the Serpentine river. The best spot he had ever found for it was a large pool of transparent water, on a heath above Bracknell, with determined borders free from weeds, which admitted of launching the miniature craft on the windward, and running round to receive it on the leeward, side. On the Serpentine, he would sometimes launch a boat constructed with more than usual care, and freighted with halfpence. He delighted to do this in the presence of boys, who would run round to meet it, and when it landed in safety, and the boys scrambled for their prize, he had difficulty in restraining himself from shouting as loudly as they did. The river was not suitable to this amusement, nor even Virginia Water, on which he sometimes practised it; but the lake was too large to allow of meeting the landing. I sympathized with him in this taste; I had it before I knew him: I am not sure that I did not originate it with him; for which I should scarcely receive the thanks of my friend, Mr. Hogg, who never took any pleasure in it, and cordially abominated it, when, as fre-

quently happened, on a cold winter day, in a walk from Bishopsgate over Bagshot Heath, we came on a pool of water, which Shelley would not part from till he had rigged out a flotilla from any unfortunate letters he happened to have in his pocket. Whatever may be thought of this amusement for grown gentlemen, it was at least innocent amusement, and not mixed up with any " sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

In the summer of 1815, Shelley took a furnished house at Bishopsgate, the eastern entrance of Windsor Park, where he resided till the summer of 1816. At this time he had, by the sacrifice of a portion of his expectations, purchased an annuity of £1000 a-year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200.

I was then living at Marlow, and frequently walked over to pass a few days with him. At the end of August, 1815, we made an excursion on the Thames to Lechlade, in Gloucestershire, and as much higher as there was water to float our skiff. It was a dry season, and we did not get much beyond Inglesham Weir, which was not then, as now, an immovable structure, but the wreck of a movable weir, which had been subservient to the navigation, when the river had been, as it had long ceased to be, navigable to Cricklade. A solitary sluice was hanging by a chain, swinging in the wind and creaking dismally. Our voyage terminated at a spot where the cattle stood entirely across the stream, with the water scarcely covering their hoofs. We started from, and returned to, Old Windsor, and our excursion occupied about ten days. This was, I think, the origin of Shelly's taste for boating, which he retained to the end of his life. On our way up, at Oxford, he was so much out of order that he feared being obliged to return. He had been living chiefly on tea and bread and butter, drinking occasionally a sort of spurious lemonade, made of some powder in a box, which, as he was reading at the time the *Tale of a Tub,* he called *the powder of pimperlimpimp.* He consulted a doctor, who may have done him some good, but it was not apparent. I told him, " If he would allow me to prescribe for him, I would set him to rights." He asked, " What would be your prescription? " I said, " Three mutton chops, well peppered." He said, " Do you really think so? " I said, " I am sure of it." He took the prescription; the success was obvious and immediate. He lived in my way for the rest of our expedition, rowed vigorously, was cheerful, merry, overflowing with animal spirits, and had certainly one week of thorough enjoyment of life. We passed two nights in a comfortable inn at Lechlade, and his lines, " A Summer Evening on the Thames at Lechlade," were written then and there. Mrs. Shelley (the second, who always bore his name), who was with us, made a diary of the little trip, which I suppose is lost.

The whole of the winter 1815–16 was passed quietly at Bishopsgate. Mr. Hogg often walked down from London; and I, as before, walked over from Marlow. This winter was, as Mr. Hogg expressed it, a mere Atticism

Our studies were exclusively Greek. To the best of my recollection, we were, throughout the whole period, his only visitors. One or two persons called on him; but they were not to his mind, and were not encouraged to reappear. The only exception was a physician whom he had called in; the Quaker, Dr. Pope, of Staines. This worthy old gentleman came more than once, not as a doctor, but a friend. He liked to discuss theology with Shelley. Shelley at first avoided the discussion, saying his opinions would not be to the Doctor's taste; but the Doctor answered, "I like to hear thee talk, friend Shelley; I see thee art very deep."

At this time Shelley wrote his *Alastor*. He was at a loss for a title, and I proposed that which he adopted: *Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude*. The Greek word Ἀλάστωρ is an evil genius κακοδαίμων, though the sense of the two words is somewhat different, as in the Φανεὶς Ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων ποθέν of Aeschylus. The poem treated the spirit of solitude as a spirit of evil. I mention the true meaning of the word because many have supposed *Alastor* to be the name of the hero of the poem.

He published this, with some minor poems, in the course of the winter.

In the early summer of 1816, the spirit of restlessness again came over him, and resulted in a second visit to the Continent. The change of scene was preceded, as more than once before, by a mysterious communication from a person seen only by himself, warning him of immediate personal perils to be incurred by him if he did not instantly depart.

I was alone at Bishopsgate, with him and Mrs. Shelley, when the visitation alluded to occurred. About the middle of the day, intending to take a walk, I went into the hall for my hat. His was there, and mine was not. I could not imagine what had become of it; but as I could not walk without it, I returned to the library. After some time had elapsed, Mrs. Shelley came in, and gave me an account which she had just received from himself, of the visitor and his communication. I expressed some scepticism on the subject, on which she left me, and Shelley came in, with my hat in his hand. He said, "Mary tells me, you do not believe that I have had a visit from Williams." I said, "I told her there were some improbabilities in the narration." He said, "You know Williams of Tremadoc?" I said, "I do." He said, "It was he who was here today. He came to tell me of a plot laid by my father and uncle, to entrap me and lock me up. He was in great haste, and could not stop a minute, and I walked with him to Egham." I said, "What hat did you wear?" He said, "This, to be sure." I said, "I wish you would put it on." He put it on, and it went over his face. I said, "You could not have walked to Egham in that hat." He said, "I snatched it up hastily, and perhaps I kept it in my hand. I certainly walked with Williams to Egham, and he told me what I have said. You are very sceptical." I said, "If you are certain of what you say, my scepticism cannot affect your certainty." He said, "It is very hard on a man who has devoted his life to the pursuit of truth, who has made great

sacrifices and incurred great sufferings for it, to be treated as a visionary. If I do not know that I saw Williams, how do I know that I see you? " I said, " An idea may have the force of a sensation: but the oftener a sensation is repeated, the greater is the probability of its origin in reality. You saw me yesterday, and will see me tomorrow." He said, " I can see Williams tomorrow if I please. He told me he was stopping at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand, and should be there two days. I want to convince you that I am not under a delusion. Will you walk with me to London tomorrow, to see him? " I said, " I would most willingly do so." The next morning after an early breakfast we set off on our walk to London. We had got half way down Egham Hill, when he suddenly turned round, and said to me, " I do not think we shall find Williams at the Turk's Head." I said, " Neither do I." He said, " You say that, because you do not think he has been there; but he mentioned a contingency under which he might leave town yesterday, and he has probably done so." I said, " At any rate, we should know that he has been there." He said, " I will take other means of convincing you. I will write to him. Suppose we take a walk through the forest." We turned about on our new direction, and were out all day. Some days passed, and I heard no more of the matter. One morning he said to me, " I have some news of Williams; a letter and an enclosure." I said, " I shall be glad to see the letter." He said, " I cannot show you the letter; I will show you the enclosure. It is a diamond necklace. I think you know me well enough to be sure I would not throw away my own money on such a thing, and that if I have it, it must have been sent me by somebody else. It has been sent me by Williams." " For what purpose," I asked. He said, " To prove his identity and his sincerity." " Surely," I said, " your showing me a diamond necklace will prove nothing but that you have one to show." " Then," he said, " I will not show it you. If you will not believe me, I must submit to your incredulity." There the matter ended. I never heard another word of Williams, nor of any other mysterious visitor. I had on one or two previous occasions argued with him against similar semi-delusions, and I believe if they had always been received with similar scepticism, they would not have been often repeated; but they were encouraged by the ready credulity with which they were received by many who ought to have known better. I call them semi-delusions, because, for the most part, they had their basis in his firm belief that his father and uncle had designs on his liberty. On this basis, his imagination built a fabric of romance, and when he presented it as substantive fact, and it was found to contain more or less of inconsistency, he felt his self-esteem interested in maintaining it by accumulated circumstances, which severally vanished under the touch of investigation, like Williams's location at the Turk's Head Coffee-house.

I must add, that in the expression of these differences, there was not a shadow of anger. They were discussed with freedom and calmness; with

the good temper and good feeling which never forsook him in conversations with his friends. There was an evident anxiety for acquiescence, but a quiet and gentle toleration of dissent. A personal discussion, however interesting to himself, was carried on with the same calmness as if it related to the most abstract question in metaphysics.

Indeed, one of the great charms of intercourse with him was the perfect good humour and openness to conviction with which he responded to opinions opposed to his own. I have known eminent men, who were no doubt very instructive as lecturers to people who like being lectured; which I never did; but with whom conversation was impossible. To oppose their dogmas, even to question them, was to throw their temper off its balance. When once this infirmity showed itself in any of my friends, I was always careful not to provoke a second ebullition. I submitted to the preachment, and was glad when it was over.

The result was a second trip to Switzerland. During his absence he wrote me several letters, some of which were subsequently published by Mrs. Shelley; others are still in my possession. Copies of two of these were obtained by Mr. Middleton, who has printed a portion of them. Mrs. Shelley was at that time in the habit of copying Shelley's letters, and these were among some papers accidentally left at Marlow, where they fell into unscrupulous hands. Mr. Middleton must have been aware that he had no right to print them without my consent. I might have stopped his publication by an injunction, but I did not think it worth while, more especially as the book, though abounding with errors adopted from Captain Medwin and others, is written with good feeling towards the memory of Shelley.

During his stay in Switzerland he became acquainted with Lord Byron. They made together an excursion round the Lake of Geneva, of which he sent me the detail in a diary. This diary was published by Mrs. Shelley, but without introducing the name of Lord Byron, who is throughout called "my companion." The diary was first published during Lord Byron's life; but why his name was concealed I do not know. Though the changes are not many, yet the association of the two names gives it great additional interest.

At the end of August, 1816, they returned to England, and Shelley passed the first fortnight of September with me at Marlow. July and August, 1816, had been months of perpetual rain. The first fortnight of September was a period of unbroken sunshine. The neighbourhood of Marlow abounds with beautiful walks; the river scenery is also fine. We took every day a long excursion, either on foot or on the water. He took a house there, partly, perhaps principally, for the sake of being near me. While it was being fitted and furnished, he resided at Bath.

In December, 1816, Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine river, not, as Captain Medwin says, in a pond at the bottom of her father's

garden at Bath. Her father had not then left his house in Chapel Street, and to that house his daughter's body was carried.

On the 30th of December, 1816, Shelley married his second wife; and early in the ensuing year they took possession of their house at Marlow. It was a house with many large rooms and extensive gardens. He took it on a lease for twenty-one years, furnished it handsomely, fitted up a library in a room large enough for a ball-room, and settled himself down, as he supposed, for life. This was an agreeable year to all of us. Mr. Hogg was a frequent visitor. We had a good deal of rowing and sailing, and we took long walks in all directions. He had other visitors from time to time. Amongst them were Mr. Godwin and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt. He led a much more social life than he had done at Bishopgate; but he held no intercourse with his immediate neighbours. He said to me more than once, "I am not wretch enough to tolerate an acquaintance."

In the summer of 1817 he wrote the *Revolt of Islam,* chiefly on a seat on a high prominence in Bisham Wood, where he passed whole mornings with a blank book and a pencil. This work, when completed, was printed under the title of *Laon and Cythna.* In this poem he had carried the expression of his opinions, moral, political, and theological, beyond the bounds of discretion. The terror which, in those days of persecution of the press, the perusal of the book inspired in Mr. Ollier, the publisher, induced him to solicit the alteration of many passages which he had marked. Shelley was for some time inflexible; but Mr. Ollier's refusal to publish the poem as it was, backed by the advice of all his friends, induced him to submit to the required changes. Many leaves were cancelled, and it was finally published as *The Revolt of Islam.* Of *Laon and Cythna* only three copies had gone forth. One of these had found its way to the *Quarterly Review,* and the opportunity was readily seized of pouring out on it one of the most malignant effusions of the *odium theologicum* that ever appeared even in those days, and in that periodical.

During his residence at Marlow we often walked to London, frequently in company with Mr. Hogg. It was our usual way of going there, when not pressed for time. We went by a very pleasant route over fields, lanes, woods, and heaths to Uxbridge, and by the main road from Uxbridge to London. The total distance was thirty-two miles to Tyburn turnpike. We usually stayed two nights, and walked back on the third day. I never saw Shelley tired with these walks. Delicate and fragile as he appeared, he had great muscular strength. We took many walks in all directions from Marlow, and saw everything worth seeing within a radius of sixteen miles. This comprehended, among other notable places, Windsor Castle and Forest, Virginia Water, and the spots which were consecrated by the memories of Cromwell, Hampden, and Milton, in the Chiltern district of Buckinghamshire. We had also many pleasant excursions, rowing and sailing on the river, between Henley and Maidenhead.

Shelley, it has been seen, had two children by his first wife. These children he claimed after Harriet's death, but her family refused to give them up. They resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of Lord Eldon was given against him.

The grounds of Lord Eldon's decision have been misrepresented. The petition had adduced " Queen Mab," and other instances of Shelley's opinions on religion, as one of the elements of the charges against him; but the judgment ignores this element, and rests entirely upon moral conduct. It was distinctly laid down that the principles which Shelley had professed in regard to some of the most important relations of life, had been carried by him into practice; and that the practical development of those principles, not the principles themselves, had determined the judgment of the Court.

Lord Eldon intimated that his judgment was not final; but nothing would have been gained by an appeal to the House of Peers. Liberal law lords were then unknown; neither could Shelley have hoped to enlist public opinion in his favour. A Scotch marriage, contracted so early in life, might not have been esteemed a very binding tie: but the separation which so closely followed on a marriage in the Church of England, contracted two years and a half later, presented itself as the breach of a much more solemn and deliberate obligation.

It is not surprising that so many persons at the time should have supposed that the judgment had been founded, at least partly, on religious grounds. Shelley himself told me, that Lord Eldon had expressly stated that such grounds were excluded, and the judgment itself showed it. But few read the judgment. It did not appear in the newspapers, and all report of the proceedings was interdicted. Mr. Leigh Hunt accompanied Shelley to the Court of Chancery. Lord Eldon was extremely courteous; but he said blandly, and at the same time determinedly, that a report of the proceedings would be punished as a contempt of Court. The only explanation I have ever been able to give to myself of his motive for this prohibition was, that he was willing to leave the large body of fanatics among his political supporters under delusion as to the grounds of his judgment; and that it was more for his political interest to be stigmatized by Liberals as an inquisitor, than to incur in any degree the imputation of theological liberality from his own persecuting party.

Since writing the above passages I have seen, in the *Morning Post* of November 22nd, the report of a meeting of the Juridical Society, under the presidency of the present Lord Chancellor, in which a learned brother read a paper, proposing to revive the system of persecution against " blasphemous libel " ; and in the course of his lecture he said — " The Court of Chancery, on the doctrine *Parens patriae,* deprived the parent of the guardianship of his children when his principles were in antagonism to religion, as in the case of the poet Shelley." The Attorney-General ob-

served on this: "With respect to the interference of the Court of Chancery in the case of Shelley's children, there was a great deal of misunderstanding. It was not because their father was an unbeliever in Christianity, but because he violated and refused to acknowledge the ordinary usages of morality." The last words are rather vague and twaddling, and I suppose are not the *ipsissima verba* of the Attorney-General. The essence and quintessence of Lord Eldon's judgment was this: "Mr. Shelley long ago published and maintained the doctrine that marriage is a contract binding only during mutual pleasure. He has carried out that doctrine in his own practice; he has done nothing to show that he does not still maintain it; and I consider such practice injurious to the best interests of society." I am not apologizing for Lord Eldon, nor vindicating his judgment. I am merely explaining it, simply under the wish that those who talk about it should know what it really was.

Some of Shelley's friends have spoken and written of Harriet as if to vindicate him it were necessary to disparage her. They might, I think, be content to rest the explanation of his conduct on the ground on which he rested it himself — that he had found in another the intellectual qualities which constituted his ideality of the partner of his life. But Harriet's untimely fate occasioned him deep agony of mind, which he felt the more because for a long time he kept the feeling to himself. I became acquainted with it in a somewhat singular manner.

I was walking with him one evening in Bisham Wood, and we had been talking, in the usual way, of our ordinary subjects, when he suddenly fell into a gloomy reverie. I tried to rouse him out of it, and made some remarks which I thought might make him laugh at his own abstraction. Suddenly he said to me, still with the same gloomy expression: "There is one thing to which I have decidedly made up my mind. I will take a great glass of ale every night." I said, laughingly, "A very good resolution, as the result of a melancholy musing." "Yes," he said; "but you do not know why I take it. I shall do it to deaden my feelings: for I see that those who drink ale have none." The next day he said to me: "You must have thought me very unreasonable yesterday evening?" I said, "I did, certainly." "Then," he said, "I will tell you what I would not tell anyone else. I was thinking of Harriet." I told him, "I had no idea of such a thing: it was so long since he had named her. I had thought he was under the influence of some baseless morbid feeling; but if ever I should see him again in such a state of mind, I would not attempt to disturb it."

There was not much comedy in Shelley's life; but his antipathy to "acquaintance" led to incidents of some drollery. Amongst the persons who called on him at Bishopsgate, was one whom he tried hard to get rid of, but who forced himself on him in every possible manner. He saw him at a distance one day, as he was walking down Egham Hill, and instantly jumped through a hedge, ran across a field, and laid himself down in a

dry ditch. Some men and women, who were haymaking in the field, ran up to see what was the matter, when he said to them, " Go away, go away: don't you see it's a bailiff? " On which they left him, and he escaped discovery.

After he had settled himself at Marlow, he was in want of a music-master to attend a lady staying in his house, and I inquired for one at Maidenhead. Having found one, I requested that he would call on Mr. Shelley. One morning Shelley rushed into my house in great trepidation, saying: " Barricade the doors; give orders that you are not at home. Here is —— in the town." He passed the whole day with me, and we sat in expectation that the knocker or the bell would announce the unwelcome visitor; but the evening fell on the unfulfilled fear. He then ventured home. It turned out that the name of the music-master very nearly resembled in sound the name of the obnoxious gentleman; and when Shelley's man opened the library door and said, " Mr. ——, sir," Shelley, who caught the name as that of his *Monsieur Tonson*, exclaimed, " I would just as soon see the devil! ", sprang up from his chair, jumped out of the window, ran across the lawn, climbed over the garden-fence, and came round to me by a back-path: when we entrenched ourselves for a day's siege. We often laughed afterwards at the thought of what must have been his man's astonishment at seeing his master, on the announcement of the musician, disappear so instantaneously through the window, with the exclamation, " I would just as soon see the devil! " and in what way he could explain to the musician that his master was so suddenly " not at home."

Shelley, when he did laugh, laughed heartily, the more so as what he considered the perversions of comedy excited not his laughter but his indignation, although such disgusting outrages on taste and feeling as the burlesques by which the stage is now disgraced had not then been perpetrated. The ludicrous, when it neither offended good feeling, nor perverted moral judgment, necessarily presented itself to him with greater force.

Though his published writings are all serious, yet his letters are not without occasional touches of humour. In one which he wrote to me from Italy, he gave an account of a new acquaintance who had a prodigious nose. " His nose is something quite Slawkenbergian. It weighs on the imagination to look at it. It is that sort of nose that transforms all the g's its wearer utters into k's. It is a nose once seen never to be forgotten, and which requires the utmost stretch of Christian charity to forgive. I, you know, have a little turn-up nose, H—— has a large hook one; but add them together, square them, cube them, you would have but a faint notion of the nose to which I refer."

I may observe incidentally, that his account of his own nose corroborates the opinion I have previously expressed of the inadequate likeness of

the published portraits of him, in which the nose has no turn-up. It had, in fact, very little; just as much as may be seen in the portrait to which I have referred, in the Florentine Gallery.

The principal employment of the female population in Marlow was lace-making, miserably remunerated. He went continually amongst this unfortunate population, and to the extent of his ability relieved the most pressing cases of distress. He had a list of pensioners, to whom he made a weekly allowance.

Early in 1818 the spirit of restlessness again came over him. He left Marlow, and, after a short stay in London, left England in March of that year, never to return.

I saw him for the last time, on Tuesday the 10th of March. The evening was a remarkable one, as being that of the first performance of an opera of Rossini in England, and of the first appearance here of Malibran's father, Garcia. He performed Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Fodor was Rosina; Naldi, Figaro; Ambrogetti, Bartolo; and Angrisani, Basilio. I supped with Shelley and his travelling companions after the opera. They departed early the next morning.

Thus two very dissimilar events form one epoch in my memory. In looking back to that long-past time, I call to mind how many friends, Shelley himself included, I saw around me in the old Italian Theatre, who have now all disappeared from the scene. I hope I am not unduly given to be *laudator temporis acti*, yet I cannot but think that the whole arrangement of the opera in England has changed for the worse. Two acts of opera, a divertissement, and a ballet, seem very ill replaced by four or five acts of opera, with little or no dancing. These, to me, verify the old saying, that " Too much of one thing is good for nothing " ; and the quiet and decorous audiences, of whom Shelley used to say, " It is delightful to see human beings so civilized," are not agreeably succeeded by the vociferous assemblies, calling and recalling performers to the footlights, and showering down bouquets to the accompaniment of their noisy approbation.

At the time of his going abroad, he had two children by his second wife — William and Clara; and it has been said that the fear of having these taken from him by a decree of the Chancellor had some influence on his determination to leave England; but there was no ground for such a fear. No one could be interested in taking them from him; no reason could be alleged for taking them from their mother; the Chancellor would not have entertained the question, unless a provision had been secured for the children; and who was to do this? Restlessness and embarrassment were the causes of his determination; and according to the Newtonian doctrine, it is needless to look for more causes than are necessary to explain the phenomena.

These children both died in Italy; Clara, the youngest, in 1818, William,

in the following year. The last event he communicated to me in a few lines, dated Rome, June 8th, 1819: —

" Yesterday, after an illness of only a few days, my little William died. There was no hope from the moment of the attack. You will be kind enough to tell all my friends so that I need not write to them. It is a great exertion to me to write this, and it seems to me as if, hunted by calamity as I have been, that I should never recover any cheerfulness again."

A little later in the same month he wrote to me again from Livorno: —

" Our melancholy journey finishes at this town; but we retrace our steps to Florence, where, as I imagine, we shall remain some months. O that I could return to England! How heavy a weight when misfortune is added to exile; and solitude, as if the measure were not full, heaped high on both. O that I could return to England! I hear you say, ' Desire never fails to generate capacity.' Ah! but that ever-present Malthus, necessity, has convinced desire, that even though it generated capacity its offspring must starve."

Again from Livorno; August, 1819 (they had changed their design of going to Florence): —

" I most devoutly wish that I were living near London. I don't think that I shall settle so far off as Richmond, and to inhabit any intermediate spot on the Thames, would be to expose myself to the river damps. Not to mention that it is not much to my taste. My inclinations point to Hampstead; but I don't know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. What are mountains, trees, heaths, or even the glorious and ever-beautiful sky, with such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead, to friends? Social enjoyment in some form or other is the Alpha and Omega of existence. All that I see in Italy, and from my tower window I now see the magnificent peaks of the Apennine, half enclosing the plain, is nothing — it dwindles to smoke in the mind, when I think of some familiar forms of scenery, little perhaps in themselves, over which old remembrances have thrown a delightful colour. How we prize what we despised when present! So the ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve and abandoned them to perish."

This seems to contrast strangely with a passage in Mrs. Shelley's journal, written after her return to England: —

" Mine own Shelley! What a horror you had of returning to this miserable country! To be here without you is to be doubly exiled; to be away from Italy is to lose you twice." — *Shelley Memorials,* p. 224.

It is probable, however, that as Mrs. Shelley was fond of Italy, he did not wish to disturb her enjoyment of it, by letting her see fully the deep-seated wish to return to his own country, which lay at the bottom of all his feelings.

It is probable also that, after the birth of his last child, he became more reconciled to residing abroad.

In the same year, the parents received the best consolation which nature could bestow on them, in the birth of another son, the present Sir Percy, who was born at Florence, on the 12th of November, 1819.

Shelley's life in Italy is best traced by his letters. He delighted in the grand aspects of nature; mountains, torrents, forests, and the sea; and in the ruins, which still reflected the greatness of antiquity. He described these scenes with extraordinary power of language, in his letters as well as in his poetry; but in the latter he peopled them with phantoms of virtue and beauty, such as never existed on earth. One of his most striking works in this kind is the " Prometheus Unbound." He only once descended into the arena of reality, and that was in the tragedy of the Cenci. This is unquestionably a work of great dramatic power, but it is as unquestionably not a work for the modern English stage. It would have been a great work in the days of Massinger. He sent it to me to introduce it to Covent Garden Theatre. I did so; but the result was as I expected. It could not be received; though great admiration was expressed of the author's powers, and great hopes of his success with a less repulsive subject. But he could not clip his wings to the littleness of the acting drama; and though he adhered to his purpose of writing for the stage, and chose Charles I for his subject, he did not make much progress in the task. If his life had been prolonged, I still think he would have accomplished something worthy of the best days of theatrical literature. If the gorgeous scenery of his poetry could have been peopled from actual life, if the deep thoughts and strong feelings which he was so capable of expressing, had been accommodated to characters such as have been and may be, however exceptional in the greatness of passion, he would have added his own name to those of the masters of the art. He studied it with unwearied devotion in its higher forms; the Greek tragedians, Shakspere, and Calderon. Of Calderon, he says, in a letter to me from Leghorn, September 21st, 1819:—

" C. C. is now with us on his way to Vienna. He has spent a year or more in Spain, where he has learnt Spanish; and I make him read Spanish all day long. It is a most powerful and expressive language, and I have already learnt sufficient to read with great ease their poet Calderon. I have read about twelve of his plays. Some of them certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He excels all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakspere, whom he resembles, however, in the depth of thought and subtlety of

imagination of his writings, and in the one rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragic situations, without diminishing their interest. I rank him far above Beaumont and Fletcher."

In a letter to Mr. Gisborne dated November, 1820, he says: "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry *Autos*. I have read them all more than once." These were Calderon's religious dramas, being of the same class as those which were called *Mysteries* in France and England, but of a far higher order of poetry than the latter ever attained.

The first time Mr. Trelawny saw him, he had a volume of Calderon in his hand. He was translating some passages of the "Magico Prodigioso."

"I arrived late, and hastened to the Tre Palazzi, on the Lung' Arno, where the Shelleys and Williamses lived on different flats under the same roof, as is the custom on the Continent. The Williamses received me in their earnest, cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and going to the door-way, she laughingly said —

"'Come in, Shelley; it's only our friend Tre just arrived.'

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment: was it possible this wild-looking, beardless boy, could be the veritable monster at war with all the world? — excommunicated by the Fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as a founder of a Satanic school? I would not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his 'sizings.' Mrs. Williams saw my embarrassment, and to relieve me asked Shelley what book he had in his hand? His face brightened, and he answered briskly —

"'Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso"; I am translating some passages in it.'

"'Oh, read it to us!'

"Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly be-

came oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analysed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretations of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were marvellous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality, I no longer doubted his identity. A dead silence ensued; looking up, I asked —

" ' Where is he? '

" Mrs. Williams said, ' Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where.' " — *Trelawny*, pp. 19–22.

From this time Mr. Trelawny was a frequent visitor to the Shelleys, and, as will be seen, a true and indefatigable friend.

In the year 1818, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, and continued in friendly intercourse with him till the time of his death. Till that time his life, from the birth of his son Percy, was passed chiefly in or near Pisa, or on the seashore between Genoa and Leghorn. It was unmarked by any remarkable events, except one or two, one of which appears to me to have been a mere disturbance of imagination. This was a story of his having been knocked down at the post office in Florence, by a man in a military cloak, who had suddenly walked up to him, saying, " Are you the damned atheist Shelley? " This man was not seen by any one else, nor ever afterwards seen or heard of; though a man answering the description had on the same day left Florence for Genoa, and was followed up without success.

I cannot help classing this incident with the Tanyrallt assassination, and other semi-delusions, of which I have already spoken.

Captain Medwin thinks this " cowardly attack " was prompted by some article in the *Quarterly Review*. The Quarterly Reviewers of that day had many sins to answer for in the way of persecution of genius, whenever it appeared in opposition to their political and theological intolerance; but they were, I am satisfied, as innocent of this " attack " on Shelley, as they were of the death of Keats. Keats was consumptive, and foredoomed by nature to early death. His was not the spirit " to let itself be snuffed out by an article."

With the cessation of his wanderings, his beautiful descriptive letters ceased also. The fear of losing their only surviving son predominated over the love of travelling by which both parents were characterized. The last of this kind which was addressed to me was dated Rome, March 23rd, 1819. This was amongst the letters published by Mrs. Shelley. It is preceded by two from Naples — December 22nd, 1818, and January 26th, 1819. There was a third, which is alluded to in the beginning of his letter from Rome: " I wrote to you the day before our departure from Naples." When I gave Mrs. Shelley the other letters, I sought in vain for this.

I found it, only a few months since, in some other papers, among which it had gone astray.

His serenity was temporarily disturbed by a calumny, which Lord Byron communicated to him. There is no clue to what it was; and I do not understand why it was spoken of at all. A mystery is a riddle, and the charity of the world will always give such a riddle the worst possible solution.

An affray in the streets of Pisa was a more serious and perilous reality. Shelley was riding outside the gates of Pisa with Lord Byron, Mr. Trelawny, and some other Englishmen, when a dragoon dashed through their party in an insolent manner. Lord Byron called him to account. A scuffle ensued, in which the dragoon knocked Shelley off his horse, wounded Captain Hay in the hand, and was dangerously wounded himself by one of Lord Byron's servants. The dragoon recovered; Lord Byron left Pisa; and so ended an affair which might have had very disastrous results.

Under present circumstances the following passage in a letter which he wrote to me from Pisa, dated March, 1820, will be read with interest: —

"I have a motto on a ring in Italian: '*Il buon tempo verrà.*' There is a tide both in public and in private affairs which awaits both men and nations.

"I have no news from Italy. We live here under a nominal tyrrany, administered according to the philosophic laws of Leopold, and the mild opinions which are the fashion here. Tuscany is unlike all the other Italian States in this respect."

Shelley's last residence was a villa on the Bay of Spezzia. Of this villa Mr. Trelawny has given a view.

Amongst the new friends whom he had made to himself in Italy were Captain and Mrs. Williams. To these, both himself and Mrs. Shelley were extremely attached. Captain Williams was fond of boating, and furnished a model for a small sailing vessel, which he persisted in adopting against the protest of the Genoese builder and of their friend Captain Roberts, who superintended her construction. She was called the *Don Juan*. It took two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and even then she was very crank in a breeze. Mr. Trelawny dispatched her from Genoa under the charge of two steady seamen and a boy named Charles Vivian. Shelley retained the boy and sent back the two sailors. They told Mr. Trelawny that she was a ticklish boat to manage, but had sailed and worked well, and that they had cautioned the gentlemen accordingly.

It is clear from Mr. Trelawny's account of a trip he had with them, that the only good sailor on board was the boy. They contrived to jam the mainsheet and to put the tiller starboard instead of port. "If there had been a squall," he said, "we should have had to swim for it."

"Not I," said Shelley; "I should have gone down with the rest of the pigs at the bottom of the boat," meaning the iron pig-ballast.

In the meantime, at the instance of Shelley, Lord Byron had concurred in inviting Mr. Leigh Hunt and his family to Italy. They were to co-operate in a new quarterly journal, to which it was expected that the name of Byron would ensure an immediate and extensive circulation. This was the unfortunate *Liberal,* a title furnished by Lord Byron, of which four numbers were subsequently published. It proved a signal failure, for which there were many causes; but I do not think that any name or names could have buoyed it up against the dead weight of its title alone. A literary periodical should have a neutral name, and leave its character to be developed in its progress. A journal might be pre-eminently, on one side or the other, either aristocratical or democratical in its tone; but to call it the " Aristocrat " or the " Democrat " would be fatal to it.

Leigh Hunt arrived in Italy with his family on the 14th of June, 1822, in time to see his friend once and no more.

Shelley was at that time writing a poem called the " Triumph of Life." The composition of this poem, the perpetual presence of the sea, and other causes (among which I do not concur with Lady Shelley in placing the solitude of his seaside residence, for his life there was less solitary than it had almost ever been),

" contributed to plunge the mind of Shelley into a state of morbid excitement, the result of which was a tendency to see visions. One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm; Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the spot, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon, the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him. He must then have risen in his sleep, for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated ' Siete sodisfatto? ' and vanished. The dream is said to have been suggested by an incident occurring in a drama attributed to Calderon."

Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6th, when he and Williams were walking together on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary: —

" Fine. Some heavy drops of rain fell without a cloud being visible. After tea, while walking with Shelley on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and, stopping short, he grasped me violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing himself sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain; but he only answered by saying ' There it is again; there! ' He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegra, who had recently died) rise from the sea, and clasp its hand

as if in joy, smiling at him. This was a trance that it required some reasoning and philosophy entirely to wake him from, so forcibly had the vision operated on his mind. Our conversation, which had been at first rather melancholy, led to this, and my confirming his sensations by confessing that I had felt the same, gave greater activity to his ever-wandering and lively imagination." — *Shelley Memorials,* pp. 191–3.

On the afternoon of the 8th of July, 1822, after an absence of some days from home, Shelley and Williams set sail from Leghorn for their home on the Gulf of Spezzia. Trelawny watched them from Lord Byron's vessel, the *Bolivar.* The day was hot and calm. Trelawny said to his Genoese mate, " They will soon have the land breeze." " Maybe," said the mate, " they will soon have too much breeze. That gaff-topsail is foolish, in a boat with no deck and no sailor on board. Look at those black lines, and the dirty rags hanging under them out of the sky. Look at the smoke on the water. The devil is brewing mischief." Shelley's boat disappeared in a fog.

" Although the sun was obscured by mists, it was oppressively sultry. There was not a breath of air in the harbour. The heaviness of the atmosphere, and an unwonted stillness benumbed my senses. I went down into the cabin and sank into a slumber. I was roused up by a noise overhead and went on deck. The men were getting up a chain cable to let go another anchor. There was a general stir amongst the shipping; shifting berths, getting down yards and masts, veering out cables, hauling in of hawsers, letting go anchors, hailing from the ships and quays, boats scudding rapidly to and fro. It was almost dark, although only half past six o'clock. The sea was of the colour, and looked as solid and smooth as a sheet of lead, and covered with an oily scum. Gusts of wind swept over without ruffling it, and big drops of rain fell on its surface, rebounding, as if they could not penetrate it. There was a commotion in the air, made up of many threatening sounds, coming upon us from the sea. Fishing-craft and coasting vessels under bare poles rushed by us in shoals, running foul of the ships in the harbour. As yet the din and hubbub was that made by men, but their shrill pipings were suddenly silenced by the crashing voice of a thunder-squall that burst right over our heads. For some time no other sounds were to be heard than the thunder, wind and rain. When the fury of the storm, which did not last for more than twenty minutes, had abated, and the horizon was in some degree cleared, I looked to seaward anxiously, in the hope of descrying Shelley's boat amongst the many small craft scattered about. I watched every speck that loomed on the horizon, thinking that they would have borne up on their return to the port, as all the other boats that had gone out in the same direction had done." — *Trelawny,* pp. 116–18.

Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams passed some days in dreadful suspense. Mrs. Shelley, unable to endure it longer, proceeded to Pisa, and rushing into Lord Bryon's room with a face of marble, asked passionately, " Where is my husband? " Lord Byron afterwards said he had never seen anything in dramatic tragedy to equal the terror of Mrs. Shelley's appearance on that day.

At length the worst was known. The bodies of the two friends and the boy were washed on shore. That of the boy was buried in the sand. That of Captain Williams was burned on the 15th of August. The ashes were collected and sent to England for interment. The next day the same ceremony was performed for Shelley; and his remains were collected to be interred, as they subsequently were, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Lord Byron and Mr. Leigh Hunt were present on both occasions. Mr. Trelawny conducted all the proceedings, as he had conducted all the previous search. Herein, and in the whole of his subsequent conduct towards Mrs. Shelley, he proved himself, as I have already observed, a true and indefatigable friend. In a letter which she wrote to me, dated Genoa, Sept. 29th, 1822, she said: —

" Trelawny is the only quite disinterested friend I have here; the only one who clings to the memory of my loved ones as I do myself; but he, alas! is not one of them, though he is really kind and good."

The boat was subsequently recovered; the state in which everything was found in her, showed that she had not capsized. Captain Roberts first thought that she had been swamped by a heavy sea; but on closer examination, finding many of the timbers on the starboard quarter broken, he thought it certain that she must have been run down by a felucca in the squall.

I think the first conjecture the most probable. Her masts were gone, and her bowsprit broken. Mr. Trelawny had previously dispatched two large feluccas with ground-tackling to drag for her. This was done for five or six days. They succeeded in finding her, but failed in getting her up. The task was accomplished by Captain Roberts. The specified damage to such a fragile craft was more likely to have been done by the dredging apparatus, than by collision with a felucca.

So perished Percy Bysshe Shelley, in the flower of his age, and not perhaps even yet in the full flower of his genius; a genius unsurpassed in the description and imagination of scenes of beauty and grandeur; in the expression of impassioned love of ideal beauty; in the illustration of deep feeling by congenial imagery; and in the infinite variety of harmonious versification. What was, in my opinion, deficient in his poetry, was, as I have already said, the want of reality in the characters with which he peopled his splendid scenes, and to which he addressed or imparted the

utterance of his impassioned feelings. He was advancing, I think, to the attainment of this reality. It would have given to his poetry the only element of truth which it wanted; though at the same time, the more clear development of what men were would have lowered his estimate of what they might be, and dimmed his enthusiastic prospect of the future destiny of the world. I can conceive him, if he had lived to the present time, passing his days like Volney, looking on the world from his windows without taking part in its turmoils; and perhaps like the same, or some other great apostle of liberty (for I cannot at this moment verify the quotation), desiring that nothing should be inscribed on his tomb, but his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the single word,

"DÉSILLUSIONNÉ."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850–1894

By Edmund Gosse[1] (1849–1928)

In setting down my recollections of Louis Stevenson, I desire to confine the record to what I have myself known and seen. His writings will be mentioned only in so far as I heard them planned and discussed. Of his career and character I shall not attempt to give a complete outline; all I purpose to do is to present those sides of them which came under my personal notice. The larger portrait it will be his privilege to prepare who was the closest and the most responsible of all Stevenson's friends; and it is only while we wait for Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography that these imperfect sketches can retain their value. The most that can be hoped for them is that they may secure a niche in his gallery. And now, pen in hand, I pause to think how I can render in words a faint impression of the most inspiriting, the most fascinating human being that I have known.

I

It is nearly a quarter of a century since I first saw Stevenson. In the autumn of 1870, in company with a former schoolfellow, I was in the Hebrides. We had been wandering in the Long Island, as they name the outer archipelago, and our steamer, returning, called at Skye. At the pier of Portree, I think, a company came on board — "people of importance in their day," Edinburgh acquaintances, I suppose, who had accidentally met in Skye on various errands. At all events, they invaded our modest vessel with a loud sound of talk. Professor Blackie was among them, a famous figure that calls for no description; and a voluble, shaggy man, clad in homespun, with spectacles forward upon nose, who, it was whispered to us, was Mr. Sam Bough, the Scottish Academician, a water-colour painter of some repute, who was to die in 1878. There were also several engineers of prominence. At the tail of this chatty, jesting little crowd of invaders came a youth of about my own age, whose appearance, for some mysterious reason, instantly attracted me. He was tall, preternaturally lean, with longish hair, and as restless and questing as a spaniel.

[1] *Robert Louis Stevenson, Personal Memories,* is here reprinted from *Critical Kit-Kats*, New York and London, 1896, by permission of Sir Edmund Gosse, and the English and American publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., and Dodd, Mead & Co.

The party from Portree fairly took possession of us; at meals they crowded around the captain, and we common tourists sat silent, below the salt. The stories of Blackie and Sam Bough were resonant. Meanwhile, I knew not why, I watched the plain, pale lad who took the lowest place in this privileged company.

The summer of 1870 remains in the memory of western Scotland as one of incomparable splendour. Our voyage, especially as evening drew on, was like an emperor's progress. We stayed on deck till the latest moment possible, and I occasionally watched the lean youth, busy and serviceable, with some of the little tricks with which we were later on to grow familiar — the advance with hand on hip, the sidewise bending of the head to listen. Meanwhile darkness overtook us, a wonderful halo of moonlight swam up over Glenelg, the indigo of the peaks of the Cuchullins faded into the general blue night. I went below, but was presently aware of some change of course, and then of an unexpected stoppage. I tore on deck, and found that we had left our track among the islands, and had steamed up a narrow and unvisited fiord of the mainland — I think Loch Nevis. The sight was curious and bewildering. We lay in a gorge of blackness, with only a strip of the blue moonlit sky overhead; in the dark a few lanterns jumped about the shore, carried by agitated but unseen and soundless persons. As I leaned over the bulwarks, Stevenson was at my side, and he explained to me that we had come up this loch to take away to Glasgow a large party of emigrants driven from their homes in the interests of a deer-forest. As he spoke, a black mass became visible entering the vessel. Then, as we slipped off shore, the fact of their hopeless exile came home to these poor fugitives, and suddenly, through the absolute silence, there arose from them a wild kerning and wailing, reverberated by the cliffs of the loch, and at that strange place and hour infinitely poignant. When I came on deck next morning, my unnamed friend was gone. He had put off with the engineers to visit some remote lighthouse of the Hebrides.

This early glimpse of Stevenson is a delightful memory to me. When we met next, not only did I instantly recall him, but, what was stranger, he remembered me. This voyage in the *Clansman* was often mentioned between us, and it has received for me a sort of consecration from the fact that in the very last letter that Louis wrote, finished on the day of his death, he made a reference to it.

II

In the very touching "Recollections" which our friend Mr. Andrew Lang has published, he says: "I shall not deny that my first impression [of Stevenson] was not wholly favourable." I remember, too, that John Addington Symonds was not pleased at first. It only shows how different are our moods. I must confess that in my case the invading army simply

walked up and took the fort by storm. It was in 1877, or late in 1876, that I was presented to Stevenson, at the old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who thereupon left us to our devices. We went downstairs and lunched together, and then we adjourned to the smoking-room. As twilight came on I tore myself away, but Stevenson walked with me across Hyde Park, and nearly to my house. He had an engagement, and so had I, but I walked a mile or two back with him. The fountains of talk had been unsealed, and they drowned the conventions. I came home dazzled with my new friend, saying, as Constance does of Arthur, " Was ever such a gracious creature born? " That impression of ineffable mental charm was formed at the first moment of acquaintance, and it never lessened or became modified. Stevenson's rapidity in the sympathetic interchange of ideas was, doubtless, the source of it. He has been described as an " egotist," but I challenge the description. If ever there was an altruist, it was Louis Stevenson; he seemed to feign an interest in himself merely to stimulate you to be liberal in your confidences.[2]

Those who have written about him from later impressions than those of which I speak seem to me to give insufficient prominence to the gaiety of Stevenson. It was his cardinal quality in those early days. A childlike mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humour was certain to sweep in and destroy it. I cannot, for the life of me, recall any of his jokes; and written down in cold blood, they might not be funny if I did. They were not wit so much as humanity, the many-sided outlook upon life. I am anxious that his laughter-loving mood should not be forgotten, because later on it was partly, but I think never wholly, quenched by ill health, responsibility, and the advance of years. He was often, in the old days, excessively and delightfully silly — silly with the silliness of an inspired schoolboy; and I am afraid that our laughter sometimes sounded ill in the ears of age.

A pathos was given to his gaiety by the fragility of his health. He was never well, all the years I knew him; and we looked upon his life as hanging by the frailest tenure. As he never complained or maundered, this, no doubt — though we were not aware of it — added to the charm of his presence. He was so bright and keen and witty, and any week he might die. No one, certainly, conceived it possible that he could reach his forty-fifth year. In 1879 his health visibly began to run lower, and he used to

[2] This continued to be his characteristic to the last. Thus he described an interview he had in Sydney with some man formerly connected with the " black-birding " trade, by saying: " He was very shy at first, and it was not till I told him of a good many of my escapades that I could get him to thaw, and then he poured it all out. I have always found that the best way of getting people to be confidential."

bury himself in lonely Scotch and French places, " tinkering himself with solitude," as he used to say.

My experience of Stevenson during these first years was confined to London, upon which he would make sudden piratical descents, staying a few days or weeks, and melting into air again. He was much at my house; and it must be told that my wife and I, as young married people, had possessed ourselves of a house too large for our slender means immediately to furnish. The one person who thoroughly approved of our great, bare, absurd drawing-room was Louis, who very earnestly dealt with us on the immorality of chairs and tables, and desired us to sit always, as he delighted to sit, upon hassocks on the floor. Nevertheless, as arm-chairs and settees straggled into existence, he handsomely consented to use them, although never in the usual way, but with his legs thrown sidewise over the arms of them, or the head of the sofa treated as a perch. In particular, a certain shelf, with cupboards below, attached to a bookcase, is worn with the person of Stevenson, who would spend half an evening while passionately discussing some great question of morality or literature, leaping sidewise in a seated posture to the length of this shelf, and then back again. He was eminently peripatetic, too, and never better company than walking in the street, this exercise seeming to inflame his fancy. But his most habitual dwelling-place in the London of those days was the Savile Club, then lodged in an inconvenient but very friendly house in Savile Row. Louis pervaded the club; he was its most affable and chatty member; and he lifted it, by the ingenuity of his incessant dialectic, to the level of a sort of humorous Academe or Mouseion.

At this time he must not be thought of as a successful author. A very few of us were convinced of his genius; but with the exception of Mr. Leslie Stephen, nobody of editorial status was sure of it. I remember the publication of *An Inland Voyage* in 1878, and the inability of the critics and the public to see anything unusual in it.

Stevenson was not without a good deal of innocent oddity in his dress. When I try to conjure up his figure, I can see only a slight, lean lad, in a suit of blue sea-cloth, a black shirt, and a wisp of yellow carpet that did duty for a necktie. This was long his attire, persevered in to the anguish of his more conventional acquaintances. I have a ludicrous memory of going, in 1878, to buy him a new hat, in company with Mr. Lang, the thing then upon his head having lost the semblance of a human article of dress. Aided by a very civil shopman, we suggested several hats and caps, and Louis at first seemed interested; but having presently hit upon one which appeared to us pleasing and decorous, we turned for a moment to inquire the price. We turned back, and found that Louis had fled, the idea of parting with the shapeless object having proved too painful to be entertained. By the way, Mr. Lang will pardon me if I tell, in exacter detail, a story of his. It was immediately after the adventure with the hat that,

not having quite enough money to take him from London to Edinburgh, third class, he proposed to the railway clerk to throw in a copy of Mr. Swinburne's *Queen-Mother and Rosamond.* The offer was refused with scorn, although the book was of the first edition, and even then worth more than the cost of a whole ticket.

Stevenson's pity was a very marked quality, and it extended to beggars, which is, I think, to go too far. His optimism, however, suffered a rude shock in South Audley Street one summer afternoon. We met a stalwart beggar, whom I refused to aid. Louis, however, wavered, and finally handed him sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eye on me, said, in a loud voice, " And what is the other little gentleman going to give me? " " In future," said Louis, as we strode coldly on, " *I* shall be ' the other little gentleman.' "

In those early days he suffered many indignities on account of his extreme youthfulness of appearance and absence of self-assertion. He was at Inverness — being five or six and twenty at the time — and had taken a room in a hotel. Coming back about dinner-time, he asked the hour of the table d'hôte, whereupon the landlady said, in a motherly way: " Oh, I knew you wouldn't like to sit in there among the grown-up people, so I've had a place put for you in the bar." There was a frolic at the Royal Hotel, Bathgate, in the summer of 1879. Louis was lunching alone, and the maid, considering him a negligible quantity, came and leaned out of the window. This outrage on the proprieties was so stinging that Louis at length made free to ask her, with irony, what she was doing there. " I'm looking for my lad," she replied. " Is that he? " asked Stevenson, with keener sarcasm. " Weel, I've been lookin' for him a' my life, and I've never seen him yet," was the response. Louis was disarmed at once, and wrote her on the spot some beautiful verses in the vernacular. " They're no bad for a beginner," she was kind enough to say when she had read them.

The year 1879 was a dark one in the life of Louis. He had formed a conviction that it was his duty to go out to the extreme west of the United States, while his family and the inner circle of his friends were equally certain that it was neither needful nor expedient that he should make this journey. As it turned out, they were wrong, and he was right; but in the circumstances their opinion seemed the only correct one. His health was particularly bad, and he was ordered, not West, but South. The expedition, which he has partly described in *The Amateur Emigrant* and *Across the Plains,* was taken, therefore, in violent opposition to all those whom he left in England and Scotland; and this accounts for the mode in which it was taken. He did not choose to ask for money to be spent in going to California, and it was hoped that the withdrawal of supplies would make the voyage impossible. But Louis, bringing to the front a streak of iron obstinacy which lay hidden somewhere in his gentle nature, scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic.

The day before he started he spent with my wife and me — a day of stormy agitation, an April day of rainclouds and sunshine; for it was not in Louis to remain long in any mood. I seem to see him now, pacing the room, a cigarette spinning in his wasted fingers. To the last we were trying to dissuade him from what seemed to us the maddest of enterprises. He was so ill that I did not like to leave him, and at night — it was midsummer weather — we walked down into town together. We were by this time, I suppose, in a pretty hysterical state of mind, and as we went through Berkeley Square, in mournful discussion of the future, Louis suddenly proposed that we should visit the so-called "Haunted House," which then occupied the newspapers. The square was quiet in the decency of a Sunday evening. We found the house, and one of us boldly knocked at the door. There was no answer and no sound, and we jeered upon the door-step; but suddenly we were both aware of a pale face — a phantasm in the dusk — gazing down upon us from a surprising height. It was the caretaker, I suppose, mounted upon a flight of steps: but terror gripped us at the heart, and we fled with footsteps as precipitate as those of schoolboys caught in an orchard. I think that ghostly face in Berkeley Square must have been Louis's latest European impression for many months.

III

All the world now knows, through the two books which I have named, what immediately happened. Presently letters began to arrive, and in one from Monterey, written early in October 1879, he told me of what was probably the nearest approach of death that ever came until the end, fifteen years later. I do not think it is generally known, even in the inner circle of his friends, that in September of that year he was violently ill, alone, at an Angora-goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days," he said. "Two nights I lay out under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." Then an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, came round, and tenderly nursed him through his attack. "By all rule this should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success."

Late in the winter of 1879, with renewed happiness and calm of life, and also under the spur of a need of money, he wrote with much assiduity. Among other things, he composed at Monterey the earliest of his novels, a book called *A Vendetta in the West,* the manuscript of which seems to have disappeared. Perhaps we need not regret it; for, so he declared to me, "It was about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it was not so eloquent." He

had made a great mystery of his whereabouts; indeed, for several months no one was to know what had become of him, and his letters were to be considered secret. At length, in writing from Monterey, on November 15, 1879, he removed the embargo: "That I am in California may now be published to the brethren." In the summer of the next year, after a winter of very serious ill health, during which more than once he seemed on the brink of a galloping consumption, he returned to England. He had married in California a charming lady whom we all soon learned to regard as the most appropriate and helpful companion that Louis could possibly have secured. On October 8, 1880 — a memorable day — he made his first appearance in London since his American exile. A postcard from Edinburgh had summoned me to "appoint with an appointment" certain particular friends; "and let us once again," Louis wrote, "lunch together in the Savile Halls." Mr. Lang and Mrs. Walter Pollock, and, I think, Mr. Henley, graced the occasion, and the club cellar produced a bottle of Chambertin of quite uncommon merit. Louis, I may explain, had a peculiar passion for Burgundy, which he esteemed the wine of highest possibilities in the whole Bacchic order; and I have often known him descant on a Pommard or a Montrachet in terms so exquisite that the listeners could scarcely taste the wine itself.

Davos-Platz was now prescribed for the rickety lungs; and late in that year Louis and his wife took up their abode there, at the Hôtel Buol, he carrying with him a note from me recommending him to the care of John Addington Symonds. Not at first, but presently and on the whole, these two men, so singular in their generation, so unique and so unlike, "hit it off," as people say, and were an intellectual solace to each other; but their real friendship did not begin till a year later. I remember Stevenson saying to me next spring that to be much with Symonds was to "adventure in a thornwood." It was at Davos, this winter of 1880, that Stevenson took up the study of Hazlitt, having found a publisher who was willing to bring out a critical and biographical memoir. This scheme occupied a great part of Louis's attention, but was eventually dropped; for the further he progressed in the investigation of Hazlitt's character the less he liked it, and the squalid *Liber Amoris* gave the *coup de grâce*. He did not know what he would be at. His vocation was not yet apparent to him. He talked of writing on craniology and the botany of the Alps. The unwritten books of Stevenson will one day attract the scholiast, who will endeavour, perhaps, to reconstruct them from the references to them in his correspondence. It may, therefore, be permissible to record here that he was long proposing to write a life of the Duke of Wellington, for which he made some considerable collections. This was even advertised as "in preparation," on several occasions, from 1885 until 1887, but was ultimately abandoned. I remember his telling me that he intended to give emphasis to the "humour" of Wellington.

In June, 1881, we saw him again; but he passed very rapidly through London to a cottage at Pitlochry in Perthshire. He had lost his hold on town. "London," he wrote me, "now chiefly means to me Colvin and Henley, Leslie Stephen and you." He was now coursing a fresh literary hare, and set Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Saintsbury, and me busily hunting out facts about Jean Cavalier, the romantic eighteenth-century adventurer, whose life he fancied that he would write. His thoughts had recurred, in fact, to Scottish history; and he suddenly determined to do what seemed rather a mad thing — namely, to stand for the Edinburgh professorship of history, then just vacant. We were all whipped up for testimonials, and a little pamphlet exists, in a pearl-grey cover — the despair of bibliophiles — in which he and a strange assortment of his friends set forth his claims. These required nimble treatment, since, to put it plainly, it was impossible to say that he had any. His appeal was treated by the advocates, who were the electing body, with scant consideration, and some worthy gentleman was elected. The round Louis was well out of such a square hole as a chair in a university.

But something better was at hand. It was now, and in the peace of the Highlands, that Louis set out to become a popular writer. The fine art of "booming" had not then been introduced, nor the race of those who week by week discover coveys of fresh geniuses. Although Stevenson, in a sporadic way, had written much that was delightful, and that will last, he was yet — now at the close of his thirty-first year — by no means successful. The income he made by his pen was still ridiculously small; and Mr. John Morley, amazing as it sounds today, had just refused to give him a book to write in the *English Men of Letters* series, on the ground of his obscurity as an author. All this was to be changed, and the book that was to do it was even now upon the stocks. In August the Stevensons moved to a house in Braemar — a place, as Louis said, "patronized by the royalty of the Sister Kingdoms — Victoria and the Cairngorms, sir, honouring that country-side by their conjunct presence." Hither I was invited, and here I paid an ever-memorable visit. The house, as Louis was careful to instruct me, was entitled "The Cottage, late the late Miss McGregor's, Castleton of Braemar"; and thus I obediently addressed my letters until Louis remarked that "the reference to a deceased Highland lady, tending as it does to foster unavailing sorrow, may be with advantage omitted from the address."

To the Cottage, therefore, heedless of the names of the late Miss Mcgregor, I proceeded in the most violent storm of hail and rain that even Aberdeenshire can produce in August, and found Louis as frail as a ghost, indeed, but better than I expected. He had adopted a trick of stretching his thin limbs over the back of a wicker sofa, which gave him an extraordinary resemblance to that quaint insect, the praying mantis; but it was a mercy to find him out of bed at all. Among the many attractions of the

Cottage, the presence of Mr. Thomas Stevenson — Louis's father — must not be omitted. He was then a singularly charming and vigorous personality, indignantly hovering at the borders of old age (" Sixty-three, sir, this year; and, deuce take it! am I to be called ' an old gentleman ' by a cab-driver in the streets of Aberdeen? ") and, to my gratitude and delight, my companion in long morning walks. The detestable weather presently brought all the other members of the household to their beds, and Louis in particular became a wreck. However, it was a wreck that floated every day at nightfall; for at the worst he was able to come downstairs to dinner and spend the evening with us.

We passed the days with regularity. After breakfast I went to Louis's bedroom, where he sat up in bed, with dark, flashing eyes and ruffled hair, and we played chess on the coverlet. Not a word passed, for he was strictly forbidden to speak in the early part of the day. As soon as he felt tired — often in the middle of a game — he would rap with peremptory knuckles on the board as a signal to stop, and then Mrs. Stevenson or I would arrange his writing materials on the bed. Then I would see no more of him till dinner-time, when he would appear, smiling and voluble, the horrid bar of speechlessness having been let down. Then every night, after dinner, he would read us what he had written during the day. I find in a note to my wife, dated September 3, 1881: " Louis has been writing, all the time I have been here, a novel of pirates and hidden treasure, in the highest degree exciting. He reads it to us every night, chapter by chapter." This, of course, was *Treasure Island,* about the composition of which, long afterwards, in Samoa, he wrote an account in some parts of which I think that his memory played him false. I look back to no keener intellectual pleasure than those cold nights at Braemar, with the sleet howling outside, and Louis reading his budding romance by the lamplight, emphasizing the purpler passages with lifted voice and gesticulating finger.

IV

Hardly had I left the Cottage than the harsh and damp climate of Aberdeenshire was felt to be rapidly destroying Louis, and he and his wife fled to Davos. Before the end of October they were ensconced there in a fairly comfortable châlet. Here Louis and his step-son amused themselves by setting up a hand-press, which Mr. Osbourne worked, and for which Louis provided the literary material. Four or five laborious little publications were put forth, some of them illustrated by the daring hand of Stevenson himself. He complained to me that Mr. Osbourne was a very ungenerous publisher — " one penny a cut, and one halfpenny a set of verses! What do you say to that for Grub Street? " These little diversions were brought to a close by the printer-publisher breaking, at one fell swoop, the press and his own finger. The little " Davos Press " issues

now fetch extravagant prices, which would have filled author and printer with amazement. About this time Louis and I have a good deal of correspondence about a work which he had proposed that we should undertake in collaboration — a retelling, in choice literary form, of the most picturesque murder cases of the last hundred years. We were to visit the scenes of these crimes, and turn over the evidence. The great thing, Louis said, was not to begin to write until we were thoroughly alarmed. " These things must be done, my boy, under the very shudder of the goose-flesh." We were to begin with the " Story of the Red Bard," which indeed is a tale pre-eminently worthy to be retold by Stevenson. But the scheme never came off, and is another of the dead leaves in his Vallombrosa.

We saw him in London again, for a few days, in October 1882; but this was a melancholy period. For eight months at the close of that year and the beginning of 1883 he was capable of no mental exertion. He was in the depths of languor, and in nightly apprehension of a fresh attack. He slept excessively, and gave humorous accounts of the drowsiness that hung upon him, addressing his notes as " from the Arms of Porpus " (Morpheus) and " at the Sign of the Poppy." No climate seemed to relieve him, and so, in the autumn of 1882, a bold experiment was tried. As the snows of Davos were of no avail, the hot, damp airs of Hyères should be essayed. I am inclined to dwell in some fulness on the year he spent at Hyères, because, curiously enough, it was not so much as mentioned, to my knowledge, by any of the writers of obituary notices at Stevenson's death. It takes, nevertheless, a prominent place in his life's history, for his removal thither marked a sudden and brilliant, though only temporary, revival in his health and spirits. Some of his best work, too, was written at Hyères, and one might say that fame first found him in this warm corner of southern France.

The house at Hyères was called " La Solitude." It stood in a paradise of roses and aloes, fig-marigolds and olives. It had delectable and even, so Louis declared, " sub-celestial " views over a plain bounded by " certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus " ; and at first the hot mistral, which blew and burned where it blew, seemed the only drawback. Not a few of the best poems in the *Underwoods* reflect the ecstasy of convalescence under the skies and perfumes of La Solitude. By the summer Louis could report " good health of a radiant order." It was while he was at Hyères that Stevenson first directly addressed an American audience, and I may record that, in September 1883, he told me to " beg Gilder your prettiest for a gentleman in pecuniary sloughs." Mr. Gilder was quite alive to the importance of securing such a contributor, although when the Amateur Emigrant had entered the office of *The Century Magazine* in 1879 he had been very civilly but coldly shown the door. (I must be allowed to tease my good friends in Union Square by recording that

fact!) Mr. Gilder asked for fiction, but received instead *The Silverado Squatters,* which duly appeared in the magazine.

It was also arranged that Stevenson should make an ascent of the Rhône for *The Century,* and Mr. Joseph Pennell was to accompany him to make sketches for the magazine. But Stevenson's health failed again: the sudden death of a very dear old friend was a painful shock to him, and the winter of that year was not propitious. Abruptly, however, in January 1884, another crisis came. He went to Nice, where he was thought to be dying. He saw no letters; all his business was kindly taken charge of by Mr. Henley; and again, for a long time, he passed beneath the penumbra of steady languor and infirmity. When it is known how constantly he suffered, how brief and flickering were the intervals of comparative health, it cannot but add to the impression of his radiant fortitude through all these trials, and of his persistent employment of all lucid moments. It was pitiful, and yet at the same time very inspiriting, to see a creature so feeble and so ill equipped for the struggle bear himself so smilingly and so manfully through all his afflictions. There can be no doubt, however, that this latest breakdown vitally affected his spirits. He was never, after this, quite the gay child of genius that he had previously been. Something of a graver cast became natural to his thoughts; he had seen Death in the cave. And now for the first time we traced a new note in his writings — the note of " Pulvis et Umbra."

After 1883 my personal memories of Stevenson become very casual. In November 1884, he was settled at Bournemouth, in a villa called Bonaltie Towers, and there he stayed until, in March 1885, he took a house of his own, which, in pious memory of his grandfather, he named Skerryvore. In the preceding winter, when I was going to America to lecture, he was particularly anxious that I should lay at the feet of Mr. Frank R. Stockton his homage, couched in the following lines:

My Stockton if I failed to like,
It were a sheer depravity;
For I went down with the " Thomas Hyke,"
And up with the " Negative Gravity."

He adored these tales of Mr. Stockton's, a taste which must be shared by all good men. To my constant sorrow, I was never able to go to Bournemouth during the years he lived there. It has been described to me, by those who were more fortunate, as a pleasure that was apt to tantalize and evade the visitor, so constantly was the invalid unable, at the last, to see the friend who had travelled a hundred miles to speak with him. It was therefore during his visits to London, infrequent as these were, that we saw him at his best, for these were made at moments of unusual recovery. He generally lodged at what he called the " Monument," this being his title for Mr. Colvin's house, a wing of the vast structure of the British Museum.

I recall an occasion on which Louis dined with us (March 1886), because of the startling interest in the art of strategy which he had developed — an interest which delayed the meal with arrangements of serried bottles counter-scarped and lines of cruets drawn up on horseback ready to charge. So infectious was his enthusiasm that we forgot our hunger, and hung over the embattled table-cloth, easily persuaded to agree with him that neither poetry nor the plastic arts could compete for a moment with " the finished conduct, sir, of a large body of men in face of the enemy."

It was a little later that he took up the practice of modelling clay figures as he sat up in bed. Some of these compositions — which needed, perhaps, his eloquent commentary to convey their full effect to the spectator — were not without a measure of skill of design. I recollect his saying, with extreme gravity, " I am in sculpture what Mr. Watts is in painting. We are both of us preoccupied with moral and abstract ideas." I wonder whether anyone has preserved specimens of these allegorical groups of clay.

The last time I had the happiness of seeing Stevenson was on Sunday, August 21, 1887. He had been brought up from Bournemouth the day before in a wretched condition of health, and was lodged in a private hotel in Finsbury Circus, in the City, ready to be easily moved to a steamer in the Thames on the morrow. I was warned, in a note, of his passage through town, and of the uncertainty whether he could be seen. On the chance, I went over early on the 21st, and, very happily for me, he had had a fair night, and could see me for an hour or two. No one else but Mrs. Stevenson was with him. His position was one which might have daunted any man's spirit, doomed to exile, in miserable health, starting vaguely across the Atlantic, with all his domestic interests rooted up, and with no notion where, or if at all, they should be replanted. If ever a man of imagination could be excused for repining, it was now.

But Louis showed no white feather. He was radiantly humorous and romantic. It was church time, and there was some talk of my witnessing his will, which I could not do, because there could be found no other reputable witness, the whole crew of the hotel being at church. This set Louis off on a splendid dream of romance. " This," he said, " is the way in which our valuable city hotels — packed, doubtless, with rich objects of jewellery — are deserted on a Sunday morning. Some bold piratical fellow, defying the spirit of Sabbatarianism, might make a handsome revenue by sacking the derelict hotels between the hours of ten and twelve. One hotel a week would suffice to enable such a man to retire into private life within the space of a year. A mask might, perhaps, be worn for the mere fancy of the thing, and to terrify kitchen-maids, but no real disguise would be needful to an enterprise that would require nothing but a brave heart and careful study of the City Postal Directory." He spoke of the matter with so much fire and gallantry that I blushed for the youth of England and

its lack of manly enterprise. No one ever could describe preposterous conduct with such a convincing air as Louis could. Common sense was positively humbled in his presence.

The volume of his poems called *Underwoods* had just appeared, and he inscribed a copy of it to me in the words " at Todgers', as ever was, *chez Todgers,* Pecksniff street." The only new book he seemed to wish to carry away with him was Mr. Hardy's beautiful romance, *The Woodlanders,* which we had to scour London that Sunday afternoon to get hold of. In the evening Mr. Colvin and I each returned to " Todgers' " with the three volumes, borrowed or stolen somewhere, and wrapped up for the voyage next day. And so the following morning, in an extraordinary vessel called the *Ludgate Hill* — as though in compliment to Mr. Stockton's genius — and carrying, besides the Stevensons, a cargo of stallions and monkeys, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne steamed down the Thames in search of health across the Atlantic and the Pacific. The horses, Louis declared, protruded their noses in an unmannerly way between the passengers at dinner, and the poor little grey monkeys, giving up life for a bad job on board that strange, heaving cage, died by dozens, and were flung contemptuously out into the ocean. The strangest voyage, however, some time comes to an end, and Louis landed in America. He was never to cross the Atlantic again; and for those who loved him in Europe he had already journeyed more than half-way to another world.

V

It is impossible to deal, however lightly with the personal qualities of Robert Louis Stevenson without dwelling on the extreme beauty of his character. In looking back over the twenty years in which I knew him, I feel that, since he was eminently human, I ought to recall his faults, but I protest that I can remember none. Perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain way of discretion, always founded on a wish to make people understand each other, but not exactly according to wisdom. I recollect that he once embroiled me for a moment with John Addington Symonds in a manner altogether bloodthirsty and ridiculous, so that we both fell upon him and rended him. This little weakness is really the blackest crime I can lay to his charge. And on the other side, what courage, what love, what an indomitable spirit, what a melting pity! He had none of the sordid errors of the little man who writes — no sick ambition, no envy of others, no exaggeration of the value of this ephemeral trick of scribbling. He was eager to help his fellows, ready to take a second place, with great difficulty offended, by the least show of repentance perfectly appeased.

Quite early in his career he adjusted himself to the inevitable sense of physical failure. He threw away from him all the useless impediments: he

sat loosely in the saddle of life. Many men who get such a warning as he got take up something to lean against; according to their education or temperament, they support their maimed existence on religion, or on cynical indifference, or on some mania of the collector or the *dilettante*. Stevenson did none of these things. He determined to make the sanest and most genial use of so much of life as was left him. As anyone who reads his books can see, he had a deep strain of natural religion; but he kept it to himself; he made no hysterical or ostentatious use of it.

Looking back at the past, one recalls a trait that had its significance, though one missed its meaning then. He was careful, as I have hardly known any other man to be, not to allow himself to be burdened by the weight of material things. It was quite a jest with us that he never acquired any possessions. In the midst of those who produced books, pictures, prints, bric-à-brac, none of these things ever stuck to Stevenson. There are some deep-sea creatures, the early part of whose life is spent dancing through the waters; at length some sucker or tentacle touches a rock, adheres, pulls down more tentacles, until the creature is caught there, stationary for the remainder of its existence. So it happens to men, and Stevenson's friends, one after another, caught the ground with a house, a fixed employment, a " stake in life " ; he alone kept dancing in the free element, unattached. I remember his saying to me that if ever he had a garden he should like it to be empty, just a space to walk and talk in, with no flowers to need a gardener nor fine lawns that had to be mown. Just a fragment of a bare world to move in, that was all Stevenson asked for. And we who gathered possessions around us — a little library of rare books, a little gallery of drawings or bronzes — he mocked us with his goblin laughter; it was only so much more luggage to carry on the march, he said, so much more to strain the arms and bend the back.

Stevenson thought, as we all must think, that literature is a delightful profession, a primrose path. I remember his once saying so to me, and then he turned, with the brimming look in his lustrous eyes and the tremulous smile on his lips, and added, " But it is not all primroses, some of it is brambly, and most of it uphill." He knew — no one better — how the hill catches the breath and how the brambles tear the face and hands; but he pushed strenuously, serenely on, searching for new paths, struggling to get up into the light and air.

One reason why it was difficult to be certain that Stevenson had reached his utmost in any direction was what I will call, for want of a better phrase, the *energetic modesty* of his nature. He was never satisfied with himself, yet never cast down. There are two dangers that beset the artist — the one is being pleased with what he has done, and the other being dejected with it. Stevenson, more than any other man whom I have known, steered the middle course. He never conceived that he had achieved a great success, but he never lost hope that by taking pains he might yet

do so. Twelve years ago, when he was beginning to write that curious and fascinating book, *Prince Otto,* he wrote to me describing the mood in which one should go about one's work — golden words, which I have never forgotten. " One should strain," he said, " and then play, strain again, and play again. The strain is for us, it educates; the play is for the reader, and pleases. In moments of effort one learns to do the easy things that people like."

He learned that which he desired, and he gained more than he hoped for. He became the most exquisite English writer of his generation; yet those who lived close to him are apt to think less of this than of the fact that he was the most unselfish and the most lovable of human beings.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

1817–1862

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON [1] (1803–1882)

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was the last male descendant of a French ancestor who came to this country from the Isle of Guernsey. His character exhibited occasional traits drawn from this blood, in singular combination with a very strong Saxon genius.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1817. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1837, but without any literary distinction. An iconoclast in literature, he seldom thanked colleges for their service to him, holding them in small esteem, whilst yet his debt to them was important. After leaving the University, he joined his brother in teaching a private school, which he soon renounced. His father was a manufacturer of lead-pencils, and Henry applied himself for a time to this craft, believing he could make a better pencil than was then in use. After completing his experiments, he exhibited his work to chemists and artists in Boston, and having obtained their certificates to its excellence and to its equality with the best London manufacturer, he returned home contented. His friends congratulated him that he had now opened his way to fortune. But he replied, that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." He resumed his endless walks and miscellaneous studies, making every day some new acquaintance with Nature, though as yet never speaking of zoology or botany, since, though very studious of natural facts, he was incurious of technical and textual science.

At this time, a strong, healthy youth, fresh from college, whilst all his companions were choosing their profession, or eager to begin some lucrative employment, it was inevitable that his thoughts should be exercised on the same question, and it required rare decision to refuse all the accustomed paths and keep his solitary freedom at the cost of disappointing the natural expectations of his family and friends: all the more difficult that he had a perfect probity, was exact in securing his own independence, and in holding every man to the like duty. But Thoreau never faltered. He was a born protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and

[1] Reprinted from *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, Boston, 1883. It was in its first form delivered as an address in 1862, and in 1863 enlarged and printed in its present form in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston.

action for any narrow craft or profession, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well. If he slighted and defied the opinions of others, it was only that he was more intent to reconcile his practice with his own belief. Never idle or self-indulgent, he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labour agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world. It would cost him less time to supply his wants than another. He was therefore secure of his leisure.

A natural skill for mensuration, growing out of his mathematical knowledge and his habits of ascertaining the measures and distances of objects which interested him, the size of trees, the depth and extent of ponds and rivers, the height of mountains, and the air-line distance of his favourite summits, — this, and his intimate knowledge of the territory about Concord, made him drift into the profession of land-surveyor. It had the advantage for him that it led him continually into new and secluded grounds, and helped his studies of Nature. His accuracy and skill in this work were readily appreciated, and he found all the employment he wanted.

He could easily solve the problems of the surveyor, but he was daily beset with graver questions, which he manfully confronted. He interrogated every custom, and wished to settle all his practice on an ideal foundation. He was a protestant *à outrance,* and few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely no doubt for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature. He had no talent for wealth, and knew how to be poor without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. Perhaps he fell into his way of living without forecasting it much, but approved it with later wisdom. " I am often reminded," he wrote in his journal, " that if I had bestowed on me the wealth of Crœsus, my aims must be still the same, and my means essentially the same." He had no temptations to fight against, — no appetites, no passions, no taste for elegant trifles. A fine house, dress, the manners and talk of highly cultivated people were all thrown away on him. He much preferred a good Indian, and considered these refinements as impediments to conversation, wishing to meet his companion on the simplest terms. He declined invitations to dinner-parties, because there each was in everyone's way, and he could not meet the individuals to any purpose. " They make their pride," he said, " in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered. " The nearest." He did not like the taste of wine, and never had a vice in his life. He said, — " I have a faint recollection of

pleasure derived from smoking dried lily-stems, before I was a man. I had commonly a supply of these. I have never smoked anything more noxious."

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

There was somewhat military in his nature, not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. It cost him nothing to say No; indeed he found it much easier than to say Yes. It seemed as if his first instinct on hearing a proposition was to controvert it, so impatient was he of the limitations of our daily thought. This habit, of course, is a little chilling to the social affections; and though the companion would in the end acquit him of any malice or untruth, yet it mars conversation. Hence, no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless. " I love Henry," said one of his friends, " but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree."

Yet, hermit and stoic as he was, he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and childlike into the company of young people whom he loved, and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experiences by field and river: he was always ready to lead a huckleberry-party or a search for chestnuts or grapes. Talking, one day, of a public discourse, Henry remarked, that whatever succeeded with the audience was bad. I said, " Who would not like to write something which all can read, like Robinson Crusoe? and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody? " Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better lectures which reached only a few persons. But, at supper, a young girl, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him, " Whether his lecture would be a nice, interesting story, such as she wished to hear, or whether it was one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about." Henry turned to her, and bethought himself, and, I saw, was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit her and her brother, who were to sit up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

He was a speaker and actor of the truth, born such, and was ever running into dramatic situations from this cause. In any circumstance it interested all bystanders to know what part Henry would take, and what he would say; and he did not disappoint expectation, but used an original

judgment on each emergency. In 1845 he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labour and study. This action was quite native and fit for him. No one who knew him would tax him with affectation. He was more unlike his neighbours in his thought than in his action. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it. In 1847, not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But, as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist. No opposition or ridicule had any weight with him. He coldly and fully stated his opinion without affecting to believe that it was the opinion of the company. It was of no consequence if everyone present held the opposite opinion. On one occasion he went to the University Library to procure some books. The librarian refused to lend them. Mr. Thoreau repaired to the President, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were alumni, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the College. Mr. Thoreau explained to the President that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances, — that the library was useless, yes, and President and College useless, on the terms of his rules, — that the one benefit he owed to the College was its library, — that, at this moment, not only his want of books was imperative but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short, the President found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversion from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt. He listened impatiently to news or *bons mots* gleaned from London circles; and though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. The men were all imitating each other, and on a small mould. Why can they not live as far apart as possible, and each be a man by himself? What he sought was the most energetic nature; and he wished to go to Oregon, not to London. " In every part of Great Britain," he wrote in his diary, " are discovered traces of the Romans, their funeral urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilization."

But, idealist as he was, standing for abolition of slavery, abolition of tariffs, almost for abolition of government, it is needless to say he found himself not only unrepresented in actual politics, but almost equally opposed to every class of reformers. Yet he paid the tribute of his uniform

respect to the Anti-Slavery party. One man, whose personal acquaintance he had formed, he honoured with exceptional regard. Before the first friendly word had been spoken for Captain John Brown, he sent notices to most houses in Concord that he would speak in a public hall on the condition and character of John Brown, on Sunday evening, and invited all people to come. The Republican Committee, the Abolitionist Committee, sent him word that it was premature and not advisable. He replied, — " I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall was filled at an early hour by people of all parties, and his earnest eulogy of the hero was heard by all respectfully, by many with a sympathy that surprised themselves.

It was said of Plotinus that he was ashamed of his body, and 't is very likely he had good reason for it, — that his body was a bad servant, and he had not skill in dealing with the material world, as happens often to men of abstract intellect. But Mr. Thoreau was equipped with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect, — his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skilful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eye; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house he did not write at all.

He had a strong common sense, like that which Rose Flammock the weaver's daughter in Scott's romance commends in her father, as resembling a yardstick, which, whilst it measures dowlas and diaper, can equally well measure tapestry and cloth of gold. He had always a new resource. When I was planting forest trees, and had procured half a peck of acorns, he said that only a small portion of them would be sound, and proceeded to examine them and select the sound ones. But finding this took time, he said, " I think if you put them all into water the good ones will sink "; which experiment we tried with success. He could plan a garden or a house or a barn; would have been competent to lead a " Pacific Exploring Expedition " ; could give judicious counsel in the gravest private or public affairs.

He lived for the day, not cumbered and mortified by his memory. If he

brought you yesterday a new proposition, he would bring you today another not less revolutionary. A very industrious man, and setting, like all highly organized men, a high value on his time, he seemed the only man of leisure in town, always ready for an excursion that promised well, or for conversation prolonged into late hours. His trenchant sense was never stopped by his rules of daily prudence, but was always up to the new occasion. He liked and used the simplest food, yet, when someone urged a vegetable diet, Thoreau thought all diets a very small matter, saying that " the man who shoots the buffalo lives better than the man who boards at the Graham House." He said, — " You can sleep near the railroad, and never be disturbed: Nature knows very well what sounds are worth attending to, and has made up her mind not to hear the railroad-whistle. But things respect the devout mind, and a mental ecstacy was never interrupted." He noted what repeatedly befell him, that, after receiving from a distance a rare plant, he would presently find the same in his own haunts. And those pieces of luck which happen only to good players happened to him. One day, walking with a stranger, who inquired where Indian arrow-heads could be found, he replied, " Everywhere," and, stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground. At Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine, Thoreau had a bad fall, and sprained his foot. As he was in the act of getting up from his fall, he saw for the first time the leaves of the *Arnica mollis*.

His robust common sense, armed with stout hands, keen perceptions and strong will, cannot yet account for the superiority which shone in his simple and hidden life. I must add the cardinal fact, there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets certain casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In his youth, he said, one day, " The other world is all my art; my pencils will draw no other; my jack-knife will cut nothing else; I do not use it as a means." This was the muse and genius that ruled his opinions, conversation, studies, work and course of life. This made him a searching judge of men. At first glance he measured his companion, and, though insensible to some fine traits of culture, could very well report his weight and calibre. And this made the impression of genius which his conversation sometimes gave.

He understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes. I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. His own dealing with them was never affectionate, but superior, didactic,

scorning their petty ways, — very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own. " Would he not walk with them? " " He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." Visits were offered him from respectful parties, but he declined them. Admiring friends offered to carry him at their own cost to the Yellowstone River, — to the West Indies, — to South America. But though nothing could be more grave or considered than his refusals, they remind one, in quite new relations, of that fop Brummel's reply to the gentleman who offered him his carriage in a shower, " But where will *you* ride, then? " — and what accusing silences, and what searching and irresistible speeches, battering down all defences, his companions can remember!

Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans, and to people over the sea. The river on whose banks he was born and died he knew from its springs to its confluence with the Merrimack. He had made summer and winter observations on it for many years, and at every hour of the day and night. The result of the recent survey of the Water Commissioners appointed by the State of Massachusetts he had reached by his private experiments, several years earlier. Every fact which occurs in the bed, on the banks, or in the air over it; the fishes, and their spawning and nests, their manners, their food; the shad-flies which fill the air on a certain evening once a year, and which are snapped at by the fishes so ravenously that many of these die of repletion; the conical heaps of small stones on the river-shallows, the huge nests of small fishes, one of which will sometimes overfill a cart; the birds which frequent the stream, heron, duck, sheldrake, loon, osprey; the snake, muskrat, otter, woodchuck and fox, on the banks; the turtle, frog, hyla and cricket, which make the banks vocal, — were all known to him, and, as it were, townsmen and fellow-creatures; so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrative of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch-rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or a bird in brandy. He liked to speak of the manners of the river, as itself a lawful creature, yet with exactness, and always to an observed fact. As he knew the river, so the ponds in this region.

One of the weapons he used, more important to him than microscope or alcohol-receiver to other investigators, was a whim which grew on him by indulgence, yet appeared in gravest statement, namely, of extolling his own town and neighbourhood as the most favoured centre for natural observation. He remarked that the Flora of Massachusetts embraced almost all the important plants of America, — most of the oaks, most of the willows, the best pines, the ash, the maple, the beech, the nuts. He returned Kane's *Arctic Voyage* to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark,

that " Most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He seemed a little envious of the Pole, for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact, which Annursnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks, and told me that he expected to find yet the *Victoria regia* in Concord. He was the attorney of the indigenous plants, and owned to a preference of the weeds to the imported plants as of the Indian to the civilized man, and noticed, with pleasure, that the willow bean-poles of his neighbour had grown more than his beans. " See these weeds," he said, " which have been hoed at by a million farmers all spring and summer, and yet have prevailed, and just now come out triumphant over all lanes, pastures, fields and gardens, such is their vigour. We have insulted them with low names, too, — as Pigweed, Wormwood, Chickweed, Shad-blossom." He says, " They have brave names, too, — Ambrosia, Stellaria, Amelanchier, Amaranth, etc."

I think his fancy for referring everything to the meridian of Concord did not grow out of any ignorance or depreciation of other longitudes or latitudes, but was rather a playful expression of his conviction of the indifferency of all places, and that the best place for each is where he stands. He expressed it once in this wise: — " I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world."

The other weapon with which he conquered all obstacles in science was patience. He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. One must submit abjectly to such a guide, and the reward was great. Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spyglass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore a straw hat, stout shoes, strong grey trousers, to brave scrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armour. On the day I speak of he looked for the Menyanthes, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The Cypripedium not due till tomorrow. He thought that, if waked up from a trance, in this swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. The redstart was flying about, and presently the fine grosbeaks, whose brilliant scarlet " makes the rash gazer wipe his eye," and whose clear note Thoreau com-

pared to that of a tanager which has got rid of its hoarseness. Presently he heard a note which he called that of the night-warbler, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve years, which always, when he saw it, was in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, and which it was vain to seek; the only bird which sings indifferently by night and by day. I told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, " What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon, all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey."

His interest in the flower or the bird lay very deep in his mind, was connected with Nature, — and the meaning of Nature was never attempted to be defined by him. He would not offer a memoir of his observations to the Natural History Society. " Why should I? To detach the description from its connexions in my mind would make it no longer true or valuable to me: and they do not wish what belongs to it." His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.

His determination on Natural History was organic. He confessed that he sometimes felt like a hound or a panther, and, if born among Indians, would have been a fell hunter. But, restrained by his Massachusetts culture, he played out the game in this mild form of botany and ichthyology. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that " either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. Our naturalist had perfect magnanimity; he had no secrets: he would carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp, — possibly knowing that you could never find it again, yet willing to take his risks.

No college ever offered him a diploma, or a professor's chair; no academy made him its corresponding secretary, its discoverer, or even its member. Perhaps these learned bodies feared the satire of his presence. Yet so much knowledge of Nature's secret and genius few others possessed; none in a more large and religious synthesis. For not a particle of respect had he to the opinions of any man or body of men, but homage solely to the truth itself; and as he discovered everywhere among doctors some leaning of courtesy, it discredited them. He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity. The farmers who employed him as a surveyor soon discovered his rare accuracy and skill, his knowledge of their lands, of trees, of birds, of Indian remains and the like, which enabled him to tell every farmer more than he knew before of his own farm; so that he began to feel a little as if Mr. Thoreau

had better rights in his land than he. They felt, too, the superiority of character which addressed all men with a native authority.

Indian relics abounded in Concord, — arrow-heads, stone chisels, pestles, and fragments of pottery; and on the river-bank, large heaps of clam-shells and ashes mark spots which the savages frequented. These, and every circumstance touching the Indian, were important in his eyes. His visits to Maine were chiefly for love of the Indian. He had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of the bark-canoe, as well as of trying his hand in its management on the rapids. He was inquisitive about the making of the stone arrow-heads, and in his last days charged a youth setting out for the Rocky Mountains to find an Indian who could tell him that: " It was well worth a visit to California to learn it. Occasionally, a small party of Penobscot Indians would visit Concord, and pitch their tents for a few weeks in summer on the river-bank. He failed not to make acquaintance with the best of them; though he well knew that asking questions of Indians is like catechizing beavers and rabbits. In his last visit to Maine he had great satisfaction from Joseph Polis, an intelligent Indian of Old-town, who was his guide for some weeks.

He was equally interested in every natural fact. The depth of his perception found likeness of law throughout Nature, and I know not any genius who so swiftly inferred universal law from the single fact. He was no pedant of a department. His eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestions in the humming of the telegraph-wire.

His poetry might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. He was a good reader and critic, and his judgment on poetry was to the ground of it. He could not be deceived as to the presence or absence of the poetic element in any composition, and his thirst for this made him negligent and perhaps scornful of superficial graces. He would pass by many delicate rhythms, but he would have detected every live stanza or line in a volume, and knew very well where to find an equal poetic charm in prose. He was so enamoured of the spiritual beauty that he held all actual written poems in very light esteem in the comparison. He admired Æschylus and Pindar; but, when some one was commending them, he said that Æschylus and the Greeks, in describing Apollo and Orpheus, had given no song, or no good one. " They ought not to have moved trees, but to have chanted to the gods such a hymn as would have sung all their old ideas out of their heads, and new ones in." His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure, is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical merits, if he have not the poetic temperament, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent. He knew the worth of the

Imagination for the uplifting and consolation of human life, and liked to throw every thought into a symbol. The fact you tell is of no value, but only the impression. For this reason his presence was poetic, always piqued the curiosity to know more deeply the secrets of his mind. He had many reserves, an unwillingness to exhibit to profane eyes what was still sacred in his own, and knew well how to throw a poetic veil over his experience. All readers of " Walden " will remember his mythical record of his disappointments: —

" I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

His riddles were worth the reading, and I confide that if at any time I do not understand the expression, it is yet just. Such was the wealth of his truth that it was not worth his while to use words in vain. His poem entitled " Sympathy " reveals the tenderness under that triple steel of stoicism, and the intellectual subtility it could animate. His classic poem on " Smoke " suggests Simonides, but is better than any poem of Simonides. His biography is in his verses. His habitual thought makes all his poetry a hymn to the Cause of causes, the Spirit which vivifies and controls his own: —

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

And still more in these religious lines: —

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want have bought,
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches or churchmen, he was a person of a rare, tender and absolute religion, a person incapable of any profanation, by act or by thought. Of course, the same isolation which belonged to his original thinking and living detached him from the social religious forms. This is neither to be censured nor regretted. Aristotle long ago explained it, when he said, " One who surpasses his fellow-citizens in virtue is no longer a part of the city. Their law is not for him, since he is a law to himself."

Thoreau was sincerity itself, and might fortify the convictions of prophets in the ethical laws by his holy living. It was an affirmative experience which refused to be set aside. A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished: and he thought that the bigoted sectarian had better bear this in mind.

His virtues, of course, sometimes ran into extremes. It was easy to trace to the inexorable demand on all for exact truth that austerity which made this willing hermit more solitary even than he wished. Himself of a perfect probity, he required not less of others. He had a disgust at crime, and no worldly success would cover it. He detected paltering as readily in dignified and prosperous persons as in beggars, and with equal scorn. Such dangerous frankness was in his dealing that his admirers called him " that terrible Thoreau," as if he spoke when silent, and was still present when he had departed. I think the severity of his ideal interfered to deprive him of a healthy sufficiency of human society.

The habit of a realist to find things the reverse of their appearance inclined him to put every statement in a paradox. A certain habit of antagonism defaced his earlier writings, — a trick of rhetoric not quite outgrown in his later, or substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical opposite. He praised wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air, in snow and ice he would find sultriness, and commended the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. " It was so dry, that you might call it wet."

The tendency to magnify the moment, to read all the laws of Nature in the one object or one combination under your eye, is of course comic to those who do not share the philosopher's perception of identity. To him there was no such thing as size. The pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic, a large Walden Pond. He referred every minute fact to cosmical laws. Though he meant to be just, he seemed haunted by a certain chronic assumption that the science of the day pretended completeness, and he had just found out that the *savans* had neglected to discriminate a particular botanical variety, had failed to describe the seeds or count the sepals. " That is to say," we replied, " the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-Acre Corner, or Becky Stow's Swamp; besides, what were you sent into the world for, but to add this observation? "

Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enter-

prise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry-party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans!

But these foibles, real or apparent, were fast vanishing in the incessant growth of a spirit so robust and wise, and which effaced its defeats with new triumphs. His study of Nature was a perpetual ornament to him, and inspired his friends with curiosity to see the world through his eyes, and to hear his adventures. They possessed every kind of interest.

He had many elegancies of his own, whilst he scoffed at conventional elegance. Thus, he could not bear to hear the sound of his own steps, the grit of gravel; and therefore never willingly walked in the road, but in the grass, on mountains and in woods. His senses were acute, and he remarked that by night every dwelling-house gives out bad air, like a slaughter-house. He liked the pure fragrance of melilot. He honoured certain plants with special regard, and, over all, the pond-lily, — then, the gentian, and the *Mikania scandens,* and " life-everlasting," and a bass-tree which he visited every year when it bloomed, in the middle of July. He thought the scent a more oracular inquisition than the sight, — more oracular and trustworthy. The scent, of course, reveals what is concealed from the other senses. By it he detected earthiness. He delighted in echoes, and said they were almost the only kind of kindred voices that he heard. He loved Nature so well, was so happy in her solitude, that he became very jealous of cities and the sad work which their refinements and artifices made with man and his dwelling. The axe was always destroying his forest. " Thank God," he said, " they cannot cut down the clouds! " " All kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint."

I subjoin a few sentences taken from his unpublished manuscripts, not only as records of his thought and feeling, but for their power of description and literary excellence: —

" Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."

" The chub is a soft fish, and tastes like boiled brown paper salted."

" The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or temple on the earth, and, at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them."

" The locust z-ing."

" Devil's-needles zigzagging along the Nut-Meadow brook."

" Sugar is not so sweet to the palate as sound to the healthy ear."

" I put on some hemlock-boughs, and the rich salt crackling of their leaves was like mustard to the ear, the crackling of uncountable regiments. Dead trees love the fire."

" The bluebird carries the sky on his back."

" The tanager flies through the green foliage as if it would ignite the leaves."

" If I wish for a horse-hair for my compass-sight I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road."

" Immortal water, alive even to the superficies."

" Fire is the most tolerable third party."

" Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line."

" No tree has so fair a bole and so handsome an instep as the beech."

" How did these beautiful rainbow-tints get into the shell of the fresh-water clam, buried in the mud at the bottom of our dark river? "

" Hard are the times when the infant's shoes are second-foot."

" We are strictly confined to our men to whom we give liberty."

" Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself."

" Of what significance the things you can forget? A little thought is sexton to all the world."

" How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character? "

" Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations."

" I ask to be melted. You can only ask of the metals that they be tender to the fire that melts them. To nought else can they be tender."

There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called " Life-Everlasting," a *Gnaphalium* like that, which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty, and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by botanists the *Gnaphalium leontopodium,* but by the Swiss *Edelweiss,* which signifies *Noble Purity.* Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task which none else can finish, a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that he should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.

WALT WHITMAN

1819–1892

By JOHN BURROUGHS [1] (1837–1921)

I

WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 30, 1819, and died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. Though born in the country, most of his life was passed in cities; first in Brooklyn and New York, then in New Orleans, then in Washington, and lastly in Camden, where his body is buried. It was a poet's life from first to last, — free, unhampered, unworldly, unconventional, picturesque, simple, untouched by the craze of money-getting, unselfish, devoted to others, and was, on the whole, joyfully and contentedly lived. It was a pleased and interested saunter through the world, — no hurry, no fever, no strife; hence no bitterness, no depletion, no wasted energies. A farm boy, then a school-teacher, then a printer, editor, writer, traveller, mechanic, nurse in the army hospitals, and lastly government clerk; large and picturesque of figure, slow of movement; tolerant, passive, receptive, and democratic, — of the people; in all his tastes and attractions, always aiming to walk abreast with the great laws and forces, and to live thoroughly in the free, nonchalant spirit of his own day and land. His strain was mingled Dutch and English, with a decided Quaker tinge, which came from his mother's side, and which had a marked influence upon his work.

The spirit that led him to devote his time and substance to the sick and wounded soldiers during the war may be seen in that earlier incident in his life when he drove a Broadway stage all one winter, that a disabled driver might lie by without starving his family. It is from this episode that the tradition of his having been a New York stage-driver comes. He seems always to have had a special liking for this class of workmen. One of the house surgeons of the old New York Hospital relates that in the latter part of the fifties Whitman was a frequent visitor to that institution, looking after and ministering to disabled stage-drivers. " These drivers," says the doctor, " like those of the omnibuses in London, were a set of men by themselves. A good deal of strength, intelligence, and skilful management of horses was required of a Broadway stage-driver. He seems to have

[1] This biography — under the title *Biographical and Personal* — is reprinted from Burrough's *Walt Whitman, a Study*, Boston, 1896; copyright 1896, by John Burroughs. It is reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

been decidedly a higher order of man than the driver of the present horse-cars. He usually had his primary education in the country, and graduated as a thorough expert in managing a very difficult machine, in an exceptionally busy thoroughfare.

" It was this kind of a man that so attracted Walt Whitman that he was constantly to be seen perched on the box alongside one of them going up and down Broadway. I often watched the poet and driver, as probably did many another New Yorker in those days.

" I do not wonder as much now as I did in 1860 that a man like Walt Whitman became interested in these drivers. He was not interested in the news of everyday life — the murders and accidents and political convulsions — but he was interested in strong types of human character. We young men had not had experience enough to understand this kind of a man. It seems to me now that we looked at Whitman simply as a kind of crank, if the word had then been invented. His talk to us was chiefly of books, and the men who wrote them: especially of poetry, and what he considered poetry. He never said much of the class whom he visited in our wards, after he had satisfied himself of the nature of the injury and of the prospect of recovery.

" Whitman appeared to be about forty years of age at that time. He was always dressed in a blue flannel coat and vest, with grey and baggy trousers. He wore a woollen shirt, with a Byronic collar, low in the neck, without a cravat, as I remember, and a large felt hat. His hair was iron grey, and he had a full beard and moustache of the same colour. His face and neck were bronzed by exposure to the sun and air. He was large, and gave the impression of being a vigorous man. He was scrupulously careful of his simple attire, and his hands were soft and hairy."

During the early inception of " Leaves of Grass " he was a carpenter in Brooklyn, building and selling small frame-houses to working people. He frequently knocked off work to write his poems. In his life Whitman was never one of the restless, striving sort. In this respect he was not typical of his countrymen. All his urgency and strenuousness he reserved for his book. He seems always to have been a sort of visitor in life, noting, observing, absorbing, keeping aloof from all ties that would hold him, and making the most of the hour and the place in which he happened to be. He was in no sense a typical literary man. During his life in New York and Brooklyn, we see him moving entirely outside the fashionable circles, the learned circles, the literary circles, the money-getting circles. He belongs to no set or club. He is seen more with the labouring classes, — drivers, boatmen, mechanics, printers, — and I suspect may often be found with publicans and sinners. He is fond of the ferries and of the omnibuses. He is a frequenter of the theatre and of the Italian opera. Alboni makes a deep and lasting impression upon him. It is probably to her that he writes these lines: —

Here take this gift,
I was reserving it for some hero, speaker, general,
One who should serve the good old cause, the great idea, the progress and freedom of the race,
Some brave confronter of despots, some daring rebel;
But I see that what I was reserving belongs to you just as much as to any.

Elsewhere he refers to Alboni by name and speaks of her as

The lustrous orb, Venus contralto, the blooming mother,
Sister of loftiest gods.

Some of his poems were written at the opera. The great singers evidently gave him clews and suggestions that were applicable to his own art.

His study was out of doors. He wrote on the street, on the ferry, at the seaside, in the fields, at the opera, — always from living impulses arising at the moment, and always with his eye upon the fact. He says he has read his "Leaves" to himself in the open air, and tried them by the realities of life and nature about them. Were they as real and alive as they? — this was the only question with him.

At home in his father's family in Brooklyn we see him gentle, patient, conciliatory, much looked up to by all. Neighbours seek his advice. He is cool, deliberate, impartial. A marked trait is his indifference to money matters; his people are often troubled because he lets opportunities to make money pass by. When his "Leaves" appear, his family are puzzled, do not know what to make of it. His mother thinks that, if "Hiawatha" is poetry, maybe Walt's book is, too. He never counsels with anyone, and is utterly indifferent as to what people may say or think. He is not a stirring and punctual man, is always a little late; not an early riser, not prompt at dinner; always has ample time, and will not be hurried; the business gods do not receive his homage. He is grey at thirty, and is said to have had a look of age in youth, as he had a look of youth in age. He has few books, cares little for sport, never uses a gun; has no bad habits; has no entanglements with women, and apparently never contemplates marriage. It is said that during his earliest years of manhood he kept quite aloof from the "girls."

At the age of nineteen he edited *The Long Islander,* published at Huntington. A recent visitor to these early haunts of Whitman gathered some reminiscences of him at this date: —

"Amid the deep reverie of nature, on that mild October afternoon, we returned to the village of Huntington, there to meet the few, the very few, survivors who recall Walt's first appearance in the literary world as the editor of *The Long Islander,* nigh sixty years ago (1838). Two of these forefathers of the hamlet clearly remembered his powerful person-

ality, brimfull of life, revelling in strength, careless of time and the world, of money and of toil; a lover of books and of jokes; delighting to gather round him the youth of the village in his printing-room of evenings, and tell them stories and read them poetry, his own and others'. That of his own he called his ' Yawps,' a word which he afterwards made famous. Both remembered him as a delightful companion, generous to a fault, glorying in youth, negligent of his affairs, issuing *The Long Islander* at random intervals, — once a week, once in two weeks, once in three, — until its financial backers lost faith and hope and turned him out, and with him the whole office corps; for Walt himself was editor, publisher, compositor, pressman, and printer's devil, all in one."

II

Few men were so deeply impressed by our Civil War as was Whitman. It aroused all his patriotism, all his sympathies, and, as a poet, tested his power to deal with great contemporary events and scenes. He was first drawn to the seat of war on behalf of his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Whitman, 51st New York Volunteers, who was wounded by the fragment of a shell at Fredericksburg. This was in the fall of 1862. This brought him in contact with the sick and wounded soldiers, and henceforth, as long as the war lasted and longer, he devoted his time and substance to ministering to them. The first two or three years of his life in Washington he supported himself by correspondence with Northern newspapers, mainly with the *New York Times*. These letters, as well as the weekly letters to his mother during the same period, form an intensely pathetic and interesting record.

They contain such revelations of himself, and such pictures of the scenes he moved among, that I shall here quote freely from them. The following extract is from a letter written from Fredericksburg the third or fourth day after the battle of December, 1862: —

" Spent a good part of the day in a large brick mansion on the banks of the Rappahannock, immediately opposite Fredericksburg. It is used as a hospital since the battle, and seems to have received only the worst cases. Out of doors, at the foot of a tree, within ten yards of the front of the house, I notice a heap of amputated feet, legs, arms, hands, etc., about a load for a one-horse cart. Several dead bodies lie near, each covered with its brown woollen blanket. In the door-yard, toward the river, are fresh graves, mostly of officers, their names on pieces of barrel-staves, or broken board, stuck in the dirt. [Most of these bodies were subsequently taken up and transported North to their friends.]

" The house is quite crowded, everything impromptu, no system, all bad enough, but I have no doubt the best that can be done; all the wounds pretty bad, some frightful, the men in their old clothes, unclean

and bloody. Some of the wounded are rebel officers, prisoners. One, a Mississippian, — a captain, — hit badly in leg, I talked with some time; he asked me for papers, which I gave him. (I saw him three months afterward in Washington, with leg amputated, doing well.)

" I went through the rooms, downstairs and up. Some of the men were dying. I had nothing to give at that visit, but wrote a few letters to folks home, mothers, etc. Also talked to three or four who seemed most susceptible to it, and needing it.

" December 22 to 31. — Am among the regimental, brigade, and division hospitals somewhat. Few at home realize that these are merely tents, and sometimes very poor ones, the wounded lying on the ground, lucky if their blanket is spread on a layer of pine or hemlock twigs, or some leaves. No cots; seldom even a mattress on the ground. It is pretty cold. I go around from one case to another. I do not see that I can do any good, but I cannot leave them. Once in a while some youngster holds on to me convulsively, and I do what I can for him; at any rate, stop with him and sit near him for hours, if he wishes it.

" Besides the hospitals, I also go occasionally on long tours through the camps, talking with the men, etc.; sometimes at night among the groups around the fires, in their shebang enclosures of bushes. I soon get acquainted anywhere in camp, with officers or men, and am always well used. Sometimes I go down on picket with the regiments I know best."

After continuing in front through the winter, he returns to Washington, where the wounded and sick have mainly been concentrated. The Capital city, truly, is now one huge hospital; and there Whitman establishes himself, and thenceforward, for several years, has but one daily and nightly avocation.

He alludes to writing letters by the bedside, and says: —

" I do a good deal of this, of course, writing all kinds, including love-letters. Many sick and wounded soldiers have not written home to parents, brothers, sisters, and even wives, for one reason or another, for a long, long time. Some are poor writers, some cannot get paper and envelopes; many have an aversion to writing, because they dread to worry the folks at home, — the facts about them are so sad to tell. I always encourage the men to write, and promptly write for them."

A glimpse of the scenes after Chancellorsville: —

" As I write this, in May, 1863, the wounded have begun to arrive from Hooker's command from bloody Chancellorsville. I was down among the first arrivals. The men in charge of them told me the bad cases were yet to come. If that is so, I pity them, for these are bad enough. You ought to see the scene of the wounded arriving at the landing here foot of

Sixth Street at night. Two boat-loads came about half past seven last night. A little after eight, it rained a long and violent shower. The poor, pale, helpless soldiers had been debarked, and lay around on the wharf and neighbourhood anywhere. The rain was, probably, grateful to them; at any rate they were exposed to it.

" The few torches light up the spectacle. All around on the wharf, on the ground, out on side places, etc., the men are lying on blankets and old quilts, with the bloody rags bound round heads, arms, legs, etc. The attendants are few, and at night few outsiders also, — only a few hard-worked transportation men and drivers. (The wounded are getting to be common, and people grow callous.) The men, whatever their condition, lie there, and patiently wait till their turn comes to be taken up. Near by the ambulances are now arriving in clusters, and one after another is called to back up and take its load. Extreme cases are sent off on stretchers. The men generally make little or no ado, whatever their sufferings, — a few groans that cannot be repressed, and occasionally a scream of pain, as they lift a man into the ambulance.

" Today, as I write, hundreds more are expected, and tomorrow and the next day more, and so on for many days.

" The soldiers are nearly all young men, and far more American than is generally supposed, — I should say nine tenths are native-born. Among the arrivals from Chancellorsville I find a large proportion of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois men. As usual, there are all sorts of wounds. Some of the men are fearfully burnt from the explosion of artillery caissons. One ward has a long row of officers, some with ugly hurts. Yesterday was, perhaps, worse than usual. Amputations are going on, — the attendants are dressing wounds. As you pass by, you must be on your guard where you look. I saw, the other day, a gentleman — a visitor, apparently, from curiosity — in one of the wards stop and turn a moment to look at an awful wound they were probing, etc. He turned pale, and in a moment more he had fainted away and fallen on the floor."

An episode, — the death of a New York soldier: —

" This afternoon, July 22, 1863, I spent a long time with a young man I have been with a good deal from time to time, named Oscar F. Wilber, company G, 154th New York, low with chronic diarrhoea, and a bad wound also. He asked me to read him a chapter in the New Testament. I complied, and asked him what I should read. He said: ' Make your own choice.' I opened at the close of one of the first books of the Evangelists, and read the chapters describing the latter hours of Christ and the scenes at the crucifixion. The poor, wasted young man asked me to read the following chapter also, how Christ rose again. I read very slowly, as Oscar was feeble. It pleased him very much, yet the tears were in his eyes. He asked me if I enjoyed religion. I said: ' Perhaps not, my dear, in the way

you mean, and yet, maybe, it is the same thing.' He said: 'It is my chief reliance.' He talked of death, and said he did not fear it. I said: 'Why, Oscar, don't you think you will get well?' He said: 'I may, but it is not probable.' He spoke calmly of his condition. The wound was very bad; it discharged much. Then the diarrhoea had prostrated him, and I felt that he was even then the same as dying. He behaved very manly and affectionate. The kiss I gave him as I was about leaving he returned fourfold. He gave me his mother's address, Mrs. Sally D. Wilber, Alleghany post office, Cattaraugus County, New York. I had several such interviews with him. He died a few days after the one just described."

And here, also, a characteristic scene in another of those long barracks: —

"It is Sunday afternoon (middle of summer, 1864), hot and oppressive, and very silent through the ward. I am taking care of a critical case, now lying in a half lethargy. Near where I sit is a suffering rebel, from the 8th Louisiana; his name is Irving. He has been here a long time, badly wounded, and has lately had his leg amputated. It is not doing very well. Right opposite me is a sick soldier boy, laid down with his clothes on, sleeping, looking much wasted, his pallid face on his arm. I see by the yellow trimming on his jacket that he is a cavalry boy. He looks so handsome as he sleeps, one must needs go nearer to him. I step softly over to him, and find by his card that he is named William Cone, of the 1st Maine Cavalry, and his folks live in Skowhegan."

In a letter to his mother in 1863 he says, in reference to his hospital services: "I have got in the way, after going lightly, as it were, all through the wards of a hospital, and trying to give a word of cheer, if nothing else, to everyone, then confining my special attention to the few where the investment seems to tell best, and who want it most. . . . Mother, I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by keeping the men from giving up, and being a good deal with them. The men say it is so, and the doctors say it is so; and I will candidly confess I can see it is true, though I say it myself. I know you will like to hear it, mother, so I tell you."

Again he says: "I go among the worst fevers and wounds with impunity; I go among the smallpox, etc., just the same. I feel to go without apprehension, and so I go: nobody else goes; but, as the darkey said there at Charleston when the boat ran on a flat and the rebel sharpshooters were peppering them, '*somebody* must jump in de water and shove de boat off.'"

In another letter to his mother he thus accounts for his effect upon the wounded soldiers: "I fancy the reason I am able to do some good in the hospitals among the poor, languishing, and wounded boys, is that I am

so large and well, — indeed, like a great wild buffalo with much hair. Many of the soldiers are from the West and far North, and they like a man that has not the bleached, shiny, and shaved cut of the cities and the East."

As to Whitman's appearance about this time, we get an inkling from another letter to his mother, giving an account of an interview he had with Senator Preston King, to whom Whitman applied for assistance in procuring a clerkship in one of the departments. King said to him, " Why, how can I do this thing, or anything for you? How do I know but you are a secessionist? You look for all the world like an old Southern planter, — a regular Carolina or Virginia planter."

The great suffering of the soldiers and their heroic fortitude move him deeply. He says to his mother: " Nothing of ordinary misfortune seems as it used to, and death itself has lost all its terrors; I have seen so many cases in which it was so welcome and such a relief." Again: " I go to the hospitals every day or night. I believe no men ever loved each other as I and some of these poor wounded, sick, and dying men love each other."

Whitman's services in the hospitals began to tell seriously upon his health in June, 1864, when he had " spells of deathly faintness, and had trouble in the head." The doctors told him he must keep away for a while, but he could not. Under date of June 7, 1864, he writes to his mother: —

" There is a very horrible collection in Armory Building [in Armory Square Hospital], — about two hundred of the worst cases you ever saw, and I have probably been too much with them. It is enough to melt the heart of a stone. Over one third of them are amputation cases. Well, mother, poor Oscar Cunningham is gone at last: (he is the 82d Ohio boy, wounded May 3, '63). I have written so much of him I suppose you feel as if you almost knew him. I was with him Saturday forenoon, and also evening. He was more composed than usual; could not articulate very well. He died about two o'clock Sunday morning, very easy, they told me. I was not there. It was a blessed relief. His life has been misery for months. I believe I told you, last letter, I was quite blue from the deaths of several of the poor young men I knew well, especially two of whom I had strong hopes of their getting up. Things are going pretty badly with the wounded. They are crowded here in Washington in immense numbers, and all those that came up from the Wilderness and that region arrived here so neglected and in such plight it was awful (those that were at Fredericksburg, and also from Belle Plain). The papers are full of puffs, etc., but the truth is the largest proportion of worst cases get little or no attention.

" We receive them here with their wounds full of worms, — some all swelled and inflamed. Many of the amputations have to be done over again. One new feature is, that many of the poor, afflicted young men are crazy; every ward has some in it that are wandering. They have

suffered too much, and it is perhaps a privilege that they are out of their senses. Mother, it is most too much for a fellow, and I sometimes wish I was out of it; but I suppose it is because I have not felt first-rate myself."

Of the Ohio soldier above referred to, Whitman had written a few days before: "You remember I told you of him a year ago, when he was first brought in. I thought him the noblest specimen of a young Western man I had seen. A real giant in size, and always with a smile on his face. Oh, what a change! He has long been very irritable to everyone but me, and his frame is all wasted away."

To his brother Jeff he wrote: "Of the many I have seen die, or known of the past year, I have not seen or known of one who met death with any terror. Yesterday I spent a good part of the afternoon with a young man of seventeen named Charles Cutter, of Lawrence City, 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Battery M. He was brought into one of the hospitals mortally wounded in abdomen. Well, I thought to myself as I sat looking at him, it ought to be a relief to his folks, after all, if they could see how little he suffered. He lay very placid, in a half lethargy, with his eyes closed; it was very warm, and I sat a long while fanning him and wiping the sweat. At length he opened his eyes quite wide and clear, and looked inquiringly around. I said, "What is it, my dear? do you want anything?" He said quietly, with a good-natured smile, "Oh, nothing; I was only looking around to see who was with me." His mind was somewhat wandering, yet he lay so peaceful in his dying condition. He seemed to be a real New England country boy, so good-natured, with a pleasant, homely way, and quite fine-looking. Without any doubt, he died in course of the night."

Another extract from a letter to his mother in April, 1864: —

"Mother, you don't know what a feeling a man gets after being in the active sights and influences of the camp, the army, the wounded, etc. He gets to have a deep feeling he never experienced before, — the flag, the tune of Yankee Doodle, and similar things, produce an effect on a fellow never felt before. I have seen tears on the men's cheeks, and others turn pale under such circumstances. I have a little flag, — it belonged to one of our cavalry regiments, — presented to me by one of the wounded. It was taken by the rebs in a cavalry fight, and rescued by our men in a bloody little skirmish. It cost three men's lives just to get one little flag four by three. Our men rescued it, and tore it from the breast of a dead rebel. All that just for the name of getting their little banner back again. The man that got it was very badly wounded, and they let him keep it. I was with him a good deal. He wanted to give me something, he said; he did not expect to live; so he gave me the little banner as a keepsake. I mention this, mother, to show you a specimen of the feeling. There isn't a regiment of cavalry or infantry that wouldn't do the same on occasion."

[An army surgeon, who at the time watched with curiosity Mr. Whitman's movements among the soldiers in the hospitals, has since told me that his principles of operation, effective as they were, seemed strangely few, simple, and on a low key, — to act upon the appetite, to cheer by a healthy and fitly bracing appearance and demeanour; and to fill and satisfy in certain cases the affectional longings of the patients, was about all. He carried among them no sentimentalism nor moralizing; spoke not to any man of his " sins," but gave something good to eat, a buoying word, or a trifling gift and a look. He appeared with ruddy face, clean dress, with a flower or a green sprig in the lapel of his coat. Crossing the fields in summer, he would gather a great bunch of dandelion blossoms, and red and white clover, to bring and scatter on the cots, as reminders of outdoor air and sunshine.

When practicable, he came to the long and crowded wards of the maimed, the feeble, and the dying, only after preparations as for a festival, — strengthened by a good meal, rest, the bath, and fresh under-clothes. He entered with a huge haversack slung over his shoulder, full of appropriate articles, with parcels under his arms, and protuberant pockets. He would sometimes come in summer with a good-sized basket filled with oranges, and would go round for hours paring and dividing them among the feverish and thirsty.]

Of his devotion to the wounded soldiers there are many witnesses. A well-known correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes thus about him in April, 1876: —

" I first heard of him among the sufferers on the Peninsula after a battle there. Subsequently I saw him, time and again, in the Washington hospitals, or wending his way there, with basket or haversack on his arm, and the strength of beneficence suffusing his face. His devotion surpassed the devotion of woman. It would take a volume to tell of his kindness, tenderness, and thoughtfulness.

" Never shall I forget one night when I accompanied him on his rounds through a hospital filled with those wounded young Americans whose heroism he has sung in deathless numbers. There were three rows of cots, and each cot bore its man. When he appeared, in passing along, there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan, and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might be lighted by the presence of the God of Love. From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him; they touched his hand; they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer; for another he wrote a letter home; to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage stamp, all of which and many other things were in his capacious haversack. From another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sweetheart; for

another he would promise to go an errand; to another, some special friend very low, he would give a manly farewell kiss. He did the things for them no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital that night before he left it, and, as he took his way towards the door, you could hear the voices of many a stricken hero calling, ' Walt, Walt, Walt! come again! come again! ' "

III

Out of that experience in camp and hospital the pieces called " Drum-Taps," first published in 1865, — since merged in his " Leaves," — were produced. Their descriptions and pictures, therefore, come from life. The vivid incidents of " The Dresser " are but daguerreotypes of the poet's own actual movements among the bad cases of the wounded after a battle. The same personal knowledge runs through " A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," " Come up from the Fields, Father," etc., etc.

The reader of this section of Whitman's work soon discovers that it is not the purpose of the poet to portray battles and campaigns, or to celebrate special leaders or military prowess, but rather to chant the human aspects of anguish that follow in the train of war. He perhaps feels that the permanent condition of modern society is that of peace; that war as a business, as a means of growth, has served its time; and that, notwithstanding the vast difference between ancient and modern warfare, both in the spirit and in the means, Homer's pictures are essentially true yet, and no additions to them can be made. War can never be to us what it has been to the nations of all ages down to the present; never the main fact, the paramount condition, tyrannizing over all the affairs of national and individual life, but only an episode, a passing interruption; and the poet, who in our day would be as true to his nation and times as Homer was to his, must treat of it from the standpoint of peace and progress, and even benevolence. Vast armies rise up in a night and disappear in a day; a million of men, inured to battle and to blood, go back to the avocations of peace without a moment's confusion or delay, — indicating clearly the tendency that prevails.

Apostrophizing the genius of America in the supreme hour of victory, he says: —

No poem proud, I, chanting, bring to thee — nor mastery's rapturous verses: —
But a little book containing night's darkness and blood-dripping wounds,
And psalms of the dead.

The collection is also remarkable for the absence of all sectional or partisan feeling. Under the head of " Reconciliation " are these lines: —

Word over all, beautiful as the sky!
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time be utterly lost!
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead — a man divine as myself is dead;
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin — I draw near;
I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of Whitman's war poems is the one called "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed," written in commemoration of President Lincoln.

The main effect of this poem is of strong, solemn, and varied music; and it involves in its construction a principle after which perhaps the great composers mostly work, — namely, spiritual auricular analogy. At first it would seem to defy analysis, so rapt is it, and so indirect. No reference whatever is made to the mere fact of Lincoln's death; the poet does not even dwell upon its unprovoked atrocity, and only occasionally is the tone that of lamentation; but, with the intuitions of the grand art, which is the most complex when it seems most simple, he seizes upon three beautiful facts of nature, which he weaves into a wreath for the dead President's tomb. The central thought is of death, but around this he curiously twines, first, the early-blooming lilacs which the poet may have plucked the day the dark shadow came; next the song of the hermit thrush, the most sweet and solemn of all our songsters, heard at twilight in the dusky cedars; and with these the evening star, which, as many may remember, night after night in the early part of that eventful spring, hung low in the west with unusual and tender brightness. These are the premises whence he starts his solemn chant.

The attitude, therefore, is not that of being bowed down and weeping hopeless tears, but of singing a commemorative hymn, in which the voices of nature join, and fits that exalted condition of the soul which serious events and the presence of death induce. There are no words of mere eulogy, no statistics, and no story or narrative; but there are pictures, processions, and a strange mingling of darkness and light, of grief and triumph: now the voice of the bird, or the drooping lustrous star, or the sombre thought of death; then a recurrence to the open scenery of the land as it lay in the April light, "the summer approaching with richness and the fields all busy with labour," presently dashed in upon by a spectral vision of armies with torn and bloody battle-flags, and, again, of the white skeletons of young men long afterwards strewing the ground. Hence the piece has little or nothing of the character of the usual productions on such occasions. It is dramatic; yet there is no development of plot, but a constant interplay, a turning and returning of images and sentiments.

The poet breaks a sprig of lilac from the bush in the door-yard, — the dark cloud falls on the land, — the long funeral sets out, — and then the apostrophe: —

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veiled women, standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit — with the silent sea of faces, and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
To dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — Where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

(Not for you, for one alone;
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring;
For fresh as the morning — thus would I chant a song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death! I cover you over with roses and early lilies;
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes;
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

Then the strain goes on: —

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the prairies meeting:
These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

The poem reaches, perhaps, its height in the matchless invocation to Death: —

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Prais'd be the fathomless universe,

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — but praise! O praise and praise,
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, encompassing Death — strong Deliveress!
When it is so — when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee — adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.
The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

IV

Whitman despised riches, and all mere worldly success, as heartily as ever did any of the old Christians. All outward show and finery were intensely distasteful to him. He probably would not have accepted the finest house in New York on condition that he live in it. During his hospital experiences he cherished the purpose, as soon as the war was over, of returning to Brooklyn, buying an acre or two of land in some by-place on Long Island, and building for himself and his family a cheap house. When his brother Jeff contemplated building, he advised him to build merely an Irish shanty. After what he had seen the soldiers put up with, he thought anything was good enough for him or his people. In one of his letters to his mother, he comments upon the un-American and inappropriate ornamentation of the rooms in the Capitol building,

"without grandeur and without simplicity," he says. In the state the country was in, and with the hospital scenes before him, the "poppy-show goddesses" and the Italian style of decoration, etc., sickened him, and he got away from it all as quickly as he could.

V

During the war and after, I used to see a good deal of Whitman in Washington. Summer and winter he was a conspicuous figure on Pennsylvania Avenue, where he was wont to walk for exercise and to feed his hunger for faces. One would see him afar off, in the crowd but not of it, — a large, slow-moving figure, clad in grey, with broad-brimmed hat and grey beard, — or, quite as frequently, on the front platform of the street horse-cars with the driver. My eye used to single him out many blocks away.

There were times during this period when his aspect was rather forbidding, — the physical man was too pronounced on first glance; the other man was hidden beneath the broad-brimmed hat. One needed to see the superbly domed head and classic brow crowning the rank physical man.

In his middle manhood, judging from the photos, he had a hirsute, kindly look, but very far removed from the finely cut traditional poet's face.

VI

I have often heard Whitman say that he inherited most excellent blood from his mother, — the old Dutch Van Velsed strain, — Long Island blood filtered and vitalized through generations by the breath of the sea. He was his mother's child unmistakably. With all his rank masculinity, there was a curious feminine undertone in him which revealed itself in the quality of his voice, the delicate texture of his skin, the gentleness of his touch and ways, the attraction he had for children and the common people. A lady in the West, writing to me about him, spoke of his "great mother-nature." He was receptive, sympathetic, tender, and met you, not in a positive, aggressive manner, but more or less in a passive or neutral mood. He did not give his friends merely his mind, he gave them himself. It is not merely his mind or intellect that he has put into his poems, it is himself. Indeed, this feminine mood or attitude might be dwelt upon at much length in considering his poems, — their solvent, absorbing power, and the way they yield themselves to diverse interpretations.

The sea, too, had laid its hand upon him, as I have already suggested. He never appeared so striking and impressive as when seen upon the beach. His large and tall grey figure looked at home, and was at home, upon the shore. The simple, strong, flowing lines of his face, his always

clean fresh air, his blue absorbing eye, his commanding presence, and something pristine and elemental in his whole expression, seemed at once to put him *en rapport* with the sea. No phase of nature seems to have impressed him so deeply as the sea, or recurs so often in his poems.

VII

Whitman was pre-eminently manly, — richly endowed with the universal healthy human qualities and attributes. Mr. Conway relates that when Emerson handed him the first thin quarto edition of "Leaves of Grass," while he was calling at his house in Concord, soon after the book appeared, he said, "Americans abroad may not come home: unto us a man is born."

President Lincoln, standing one day during the war before a window in the White House, saw Whitman slowly saunter by. He followed him with his eyes, and, turning, said to those about him, "Well, *he* looks like a *man*."

Meeter of savage and gentleman on equal terms.

During Whitman's Western tour in 1879 or '80, at some point in Kansas, in company with several well-known politicians and government officials, he visited a lot of Indians who were being held as prisoners. The sheriff told the Indians who the distinguished men were who were about to see them, but the Indians paid little attention to them as, one after the other, the officials and editors passed by them. Behind all came Whitman. The old chief looked at him steadily, then extended his hand and said, "How!" All the other Indians followed, surrounding Whitman, shaking his hand and making the air melodious with their "Hows." The incident evidently pleased the old poet a good deal.

VIII

Whitman was of large mould in every way, and of bold, far-reaching schemes, and is very sure to fare better at the hands of large men than of small. The first and last impression which his personal presence always made upon one was of a nature wonderfully gentle, tender, and benignant. His culture, his intellect, was completely suffused and dominated by his humanity, so that the impression you got from him was not that of a learned or a literary person, but of fresh, strong, sympathetic human nature, — such an impression, I fancy, only fuller, as one might have got from Walter Scott. This was perhaps the secret of the attraction he had for the common, unlettered people and for children. I think that even his literary friends often sought his presence less for conversation than to bask in his physical or psychical sunshine, and to rest upon his boundless charity. The great service he rendered to the wounded and homesick soldiers in the hospitals during the war came from his copious endowment of this broad, sweet, tender democratic nature. He brought father

and mother to them, and the tonic and cheering atmosphere of simple, affectionate home life.

In person Whitman was large and tall, above six feet, with a breezy, open-air look. His temperament was sanguine; his voice was a tender baritone. The dominant impression he made was that of something fresh and clean. I remember the first time I met him, which was in Washington, in the fall of 1863. I was impressed by the fine grain and clean, fresh quality of the man. Some passages in his poems had led me to expect something different. He always had the look of a man who had just taken a bath. The skin was light and clear, and the blood well to the surface. His body, as I once noticed when we were bathing in the surf, had a peculiar fresh bloom and fineness and delicacy of texture. His physiology was undoubtedly remarkable, unique. The full beauty of his face and head did not appear till he was past sixty. After that, I have little doubt, it was the finest head this age or country has seen. Every artist who saw him was instantly filled with a keen desire to sketch him. The lines were so simple, so free, and so strong. High, arching brows; straight, clear-cut nose; heavy-lidded blue-grey eyes; forehead not thrust out and emphasized, but a vital part of a symmetrical, dome-shaped head; ear large, and the most delicately carved I have ever seen; the mouth and chin hidden by a soft, long, white beard. It seems to me his face steadily refined and strengthened with age. Time depleted him in just the right way, — softened his beard and took away the too florid look; subdued the carnal man, and brought out more fully the spiritual man. When I last saw him (December 26, 1891), though he had been very near death for many days, I am sure I had never seen his face so beautiful. There was no breaking-down of the features, or the least sign of decrepitude, such as we usually note in old men. The expression was full of pathos, but it was as grand as that of a god. I could not think of him as near death, he looked so unconquered.

In Washington I knew Whitman intimately from the fall of 1863 to the time he left in 1873. In Camden I visited him yearly after that date, usually in the late summer or fall. I will give one glimpse of him from my diary, under date of August 18, 1887. I reached his house in the morning, before he was up. Presently he came slowly downstairs and greeted me. " Find him pretty well, — looking better than last year. With his light-grey suit, and white hair, and fresh pink face, he made a fine picture. Among other things, we talked of the Swinburne attack (then recently published). W. did not show the least feeling on the subject, and, I clearly saw, was absolutely undisturbed by the article. I told him I had always been more disturbed by S.'s admiration for him than I was now by his condemnation. By and by W. had his horse hitched up, and we started for Glendale, ten miles distant, to see young Gilchrist, the artist. A fine drive through a level farming and truck-gardening country; warm,

but breezy. W. drives briskly, and salutes every person we meet, little and big, black and white, male and female. Nearly all return his salute cordially. He said he knew but few of those he spoke to, but that, as he grew older, the old Long Island custom of his people, to speak to everyone on the road, was strong upon him. One tipsy man in a buggy responded, ' Why, pap, how d'ye do, pap? ' etc. We talked of many things. I recall this remark of W., as something I had not before thought of, that it was difficult to see what the old feudal world would have come to without Christianity: it would have been like a body acted upon by the centrifugal force without the centripetal. Those haughty lords and chieftains needed the force of Christianity to check and curb them, etc. W. knew the history of many prominent houses on the road: here a crazy man lived, with two coloured men to look after him; there, in that fine house among the trees, an old maid, who had spent a large fortune on her house and lands, and was destitute, yet she was a woman of remarkable good sense, etc. We returned to Camden before dark, W. apparently not fatigued by the drive of twenty miles."

In death what struck me most about the face was its perfect symmetry. It was such a face, said Mr. Conway, as Rembrandt would have selected from a million. " It is the face of an aged loving child. As I looked, it was with the reflexion that, during an acquaintance of thirty-six years, I never heard from those lips a word of irritation, or depreciation of any being. I do not believe that Buddha, of whom he appeared an avatar, was more gentle to all men, women, children, and living things."

IX

For one of the best pen-sketches of Whitman in his old age we are indebted to Dr. J. Johnston, a young Scotch physician of Bolton, England, who visited Whitman in the summer of 1890. I quote from a little pamphlet which the doctor printed on his return home: —

" The first thing about himself that struck me was the physical immensity and magnificent proportions of the man, and, next, the picturesque majesty of his presence as a whole.

" He sat quite erect in a great cane-runged chair, cross-legged, and clad in rough grey clothes, with slippers on his feet, and a shirt of pure white linen, with a great wide collar edged with white lace, the shirt buttoned about midway down his breast, the big lapels of the collar thrown open, the points touching his shoulders, and exposing the upper portion of his hirsute chest. He wore a vest of grey homespun, but it was unbuttoned almost to the bottom. He had no coat on, and his shirt sleeves were turned up above the elbows, exposing most beautifully shaped arms, and flesh of the most delicate whiteness. Although it was so hot, he did not perspire visibly, while I had to keep mopping my face. His hands are

large and massive, but in perfect proportion to the arms; the fingers long, strong, white, and tapering to a blunt end. His nails are square, showing about an eighth of an inch separate from the flesh, and I noticed that there was not a particle of impurity beneath any of them. But his majesty is concentrated in his head, which is set with leonine grace and dignity upon his broad, square shoulders; and it is almost entirely covered with long, fine, straggling hair, silvery and glistening, pure and white as sunlit snow, rather thin on the top of his high, rounded crown, streaming over and around his large but delicately-shaped ears, down the back of his big neck; and, from his pinky-white cheeks and top lip, over the lower part of his face, right down to the middle of his chest, like a cataract of materialized, white, glistening vapour, giving him a most venerable and patriarchal appearance. His high, massive forehead is seamed with wrinkles. His nose is large, strong, broad, and prominent, but beautifully chiseled and proportioned, almost straight, very slightly depressed at the tip, and with deep furrows on each side, running down to the angles of the mouth. The eyebrows are thick and shaggy, with strong, white hair, very highly arched and standing a long way above the eyes, which are of a light blue, with a tinge of grey, small, rather deeply set, calm, clear penetrating, and revealing unfathomable depths of tenderness, kindness, and sympathy. The upper eyelids droop considerably over the eyeballs. The lips, which are partly hidden by the thick, white mustache, are full. The whole face impresses one with a sense of resoluteness, strength, and intellectual power, and yet withal a winning sweetness, unconquerable radiance, and hopeful joyousness. His voice is highly pitched and musical, with a timbre which is astonishing in an old man. There is none of the tremor, quaver, or shrillness usually observed in them, but his utterance is clear, ringing, and most sweetly musical. But it was not in any one of these features that his charm lay so much as in his *tout ensemble,* and the irresistible magnetism of his sweet, aromatic presence, which seemed to exhale sanity, purity, and naturalness, and exercised over me an attraction which positively astonished me, producing an exaltation of mind and soul which no man's presence ever did before. I felt that I was here face to face with the living embodiment of all that was good, noble, and lovable in humanity."

X

British critics have spoken of Whitman's athleticism, his athletic temperament, etc., but he was in no sense a muscular man, an athlete. His body, though superb, was curiously the body of a child; one saw this in its form, in its pink color, and in the delicate texture of the skin. He took little interest in feats of strength, or in athletic sports. He walked with a slow, rolling gait, indeed, moved slowly in all ways; he always had an air of infinite leisure. For several years, while a clerk in the Attorney-

General's Office in Washington, his exercise for an hour each day consisted in tossing a few feet into the air, as he walked, a round, smooth stone, of about one pound weight, and catching it as it fell. Later in life, and after his first paralytic stroke, when in the woods, he liked to bend down the young saplings, and exercise his arms and chest in that way. In his poems much emphasis is laid upon health, and upon purity and sweetness of body, but none upon mere brute strength. This is what he says " To a Pupil ": —

1. *Is reform needed? Is it through you?*
 The greater the reform needed, the greater the PERSONALITY *you need to accomplish it.*

2. *You! do you not see how it would serve to have eyes, blood, complexion, clean and sweet?*
 Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and Soul, that when you enter the crowd, an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and every one is impressed with your personality?

3. *O the magnet! the flesh over and over!*
 Go, mon cher! if need be, give up all else, and commence today to inure yourself to pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness, Rest not, till you rivet and publish yourself of your own personality.

It is worthy of note that Whitman's Washington physician said he had one of the most thoroughly natural physical systems he had ever known, — the freest, probably, from extremes or any disproportion; which answers to the perfect sanity which all his friends must have felt with regard to his mind.

A few years ago a young English artist stopping in this country made several studies of him. In one of them which he showed me, he had left the face blank, but had drawn the figure from the head down with much care. It was so expressive, so unmistakably Whitman, conveyed so surely a certain majesty and impressiveness that pertained to the poet physically, that I looked upon it with no ordinary interest. Every wrinkle in the garments seemed to proclaim the man. Probably a similar painting of any of one's friends would be more or less a recognizable portrait, but I doubt if it would speak so emphatically as did this incomplete sketch. I thought it all the more significant in this case because Whitman laid such stress upon the human body in his poems, built so extensively upon it, curiously identifying it with the soul, and declaring his belief that if he made the poems of his body and of mortality he would thus supply himself with the poems of the soul and of immortality. " Behold," he says, " the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern, and includes and is the soul; whoever you are, how superb and how divine is your body, or any

part of it! " He runs this physiological thread all through his book, and strings upon it many valuable lessons and many noble sentiments. Those who knew him well, I think, will agree with me that his bodily presence was singularly magnetic, restful, and positive, and that it furnished a curious and suggestive commentary upon much there is in his poetry.

The Greeks, who made so much more of the human body than we do, seem not to have carried so much meaning, so much history, in their faces as does the modern man; the soul was not concentrated here, but was more evenly distributed over the whole body. Their faces expressed repose, harmony, power of command. I think Whitman was like the Greeks in this respect. His face had none of the eagerness, sharpness, nervousness, of the modern face. It had but few lines, and these were Greek. From the mouth up, the face was expressive of Greek purity, simplicity, strength, and repose. The mouth was large and loose, and expressive of another side of his nature. It was a mouth that required the check and curb of that classic brow.

And the influence of his poems is always on the side of physiological cleanliness and strength, and severance from all that corrupts and makes morbid and mean. He says the " expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face: it is in his limbs and joints also; it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists; it is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees; dress does not hide him; the strong, sweet, supple quality he has strikes through the cotton and flannel; to see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more. You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side." He says he has perceived that to be with those he likes is enough: " To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough, — I do not ask any more delight; I swim in it, as in a sea. There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well. All things please the soul, but these please the soul well." Emerson once asked Whitman what it was he found in the society of the common people that satisfied him so; for his part, he could not find anything. The subordination of Whitman of the purely intellectual to the human and physical, which runs all through his poems and is one source of their power, Emerson, who was deficient in the sensuous, probably could not appreciate.

XI

The atmosphere of Whitman personally was that of a large, tolerant, tender, sympathetic, restful man, easy of approach, indifferent to any special social or other distinctions and accomplishments that might be yours, and regarding you from the start for yourself alone.

Children were very fond of him; and women, unless they had been

prejudiced against him, were strongly drawn toward him. His personal magnetism was very great, and was warming and cheering. He was rich in temperament, probably beyond any other man of his generation, — rich in all the purely human and emotional endowments and basic qualities. Then there was a look about him hard to describe, and which I have seen in no other face, — a grey, brooding, elemental look, like the granite rock, something primitive and Adamic that might have belonged to the first man; or was it a suggestion of the grey, eternal sea that he so loved, near which he was born, and that had surely set its seal upon him? I know not, but I feel the man with that look is not of the day merely, but of the centuries. His eye was not piercing, but absorbing, — " draining " is the word happily used by William O'Connor; the soul back of it drew things to himself, and entered and possessed them through sympathy and personal force and magnetism, rather than through mere intellectual force.

XII

Walt Whitman was of the people, the common people, and always gave out their quality and atmosphere. His commonness, his nearness, as of the things you have always known, — the day, the sky, the soil, your own parents, — were in no way veiled, or kept in abeyance, by his culture or poetic gifts. He was redolent of the human and the familiar. Though capable, on occasions, of great pride and hauteur, yet his habitual mood and presence was that of simple, average, healthful humanity, — the virtue and flavour of sailors, soldiers, labourers, travellers, or people who live with real things in the open air. His commonness rose into the uncommon, the extraordinary, but without any hint of the exclusive or especially favoured. He was indeed " no sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them."

The spirit that animates every page of his book, and that it always effuses, is the spirit of common, universal humanity, — humanity apart from creeds, schools, conventions, from all special privileges and refinements, as it is in and of itself in its relations to the whole system of things, in contradistinction to the literature of culture which effuses the spirit of the select and exclusive.

His life was the same. Walt Whitman never stood apart from or above any human being. The common people — workingmen, the poor, the illiterate, the outcast — saw themselves in him, and he saw himself in them: the attraction was mutual. He was always content with common, unadorned humanity. Specially intellectual people rather repelled him; the wit, the scholar, the poet, must have a rich endowment of the common, universal, human attributes and qualities to pass current with him. He sought the society of boatmen, railroad men, farmers, mechanics, printers, teamsters,

mothers of families, etc., rather than the society of professional men or scholars. Men who had the quality of things in the open air, — the virtue of rocks, trees, hills — drew him most; and it is these qualities and virtues that he has aimed above all others to put into his poetry, and to put them there in such a way that he who reads must feel and imbibe them.

The recognized poets put into their pages the virtue and quality of the fine gentleman, or of the sensitive, artistic nature: this poet of democracy effuses the atmosphere of fresh, strong Adamic man, — man acted upon at first hand by the shows and forces of universal nature.

If our poet ever sounds the note of the crude, the loud, the exaggerated, he is false to himself and to his high aims. I think he may be charged with having done so a few times, in his earlier work, but not in his later. In the 1860 edition of his poems stands this portraiture, which may stand for himself, with one or two features rather overdrawn: —

His shape arises
Arrogant, masculine, naïve, rowdyish,
Laugher, weeper, worker, idler, citizen, countryman,
Saunterer of woods, stander upon hills, summer swimmer in rivers or by the sea,
Of pure American breed, of reckless health, his body perfect, free from taint from top to toe, free for ever from headache and dyspepsia, clean-breathed,
Ample-limbed, a good feeder, weight a hundred and eighty pounds, full-blooded, six feet high, forty inches round the breast and back,
Countenance sunburnt, bearded, calm, unrefined,
Reminder of animals, meeter of savage and gentleman upon equal terms,
Attitudes lithe and erect, costume free, neck grey and open, of slow movement on foot,
Passer of his right arm round the shoulders of his friends, companion of the street,
Persuader always of people to give him their sweetest touches, and never their meanest.
A Manhattanese bred, fond of Brooklyn, fond of Broadway, fond of the life of the wharves and the great ferries,
Enterer everywhere, welcomed everywhere, easily understood after all,
Never offering others, always offering himself, corroborating his phrenology,
Voluptuous, inhabitive, combative, conscientious, alimentive, intuitive, of copious friendship, sublimity, firmness, self-esteem, comparison, individuality, form, locality, eventuality,
Avowing by life, manners, words to contribute illustrations of results of These States,
Teacher of the unquenchable creed namely egotism,
Inviter of others continually henceforth to try their strength against his.

XIII

Whitman was determined, at whatever risk to his own reputation, to make the character which he has exploited in his poems a faithful compend of American humanity, and to do this the rowdy element could not be entirely ignored. Hence he unflinchingly imputes it to himself, as, for that matter, he has nearly every sin and dereliction mankind are guilty of.

Whitman developed slowly and late upon the side that related him to social custom and usage, — to the many fictions, concealments, make-believes, and subterfuges of the world of parlours and drawing-rooms. He never was an adept in what is called " good form " ; the natural man that he was shows crude in certain relations. His publication of Emerson's letter with its magnificent eulogium of " Leaves of Grass " has been much commented upon. There may be two opinions as to the propriety of his course in this respect: a letter from a stranger upon a matter of public interest is not usually looked upon as a private letter. Emerson never spoke with more felicity and penetration than he does in this letter; but it is for Whitman's own sake that we would have had him practise self-denial in the matter; he greatly plumed himself upon Emerson's endorsement, and was guilty of the very bad taste of printing a sentence from the letter upon the cover of the next edition of his book. Grant that it showed a certain crudeness, unripeness, in one side of the man; later in life, he could not have erred in this way. Ruskin is reported saying that he never in his life wrote a letter to any human being that he would not be willing should be posted up in the market-place, or cried by the public crier through the town. But Emerson was a much more timid and conforming man than Ruskin, and was much more likely to be shocked by such a circumstance. It has been said that the publication of this letter much annoyed Emerson, and that he never forgave Whitman the offence. That he was disturbed by it and by the storm that arose there can be little doubt; but there is no evidence that he allowed the fact to interfere with his friendship for the poet. Charles W. Eldridge, who personally knew of the relations of the two men, says: —

" There was not a year from 1855 (the date of the Emerson letter and its publication) down to 1860 (the year Walt came to Boston to supervise the issue of the Thayer & Eldridge edition of ' Leaves of Grass '), that Emerson did not personally seek out Walt at his Brooklyn home, usually that they might have a long symposium together at the Astor House in New York. Besides that, during these years Emerson sent many of his closest friends, including Alcott and Thoreau, to see Walt, giving them letters of introduction to him. This is not the treatment usually accorded a man who has committed an unpardonable offence.

" I know that afterwards, during Walt's stay in Boston, Emerson frequently came down from Concord to see him, and that they had many

walks and talks together, these conferences usually ending with a dinner at the American House, at that time Emerson's favourite Boston hotel. On several occasions they met by appointment in our counting-room. Their relations were as friendly and cordial as possible, and it was always Emerson who sought out Walt, and never the other way, although, of course, Walt appreciated and enjoyed Emerson's companionship very much. In truth, Walt never sought the company of notables at all, and was always very shy of purely literary society. I know that at this time Walt was invited by Emerson to Concord, but declined to go, probably through his fear that he would see too much of the literary coterie that then clustered there, chiefly around Emerson."

XIV

Whitman gave himself to men as men and not as scholars and poets, and gave himself purely as a man. While not specially averse to meeting people on literary or intellectual grounds, yet it was more to his taste to meet on the broadest, commonest, human grounds. What you had seen or felt or suffered or done was of much more interest to him than what you had read or thought; your speculation about the soul interested him less than the last person you had met, or the last chore you had done.

Any glimpse of the farm, the shop, the household — any bit of real life, anything that carried the flavour and quality of concrete reality — was very welcome to him; herein, no doubt, showing the healthy, objective, artist mind. He never tired of hearing me talk about the birds or wild animals, or my experiences in camp in the woods, the kind of characters I had met there, and the flavour of the life of remote settlements in Maine or Canada. His inward, subjective life was ample of itself; he was familiar with all your thoughts and speculations beforehand: what he craved was wider experience, — to see what you had seen, and feel what you had felt. He was fond of talking with returned travellers and explorers, and with sailors, soldiers, mechanics; much of his vast stores of information upon all manner of subjects was acquired at first-hand, in the old way, from the persons who had seen or done or been what they described or related. He had almost a passion for simple, unlettered humanity, — an attraction which specially intellectual persons will hardly understand. Schooling and culture are so often purchased at such an expense to the innate, fundamental human qualities! Ignorance, with sound instincts and the quality which converse with real things imparts to men, was more acceptable to him than so much of our sophisticated knowledge, or our studied wit, or our artificial poetry.

XV

At the time of Whitman's death, one of our leading literary journals charged him with having brought on premature decay by leading a riotous

and debauched life. I hardly need say that there was no truth in the charge. The tremendous emotional strain of writing his "Leaves," followed by his years of service in the army hospitals, where he contracted blood-poison, resulted at the age of fifty-four in the rupture of a small blood-vessel in the brain, which brought on partial paralysis. A sunstroke during his earlier manhood also played its part in the final break-down.

That, tried by the standard of the lives of our New England poets, Whitman's life was a blameless one, I do not assert; but that it was a sane, temperate, manly one, free from excesses, free from the perversions and morbidities of a mammonish, pampered, over-stimulated age, I do believe. Indeed, I may say I know. The one impression he never failed to make — physically, morally, intellectually — on young and old, women and men, was that of health, sanity, sweetness. This is the impression he seems to have made upon Mr. Howells, when he met the poet at Pfaff's early in the sixties.

The critic I have alluded to inferred licence in the man from liberty in the poet. He did not have the gumption to see that Whitman made the experience of all men his own, and that his scheme included the evil as well as the good; that especially did he exploit the unloosed, all-loving, all-accepting natural man, — the man who is done with conventions, illusions and all morbid pietisms, and who gives himself lavishly to all that begets and sustains life. Yet not the natural or carnal man for his own sake, but for the sake of the spiritual meanings and values to which he is the key. Indeed, Whitman is about the most uncompromising spiritualist in literature; with him, all things exist by and for the soul. He felt the tie of universal brotherhood, also, as few have felt it. It was not a theory with him, but a fact that shaped his life and coloured his poems. "Whoever degrades another degrades me," and the thought fired his imagination.

XVI

The student of Whitman's life and works will be early struck by three things, — his sudden burst into song, the maturity of his work from the first, and his self-knowledge and self-estimate. The fit of inspiration came upon him suddenly; it was like the flowering of the orchards in spring; there was little or no hint of it till almost the very hour of the event. Up to the time of the appearance of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," he had produced nothing above mediocrity. A hack writer on newspapers and magazines, then a carpenter and house-builder in a small way, then that astounding revelation "Leaves of Grass," the very audacity of it a gospel in itself. How dare he do it? how could he do it, and not betray hesitation or self-consciousness? It is one of the exceptional events in literary history. The main body of his work was produced in five or six years, or between 1854 and 1859. Of course it was a sudden flowering, which consciously or

unconsciously, must have been long preparing in his mind. His work must have had a long foreground, as Emerson suggested. Dr. Bucke, his biographer, thinks it was a special inspiration, — something analogous to Paul's conversion, a sudden opening of what the doctor calls "cosmic consciousness."

Another student and lover of Whitman says: "It is certain that some time about his thirty-fifth year [probably a little earlier] there came over him a decided change: he seemed immensely to broaden and deepen; he became less interested in what are usually regarded as the more practical affairs of life. He lost what little ambition he ever had for money-making, and permitted good business opportunities to pass unheeded. He ceased to write the somewhat interesting but altogether commonplace and respectable stories and verses which he had been in the habit of contributing to periodicals. He would take long trips into the country, no one knew where, and would spend more time in his favourite haunts about the city, or on the ferries, or the tops of omnibuses, at the theatre and opera, in picture galleries, and wherever he could observe men and women and art and nature."

Then the maturity of his work from the first line of it! It seems as if he came into the full possession of himself and of his material at one bound, — never had to grope for his way and experiment, as most men do. What apprenticeship he served, or with whom he served it, we get no hint. He has come to his own, and is in easy, joyful possession of it, when he first comes into view. He outlines his scheme in his first poem, "Starting from Paumanok," and he has kept the letter and the spirit of every promise therein made. We never see him doubtful or hesitating; we never see him battling for his territory, and uncertain whether or not he is upon his own ground. He has an air of contentment, of mastery and triumph, from the start.

His extraordinary self-estimate and self-awareness are equally noticeable. We should probably have to go back to sacred history to find a parallel case. The manner of man he was, his composite character, his relation to his country and times, his unlikeness to other poets, his affinity to the common people, how he would puzzle and elude his critics, how his words would itch at our ears till we understood them, etc., — how did he know all this from the first?

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

1834–1903

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD [1] (1866 ——)

CHRONOLOGY

James (Abbott) McNeill Whistler.
Born, Lowell, Massachusetts, July 10, 1834.
In Russia, 1843–1848.
At West Point, 1851–1854.
Went to Paris to study, 1855.
Painted mainly in London and Paris till his death.
Ruskin trial, 1878.
Venice, 1879, 1880.
Married Beatrix (Philip) Godwin, August 11, 1888.
Wife died, May 10, 1896.
Died in London, July 17, 1903.

I

THE problem with Whistler is to reconcile a great artist with a little man; or, if not a little man, an odd man, an eccentric man, a curious, furious creature, who flitted through the world, making epigrams and enemies, beloved and hated, laughing and laughable, and painting great pictures. He was glorified by his hand and damned by his tongue.

The task of disentangling this snarled soul is made much more difficult by the perplexity of records. What little he himself wrote helps, so far as it goes. But it does not go far; and we have largely to deal with a cloud of legend, sometimes rosy, sometimes lurid, according to the reporter, but always obscuring and deceitful. Anecdotes are told in a dozen different ways, and there is seldom that care for verbal authenticity which is essential with a spirit at once so precise and so evasive. The chroniclers are baffling, when they mean to be helpful. The shrewd invent, the dull misapprehend. Take a single instance. One of the best-known Whistler stories is that of the answer to a lady who declared that there was no one like Whistler and Velasquez: " Madam, why drag in Velasquez? " An

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obsequious follower actually inquired of the Master, whether he really meant this. When they are subjected to such Boswells, who can blame the Doctor Johnsons and the Whistlers for running riot?

Whistler was born in Lowell, like other great men. He did not like it, would have preferred his mother's Southern dwelling-place, and sometimes implied that he was born in Baltimore. He declared in court that he was born in Saint Petersburg. He once said to an inquisitive model: "My child, I never was born. I came from on high"; and the model answered, with a frivolous impertinence that charmed him, "I should say you came from below." He was as reticent about his age as he was about his birthplace. But the hard fact is that he was born in Lowell in 1834. To be born in Lowell, to grow up in Russia, to be educated at West Point, to paint in France and England, with vague dashes to Venice and Valparaiso, and to die in London at seventy make a sufficiently variegated career. Even so, it was less variegated without than within.

Through the whole of it his life was in the pencil and brush, and the world to him was a world of line and colour. As a small child he drew in Russia and laughed at the painting of Peter the Great. At West Point he drew his instructors, mockingly. In the Coast Survey service he made exquisite official drawings — and odd faces on the margins of them. And, till he died, laughter and fighting may have been his diversions, but drawing and painting were his serious business.

The only serious one. Few human beings have taken less interest in the general affairs of men. Even for the other arts he had little thought to spare, except as they affected his own. Poetry did not touch him, unless an occasional jingle. Tragedy he found ludicrous. He liked to fetch analogies from music, but he knew nothing about it and cared nothing for it. When Sarasate was being painted and played for him, Whistler was fascinated with the flight of the bow up and down the strings. The music escaped him.

Apparently he read little, except to gratify a special fancy. He adored Poe. He read Balzac and the writers of that group. The Pennells insist that he must have read widely, because he had so much general information. Others say that he rarely touched a book. Probably the truth is that his reading was limited, but that a most retentive memory kept for ever anything that impressed him. However this may be, in all the records and biographies I have found little trace of his conversing or wishing to converse on ordinary topics of general interest.

To politics and the wide range of social questions he was utterly indifferent. He hated journalists because they talked about him and politicians because they did not. He praised America and things American at a distance, but American democracy would not have pleased him. In one sense he was democratic himself; for a street-sweeper who could draw would have interested him more than a British peer who only patronized art. "The Master was a Tory," says Mr. Menpes. "He did not quite

know why; but, he said, it seemed to suggest luxury; and painters, he maintained, should be surrounded with luxury. He loved kings and queens and emperors, and had a feeling that his work should only be bought by royalty."

With religion the attitude was about as elementary. Whistler dreaded death and avoided it and the thought of it. He believed in a future life and could not understand those people who did not. He even pushed this belief as far as spiritualism, took a lively interest in mediums and table-rappings and communications from the dead. Also, he had been brought up in a strict, almost Puritanic discipline, and the Bible had burned itself into his memory so that it coloured much of his utterance. But I do not find that religious emotion or reflection had any large place in his life. He was immensely busy in this world and left the next to take care of itself. God is occasionally mentioned in his writings, but very rarely, and then with kindness, but with little interest: " God, always good, though sometimes careless." In general, his religious tone is admirably conveyed by the anecdote of the dinner at which he listened in unusual silence to an animated and extensive discussion between representatives of various sects. At last Lady Burton turned to him and said, " And what are you, Mr. Whistler? " " I, madam? " he answered, using the word with which he would have liked to stop the mouths of all those who chattered about his own pursuit in life, " I, madam? Why, I am an amateur."

The same ignorance of the broader thought and movement of the world very naturally permeates Whistler's elaborate discussions of his own art. The theories of the celebrated " Ten O'Clock " lecture, that art is a casual thing, and cometh and goeth where it listeth, that the artist happens, that there are no artistic people or periods, and that art has nothing to do with history, are shrewd, apt, and, as a protest against pedantry, in many ways just. But they are incoherent and chaotic, more witty than philosophical, and more significant of Whistler than of truth. Above all, they are intimately related to the wide ignorance and indifference I have been commenting on. Whistler made much of his musical analogies. If he had thought a little more deeply on music, he might have used another — or he might not. For music is indisputably and naturally what he always sought to make painting, the art of ignorance, the art, that is, which appeals directly to the emotions and does not require for its appreciation any wide training or experience in history or the general interests of human life. It is for this reason that music, even more than painting, seems destined to become the all-engrossing, all-devouring art of the future.

And as Whistler was indifferent to human concerns outside his art in a theoretical way, so he carried the same indifference into practical action. He lived to paint, or to talk about painting; all else was pastime, and most things hardly that. Money? He could sometimes drive a hard bargain, but it was a question of pride in his own work, not of meanness. Otherwise,

money slipped through his fingers, though in the early days there was little enough to slip. An artist should be comfortable, and bills were mundane things. So, while no one ever disputed his honesty of intention, he was apt to be in trouble. He was often poor and knew what privation was. But he never complained, and even when the bailiffs were in his house, he got gaiety and convenience out of them as much as ever Sheridan did. With time as with money. Exact hours and art had nothing to do with each other. What was punctuality? A virtue — or vice — of the bourgeoisie. If people invited him to dinner, he came when he pleased and dinner waited. If he invited them to breakfast at twelve, they might arrive at one and still hear him splashing in his bath behind the folding doors.

In all these varied phases of simplicity and sophistication what strikes me most is a certain childlikeness. The child is a naked man, and in many respects so was Whistler. The child clue accounts for many of his oddities and reconciles many of his contradictions. He thought some strange things; but above all, he said and did what he thought, as most of us do not. Take his infinite delight in his own work. What artist in any line does not feel it? But some conceal it more than Whistler. Gazing with rapt adoration at one of his pictures, he said to Keppel: "Now, isn't it beautiful?" "It certainly is," said Keppel. And Whistler: "No, but *isn't* it beautiful?" "It is, indeed," said Keppel. And Whistler again, "raising his voice to a scream, with a not too wicked blasphemy, and bringing his hand down upon his knee with a bang so as to give superlative emphasis to the last word of his sentence," "——it! isn't it *beautiful?*"

The child is the centre of his own universe, relates everything, good and evil, to himself, as does the man also in his soul. Whistler did it openly, triumphantly. His official biographers declare that they never heard him refer to himself in the third person; but they knew him only in later life and always managed to take a comparatively academic and decorous view of him. It is impossible to question Mr. Bacher's account of his referring to himself as Whistler, though there may be some exaggeration in it. Not I, but Whistler, did this or that. You must not find fault with the work or with the word of Whistler. Or again, it was the Master, as Mr. Menpes records it for us. "You do not realize what a privilege it is to be able to hand a cheque to the Master. You should offer it on a rich old English salver and in a kingly way." A good deal of mockery in it, of course, but an appalling deal of seriousness also. And note the curious coincidence of this obvious, self-asserting, third-personal egotism with the attempt of Henry Adams to avoid egotism in precisely the same manner.

Everywhere with Whistler there is the intense determination of the child to occupy the centre of the stage, no matter who is relegated to the wings. There is the sharp, vivid laugh, the screaming "Ha! Ha!" — a terror to his enemies, and something of a terror to his friends also. Not a bit of real merriment in it, but a trumpet assertion of Whistler's presence and

omnipresence. There is the extraordinary preoccupation with his own physical personality. In some respects no doubt he was handsome. A good authority declares that in youth he must have been "a pocket Apollo." At any rate, to use his pet word, he was always "amazing." The white lock, whether he came by it by inheritance or accident, what an ensign it was to blaze out the coming of the Master! Just so Tom Sawyer triumphed in his deleted front tooth. Read Mr. Menpes's remarkable account of Whistler at the barber's. What a sacred function, what a solemn rite, the cult of the lock, the cult of the Master's personality. At the tailor's it was the same. Every customer was called upon to give his opinion as to the fit of a coat, and the tailor was duly impressed with his almost priestly privilege: "You know, you must not let the Master appear badly clothed: it is your duty to see that I am well dressed."

What wonder that Mr. Chesterton affirms, though unjustly, that "the white lock, the single eye-glass, the remarkable hat — these were much dearer to him than any nocturnes or arrangements that he ever threw off. He could throw off the nocturnes; for some mysterious reason he could not throw off the hat." Milton was of the opinion that he who would be a great poet must make his own life a great poem. Whistler apparently thought that he who would be a great artist must make himself a great picture; but the picture he made was only what he detested most — the word and the thing — clever.

II

A large feature of the life of children is quarrelling. It certainly was a large feature of the life of Whistler. And we shall best understand his quarrels, if we think of him as a noisy, nervous, sharp-tongued, insolent boy. There have been plenty of other artists like him, alas! He has been compared to Cellini, and justly; and Vasari's accounts of Renaissance painters abound with rough words and silly or cruel deeds that might easily have been Whistler's. Byron's aristocratic impertinences show the same thing in literature, and Heine's noble and lovable traits were offset by abuse in the temper of a street ragamuffin.

Whistler liked flattery and adulation as a child does, and sought them with the candid subtlety which a child employs for the same object, witness the singular story of the arts and wiles with which the Master tried to win the affection of the ignorant fishermen of Saint Ives — without success.

As he liked compliments, so he resented criticism, especially if it did not come from a competent source; and a competent source was too apt to mean one that took Whistler's pre-eminence for granted. Criticism, sometimes reasonable, sometimes ignorant, sometimes really ill-natured and spiteful, was at the bottom of most of the riotous disagreements which long made the artist more conspicuous than his painting did. It is not necessary

to go into the details of all these unpleasant squabbles. The names of Ruskin, Wilde, Moore, Whistler's brother-in-law, Haden, and his patrons, Eden and Leyland, will sufficiently suggest them. Sometimes these adventures began with hostility. Sometimes friendship began them and hostility ended them. Sometimes Whistler appears madly angry, actually foaming at the mouth, says one observer, so that a fleck of foam was to be seen on his tie. Sometimes he chuckled and triumphed devilishly, with punctuations of the fierce and initating " Ha! Ha! " Sometimes there was physical violence. Once the artist caught an antagonist washing his face in a club dressing-room, slipped up behind him, dashed his head down into the soapy water, and ran away gleefully, leaving the enemy to sputter and swear. Or the contest was more furious and more doubtful in outcome, as in the rough-and-tumble fights with Haden and Moore, in which each side asserted the victory. Of course such doings were disgusting and disgraceful, no matter how they resulted, and they should have been forgotten as speedily as might be.

But this was not Whistler's way. Instead, he gloated over every contest, whether verbal or muscular. He insulted his enemies and exalted their discomfiture in print, like a hero of Homer or a conceited boy. He wrote letter after letter to the papers, always so obligingly ready to help a great man expose himself. Then he collected the whole mass, including the replies of those who had been foolish enough to reply, into " The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and flattered himself that he was a great author as well as a great painter.

Some people think he was. There is no doubt that he was a master of bitter words. His phrases have a casual ease of snapping and stinging that often scarifies and sometimes amazes. From his Puritan training and his extensive knowledge of the Bible, " that splendid mine of invective," as he characteristically called it, he drew a profusion of abuse, which withered, whether justifiable or not. And occasionally he was capable of great imaginative touches that recall his pictures.

But in general his writing is vexatious and, to say the least, undignified, the angry gabble of a gifted small boy, who ought to know better. The Wilde correspondence is perhaps the worst; but everywhere we get a tone of cheap railing. There is a careless vigor of sharp wit, but hardly the vituperative splendor of Voltaire or Swift. And it is such a small, such a shallow, such a supersensitive way of taking criticism; no urbanity, no serenity, no large, sweet, humorous acceptance of the inevitable chattering folly of the world. I do not see how any admirer of Whistler's positive genius can read " The Gentle Art " without sighing over the pity of it.

The pity of it is rather increased by his evident enjoyment. There was no real hatred at the bottom of his attacks. Mr. Chesterton insists that he tortured himself in torturing his enemies. This is rather too much of a tragic emphasis. He relieved his nervous irritability by slashing right

and left. But I do not know that there was much torture in it and there was a good deal of fun — of a kind. " I have been so absolutely occupied, what with working and fighting! — and you know how I like both." He did like fighting, and winning — or to make out that he won. In a charming phrase he describes himself as " delicately contentious." Again, he told the Pennells that " he could never be ill-natured, only wicked." The distinction is worthy of him, and is no doubt just, though perhaps not so self-complimentary as he thought it.

Moreover, in all his fights and quarrels, he liked and respected — possibly, as Du Maurier insinuates, — a little dreaded — those who stood up to him and answered back. If you dodged and cowered, he would pursue you remorselessly. If you gave him as good as he sent, he would laugh that shrill " Ha! Ha! " and let you go. Mark Twain visited him and was looking over his pictures. " Oh," cried Whistler, " don't touch that! Don't you see, it isn't dry? " " I don't mind," said Mark. " I have gloves on." From that moment they got along famously. When the artist was painting Lady Meux, he vexed and bothered and badgered her past endurance. Finally she snapped out, " See here, Jimmie Whistler! You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in some one to *finish* those portraits you have made of me." All Whistler could find to say was, " How *dare* you? How *dare* you? "

Also, his impishness, his strange, fantastic love of mischief prompted him to scenes and touches of Aristophanic, Mephistophelian comedy, sometimes laughable and sometimes repulsive. There is a Renaissance cruelty about his remark, when told that the architect who originally designed the Peacock Room had gone mad on seeing Whistler's alterations, " To be sure, that is the effect I have upon people." There is more of the ridiculous, but also much of the bitter, in his own wonderful account of his revenging himself upon Sir William Eden by spoiling the auction sale of his pictures: " I walked into the big room. The auctioneer was crying ' Going! Going! Thirty shillings! Going! ' ' Ha! Ha! ' I laughed — not loudly, not boisterously — it was very delicately, very neatly done. But the room was electrified. Some of the henchmen were there; they grew rigid, afraid to move, afraid to glance my way out of the corners of their eyes. ' Twenty shillings! Going! ' the auctioneer would cry. ' Ha! Ha! ' I would laugh, and things went for nothing and the henchmen trembled."

Moralizing comment on all these wild dealings and doings of Whistler is perhaps superfluous and inappropriate. It would certainly have caused boundless glee to Whistler himself. Yet one may be permitted to point out how easy it is, after all, to be disagreeable and how little real cleverness it requires. Most of us devote our best efforts to avoiding instead of achieving it. And then how often we fail! Even to be disagreeably witty it not always a triumph of genius. Any tongue can sting, and the unthinking are always ready enough to mistake stinging for wit. Much of Whistler's

recorded talk and signed writing irresistibly suggests Doctor Johnson's saying about Cibber: " Taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature."

It is the same with the gentle art of making enemies. Most of us require no art for it, being admirably gifted by nature in that direction. The art of making friends is a difficult one, especially that of keeping them after they are made. It is easy to ridicule friendship. A lady once asked Whistler: " Why have you withered people and stung them all your life? " He answered: " My dear, I will tell you a secret. Early in life I made the discovery that I was charming; and if one is delightful, one has to thrust the world away to keep from being bored to death." And he dedicated " The Gentle Art " to " The rare Few, who, early in Life, have rid Themselves of the Friendship of the Many." The irony is obvious enough, and it is equally obvious that Whistler was referring to the casual friendships of the world, which do not deserve the name. At the same time, the art, or the gift, or the instinct, of drawing men to you is worth more, to the artist or the Philistine, than that of repelling them. In studying Whistler one cannot but think of such an opposite type as Longfellow, who, without effort, almost without thought, and still keeping an individuality as sturdy and more manly than Whistler's, made himself lovable and beloved by everybody. Or, if Longfellow as an artist is not thought worthy the comparison, take Raphael, of whom Vasari tells us that a power was " accorded to him by Heaven of bringing all who approached his presence into harmony, an effect inconceivably surprising in our calling and contrary to the nature of artists." And again, " All harsh and evil dispositions became subdued at the sight of him; every base thought departing from the mind before his influence. . . . And this happened because he surpassed all in friendly courtesy as well as in art." I am inclined to think that such praise would be worth more to Whistler's memory a hundred years hence than " The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

III

So, having got rid of the too abundant negative traits, let us turn to Whistler's attraction and charm. He was a man of contradictions, says Mr. Van Dyke; and the frivolous mischief-maker lived side by side with a thoughtful, earnest, even lofty-souled artist.

The child clue will stay with us, as before. Those who knew Whistler best frequently recur to it: " When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid." The childlike candour rarely failed, not only in asserting merits, but even in recognizing defects: " He was the most absolutely truthful man about himself that I ever met. I never knew him to hide an opinion or a thought — nor to try to excuse an action." And with the candour in professing opinions went a high and energetic courage in defending

them, a courage that was sometimes blatant and tactless, but seems to have been genuine, even to the point of admitting its own failures. When Mr. Menpes said to him, "Of course you don't know what fear is?" Whistler answered, "Ah, yes! I do. I should hate, for example, to be standing opposite a man who was a better shot than I, far away out in the forest in the bleak, cold morning. Fancy I, the Master, standing out in the open as a target to be shot at!"

In general human relations it would be a mistake to suppose that Whistler was always thorny, prickly, biting and stinging. His biographers insist upon his gaiety. Mr. Chesterton must have been right. True gaiety not only does not wound, but cannot bear the thought of having wounded; and such was not Whistler. Though he chose the butterfly emblem, his nature had not the butterfly's light and careless saturation of sunshine. But it is true that he loved human society and did not like to be alone, even wanting people about him when he worked. He could use his wit to charm and fascinate as well as to punish. Whenever he took part in conversation, he led it and deserved to lead it. Hear this account of his appearance in a crowded club-room: "Speaking simply in a quiet way to myself, without once looking round, Whistler would draw every man in that club to his side — smart young men about town, old fogies, retired soldiers, who had been dozing in armchairs." And men not only listened to him, they loved him — when they did not hate him. "Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he." He inspired deep attachments, which could be broken only by the rude knocks that he too well knew how to give them. He was gentle and patient with servants, and there is no better proof of simple goodness and kindness.

For women he seems always to have had a peculiar regard, though the records of his relations with them are naturally not abundant. His Southern training and habits gave him a rather unusual formal courtesy towards them and many witnesses insist upon what is somewhat curious in consideration of his wit and comic instinct and his distinctly irregular life, that he never uttered and never tolerated grossness. Two attachments to women, at any rate, played a large part in his career. He adored his mother and obeyed her in his youth. He adored her and watched over her in his riper years. Although he resented any critical suggestion of sentiment in his portrait of her, he confided to a friend, speaking very slowly and softly, "Yes — yes — one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible." When he was over fifty, he stumbled upon a marriage, fortuitous as most other external events in his life; but the marriage was singularly happy; he adored his wife as he had his mother, and her death shattered him in a way to confute those who denied him human tenderness.

When it comes to art, Whistler's admirable qualities are questioned by no one. His devotion to it from youth to age was perfect and unfailing.

It was not perhaps so devouring and morbid a passion as with some, but it was a constant flame, which burned steadily through all difficulty and all discouragement. It was enlightened and intelligent also, directed from the beginning with firm and close discipline towards a definite object. Not that the difficulties and discouragements did not come. In spite of his confidence and belief in himself, there were times, as with all artists, when things went bitterly, hopelessly wrong: " No one," says Mr. Gay, " can realize, who has not watched Whistler paint, the agony his work gave him. I have seen him after a day's struggle with a picture, when things did not go, completely collapse, as from an illness." And one should read Mr. Menpes's strange account of nervous excitement, on the very eve of an exhibition, over a mouth that was not right and could not be made right: " He became nervous and sensitive. The whole exhibition seemed to centre on that one mouth. It developed into a nightmare. At length, in despair, he dashed it out with turpentine, and fled from the gallery just as the first critic was entering."

As these efforts and struggles show, no matter how much Whistler may have attitudinized in life, in art he was sincere and genuine. If you took him quietly by himself, you could not but feel this. " As a matter of fact," says Mr. Van Dyke, " he was almost always in a serious mood, and, with his knowledge and gift of language, talked most sensibly and persuasively." His actions showed sincerity far more than his talk. Though he was careless about money, spent much of it and would have liked to spend more, and believed that he could have done better work if he had had more to spend, he never sacrificed one line of his ideals for any earthly payment. " It is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful things than to live like Dives and paint pot-boilers," he said; and he meant it and acted on it always.

Also, he was sincere enough to accept criticism and profit by it, when it came from a proper source and in a proper spirit. He once asked a great sculptor what he thought of a portrait. The sculptor, after some hesitation, merely pointed out that one leg was longer than the other. Whistler's friends expected an outburst. Instead, he remarked quietly: " You are quite right. I had not observed the fault, and I shall correct it in the morning." Afterward he added, " What an eye for line a sculptor has! "

And, as he was ready to submit to intelligent criticism of his own painting, so he was equally quick to acknowledge merit in others, provided it was really there. He praised the work of students and fellow-artists with swift and discerning kindness, if it seemed to him praiseworthy. But pretence and shallow cleverness he withered wherever he found them.

His capacity for labour, for continuous and prolonged painstaking, was limitless. Because he concealed this and pretended to work lightly and casually, people thought him idle, but he was not. Industry, he said, was an absolute necessity, not a virtue, and a picture, when finished, should

show no trace of the labour that had produced it: " Work alone will efface the footsteps of work." In fact it was only in age that he discovered that he had never done anything but work. " It struck me that I had never rested, that I had never done nothing, that it was the one thing I needed." He could not tolerate laziness in himself or in others. In his house there were no armchairs, and to a friend who complained of this he said, " If you want to rest, you had better go to bed." But his friends and pupils did not want to rest when he was with them. " Whistler invariably inspired people to work," says one who knew him well. The sittings for his portraits were prolonged and repeated, till the sitters' patience was utterly exhausted, and some of them complained that the intensity of his effort seemed to draw the very life out of them. In short, those who judge him by his quarrels and his bickerings and his flippancy and his odd clothes get no idea of the deep, conscientious earnestness of the artist. He worked till death to produce beautiful things. A year before he died, he insisted with passionate simplicity and sincerity: " I would have done anything for my art." To the end he was looking forward and there are few finer expressions of the ardour of creation than his noble phrase, " an artist's career always begins tomorrow."

IV

It is not my business to discuss Whistler's art as such. But as the general's soul is revealed in his battles and the preacher's in his sermons, so in his pictures we must seek the painter's, and the biographer must consider work as well as words.

It appears, then, that in Whistler's art, there are two marked elements which, taken together, help largely to elucidate his spirit. The first of these is the element of truth, precision, exactitude, showing more conspicuously in the etchings, but never neglected in any of his work at any time. As he himself said of the Thames series of etchings: " There, you see, all is sacrificed to exactness of outline."

This instinct of truth, of reality, should be closely related to the more external facts of Whistler's life. In combination with the childlike simplicity and openness, it entered largely into his everlasting quarrels. He did not quarrel in Paris — that is, not abnormally. But all the artist in him, all the truth-lover, revolted against the conventions of English Philistinism, and he fought them, whether critical or social, with all the passion that was in him. " The wit of Whistler . . . was the result of intense personal convictions as to the lines along which art and life move together," says one of his most intelligent biographers. As applied to life, this instinct of truth in him was mainly destructive, and did little good to him or others; but it was obscurely lofty in aim and it was an integral part of his better nature.

In art, on the other hand, the destructive instinct led at once to con-

struction. Here, too, indeed, there was the perpetual, deadly war on sham. Whistler saw all around him, in painting as in poetry, the Victorian excess of sentiment. The " heart interest " was what counted and execution was a minor matter. The Angelus and " Evangeline " would make a world-wide reputation, whether the workmanship was supreme or not. Against this heresy of the subject Whistler was in perpetual revolt. He did not sufficiently realize that a great artist may treat a great subject, though it too often happens that to the vulgar eye a great subject may transfigure a mean conception and a vulgar handling. He wanted to shake art free from all these adjuncts of theme and historical association and historical development and concentrate the artist's whole effort on the pure ecstasy of line and colour. He pushed this so far as to revel in mere decorative richness, feeding and filling his eye and imagination with the azure and golden splendours of the Peacock Room.

But, of course, if you had pushed him home, he would have admitted that in the end all beauty must be related to human emotion, vague suggestions and intimations of subtle feeling, all the more overpowering because indefinite. And the real purpose of getting rid of a distinct, trite subject was to allow these essential emotions richer play. Music, in which he so often sought analogy, would have given it to him in this point also. For the most elaborate orchestral symphony depends as fundamentally on human emotion for its significance as does the simplest air. And Bach and Wagner open realms of feeling equally deep, though widely different. The most original and suggestive part of Whistler's painting, if not the greatest, is that which enters most into this vast and uncharted region of intangible emotion. Of all things he loved to paint night, and what in the wide world is more throbbing with imaginative depths? " Subject, sentiment, meaning were for him in the night itself — the night in its loveliness and mystery."

Here we seize the second cardinal element in Whistler's work, the element of mystery. What characterizes his range of vague emotion is not passion, not melancholy, but just the sense of mystery, of the indefinable, the impalpable. It is singular how all the critics, whatever their point of view, unite in distinguishing this, something vague, something elusive, some hidden, subtle suggestion which cannot be analyzed or seized in words. It is naturally more marked in the nocturnes and similar paintings, but it is perfectly appreciable also in the portraits and in the etchings, the handling of backgrounds and accessories, the delicate, evasive gradation of tints and shades. As Huysmans puts it, " these phantom portraits, which seem to shrink away, to sink into the wall, with their enigmatic eyes."

And note that the two elements must work together to produce their full effect. It is the intense impression of definiteness, of clearness, the extraordinary realistic emphasis on one salient point, that doubles the surrounding suggestion of mystery. In the secret of making precision, vivid

definition, enhance and redouble the obscure. Whistler shows his debt to Poe in an overwhelming degree. But there is another influence that may have affected Whistler in this regard, and that is Russia. I cannot find that any critic or biographer has suggested this. Yet the artist passed the most impressionable part of his youth in Russia. His eyes, his ears, his heart were wide open all that time. Not only Russian painting, but Russian music and Russian feeling must have passed into them. He must have touched the Orient there as he did later through Japan. And surely the essence of Russian art is in just this union of intense, bald realism with the most subtle, far-reaching suggestion of the unlimited, the unexplored, the forever unknown. Russia is childhood intensely sophisticated. And so was Whistler.

It is curious to reflect that the combination in Whistler of the most lucid, direct, energetic intelligence with the complete general ignorance I have noted earlier led to exactly this result, of the vivid blending of precision with mystery. Clear-sighted and observant as he was, there is no sense of modern life in him, no portrayal of the quick, active, current movement of the contemporary world, no such portrayal of any world. The intelligence seems to clarify simply for the purpose of obscuring. The total result of the age-long development of such a magnificent instrument as human reason, as Whistler illustrates it, is to stultify itself, to show with blinding flashes the boundless region of impenetrable shadow. And in this phase of Whistler's art, nothing is more symbolical and suggestive than the nocturnes with fireworks. The glare of the falling rocket makes the involving darkness oppress you with a negative visibility that is maddening.

It is in view of this union of intense intellectual clearness with mystery that we must read all Whistler's perplexing remarks about nature. Nature was crude multiplicity. To the unseeing eye, to the unaided imagination she would not yield her secret or tell her story. It was the artist's business and his triumph to select, to isolate, to emphasize, to co-ordinate, so as to suggest the emotion he wished to convey, no other and no more. Here, again, the parallel of music would have illustrated better than any analysis of painting. Every sound that music uses is given in nature, but given in a vast and tangled disorder which, to a sensitive ear, results as often in pain as in pleasure. The musician's genius brings this chaos into an ordered scheme of harmonized delight. To Whistler's artistic instinct the final and perfect triumph of human intelligence was the transforming of confusion into mystery.

Many have been puzzled by Whistler's dislike of the country and even abuse of it. The explanation is simple. In the first place, he had never lived in the country. His experience of it was the tourist's, and nature to the tourist is a mere panoramic display, a succession of vulgar excitements from an ever higher mountain or deeper sea. Nature to the tourist is scenery, not feeling. This is what Whistler meant when he returned from a visit to

the English lakes and said that the mountains " were all little round hills with little round trees out of a Noah's ark "; when he complained in general that there were too many trees in the country, and even grumbled to a friend, who urged the glory of the stars, " there's too many of them." If he had grown up with an exquisite threshold beauty, such as hovers in the lovely lines of Cowper,

Scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still,

his brush would have drawn out the charm as few had ever done before. But he dwelt in cities. Huge casual doses of nature first surfeited and then starved him. Moreover he held, it may be justly, that the deepest fountains of mystery are not even wide fields and quiet skies, but the human eye and the human heart.

It is needless to say that the theory of mystery as I have elaborated it — perhaps too subtly — is not explicit in any writing or recorded speech of Whistler himself. When one has it in mind, however, there is a curious interest in catching the notes and echoes of it in his own words. Thus, in practical matters, take his remark to one who commented on the unfinished condition of Whistler's dwelling. " You see, I do not care for settling down anywhere. Where there is no more space for improvement, or dreaming about improvement, where mystery is in perfect shape, it is *finis* — the end — death. There is no hope, nor outlook left." Or take the same instinct in a more artistic connexion. " They talk about the blue skies of Italy, — the skies of Italy are not blue, they are black. You do not see blue skies except in Holland and here, where you get great white clouds, and then the spaces between are blue! and in Holland there is atmosphere, and that means mystery. There is mystery here, too, and the people don't want it. What they like is when the east wind blows, when you can look across the river and count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side." Finally, take the wonderful words about painting in the twilight, full of mystery and vague suggestion as a poem of Shelley: " As the light fades and the shadows deepen, all the petty and exacting details vanish; everything trivial disappears, and I can see things as they are, in great, strong masses; the buttons are lost, but the garment remains; the garment is lost, but the sitter remains; the sitter is lost, but the shadow remains. And that, night cannot efface from the painter's imagination." Even allowing for the touch of Whistler's natural irony, such a view of art seems to amend Gautier's celebrated phrase into " I am a man for whom the *invisible* world exists," and to give double emphasis to the lines of Keats,

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

So we find in Whistler, as we found implicit in Mark Twain and Sidney Lanier and explicit in Henry Adams, the immense and overwhelming heritage of ignorance which the nineteenth century transmitted to the twentieth. But whereas Mark erected ignorance into a dogmatic religion of negation, and Adams trifled with it, and Lanier battled with it, Whistler drew out of it the enduring solace of artistic effort, and applied to its persistent torment the immortal, divine recipe for cure of headache, heartache, soul-ills, body-ills, poverty, ignominy, contempt, neglect, and pain, the creation, or even the attempted creation, of things beautiful.

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK

1815–1898

By Emil Ludwig[1] (1883 ——)

Earthly majesty is always akin to the fallen angel, who is proud and unhappy, beautiful but troubled, and whose plans and efforts, though vast, are denied success.

Powerful frame! How much was Bismarck indebted to his physique, although he hardly ever came to actual tests of fist and muscle! His body and his accomplishments were identical: the will of a giant vibrant with the electric charge of magnetic nerves. He was like those mastiffs of his which, precisely because of this resemblance, he loved: strong and nervous, heavy and sombre, formidable and unrelenting towards an offender — loyal to but one person, his master, yet devoted to him until death. Bismarck was as powerful, as nervous, and as dangerous as his dogs.

Like every strong man, he once saved his own life. An assassin in Unter den Linden had fired one shot at him and was about to fire a second, this time at closer range. It would have been fatal, had not Bismarck seized the man's right hand and hurled the weapon to the ground. On another occasion, when he was younger, he had plunged into the water after a man who was drowning — and for the rest of his life, among all the insignia of honor which " go with the make-up of a minister," he took pride only in the medal commemorating this rescue. Again, he saved Prussia, when the king was about to yield to popular pressure and to abdicate, by taking hold of the king's scabbard and literally shaking him into a mood of self-defence.

None of these three equally important acts would have been possible without the assistance of his powerful physique. Wherever he went, he was the biggest man present. At a court ball, when he was in his twenties, his stature elicited the admiration of his first master. Emperors of the French and of the Russians, kings, princes, and princesses — all were impressed to see him stoop as he came through the door and then draw himself up again to his full height. Generals and politicians, most of them

[1] Reprinted from *Genius and Character,* translated from the German by Kenneth Burke. Copyright 1927 by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., who publish the volume in the United States. Here used by permission of the American publishers and that of Jonathan Cape, the English publisher.

his opponents for one reason or another, were often astounded, and even terrified, by his build.

And yet his intimates, and sometimes mere government clerks, had seen the giant collapse, convulsed with weeping, tortured with despair, his features twitching and distorted. This is the other side of Bismarck, an aspect of him which the Germans readily gloss over, but without which the nationalistic side of his character could never have been effectual.

For while the spirit of history was still undecided whether or not to unite the German race after a thousand years of dissent, it produced a man whose own impulses were so rent that he alone was capable of coping with this other division. His own personal struggle, a restless oscillation between pathos and criticism, duty and power, flight and aggression, loyalty and vengeance, had its parallel for him in the condition of Germany; and this almost mystical, yet natural kinship gave him both the desire and the courage to battle for national integration. Almost unknown to himself, a powerful stream of emotion was flowing beneath the craftiness of the politician. This produced a vision, a kind of dream, which gave him consistency of purpose despite the seeming opportunism of his methods. And he could work only at white heat: rapidly, in barely eight years, Bismarck the Prussian forged Germany.

For Germany could not be subdued except by a man of emotion, who, like the artist, was capable of casting his molten feelings into forms of solid iron. It was really an artist who shaped this realm of music into a state.

But he was also a realist; for this same soil nourishes a race of realists who attempt to balance their weakness for reverie and philosophy by a deliberate propulsion towards externals — their cult of action being, probably through fear, exaggerated into wariness. Bismarck was hard and realistic, with a keen sense of cold facts and an almost total indifference to principles. All during his thirty years of steadily mounting power, and even at the last when he was a dictator, he would ally himself with any party or any platform and oppose any party or any platform, purely as the occasion demanded. He hated passionately, lying awake far into the night. And the next day he would shatter his opponents like a bolt of lightning. But the very moment he had need of them, he would reverse his tactics and become conciliatory. It is absurd to ask just how far such a policy was pursued in the interests of his cause and how far in the interests of his personal power: for this man was a monomaniac who cared for no cause but his own and who felt that he alone could properly defend it!

Nevertheless Bismarck's *primum mobile* was neither the will to power nor the desire for fame — as to witness his long period of aimlessness in youth. At the age of thirty-five, when Bismarck the noble was taking his first steps into politics, Napoleon the parvenu was already emperor. He did not settle upon this career through any desire to be a dictator, nor

any theoretical love for a fatherland which did not yet exist, nor through pride in Prussia, his more immediate home. But when he took trowel in hand and began laying stone upon stone, he was moved by the true artist's wish to produce order out of chaos, to give form to the formless — and along with this went a sound and thorough-going misanthropy which led him to ridicule the failures of his predecessors.

The German genius has always been either ideologist or artist. This people has never produced the pure *homo politicus*.

For this reason he was all the more violent in his opposition to the ideologists. He had little enough respect for philosophy, but he positively despised the pedants of the Frankfort variety, who had insisted, while the country ran riot, on examining in the light of ultimate philosophical principles every proposition laid before the assembly. A landowner from the Pomeranian back-country, he placed a low value on city-bred intellectuals and professional men. He was self-taught, a political primitive; he stepped abruptly into the arena without previous experience or training, and also, of course, without party prejudices. Stammeringly, he hurled his doctrine of German unity at the astonished ranks of the diet until the king had singled him out. What could attract a sickly dreamer like Frederick William to this uncouth giant except that obscure element above and beyond the intellect which they had in common? Did this stranger arrive from his provincial estate with a fully worked-out plan of action? On the contrary, he had nothing but the vaguest notion of what he wanted, nothing but courage and the mutterings of anger.

For there was a heavy cargo of courage in this powerful hulk: a proud self-consciousness formed the ballast for a vessel shaken with antinomies, and this alone assured it of a voyage without mishap. Bismarck's first word to a king was a rebuke, as was also his last: March '48, March '90. When not fighting, he was hardly more than a misanthrope and a scoffer: his great energies were drained by doubt, cynicism, and melancholy. But the presence of an enemy restored them to unity, converted them into action and purpose, and gave him self-reliance by providing an external force against which his self-reliance could be directed. And the nearer an enemy, the keener his capacity for action. He fought with a deeper devotion in domestic issues than against a foreign foe. Bismarck hated the German politicians Windthorst and Richter, but not Napoleon.

At bottom Bismarck was a thorough revolutionary. His first appearance as he came out of the oak forests of his birthplace and threw himself with fury into the narrow machinations of party politics; his attitude towards the kings and princes of his own country, and later towards foreign kings and emperors; the bold and simple " No " which he hurled at the political maxims of his times; his insistence upon ruling without interference from

others; his continual threat of resigning; the splendid clarity, informality, and newness of his diction — all these defiant traits of a freedom-loving temperament belong to a man who, had he been born of the submerged classes, would have advanced behind the red flag.

He was not like Goethe, who needed order to encompass his own chaos: he was disharmonic through and through, neither resting nor wanting rest. For it is not ideas, but emotions, which make the revolutionary; and the man who champions tradition with a fresh and terrorizing passionateness is often more revolutionary than a man who fights tradition with a calm pen or among the ranks of the many.

In reality, Bismarck created a new form of politics, in Germany at least. He revolutionized the methods of dealing with popular rebellions, founded the new school of diplomatic practice which openly struck terror instead of employing flattery and craft as in the school of Metternich. After a dinner in London, when he had outlined his program with astounding firmness, Disraeli, who saw him in the true perspective, said to his guests: "Take care of that man, he means what he says."

With these strong impulses to break the bonds of custom, with so much courage and self-reliance, such forcefulness and scorn — what kept him faithful to the old forms? What led him to decide socially against the future? What linked him with dynasties which had already begun to lose their meaning?

His blood. When he was being trained in the hunt, the old woodsman whose great-grandfather had served a Bismarck in the time of young Freddy called the boy "Herr Junker." He saw the inadequacy of his class, their degeneration and idleness, the futility and mismanagement with which many of his cousins fulfilled their inherited offices; and he saw the intelligence, industry, and pride of common citizens triumph over the mummified prejudices of the nobility — yet he constituted himself the guardian of his class and summoned his genius to its defence.

Above all else he defended the king. Not that he considered the king's blood to be better than his own: for more than once he told the Hohenzollern to their faces that the Bismarcks had tenanted the realm longer than they. But he saw in the king the apex of a pyramid which, if truncated, would seem odd, and perhaps even ludicrous. He was unwilling to imperil the hereditary prerogatives of his name; like the usual noble, the usual landowner, he was loath to relinquish any worldly possessions for theoretical reasons; he could never divorce himself from this sense of superiority which found its sanction in the very force of character behind it — and thus he gave unto the king that which was the king's.

For his house still flourished with manly vigour; the nihilism of an age of increasing transvaluations had not yet broken through his feudalistic

code; and tradition was still powerful enough to extend its influence when aided by so faithful a scion. It seems as though this *Junker* inherited absolutely nothing from his mother, he was so totally lacking in any evidence of her bourgeois blood. Fifty years later — and Bismarck, with his temperament and will power, his fearlessness and independence, would have been a leader of the new era.

Thus he remained all his life a royalist, and grounded his work on dynasties. He himself asserted that his loyalty to the king was purely the result of his faith in God, yet this faith was forced to take strange shapes. He was a Protestant, highly unmystical, inveterately rationalistic. For years, up to the day of his death, he kept a prayer-book lying on his night-table; it was interleaved with blank sheets on which he jotted down the political ideas that came to him at night: truly a Bismarckian species of devotion.

In any case, no such transcendental reasons prompted him to show the least respect for other princes, and especially other German ones, even though they too felt that they ruled by divine right. On the contrary, he was scornful and heaped irony upon their heads. In the whole line of Prussian kings he loved no one, not even the great Frederick — and he cared still less for the rulers under whom he himself had served. But he was bound to them by a feeling for feudal ties which must have been handed down through many generations, since blood alone can explain it. The noble granted fealty to his king through expecting fealty of his vassals. So great was the love of freedom in this revolutionary temperament.

The relationship always remained essentially one of equal to equal. And while he always observed the formalities, signing himself " most humbly " or " most obediently," he eyed the conduct of his master with suspicion and bit the golden chain when he felt its pressure.

At last he even bit the master's hand — and nothing shows Bismarck's latent revolutionary tendencies more clearly than the way he rose up at the first provocation against the one authority he had recognized, the king. The significant fact is not his going, but his way of going: every detail of this drama, in which a powerful old man was called upon to comply with the arbitrary wishes of a weak young sovereign, points to the imperiousness, the intransigence, and the thorough independence of his character. The hereditary nobility of his blood provided a rigid code which would not permit him to conceive of his work in terms of the German people rather than in terms of Prussian kings. But nothing, not even the faith he paraded so readily, could hinder another kind of nobility, the nobility of his temperament, from defying a prince by God's grace exactly as the young idiot deserved.

At times in the past he had ventured cautious criticisms or had, though always with the bearing of the liegeman, openly voiced objections when behind closed doors. But now, aroused like a mastiff, he broke into a

rage against the master who had struck him unjustly. Bismarck's fall disclosed impulses which his inherited code had kept concealed for years. Only the lack of a great opponent, and the legend which the Germans built up around the mere pretext of a reconciliation, have been able to obscure for a time the violence of this outburst.

Yet even now he winced at the thought of open rebellion. Was youth all that this old man of seventy-five needed? Or were his royalist leanings still an unsurmountable obstacle? In any case, he did not go beyond farewell tirades in which he fired disturbing truths point-blank at his king and the other princes. Then he retired in fury to his den, hurling out stones which cracked the dilapidated royal masonry.

But the steel edifice of the state remained standing. For twenty-eight years Bismarck had governed; twenty-eight years after he was gone the old dynastic system collapsed — and Germany's enemies watched to see the entire structure fall into ruins.

But it held! Not a stone, except those which the enemy extracted, was loosened. Indeed, at the very height of calamity, skilful hands were at work making the pillars more solid than before. And it now became evident that whereas most Germans had revered the royalty as the very foundation of the empire, it had been merely a brilliant but unnecessary façade.

The survival of the state is the surest evidence that the important part which Bismarck assigned to royalty in his political scheme was purely a concession to his class — one might almost call it a weakness. For as the ruling houses fell and the empire endured, Bismarck's precautions for the future, despite all their baggage of tradition, were justified by their results. After the tempest, people looked about them and saw that the man who had done this was much more modern than he himself had ever hoped to be.

When the empire was founded at Versailles, amidst the medieval roar of victorious cannon, the golden mirrors in the Glass Gallery of the palace reflected only the forms of warlike princes; the industrious masses were elsewhere. When in the same hall forty-eight years later the empire was sentenced to atone and pay for its defeat, the golden mirrors no longer reflected a single royal figure. The last three emperors of Europe had been slain or deposed. Twenty-two German dynasties had been deprived of power — not by compulsion from without, hardly even by the natives themselves, but by corrosion, by the rust of an era which had served its purposes and was now ready for death.

Yet the documents which two humble citizens were called upon to sign at that momentous hour did not involve the destruction of Bismarck's work, but only of the work of William the Second. It was William who had fostered, and Bismarck who had opposed, all those policies which eventually involved Germany in war. Foreign colonies and a marine were

typical instances of all that the founder of the state had *not* wanted. Had he really raised the empire on the point of a victorious sword? Or had he not, rather, employed the sword purely as a means of overcoming Europe's resistance to German unity? Did he not, for twenty years thereafter, resist all the temptations of imperialism, all the enticements of militaristic expansion? And was it not Bismarck who, braving the anger of the king and all the generals at Nikolsburg, created the prototype of a modern peace: without cession of territory, without indemnity, dictated solely by the desire to restore friendly relations with the enemy as quickly as possible? Was Bismarck really of the past?

At the end he broods, despite protestations of homage, alone and in exile. When he is nearly eighty, and people try to argue him into the tranquillity proper to his years, he looks at them from under his bushy eyebrows and asks, " And why should I be tranquil? " The wife is gone upon whom he had lavished all the warmth which he repressed in his frigid dealings with the outer world. This woman had been his haven of retreat. All the yearnings for quiet, woodland, and home which troubled this restless, knotty character were embodied in her — even though his equally strong love of executive activity and political organization always kept him occupied in the service of the state. The more turbulent his career, the more peaceful his marriage had to be — and was.

He had a critical mind which readily turned to history and to literary composition; and he was by nature a woodsman and a huntsman, a rustic who resented all officialdom. His sojourns in the country, which he had accepted in his youth without thinking, were deliberately protracted in later years — for it was here that he derived the strength to breathe in ministerial chambers, in the closets of a castle, and in the halls of a parliament which he despised. This antinomy between the scene of his activity and the landscape of his heart never ended, for it was merely the symbol of a chronic indecision; and when, at the last, he had full leisure to enjoy the silence of his forests, he longed to be back in the turmoil which he had cursed for years.

This was his human lot. Bismarck was not happy by nature, and he knew it.

But he accepted life like a man, did his work with substantial materials, saw the vision of his thirties realized in his sixties, and for ten full years could look upon himself as the arbiter of the Continent. Yet he could never rid himself of the fear that all this might vanish overnight if he were not there — and in his last weeks his daughter heard him praying aloud for the future of Germany.

In a long coat, and a wide hat, peering out grimly like a Wotan, he could be seen, at the end, among the prehistoric oaks of his forests, walking about slowly and alone, between two mastiffs.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

1803–1869

By ROMAIN ROLLAND [1] (1866 ——)

It may seem a paradox to say that no musician is so little known as Berlioz. The world thinks it knows him. A noisy fame surrounds his person and his work. Musical Europe has celebrated his centenary. Germany disputes with France the glory of having nurtured and shaped his genius. Russia, whose triumphal reception consoled him for the indifference and enmity of Paris, has said, through the voice of Balakirew, that he was "the only musician France possessed." His chief compositions are often played at concerts; and some of them have the rare quality of appealing both to the cultured and the crowd; a few have even reached great popularity. Works have been dedicated to him, and he himself has been described and criticized by many writers. He is popular even to his face; for his face, like his music, was so striking and singular that it seemed to show you his character at a glance. No clouds hide his mind and its creations, which, unlike Wagner's, need no initiation to be understood; they seem to have no hidden meaning, no subtle mystery; one is instantly their friend or their enemy, for the first impression is a lasting one.

That is the worst of it; people imagine that they understand Berlioz with so very little trouble. Obscurity of meaning may harm an artist less than a seeming transparency; to be shrouded in mist may mean remaining long misunderstood, but those who wish to understand will at least be thorough in their search for the truth. It is not always realized how depth and complexity may exist in a work of clear design and strong contrasts — in the obvious genius of some great Italian of the Renaissance as much as in the troubled heart of a Rembrandt and the twilight of the North.

That is the first pitfall; but there are many more that will beset us in the attempt to understand Berlioz. To get at the man himself one must break down a wall of prejudice and pedantry, of convention and intellectual snobbery. In short, one must shake off nearly all current ideas about his work if one wishes to extricate it from the dust that has drifted about it for half a century.

[1] Reprinted from *Musicians of Today*, translated from the French by Mary Blaiklock, by permission of the publishers, Kegan, Paul, French, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London, and Henry Holt & Co., New York. First published in London in 1908.

Above all, one must not make the mistake of contrasting Berlioz with Wagner, either by sacrificing Berlioz to that Germanic Odin, or by forcibly trying to reconcile one to the other. For there are some who condemn Berlioz in the name of Wagner's theories; and others who, not liking the sacrifice, seek to make him a forerunner of Wagner, or kind of elder brother, whose mission was to clear a way and prepare a road for a genius greater than his own. Nothing is falser. To understand Berlioz one must shake off the hypnotic influence of Bayreuth. Though Wagner may have learnt something from Berlioz, the two composers have nothing in common; their genius and their art are absolutely opposed; each one has ploughed his furrow in a different field.

The Classical misunderstanding is quite as dangerous. By that I mean the clinging to superstitions of the past, and the pedantic desire to enclose art within narrow limits, which still flourish among critics. Who has not met the censors of music? They will tell you with solid complacence how far music may go, and where it must stop, and what it may express and what it must not. They are not always musicians themselves. But what of that? Do they not lean on the example of the past? The past! a handful of works that they themselves hardly understand. Meanwhile, music, by its unceasing growth, gives the lie to their theories, and breaks down these weak barriers. But they do not see it, do not wish to see it; since they cannot advance themselves, they deny progress. Critics of this kind do not think favourably of Berlioz's dramatic and descriptive symphonies. How should they appreciate the boldest musical achievement of the nineteenth century? These dreadful pedants and zealous defenders of an art that they only understand after it has ceased to live are the worst enemies of unfettered genius, and may do more harm than a whole army of ignorant people. For in a country like ours, where musical education is poor, timidity is great in the presence of a strong, but only half-understood, tradition; and anyone who has the boldness to break away from it is condemned without judgment. I doubt if Berlioz would have obtained any consideration at all from lovers of classical music in France if he had not found allies in that country of classical music, Germany — " the oracle of Delphi," " Germania alma parens," as he called her. Some of the young German school found inspiration in Berlioz. The dramatic symphony that he created flourished in its German form under Liszt; the most eminent German composer of today, Richard Strauss, came under his influence; and Felix Weingartner, who with Charles Malherbe edited Berlioz's complete works, was bold enough to write, " In spite of Wagner and Liszt, we should not be where we are if Berlioz had not lived." This unexpected support, coming from a country of traditions, has thrown the partisans of Classic tradition into confusion, and rallied Berlioz's friends.

But here is a new danger. Though it is natural that Germany, more musical than France, should recognize the grandeur and originality of

Berlioz's music before France, it is doubtful whether the German nature could ever fully understand a soul so French in its essence. It is, perhaps, what is exterior in Berlioz, his positive originality, that the Germans appreciate. They prefer the *Requiem* to *Roméo*. A Richard Strauss would be attracted by an almost insignificant work like the *Ouverture du roi Lear;* a Weingartner would single out for notice works like the *Symphonie fantastique* and *Harold,* and exaggerate their importance. But they do not feel what is intimate in him. Wagner said over the tomb of Weber, " England does you justice, France admires you, but only Germany loves you; you are of her own being, a glorious day of her life, a warm drop of her blood, a part of her heart. . . ." One might adapt his words to Berlioz; it is as difficult for a German really to love Berlioz as it is for a Frenchman to love Wagner or Weber. One must, therefore, be careful about accepting unreservedly the judgment of Germany on Berlioz; for in that would lie the danger of a new misunderstanding. You see how both the followers and opponents to Berlioz hinder us from getting at the truth. Let us dismiss them.

Have we now come to the end of our difficulties? Not yet; for Berlioz is the most illusive of men, and no one has helped more than he to mislead people in their estimate of him. We know how much he has written about music and about his own life, and what wit and understanding he shows in his shrewd criticisms and charming *Mémoires*. One would think that such an imaginative and skilful writer, accustomed in his profession of critic to express every shade of feeling, would be able to tell us more exactly his ideas of art than a Beethoven or a Mozart. But it is not so. As too much light may blind the vision, so too much intellect may hinder the understanding. Berlioz's mind spent itself in details; it reflected light from too many facets, and did not focus itself in one strong beam which would have made known his power. He did not know how to dominate either his life or his work; he did not even try to dominate them. He was the incarnation of romantic genius, an unrestrained force, unconscious of the road he trod. I would not go so far as to say that he did not understand himself, but there are certainly times when he is past understanding himself. He allows himself to drift where chance will take him, like an old Scandinavian pirate laid at the bottom of his boat, staring up at the sky; and he dreams and groans and laughs and gives himself up to his feverish delusions. He lived with his emotions as uncertainly as he lived with his art. In his music, as in his criticisms of music, he often contradicts himself, hesitates, and turns back; he is not sure either of his feelings or his thoughts. He has poetry in his soul, and strives to write operas; but his admiration wavers between Gluck and Meyerbeer. He has a popular genius, but despises the people. He is a daring musical revolutionary, but he allows the control of this musical movement to be taken from him by anyone who wishes to have it. Worse than that: he disowns the movement,

turns his back upon the future, and throws himself again into the past. For what reason? Very often he does not know. Passion, bitterness, caprice, wounded pride — these have more influence with him than the serious things of life. He is a man at war with himself.

Then contrast Berlioz with Wagner. Wagner, too, was stirred by violent passions, but he was always master of himself, and his reason remained unshaken by the storms of his heart or those of the world, by the torments of love or the strife of political revolutions. He made his experiences and even his errors serve his art; he wrote about his theories before he put them into practice; and he only launched out when he was sure of himself, and when the way lay clear before him. And think how much Wagner owes to this written expression of his aims and the magnetic attraction of his arguments. It was his prose works that fascinated the King of Bavaria before he had heard his music; and for many others also they have been the key to that music. I remember being impressed by Wagner's ideas when I only half understood his art; and when one of his compositions puzzled me, my confidence was not shaken, for I was sure that the genius who was so convincing in his reasoning would not blunder; and that if his music baffled me, it was I who was at fault. Wagner was really his own best friend, his own most trusty champion; and his was the guiding hand that led one through the thick forest and over the rugged crags of his work.

Not only do you get no help from Berlioz in this way, but he is the first to lead you astray and wander with you in the paths of error. To understand his genius you must seize hold of it unaided. His genius was really great, but, as I shall try to show you, it lay at the mercy of a weak character.

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Everything about Berlioz was misleading, even his appearance. In legendary portraits he appears as a dark southerner with black hair and sparkling eyes. But he was really very fair and had blue eyes, and Joseph d'Ortigue tells us they were deep-set and piercing, though sometimes clouded by melancholy or languor. He had a broad forehead furrowed with wrinkles by the time he was thirty, and a thick mane of hair, or, as E. Legouvé puts it, " a large umbrella of hair, projecting like a movable awning over the beak of a bird of prey. His mouth was well cut, with lips compressed and puckered at the corners in a severe fold, and his chin was prominent. He had a deep voice, but his speech was halting and often tremulous with emotion; he would speak passionately of what interested him, and at times be effusive in manner, but more often he was ungracious and reserved. He was of medium height, rather thin and angular in figure, and when seated he seemed much taller than he really was. He was very restless, and inherited from his native land, Dauphiné, the mountaineer's passion for walking and climbing, and the love of a vagabond life, which remained with him nearly to his death. He had an iron constitution, but he

wrecked it by privation and excess, by his walks in the rain, and by sleeping out of doors in all weathers, even when there was snow on the ground.

But in this strong and athletic frame lived a feverish and sickly soul that was dominated and tormented by a morbid craving for love and sympathy: " that imperative need of love which is killing me. . . ." To love, to be loved — he would give up all for that. But his love was that of a youth who lives in dreams; it was never the strong, clear-eyed passion of a man who has faced the realities of life, and who sees the defects as well as the charms of the woman he loves. Berlioz was in love with love, and lost himself among visions and sentimental shadows. To the end of his life he remained " a poor little child worn out by a love that was beyond him." But this man who lived so wild and adventurous a life expressed his passions with delicacy; and one finds an almost girlish purity in the immortal love passages of *Les Troyens* or the *" nuit sereine "* of *Roméo et Juliette.* And compare this Virgilian affection with Wagner's sensual raptures. Does it mean that Berlioz could not love as well as Wagner? We only know that Berlioz's life was made up of love and its torments. The theme of a touching passage in the Introduction of the *Symphonie fantastique* has been recently identified by M. Julien Tiersot, in his interesting book, with a romance composed by Berlioz at the age of twelve, when he loved a girl of eighteen " with large eyes and pink shoes " — Estelle, *Stella montis, Stella matutina.* These words — perhaps the saddest he ever wrote — might serve as an emblem of his life, a life that was a prey to love and melancholy, doomed to wringing of the heart and awful loneliness; a life lived in a hollow world, among worries that chilled the blood; a life that was distasteful and had no solace to offer him in its end. He has himself described this terrible *" mal de l'isolement,"* which pursued him all his life, vividly and minutely.

" I do not know how to describe this terrible sickness. . . . My throbbing breast seems to be sinking into space; and my heart, drawing in some irresistible force, feels as though it would expand until it evaporated and dissolved away. My skin becomes hot and tender, and flushes from head to foot. I want to cry out to my friends (even those I do not care for) to help and comfort me, to save me from destruction, and keep in the life that is ebbing from me. I have no sensation of impending death in these attacks, and suicide seems impossible; I do not want to die — far from it, I want very much to live, to intensify life a thousandfold. It is an excessive appetite for happiness, which becomes unbearable when it lacks food; and it is only satisfied by intense delights, which give this great overflow of feeling an outlet. It is not a state of spleen, though that may follow later . . . spleen is rather the congealing of all these emotions — the block of ice. Even when I am calm I feel a little of this *' isolement '* on Sundays in summer, when our towns are lifeless, and everyone is in the country; for I know that people are enjoying themselves away from me, and I feel their

absence. The *adagio* of Beethoven's symphonies, certain scenes from Gluck's *Alceste* and *Armide,* an air from his Italian opera *Telemacco,* the Elysian fields of his *Orfeo,* will bring on rather bad attacks of this suffering; but these masterpieces bring with them also an antidote — they make one's tears flow, and then the pain is eased. On the other hand, the *adagio* of some of Beethoven's sonatas and Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* are full of melancholy, and therefore provoke spleen . . . it is then cold within, the sky is grey and overcast with clouds, the north wind moans dully. . . ." (*Mémoires,* I, 246).

He was doomed to suffering, or, what was worse, to make others suffer.

Who does not know his passion for Henrietta Smithson? It was a sad story. He fell in love with an English actress who played Juliet. (Was it she or Juliet whom he loved?) He caught but a glance of her, and it was all over with him. He cried out, "Ah, I am lost!" He desired her; she repulsed him. He lived in a delirium of suffering and passion; he wandered about for days and nights like a madman, up and down Paris and its neighbourhood, without purpose or rest or relief, until sleep overcame him wherever it found him — among the sheaves in a field near Villejuif, in a meadow near Sceaux, on the bank of the frozen Seine near Neuilly, in the snow, and once on a table in the Café Cardinal, where he slept for five hours, to the great alarm of the waiters, who thought he was dead. Meanwhile, he was told slanderous gossip about Henrietta, which he readily believed. Then he despised her, and dishonoured her publicly in his *Symphonie fantastique,* paying homage in his bitter resentment to Camille Moke, a pianist, to whom he lost his heart without delay.

After a time Henrietta reappeared. She had now lost her youth and her power; her beauty was waning, and she was in debt. Berlioz's passion was at once rekindled. This time Henrietta accepted his advances. He made alterations in his symphony, and offered it to her in homage of his love. He won her, and married her, with fourteen thousand francs debt. He had captured his dream — Juliet! Ophelia! What was she really? A charming Englishwoman, cold, loyal, and sober-minded, who understood nothing of his passion; and who, from the time she became his wife, loved him jealously and sincerely, and thought to confine him within the narrow world of domestic life. But his affections became restive, and he lost his heart to a Spanish actress (it was always an actress, a virtuoso, or a part) and left poor Ophelia, and went off with Marie Recio, the Inès of *Favorite,* the page of *Comte Ory* — a practical, hard-headed woman, an indifferent singer with a mania for singing. The haughty Berlioz was forced to fawn upon the directors of the theatre in order to get her parts, to write flattering notices in praise of her talents, and even to let her make his own melodies discordant at the concerts he arranged. It would all be dreadfully ridiculous if this weakness of character had not brought tragedy in its train.

So the one he really loved, and who always loved him, remained alone,

without friends, in Paris, where she was a stranger. She drooped in silence and pined slowly away, bedridden, paralysed, and unable to speak during eight years of suffering. Berlioz suffered too, for he loved her still and was torn with pity — " pity, the most painful of all emotions." But of what use was this pity? He left Henrietta to suffer alone and to die just the same. And, what was worse, as we learn from Legouvé, he let his mistress, the odious Recio, make a scene before poor Henrietta. Recio told him of it and boasted about what she had done. And Berlioz did nothing — " How could I? I love her."

One would be hard upon such a man if one was not disarmed by his own sufferings. But let us go on. I should have liked to pass over these traits, but I have no right to; I must show you the extraordinary feebleness of the man's character. " Man's character," did I say? No, it was the character of a woman without a will, the victim of her nerves.

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Such people are destined to unhappiness; and if they make other people suffer, one may be sure that it is only half of what they suffer themselves. They have a peculiar gift for attracting and gathering up trouble; they savour sorrow like wine, and do not lose a drop of it. Life seemed desirous that Berlioz should be steeped in suffering; and his misfortunes were so real that it would be unnecessary to add to them any exaggerations that history has handed down to us.

People find fault with Berlioz's continual complaints; and I, too, find in them a lack of virility and almost a lack of dignity. To all appearances, he had far fewer material reasons for unhappiness than — I won't say Beethoven — Wagner and other great men, past, present, and future. When thirty-five years old he had achieved glory; and Paganini proclaimed him Beethoven's successor. What more could he want? He was discussed by the public, disparaged by a Scudo and an Adolphus Adam, and the theatre only opened its doors to him with difficulty. It was really splendid!

But a careful examination of facts, such as that made by M. Julien Tiersot, shows the stifling mediocrity and hardship of his life. There were, first of all, his material cares. When thirty-six years old " Beethoven's successor " had a fixed salary of fifteen hundred francs as assistant keeper of the Conservatoire Library, and not quite as much for his contributions to the *Débats* — contributions which exasperated and humiliated him, and were one of the crosses of his life, as they obliged him to speak anything but the truth. That made a total of three thousand francs, hardly gained, on which he had to keep a wife and child — " *même deux,*" as M. Tiersot says. He attempted a festival at the Opera; the result was three hundred and sixty francs loss. He organized a festival at the 1844 Exhibition; the receipts were thirty-two thousand francs, out of which he got eight

hundred francs. He had the *Damnation de Faust* performed; no one came to it, and he was ruined. Things went better in Russia; but the manager who brought him to England became bankrupt. He was haunted by thoughts of rents and doctors' bills. Towards the end of his life his financial affairs mended a little, and a year before his death he uttered these sad words: " I suffer a great deal, but I do not want to die now — I have enough to live upon."

One of the most tragic episodes of his life is that of the symphony which he did not write because of his poverty. One wonders why the page that finishes his *Mémoires* is not better known, for it touches the depths of human suffering.

At the time when his wife's health was causing him most anxiety, there came to him one night an inspiration for a symphony. The first part of it — an allegro in two-four time in A minor — was ringing in his head. He got up and began to write, and then he thought: —

" If I begin this bit, I shall have to write the whole symphony. It will be a big thing, and I shall have to spend three or four months over it. That means I shall write no more articles and earn no money. And when the symphony is finished I shall not be able to resist the temptation of having it copied (which will mean an expense of a thousand or twelve hundred francs), and then of having it played. I shall give a concert, and the receipts will barely cover half the cost. I shall lose what I have not got; the poor invalid will lack necessities; and I shall be able to pay neither my personal expenses nor my son's fees when he goes on board ship. . . . These thoughts made me shudder, and I threw down my pen, saying, ' Bah! tomorrow I shall have forgotten the symphony.' The next night I heard the allegro clearly, and seemed to see it written down. I was filled with feverish agitation; I sang the theme; I was going to get up . . . but the reflexions of the day before restrained me; I steeled myself against the temptation, and clung to the thought of forgetting it. At last I went to sleep; and the next day, on waking, all remembrance of it had, indeed, gone for ever."

That page makes one shudder. Suicide is less distressing. Neither Beethoven nor Wagner suffered such tortures. What would Wagner have done on a like occasion? He would have written the symphony without doubt — and he would have been right. But poor Berlioz, who was weak enough to sacrifice his duty to love, was, alas! also heroic enough to sacrifice his genius to duty.

And in spite of all this material misery and the sorrow of being misunderstood, people speak of the glory he enjoyed. What did his compeers think of him — at least, those who called themselves such? He knew that Mendelssohn, whom he loved and esteemed, and who styled himself his " good friend," despised him and did not recognize his genius. The large-

hearted Schumann, who was, with the exception of Liszt, the only person who intuitively felt his greatness, admitted that he used sometimes to wonder if he ought to be looked upon as " a genius or a musical adventurer." Wagner, who treated his symphonies with scorn before he had even read them, who certainly understood his genius, and who deliberately ignored him, threw himself into Berlioz's arms when he met him in London in 1855. " He embraced him with fervour, and wept; and hardly had he left him when *The Musical World* published passages from his book, *Oper und Drama,* where he pulls Berlioz to pieces mercilessly." In France, the young Gounod, *doli fabricator Epeus,* as Berlioz called him, lavished flattering words upon him, but spent his time in finding fault with his compositions, or in trying to supplant him at the theatre. At the Opera he was passed over in favour of a Prince Poniatowski. He presented himself three times at the Academy, and was beaten the first time by Onslow, the second time by Clapisson, and the third time he conquered by a majority of one vote against Panseron, Vogel, Leborne, and others, including, as always, Gounod. He died before the *Damnation de Faust* was appreciated in France, although it was the most remarkable musical composition France had produced. They hissed its performance? Not at all; " they were merely indifferent " — it is Berlioz who tells us this. It passed unnoticed. He died before he had seen *Les Troyens* played in its entirety, though it was one of the noblest works of the French lyric theatre that had been composed since the death of Gluck. But there is no need to be astonished. To hear these works today one must go to Germany. And although the dramatic work of Berlioz has found its Bayreuth — thanks to Mottl, to Karlsruhe and Munich — and the marvellous *Benvenuto Cellini* has been played in twenty German towns, and regarded as a masterpiece by Weingartner and Richard Strauss, what manager of a French theatre would think of producing such works?

But this is not all. What was the bitterness of failure compared with the great anguish of death? Berlioz saw all those he loved die one after the other: his father, his mother, Henrietta Smithson, Marie Recio. Then only his son Louis remained. He was the captain of a merchant vessel; a clever, good-hearted boy, but restless and nervous, irresolute and unhappy, like his father. " He has the misfortune to resemble me in everything," said Berlioz; " and we love each other like a couple of twins." " Ah, my poor Louis," he wrote to him, " what should I do without you? " A few months afterwards he learnt that Louis had died in far-away seas.

He was now alone. There were no more friendly voices; all that he heard was a hideous duet between loneliness and weariness, sung in his ear during the bustle of the day and in the silence of the night. He was wasted with disease. In 1856, at Weimar, following great fatigue, he was seized with an internal malady. It began with great mental distress; he used to sleep in the streets. He suffered constantly; he was like " a tree without leaves, streaming with rain." At the end of 1861, the disease was in an acute stage.

He had attacks of pain sometimes lasting thirty hours, during which he would writhe in agony in his bed. " I live in the midst of my physical pain, overwhelmed with weariness. Death is very slow."

Worst of all, in the heart of his misery, there was nothing that comforted him. He believed in nothing — neither in God nor immortality.

" I have no faith. . . . I hate all philosophy and everything that resembles it, whether religious or otherwise. . . . I am as incapable of making a medicine of faith as of having faith in medicine."

" God is stupid and cruel in his complete indifference."

He did not believe in beauty or honour, in mankind or himself.

" Everything passes. Space and time consume beauty, youth, love, glory, genius. Human life is nothing; death is no better. Worlds are born and die like ourselves. All is nothing. Yes, yes, yes! All is nothing. . . . To love or hate, enjoy or suffer, admire or sneer, live or die — what does it matter? There is nothing in greatness or littleness, beauty or ugliness. Eternity is indifferent; indifference is eternal."

" I am weary of life; and I am forced to see that belief in absurdities is necessary to human minds, and that it is born in them as insects are born in swamps."

" You make me laugh with your old words about a mission to fulfil. What a missionary! But there is in me an inexplicable mechanism which works in spite of all arguments; and I let it work because I cannot stop it. What disgusts me most is the certainty that beauty does not exist for the majority of these human monkeys."

" The unsolvable enigma of the world, the existence of evil and pain, the fierce madness of mankind, and the stupid cruelty that it inflicts hourly and everywhere on the most inoffensive beings and on itself — all this has reduced me to the state of unhappy and forlorn resignation of a scorpion surrounded by live coals. The most I can do is not to wound myself with my own dart."

" I am in my sixty-first year; and I have no more hopes or illusions or aspirations. I am alone; and my contempt for the stupidity and dishonesty of men, and my hatred for their wicked cruelty, are at their height. Every hour I say to Death, ' When you like! ' What is he waiting for? "

And yet he fears the death he invites. It is the strongest, the bitterest, the truest feeling he has. No musician since old Roland de Lassus has feared it with that intensity. Do you remember Herod's sleepless nights in *L'Enfance du Christ*, or Faust's soliloquy, or the anguish of Cassandra, or the burial of Juliette? — through all this you will find the whispered fear of annihilation. The wretched man was haunted by this fear, as a letter published by M. Julien Tiersot shows: —

" My favourite walk, especially when it is raining, really raining in torrents, is the cemetery of Montmartre, which is near my house. I often go there; there is much that draws me to it. The day before yesterday I passed two hours in the cemetery; I found a comfortable seat on a costly tomb, and I went to sleep. . . . Paris is to me a cemetery and her pavements are tombstones. Everywhere are memories of friends or enemies that are dead. I do nothing but suffer unceasing pain and unspeakable weariness. I wonder night and day if I shall die in great pain or with little of it — I am not foolish enough to hope to die without any pain at all. Why are we not dead? "

His music is like these mournful words; it is perhaps even more terrible, more gloomy, for it breathes death. What a contrast: a soul greedy of life and preyed upon by death. It is this that makes his life such an awful tragedy. When Wagner met Berlioz he heaved a sigh of relief — he had at last found a man more unhappy than himself.

On the threshold of death he turned in despair to the one ray of light left him — *Stella montis,* the inspiration of his childish love; Estelle, now old, a grandmother, withered by age and grief. He made a pilgrimage to Meylan, near Grenoble, to see her. He was then sixty-one years old and she was nearly seventy. " The past! the past! O Time! Nevermore! Nevermore! "

Nevertheless, he loved her, and loved her desperately. How pathetic it is. One has little inclination to smile when one sees the depths of that desolate heart. Do you think he did not see, as clearly as you or I would see, the wrinkled old face, the indifference of age, the " *triste raison,*" in her he idealized? Remember, he was the most ironical of men. But he did not wish to see these things, he wished to cling to a little love, which would help him to live in the wilderness of life.

" There is nothing real in this world but that which lives in the heart. . . . My life has been wrapped up in the obscure little village where she lives. . . . Life is only endurable when I tell myself: ' This autumn I shall spend a month beside her.' I should die in this hell of a Paris if she did not allow me to write to her, and if from time to time I had not letters from her."

So he spoke to Legouvé; and he sat down on a stone in a Paris street, and wept. In the meantime, the old lady did not understand this foolishness; she hardly tolerated it, and sought to undeceive him.

" When one's hair is white one must leave dreams — even those of friendship. . . . Of what use is it to form ties which, though they hold today, may break tomorrow? "

What were his dreams? To live with her? No; rather to die beside her; to feel she was by his side when death should come.

" To be at your feet, my head on your knees, your two hands in mine — so to finish."

He was a little child grown old, and felt bewildered and miserable and frightened before the thought of death.

Wagner, at the same age, a victor, worshipped, flattered, and — if we are to believe the Bayreuth legend — crowned with prosperity; Wagner, sad and suffering, doubting his achievements, feeling the inanity of his bitter fight against the mediocrity of the world, had " fled far from the world " and thrown himself into religion; and when a friend looked at him in surprise as he was saying grace at table, he answered: " Yes, I believe in my Saviour."

Poor beings! Conquerors of the world, conquered and broken!

But of the two deaths, how much sadder is that of the artist who was without a faith, and who had neither strength nor stoicism enough to be happy without one; who slowly died in that little room in the rue de Calais amid the distracting noise of an indifferent and even hostile Paris; who shut himself up in savage silence; who saw no loved face bending over him in his last moments; who had not the comfort of belief in his work; who could not think calmly of what he had done, nor look proudly back over the road he had trodden, nor rest content in the thought of a life well lived; and who began and closed his *Mémoires* with Shakspere's gloomy words, and repeated them when dying: —

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Such was the unhappy and irresolute heart that found itself united to one of the most daring geniuses in the world. It is a striking example of the difference that may exist between genius and greatness — for the two words are not synonymous. When one speaks of greatness, one speaks of greatness of soul, nobility of character, firmness of will, and, above all, balance of mind. I can understand how people deny the existence of these qualities in Berlioz; but to deny his musical genius, or to cavil about his wonderful power — and that is what they do daily in Paris — is lamentable and ridiculous. Whether he attracts one or not, a thimbleful of some of his work, a single part in one of his works, a little bit of the *Fantastique* or the overture of *Benvenuto,* reveals more genius — I am not afraid to say it — than all the French music of his century. I can understand people arguing about him in a country that produced Beethoven and Bach; but

with us in France, who can we set up against him? Gluck and César Franck were much greater men, but they were never geniuses of his stature. If genius is a creative force, I cannot find more than four or five geniuses in the world who rank above him. When I have named Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Handel, and Wagner, I do not know who else is superior to Berlioz; I do not even know who is his equal.

He is not only a musician, he is music itself. He does not command his familiar spirit, he is its slave. Those who know his writings know how he was simply possessed and exhausted by his musical emotions. They were really fits of ecstasy or convulsions. At first " there was feverish excitement; the veins beat violently and tears flowed freely. Then came spasmodic contractions of the muscles, total numbness of the feet and hands, and partial paralysis of the nerves of sight and hearing; he saw nothing, heard nothing; he was giddy and half faint." And in the case of music that displeased him, he suffered, on the contrary, from " a painful sense of bodily disquiet and even from nausea."

The possession that music held over his nature shows itself clearly in the sudden outbreak of his genius. His family opposed the idea of his becoming a musician; and until he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old his weak will sulkily gave way to their wishes. In obedience to his father he began his studies in medicine at Paris. One evening he heard *Les Danaïdes* of Salieri. It came upon him like a thunderclap. He ran to the Conservatoire library and read Gluck's scores. He forgot to eat and drink; he was like a man in a frenzy. A performance of *Iphigénie en Tauride* finished him. He studied under Lesueur and then at the Conservatoire. The following year, 1827, he composed *Les Francs-Juges;* two years afterwards the *Huit scènes de Faust,* which was the nucleus of the future *Damnation;* three years afterwards, the *Symphonie fantastique* (commenced in 1830). And he had not yet got the *Prix de Rome!* Add to this that in 1828 he had already ideas for *Roméo et Juliette,* and that he had written a part of *Lelio* in 1829. Can one find elsewhere a more dazzling musical début? Compare that of Wagner who, at the same age, was shyly writing *Les Fées, Défense d'aimer,* and *Rienzi. He* wrote them at the same age, but ten years later; for *Les Fées* appeared in 1833, when Berlioz had already written the *Fantastique,* the *Huit scènes de Faust, Lelio,* and *Harold; Rienzi* was only played in 1842, after *Benvenuto* (1835), *Le Requiem* (1837), *Roméo* (1839), *La Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* (1840) — that is to say, when Berlioz had finished all his great works, and after he had achieved his musical revolution. And that revolution was effected alone, without a model, without a guide. What could he have heard beyond the operas of Gluck and Spontini while he was at the Conservatoire? At the time when he composed the *Ouverture des Francs-Juges* even the name of Weber was unknown to him, and of Beethoven's compositions he had only heard an *andante.*

Truly, he is a miracle and the most startling phenomenon in the history of nineteenth-century music. His audacious power dominates all his age; and in the face of such a genius, who would not follow Paganini's example, and hail him as Beethoven's only successor? Who does not see what a poor figure the young Wagner cut at that time, working away in laborious and self-satisfied mediocrity? But Wagner soon made up for lost ground; for he knew what he wanted, and he wanted it obstinately.

The zenith of Berlioz's genius was reached, when he was thirty-five years old, with the *Requiem* and *Roméo*. They are his two most important works, and are two works about which one may feel very differently. For my part, I am very fond of the one, and I dislike the other; but both of them open up two great new roads in art, and both are placed like two gigantic arches on the triumphal way of the revolution that Berlioz started. I will return to the subject of these works later.

But Berlioz was already getting old. His daily cares and stormy domestic life [He left Henrietta Smithson in 1842; she died in 1854.], his disappointments and passions, his commonplace and often degrading work, soon wore him out and, finally, exhausted his power. " Would you believe it? " he wrote to his friend Ferrand, " that which used to stir me to transports of musical passion now fills me with indifference, or even disdain. I feel as if I were descending a mountain at a great rate. Life is so short; I notice that thoughts of the end have been with me for some time past." In 1848, at forty-five years old, he wrote in his *Mémoires:* " I find myself so old and tired and lacking inspiration." At forty-five years old, Wagner had patiently worked out his theories and was feeling his power; at forty-five he was writing *Tristan* and *The Music of the Future*. Abused by critics, unknown to the public, " he remained calm, in the belief that he would be master of the musical world in fifty years' time."

Berlioz was disheartened. Life had conquered him. It was not that he had lost any of his artistic mastery; on the contrary, his compositions became more and more finished; and nothing in his earlier work attained the pure beauty of some of the pages of *L'Enfance du Christ* (1850–4), or of *Les Troyens* (1855–63). But he was losing his power; and his intense feeling, his revolutionary ideas, and his inspiration (which in his youth had taken the place of the confidence he lacked) were failing him. He now lived on the past — the *Huit scènes de Faust* (1828) held the germs of *La Damnation de Faust* (1846); since 1833 he had been thinking of *Béatrice et Bénédict* (1862); the ideas in *Les Troyens* were inspired by his childish worship of Virgil, and had been with him all his life. But with what difficulty he now finished his task! He had only taken seven months to write *Roméo,* and " on account of not being able to write the *Requiem* fast enough, he had adopted a kind of musical shorthand," but he took seven or eight years to write *Les Troyens,* alternating between moods of enthusiasm and disgust, and feeling indifference and doubt about his work. He groped his way

hesitatingly and unsteadily; he hardly understood what he was doing. He admired the more mediocre pages of his work: the scene of the Laocoon, the finale of the last act of the *Les Troyens à Troie,* the last scene with Æneas in *Les Troyens à Carthage.* The empty pomposities of Spontini mingle with the loftiest conceptions. One might say that his genius became a stranger to him: it was the mechanical work of an unconscious force, like " stalactites in a dripping grotto." He had no impetus. It was only a matter of time before the roof of the grotto would give way. One is struck with the mournful despair with which he works; it is his last will and testament that he is making. And when he has finished it, he will have finished everything. His work is ended; if he lived another hundred years he would not have the heart to add anything more to it. The only thing that remains — and it is what he is about to do — is to wrap himself in silence and die.

Oh, mournful destiny! There are great men who have outlived their genius; but with Berlioz genius outlived desire. His genius was still there; one feels it in the sublime pages of the third act of *Les Troyens à Carthage.* But Berlioz had ceased to believe in his power; he had lost faith in everything. His genius was dying for want of nourishment; it was a flame above an empty tomb. At the same hour of his old age the soul of Wagner sustained its glorious flight; and, having conquered everything, it achieved a supreme victory in renouncing everything for its faith. And the divine songs of Parsifal resounded as in a splendid temple, and replied to the cries of the suffering Amfortas by the blessed words: *" Selig in Glauben! Selig in Liebe! "*

II

Berlioz's work did not spread itself evenly over his life; it was accomplished in a few years. It was not like the course of a great river, as with Wagner and Beethoven; it was a burst of genius, whose flames lit up the whole sky for a little while, and then died gradually down. Let me try to tell you about this wonderful blaze.

Some of Berlioz's musical qualities are so striking that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. His instrumental colouring, so intoxicating and exciting, his extraordinary discoveries concerning timbre, his inventions of new nuances (as in the famous combining of flutes and trombones in the *Hostias et preces* of the *Requiem,* and the curious use of the harmonics of violins and harps), and his huge and nebulous orchestra — all this lends itself to the most subtle expression of thought. Think of the effect that such works must have produced at that period. Berlioz was the first to be astonished when he heard them for the first time. At the *Ouverture des Francs-Juges* he wept and tore his hair, and fell sobbing on the kettledrums. At the performance of his *Tuba mirum,* in Berlin, he nearly fainted. The composer who most nearly approached him was Weber, and, as we have already seen, Berlioz only knew him late in life. But how much less rich and

complex is Weber's music, in spite of its nervous brilliance and dreaming poetry. Above all, Weber is much more mundane and more of a classicist; he lacks Berlioz's revolutionary passion and plebeian force; he is less expressive and less grand.

How did Berlioz come to have this genius for orchestration almost from the very first? He himself says that his two masters at the Conservatoire taught him nothing in point of instrumentation: —

" Lesueur had only very limited ideas about the art. Reicha knew the particular resources of most of the wind instruments; but I think that he had not very advanced ideas on the subject of grouping them."

Berlioz taught himself. He used to read the score of an opera while it was being performed.

" It was thus," he says, " that I began to get familiar with the use of the orchestra, and to know its expression and timbre, as well as the range and mechanism of most of the instruments. By carefully comparing the effect produced with the means used to produce it, I learned the hidden bond which unites musical expression to the special art of instrumentation; but no one put me in the way of this. The study of the methods of the three modern masters, Beethoven, Weber, and Spontini, the impartial examination of the traditions of instrumentation and of little-used forms and combinations, conversations with virtuosi, and the effects I made them try on their different instruments, together with a little instinct, did the rest for me."

That he was an originator in this direction no one doubts. And no one disputes, as a rule, " his devilish cleverness," as Wagner scornfully called it, or remains insensible to his skill and mastery in the mechanism of expression, and his power over sonorous matter, which make him, apart from his creative power, a sort of magician of music, a king of tone and rhythm. This gift is recognized even by his enemies — by Wagner, who seeks with some unfairness to restrict his genius within narrow limits, and to reduce it to " a structure with wheels of infinite ingenuity and extreme cunning . . . a marvel of mechanism."

But though there is hardly anyone that Berlioz does not irritate or attract, he always strikes people by his impetuous ardour, his glowing romance, and his seething imagination, all of which makes and will continue to make his work one of the most picturesque mirrors of his age. His frenzied force of ecstasy and despair, his fulness of love and hatred, his perpetual thirst for life, which " in the heart of the deepest sorrow lights the Catherine wheels and crackers of the wildest joy " — these are the qualities that stir up the crowds in *Benvenuto* and the armies in the *Damnation,* that shake earth, heaven, and hell, and are never quenched, but remain

devouring and " passionate even when the subject is far removed from passion, and yet also express sweet and tender sentiments and the deepest calm."

Whatever one may think of this volcanic force, of this torrential stream of youth and passion, it is impossible to deny them; one might as well deny the sun.

And I shall not dwell on Berlioz's love of Nature, which, as M. Prudhomme shows us, is the soul of a composition like the *Damnation* and, one might say, of all great compositions. No musician, with the exception of Beethoven, has loved Nature so profoundly. Wagner himself did not realize the intensity of emotion which she roused in Berlioz and how this feeling impregnated the music of the *Damnation,* of *Roméo,* and of *Les Troyens.*

But this genius had other characteristics which are less well known, though they are not less unusual. The first is his sense of pure beauty. Berlioz's exterior romanticism must not make us blind to this. He had a Virgilian soul; and if his colouring recalls that of Weber, his design has often an Italian suavity. Wagner never had this love of beauty in the Latin sense of the word. Who has understood the Southern nature, beautiful form, and harmonious movement like Berlioz's? Who, since Gluck, has recognized so well the secret of classical beauty? Since *Orfeo* was composed, no one has carved in music a bas-relief so perfect as the entrance of Andromache in the second act of *Les Troyens à Troie.* In *Les Troyens à Carthage,* the fragrance of the Æneid is shed over the night of love, and we see the luminous sky and hear the murmur of the sea. Some of his melodies are like statues, or the pure lines of Athenian friezes, or the noble gesture of beautiful Italian girls, or the undulating profile of the Albanian hills filled with divine laughter. He has done more than felt and translated into music the beauty of the Mediterranean — he has created beings worthy of a Greek tragedy. His Cassandre alone would suffice to rank him among the greatest tragic poets that music has even known. And Cassandre is a worthy sister of Wagner's Brünnhilde; but she has the advantage of coming of a nobler race, and of having a lofty restraint of spirit and action that Sophocles himself would have loved.

Not enough attention has been drawn to the classical nobility from which Berlioz's art so spontaneously springs. It is not fully acknowledged that he was, of all nineteenth-century musicians, the one who had in the highest degree the sense of plastic beauty. Nor do people always recognize that he was a writer of sweet and flowing melodies. Weingartner expressed the surprise he felt when, imbued with current prejudice against Berlioz's lack of melodic invention, he opened, by chance, the score of the overture of *Benvenuto* and found in that short composition, which barely takes ten minutes to play, not one or two, but four or five melodies of admirable richness and originality: —

" I began to laugh, both with pleasure at having discovered such a treasure, and with annoyance at finding how narrow human judgment is.

Here I counted five themes, all of them plastic and expressive of personality; of admirable workmanship, varied in form, working up by degrees to a climax, and then finishing with strong effect. And this from a composer who was said by critics and the public to be devoid of creative power! From that day on there has been for me another great citizen in the republic of art."

Before this, Berlioz had written in 1864: —

" It is quite easy for others to convince themselves that, without even limiting me to take a very short melody as the theme of a composition — as the greatest musicians have often done — I have always endeavoured to put a wealth of melody into my compositions. One may, of course, dispute the worth of these melodies, their distinction, originality, or charm — it is not for me to judge them — but to deny their existence is either unfair or foolish. They are often on a large scale; and an immature or short-sighted musical vision may not clearly distinguish their form; or, again, they may be accompanied by secondary melodies which, to a limited vision, may veil the form of the principal ones. Or, lastly, shallow musicians may find these melodies so unlike the funny little things that they call melodies, that they cannot bring themselves to give the same name to both."

And what a splendid variety there is in these melodies: there is the song in Gluck's style (Cassandre's airs), the pure German *lied* (Marguerite's song, " D'amour l'ardente flamme "), the Italian melody, after Bellini, in its most limpid and happy form (arietta of Arlequin in *Benvenuto*), the broad Wagnerian phrase (finale of *Roméo*), the folk-song (chorus of shepherds in *L'Enfance du Christ*), and the freest and most modern recitative (the monologues of Faust), which was Berlioz's own invention, with its full development, its pliant outline, and its intricate nuances.

I have said that Berlioz had a matchless gift for expressing tragic melancholy, weariness of life, and the pangs of death. In a general way, one may say that he was a great elegist in music. Ambros, who was a very discerning and unbiassed critic, said: " Berlioz feels with inward delight and profound emotion what no musician, except Beethoven, has felt before." And Heinrich Heine had a keen perception of Berlioz's originality when he called him " a colossal nightingale, a lark the size of an eagle." The simile is not only picturesque, but of remarkable aptness. For Berlioz's colossal force is at the service of a forlorn and tender heart; he has nothing of the heroism of Beethoven, or Handel, or Gluck, or even Schubert. He has all the charm of an Umbrian painter, as is shown in *L'Enfance du Christ,* as well as sweetness and inward sadness, the gift of tears, and an elegiac passion.

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Now I come to Berlioz's great originality, an originality which is rarely spoken of, though it makes him more than a great musician, more than the successor of Beethoven, or, as some call him, the forerunner of Wagner.

It is an originality that entitles him to be known, even more fitly than Wagner himself, as the creator of "an art of the future," the apostle of a new music, which even today has hardly made itself felt.

Berlioz is original in a double sense. By the extraordinary complexity of his genius he touched the two opposite poles of his art, and showed us two entirely different aspects of music — that of a great popular art, and that of music made free.

We are all enslaved by the musical tradition of the past. For generations we have been so accustomed to carry this yoke that we scarcely notice it. And in consequence of Germany's monopoly of music since the end of the eighteenth century, musical traditions — which had been chiefly Italian in the two preceding centuries — now became almost entirely German. We think in German forms: the plan of phrases, their development, their balance, and all the rhetoric of music and the grammar of composition comes to us from foreign thought, slowly elaborated by German masters. That domination has never been more complete or more heavy since Wagner's victory. Then reigned over the world this great German period — a scaly monster with a thousand arms, whose grasp was so extensive that it included pages, scenes, acts, and whole dramas in its embrace. We cannot say that French writers have ever tried to write in the style of Goethe or Schiller; but French composers have tried and are still trying to write music after the manner of German musicians.

Why be astonished at it? Let us face the matter plainly. In music we have not, so to speak, any masters of French style. All our greatest composers are foreigners. The founder of the first school of French opera, Lulli, was Florentine; the founder of the second school, Gluck, was German; the two founders of the third school were Rossini, an Italian, and Meyerbeer, a German; the creators of *opéra-comique* were Duni, an Italian, and Gretry, a Belgian; Franck, who revolutionized our modern school of opera, was also Belgian. These men brought with them a style peculiar to their race; or else they tried to found, as Gluck did, an "international" style, by which they effaced the more individual characteristics of the French spirit. The most French of all these styles is the *opéra-comique,* the work of two foreigners, but owing much more to the *opéra-bouffe* than is generally admitted, and, in any case, representing France very insufficiently. Some more rational minds have tried to rid themselves of this Italian and German influence, but have mostly arrived at creating an intermediate Germano-Italian style, of which the operas of Auber and Ambroise Thomas are a type.

Before Berlioz's time there was really only one master of the first rank who made a great effort to liberate French music: it was Rameau; and, despite his genius, he was conquered by Italian art.

By force of circumstance, therefore, French music found itself moulded in foreign musical forms. And in the same way that Germany in the eight-

eenth century tried to imitate French architecture and literature, so France in the nineteenth century acquired the habit of speaking German in music. As most men speak more than they think, even thought itself became Germanized; and it was difficult then to discover, through this traditional insincerity, the true and spontaneous form of French musical thought.

But Berlioz's genius found it by instinct. From the first he strove to free French music from the oppression of the foreign tradition that was suffocating it.

He was fitted in every way for the part, even by his deficiencies and his ignorance. His classical education in music was incomplete. M. Saint-Saëns tells us that " the past did not exist for him; he did not understand the old composers, as his knowledge of them was limited to what he had read about them." He did not know Bach. Happy ignorance! He was able to write oratorios like *L'Enfance du Christ* without being worried by memories and traditions of the German masters of oratorio. There are men like Brahms who have been, nearly all their life, but reflexions of the past. Berlioz never sought to be anything but himself. It was thus that he created that masterpiece, *La Fuite en Égypte,* which sprang from his keen sympathy with the people.

He had one of the most untrammelled spirits that ever breathed. Liberty was for him a desperate necessity. " Liberty of heart, of mind, of soul — of everything. . . . Real liberty, absolute and immense!" And this passionate love of liberty, which was his misfortune in life, since it deprived him of the comfort of any faith, refused him any refuge for his thoughts, robbed him of peace, and even of the soft pillow of scepticism — this " real liberty " formed the unique originality and grandeur of his musical conceptions.

" Music," wrote Berlioz to C. Lobe, in 1852, " is the most poetic, the most powerful, the most living of all arts. She ought to be the freest, but she is not yet. . . . Modern music is like the classic Andromeda, naked and divinely beautiful. She is chained to a rock on the shores of a vast sea, and awaits the victorious Perseus who shall loose her bonds and break in pieces the chimera called Routine."

The business was to free music from its limited rhythms and from the traditional forms and rules that enclosed it; and, above all, it needed to be free from the domination of speech, and to be released from its humiliating bondage to poetry. Berlioz wrote to the Princess of Wittgenstein, in 1856: —

" I am for free music. Yes, I want music to be proudly free, to be victorious, to be supreme. I want her to take all she can, so that there may be no more Alps or Pyrenees for her. But she must achieve her victories by fighting in person, and not rely upon her lieutenants. I should like her

to have, if possible, good verse drawn up in order of battle; but, like Napoleon, she must face the fire herself, and, like Alexander, march in the front ranks of the phalanx. She is so powerful that in some cases she would conquer unaided; for she has the right to say with Medea: 'I, myself, am enough.'"

Berlioz protested vigorously against Gluck's impious theory and Wagner's "crime" in making music the slave of speech. Music is the highest poetry and knows no master. It was for Berlioz, therefore, continually to increase the power of expression in pure music. And while Wagner, who was more moderate and a closer follower of tradition, sought to establish a compromise (perhaps an impossible one) between music and speech, and to create the new lyric drama, Berlioz, who was more revolutionary, achieved the dramatic symphony, of which the unequalled model today is still *Roméo et Juliette*.

The dramatic symphony naturally fell foul of all formal theories. Two arguments were set up against it: one derived from Bayreuth, and by now an act of faith; the other, current opinion, upheld by the crowd that speaks of music without understanding it.

The first argument, maintained by Wagner, is that music cannot really express action without the help of speech and gesture. It is in the name of this opinion that so many people condemn *a priori* Berlioz's *Roméo*. They think it childish to try and *translate* action into music. I suppose they think it less childish to *illustrate* an action by music. Do they think that gesture associates itself very happily with music? If only they would try to root up this great fiction, which has bothered us for the last three centuries; if only they would open their eyes and see — what great men like Rousseau and Tolstoy saw so clearly — the silliness of opera; if only they would see the anomalies of the Bayreuth show. In the second act of *Tristan* there is a celebrated passage, where Ysolde, burning with desire, is waiting for Tristan; she sees him come at last, and from afar she waves her scarf to the accompaniment of a phrase repeated several times by the orchestra. I cannot express the effect produced on me by that *imitation* (for it is nothing else) of a series of sounds by a series of gestures; I can never see it without indignation or without laughing. The curious thing is that when one hears this passage at a concert, one sees the gesture. At the theatre either one does not "see" it, or it appears childish. The natural action becomes stiff when clad in musical armour, and the absurdity of trying to make the two agree is forced upon one. In the music of *Rheingold* one pictures the stature and gait of the giants, and one sees the lightning gleam and the rainbow reflected on the clouds. In the theatre it is like a game of marionettes; and one feels the impassable gulf between music and gesture. Music is a world apart. When music wishes to depict the drama, it is not real action which is reflected in it,

it is the ideal action transfigured by the spirit, and perceptible only to the inner vision. The worst foolishness is to present two visions — one for the eyes and one for the spirit. Nearly always they kill each other.

The other argument urged against the symphony with a program is the pretended classical argument (it is not really classical at all). " Music," they say, " is not meant to express definite subjects; it is only fitted for vague ideas. The more indefinite it is, the greater its power, and the more it suggests." I ask, What is an indefinite art? What is a vague art? Do not the two words contradict each other? Can this strange combination exist at all? Can an artist write anything that he does not clearly conceive? Do people think he composes at random as his genius whispers to him? One must at least say this: A symphony of Beethoven's is a " definite " work down to its innermost folds; and Beethoven had, if not an exact knowledge, at least a clear intuition of what he was about. His last quartets are descriptive symphonies of his soul, and very differently carried out from Berlioz's symphonies. Wagner was able to analyse one of the former under the name of " A Day with Beethoven." Beethoven was always trying to translate into music the depths of his heart, the subtleties of his spirit, which are not to be explained clearly by words, but which are as definite as words — in fact, more definite; for a word, being an abstract thing, sums up many experiences and comprehends many different meanings. Music is a hundred times more expressive and exact than speech; and it is not only her right to express particular emotions and subjects, it is her duty. If that duty is not fulfilled, the result is not music — it is nothing at all.

Berlioz is thus the true inheritor of Beethoven's thought. The difference between a work like *Roméo* and one of Beethoven's symphonies is that the former, it would seem, endeavours to express objective emotions and subjects in music. I do not see why music should not follow poetry in getting away from introspection and trying to paint the drama of the universe. Shakspere is as good as Dante. Besides, one may add, it is always Berlioz himself that is discovered in his music: it is his soul starving for love and mocked at by shadows which is revealed through all the scenes of *Roméo*.

I will not prolong a discussion where so many things must be left unsaid. But I would suggest that, once and for all, we get rid of these absurd endeavours to fence in art. Do not let us say: Music can . . . Music cannot express such-and-such a thing. Let us say rather, If genius pleases, everything is possible; and if music so wishes, she may be painting and poetry tomorrow. Berlioz has proved it well in his *Roméo*.

This *Roméo* is an extraordinary work: " a wonderful isle, where a temple of pure art is set up." For my part, not only do I consider it equal to the most powerful of Wagner's creations, but I believe it to be richer in its teaching and in its resources for art — resources and teaching which contemporary French art has not yet fully turned to account. One knows that

for several years the young French school has been making efforts to deliver our music from German models, to create a language of recitative that shall belong to France and that the *leitmotif* will not overwhelm; a more exact and less heavy language, which in expressing the freedom of modern thought will not have to seek the help of the classical or Wagnerian forms. Not long ago, the *Schola Cantorum* published a manifesto that proclaimed " the liberty of musical declamation . . . free speech in free music . . . the triumph of natural music with the free movement of speech and the plastic rhythm of the ancient dance " — thus declaring war on the metrical art of the last three centuries.

Well, here is that music; you will nowhere find a more perfect model. It is true that many who profess the principles of this music repudiate the model, and do not hide their disdain for Berlioz. That makes me doubt a little, I admit, the results of their efforts. If they do not feel the wonderful freedom of Berlioz's music, and do not see that it was the delicate veil of a very living spirit, then I think there will be more of archaism than real life in their pretensions to " free music." Study, not only the most celebrated pages of his work, such as the *Scène d'amour* (the one of all his compositions that Berlioz himself liked best), *La Tristesse de Roméo,* or *La Fête des Capulet* (where a spirit like Wagner's own unlooses and subdues again tempests of passion and joy), but take less well-known pages, such as the *Scherzetto chanté de la reine Mab,* or the *Réveil de Juliette,* and the music describing the death of the two lovers. In the one what light grace there is, in the other what vibrating passion, and in both of them what freedom and apt expression of ideas. The language is magnificent, of wonderful clearness and simplicity; not a word too much, and not a word that does not reveal an unerring pen. In nearly all the big works of Berlioz before 1845 (that is up to the *Damnation*) you will find this nervous precision and sweeping liberty.

Then there is the freedom of his rhythms. Schumann, who was nearest to Berlioz of all musicians of that time, and, therefore, best able to understand him, had been struck by this since the composition of the *Symphonie fantastique*. He wrote: —

" The present age has certainly not produced a work in which similar times and rhythms combined with dissimilar times and rhythms have been more freely used. The second part of a phrase rarely corresponds with the first, the reply to the question. This anomaly is characteristic of Berlioz, and is natural to his southern temperament."

Far from objecting to this, Schumann sees in it something necessary to musical evolution.

" Apparently music is showing a tendency to go back to its beginnings, to the time when the laws of rhythm did not yet trouble her; it seems that

she wishes to free herself, to regain an utterance that is unconstrained, and raise herself to the dignity of a sort of poetic language."

And Schumann quotes these words of Ernest Wagner: "He who shakes off the tyranny of time and delivers us from it will, as far as one can see, give back freedom to music."

Remark also Berlioz's freedom of melody. His musical phrases pulse and flow like life itself. "Some phrases taken separately," says Schumann, "have such an intensity that they will not bear harmonizing — *as in many ancient folk-songs* — and often even an accompaniment spoils their fulness." These melodies so correspond with the emotions, that they reproduce the least thrills of body and mind by their vigorous workings-up and delicate reliefs, by splendid barbarities of modulation and strong and glowing colour, by gentle gradations of light and shade or imperceptible ripples of thought, which flow over the body like a steady tide. It is an art of peculiar sensitiveness, more delicately expressive than that of Wagner; not satisfying itself with the modern tonality, but going back to old modes — a rebel, as M. Saint-Saëns remarks, to the polyphony which had governed music since Bach's day, and which is perhaps, after all, "a heresy destined to disappear."

How much finer, to my idea, are Berlioz's recitatives, with their long and winding rhythms, than Wagner's declamations, which — apart from the climax of a subject, where the air breaks into bold and vigorous phrases, whose influence elsewhere is often weak — limit themselves to the quasi-notation of spoken inflexions, and jar noisily against the fine harmonies of the orchestra. Berlioz's orchestration, too, is of a more delicate temper, and has a freer life than Wagner's, flowing in an impetuous stream, and sweeping away everything in its course; it is also less united and solid, but more flexible; its nature is undulating and varied, and the thousand imperceptible impulses of the spirit and of action are reflected there. It is a marvel of spontaneity and caprice.

In spite of appearances, Wagner is a classicist compared with Berlioz; he carried on and perfected the work of the German classicists; he made no innovations; he is the pinnacle and the close of one evolution of art. Berlioz began a new art; and one finds in it all the daring and gracious ardour of youth. The iron laws that bound the art of Wagner are not to be found in Berlioz's early works, which give one the illusion of perfect freedom.

As soon as the profound originality of Berlioz's music has been grasped, one understands why it encountered, and still encounters, so much secret hostility. How many accomplished musicians of distinction and learning, who pay honour to artistic tradition, are incapable of understanding Berlioz because they cannot bear the air of liberty breathed by his music. They are so used to thinking in German, that Berlioz's speech upsets and shocks

them. I can well believe it. It is the first time a French musician has dared to think in French; and that is the reason why I warned you of the danger of accepting too meekly German ideas about Berlioz. Men like Weingartner, Richard Strauss, and Mottl — thoroughbred musicians — are, without doubt, able to appreciate Berlioz's genius better and more quickly than we French musicians. But I rather mistrust the kind of appreciation they feel for a spirit so opposed to their own. It is for France and French people to learn to read his thoughts; they are intimately theirs, and one day will give them their salvation.

.

Berlioz's other great originality lay in his talent for music that was suited to the spirit of the common people, recently raised to sovereignty, and the young democracy. In spite of his aristocratic disdain, his soul was with the masses. M. Hippeau applies to him Taine's definition of a romantic artist: " the plebeian of a new race, richly gifted, and filled with aspirations, who, having attained for the first time the world's heights, noisily displays the ferment of his mind and heart." Berlioz grew up in the midst of revolutions and stories of Imperial achievement. He wrote his cantata for the *Prix de Rome* in July, 1830, " to the hard, dull noise of stray bullets, which whizzed above the roofs, and came to flatten themselves against the wall near his window." When he had finished his cantata, he went, " pistol in hand, to play the blackguard in Paris with the *sainte canaille*." He sang the *Marseillaise*, and made " all who had a voice and heart and blood in their veins " sing it too. On his journey to Italy he travelled from Marseilles to Livourne with Mazzinian conspirators, who were going to take part in the insurrection of Modena and Bologna. Whether he was conscious of it or not, he was the musician of revolutions; his sympathies were with the people. Not only did he fill his scenes in the theatre with swarming and riotous crowds, like those of the Roman Carnival in the second act of *Benvenuto* (anticipating by thirty years the crowds of *Die Meistersinger*), but he created a music of the masses and a colossal style.

His model here was Beethoven; Beethoven of the Eroica, of the C minor, of the A, and, above all, of the Ninth Symphony. He was Beethoven's follower in this as well as other things, and the apostle who carried on his work. And with his understanding of material effects and sonorous matter, he built edifices, as he says, that were " Babylonian and Ninevitish," " music after Michelangelo," " on an immense scale." It was the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* for two orchestras and a choir, and the *Te Deum* for orchestra, organ, and three choirs, which Berlioz loved (whose finale *Judex crederis* seemed to him the most effective thing he had ever written), as well as the *Impériale*, for two orchestras and two choirs, and the famous *Requiem*, with its " four orchestras of brass instruments, placed round the main orchestra and the mass of voices, but separated and answering one

another at a distance." Like the *Requiem,* these compositions are often crude in style and of rather commonplace sentiment, but their grandeur is overwhelming. This is not due only to the hugeness of the means employed, but also to " the breadth of the style and to the formidable slowness of some of the progressions — whose final aim one cannot guess — which gives these compositions a strangely gigantic character." Berlioz has left in these compositions striking examples of the beauty that may reveal itself in a crude mass of music. Like the towering Alps, they move one by their very immensity. A German critic says: " In these Cyclopean works the composer lets the elemental and brute forces of sound and pure rhythm have their fling." It is scarcely music, it is the force of Nature herself. Berlioz himself calls his *Requiem* " a musical cataclysm."

These hurricanes are let loose in order to speak to the people, to stir and rouse the dull ocean of humanity. The *Requiem* is a Last Judgment, not meant, like that of the Sixtine Chapel (which Berlioz did not care for at all) for great aristocracies, but for a crowd, a surging, excited, and rather savage crowd. The *Marche de Rakoczy* is less a Hungarian march than the music for a revolutionary fight; it sounds the charge; and Berlioz tells us it might bear Virgil's verses for a motto: —

. . . Furor iraque mentes
Praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

When Wagner heard the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* he was forced to admit Berlioz's " skill in writing compositions that were popular in the best sense of the word."

" In listening to that symphony I had a lively impression that any little street boy in a blue blouse and red bonnet would understand it perfectly. I have no hesitation in giving precedence to that work over Berlioz's other works; it is big and noble from the first note to the last; a fine and eager patriotism rises from its first expression of compassion to the final glory of the apotheosis, and keeps it from any unwholesome exaggeration. I want gladly to express my conviction that that symphony will fire men's courage and will live as long as a nation bears the name of France."

How do such works come to be neglected by our Republic? How is it they have not a place in our public life? Why are they not part of our great ceremonies? That is what one would wonderingly ask oneself if one had not seen, for the last century, the indifference of the State to Art. What might not Berlioz have done if the means had been given him, or if his works had found a place in the fêtes of the Revolution? Unhappily, one must add that here again his character was the enemy of his genius. As this apostle of musical freedom, in the second part of his life, became afraid of himself and recoiled before the results of his own principles, and

returned to classicism, so this revolutionary fell to sullenly disparaging the people and revolutions; and he talks about " the republican cholera," " the dirty and stupid republic," " the republic of street-porters and rag-gatherers," " the filthy rabble of humanity a hundred times more stupid and animal in its twitchings and revolutionary grimacings than the baboons and orang-outangs of Borneo." What ingratitude! He owed to these revolutions, to these democratic storms, to these human tempests, the best of all his genius — and he disowned it all. This musician of a new era took refuge in the past.

.

Well, what did it matter? Whether he wished it or not, he opened out some magnificent roads for Art. He has shown the music of France the way in which her genius should tread; he has shown her possibilities she had never before dreamed of. He has given us a musical utterance at once truthful and expressive, free from foreign traditions, coming from the depths of our being, and reflecting our spirit; an utterance which responded to his imagination, to his instinct for what was picturesque, to his fleeting impressions, and his delicate shades of feeling. He has laid the strong foundation of a national and popular music for the greatest republic in Europe.

These are shining qualities. If Berlioz had had Wagner's reasoning power and had made the utmost use of his intuitions, if he had had Wagner's will and had shaped the inspirations of his genius and welded them into a solid whole, I venture to say that he would have made a revolution in music greater than Wagner's own; for Wagner, though stronger and more master of himself, was less original and, at bottom, but the close of a glorious past.

Will that revolution still be accomplished? Perhaps; but it has suffered half a century's delay. Berlioz bitterly calculated that people would begin to understand him about the year 1940.

After all, why be astonished that his mighty mission was too much for him? He was so alone. As people forsook him, his loneliness stood out in greater relief. He was alone in the age of Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, and Franck; alone, yet containing a whole world in himself, of which his enemies, his friends, his admirers, and he himself, were not quite conscious; alone, and tortured by his loneliness. Alone — the word is repeated by the music of his youth and his old age, by the *Symphonie fantastique* and *Les Troyens*. It is the word I read in the portrait before me as I write these lines — the beautiful portrait of the *Mémoires*, where his face looks out in sad and stern reproach on the age that so misunderstood him.

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